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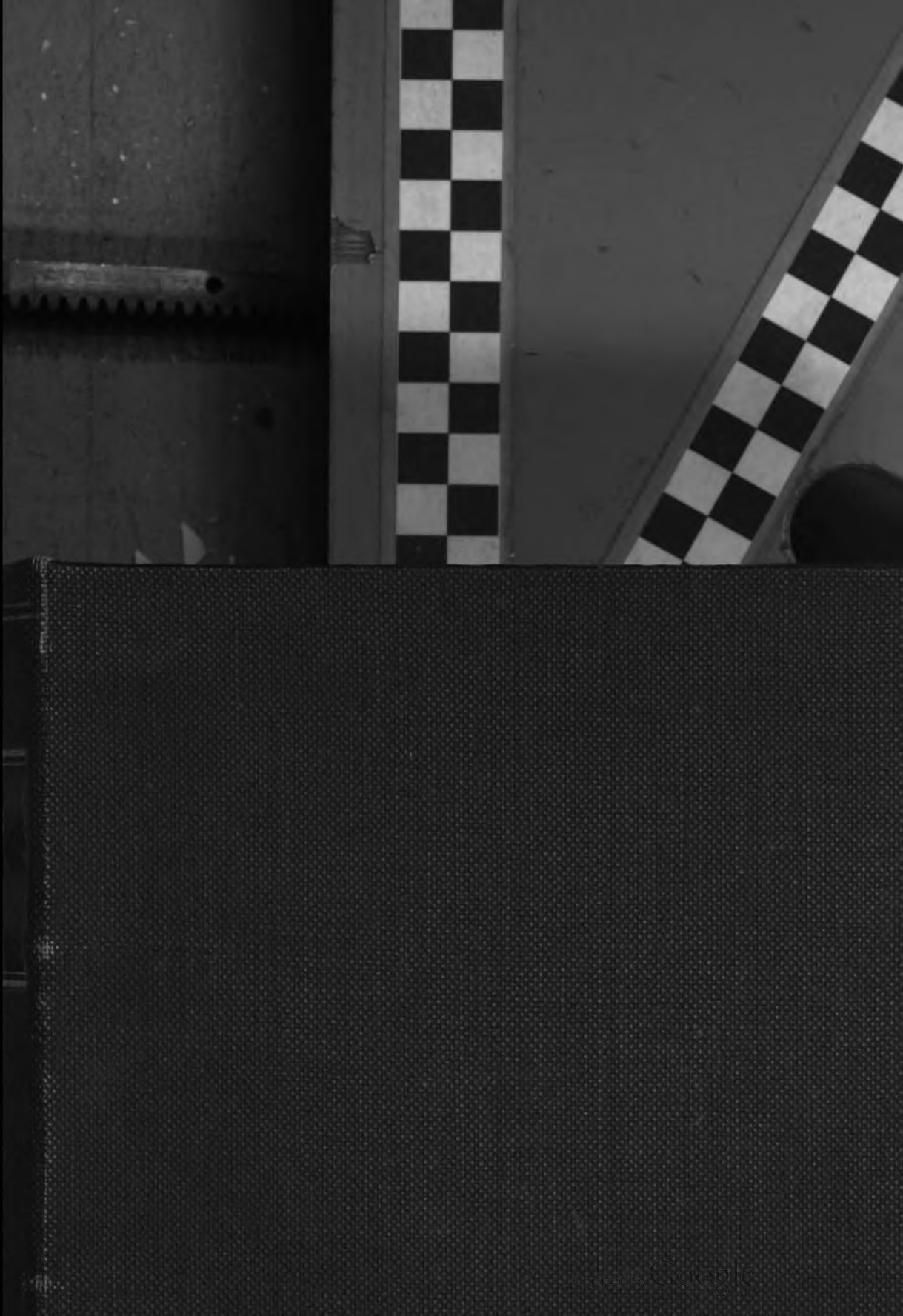
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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART

A MAGAZINE OF THE
LITERATURE OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION

VOL. XVI.—NEW SERIES
VOL. XXXVI. of whole series.—36th year

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXVI.

JANUARY, 1901.

No. 1

AN EPIC OF THE XIX CENTURY.

THE WORK OF THE RELIGIOUS OF THE SACRED HEART IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE recent celebration of the Centenary of the Society of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, suggests that a review of their work in establishing houses of education in this country might be of interest, even to the general reader. It is timely, also, as affording a sample of the best work done by women in a century made so remarkable by their influence.

Among the first companions of the Foundress of the Society, was Madam Duchesne. Almost from the very beginning of her life, her heart was set on missionary work in America, but the difficulties incident to the establishment of the Society in Europe delayed the fulfilment of her purpose.

Bishop Dubourg of New Orleans, had frequently asked Mother Barat for assistance in educating children of his vast diocese, and finally Madam Duchesne with Madam Audé and two lay sisters, Catherine Lamarre and Marguerite Manseau, left France on the sailing ship *Rebecca* on the 21st of March, 1818. To those four heroic women the work was entrusted.

Crossing the Atlantic in those days, before the introduction of steam navi-

gation, was not the luxurious excursion that it is now. They were bound for New Orleans, and they went by way of Cuba. Stormy weather, contrary winds, insupportable heat, filthy and disease-infected cabins, with a dangerous fire or two in the hold, as well as an escape from pirates who pursued them, were some of the features of their long and wearisome voyage. "There is not much fun in it" wrote Madam Duchesne, "unless you do it for God." They reached Havana only on the 16th of May, and from there started for New Orleans. On the 25th of May they entered the Mississippi, but set foot on shore only on the 29th. It did not matter much, that it had taken more than two months for the journey, they only noted the fact that the feast of the Sacred Heart came on the 29th of that year, and with tears in their eyes they knelt down while no one was looking and kissed the earth they were going to conquer. It was almost like William the Norman, when he landed in England, only America was the more favored of the two countries. His was a fall and a fraud. Theirs was genuine affection, self immolation and the beginning of a peaceful and blessed conquest.



MOTHER DUCHESNE.

The Ursulines of New Orleans gave them shelter, and money and rest from their journey. A letter from Madam Barat awaited them there, and with characteristic affection and piety they first laid it on the altar before they opened it.

The fatigues of the passage had been too much for Mme. Duchesne. She fell sick and barely escaped death. Finally after a trip of five weeks up the Mississippi they reached St. Louis. Think of it, five weeks from New Orleans to St. Louis, and the conveyance seems to have been by steamboat! However, the rich vegetation on the banks of the river, the occasional glimpse of some Indian wigwams; the ambitious and somewhat ludicrous foundations of new cities kept them occupied and forgetful of the dreadful and desperate characters that in those days swarmed on the Mississippi boats, until Bishop Dubourg welcomed them to his episcopal palace on the 22nd of August, 1818.

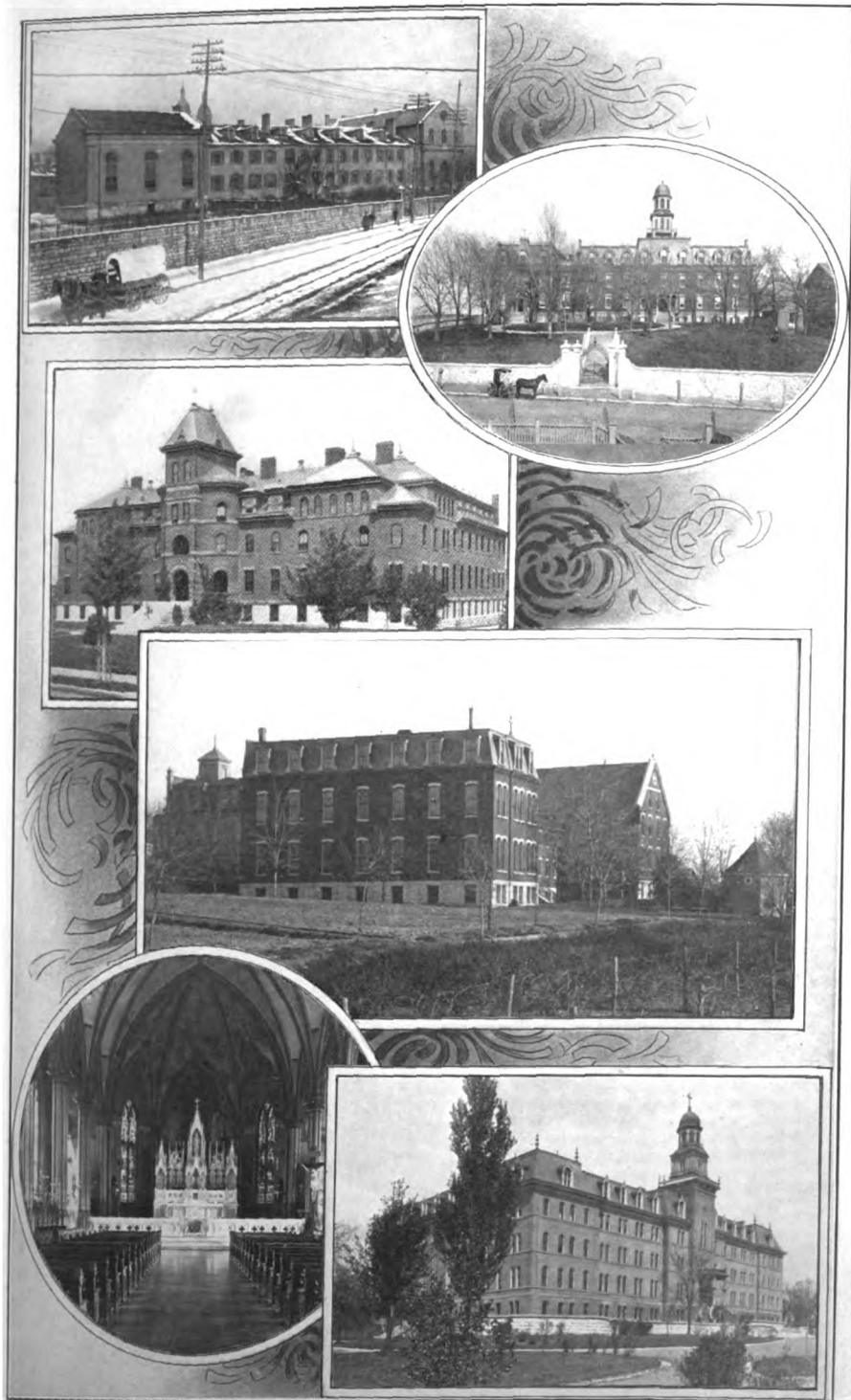
The episcopal palace was a barn; the episcopal bed was four boards, and the cathedral a shanty where his lordship filled the alternative office of bishop and choir, and where a few scattered people

formed the congregation and took places where they could find them.

That was all bad enough, but the poor nuns were denied even that. Had they remained in St. Louis they would have had the advantage of spiritual guidance by the bishop and the priests, but no, they were sent off to what was then a wretched little settlement thirty-six miles in the interior. This was St. Charles, on the Missouri, only a group of shanties in the midst of the Sioux, and quite cut off from communication with civilization.

They found a house there scarcely big enough for a dozen persons. It was on a two-acre lot, without a blade of grass or a tree, and the nuns had to set to work digging the earth to make a garden, cleaning the stable, leading out the cows, etc. Curious beginning of the work of higher education.

Sometimes they had no bread to eat. Their only water was a little stream where the cattle waded; even that was often frozen; their windows let in the bitter cold of the winter; their wood was too big to burn and there was no one to chop it for them. Maize, potatoes and salt fish made up their stock of provisions. Eggs, butter, oil—even bear's oil were never thought of. Money they had none. Meantime there were murders, robberies and burnings all around them. Occasionally a prairie fire came dangerously near, and day and night they had to watch to extinguish the sparks that fell on their miserable buildings, and in the middle of it all, Madam Duchesne again fell sick, and their little chapel caught fire and was burned. The few scholars gave them but poor comfort. Brought up flattered and spoiled by black nurses, fond of luxury, dancing, dress, and knowing a good deal of evil, they responded but badly to the efforts of their teachers. They did not even attend school. At the end of the year there were but six or eight pupils. That year was enough, and a change was made to Florissant,



ST. LOUIS, OLD HOUSE, WHERE M. DUCHESNE DIED.—ST. JOSEPH'S BOARDING SCHOOL, MO.—
CONVENT, MARYLAND AND TAYLOR AVENUES, ST. LOUIS.—ST. CHARLES, MO.,
WHERE M. DUCHESNE LIVED.—CONVENT CHAPEL, MARYVILLE, MO.—
CONVENT, MARYVILLE, ST. LOUIS, MO.



MOTHER HARDEY.

eight miles off. But later on St. Charles was revived and is flourishing to-day.

Florissant meant little else than the former farm work of St. Charles, and their house was a structure of a few planks hastily thrown together. The poor nuns arrived there in the dead of winter, driving their cattle before them and walking knee-deep in the snow, following the road which the pigs or other animals had made.

Mary Layton, a girl of twenty, was the first postulant to offer herself. She was a lay sister; and from the ceremonies of the reception in the little chapel went out to the stable, and continued to labor faithfully and lovingly through snow and mud and ice and rain; showing the true spirit of apostle. Her example brought many others.

In 1821, a Mrs. Smith called them to Grand Coteau in Louisiana. It was merely a matter of a log house and a farm where five children were received as boarders. Nevertheless in spite of these discouragements, St. Michel about 60 miles from New Orleans was begun four years later. Nothing could quell

the hope of success in the hearts of these great women and so these two houses continued to flourish in their little way during those years of trial. It is here that we first meet the woman who was to be thenceforward the guiding spirit of all the work of the Sacred Heart in the two Americas: Mary Aloysia Hardey.

She belonged to a Maryland family, that had emigrated to Louisiana. The name should be Hardy not Hardey, but Nicholas Hardy was so indignant at the apostasy of a relative that he inserted the letter *e* in his name. That silent letter was eloquent of orthodoxy. Most of the Hardys left the faith. The Hardeys were staunch Catholics.

Mary was one of the first pupils at Grand Coteau, but she came near leaving the school next day for she thought the nuns were giving her worms to eat when vermicelli was served for dinner. An aversion for the dish pursued her through life.

She became a nun in 1825, when she was only sixteen years of age, but almost lost her vocation by the trick of old Sophy, a black servant who told her that Massa Hardey was dying and wanted his daughter home. Mary actually followed the woman for a mile out of the convent till the nature of her transgression flashed upon her and she ran back in haste to Madam Audé and told her in tears what she had done.

When St. Michel was opened, Madam Hardey went with Madam Audé to shape its destinies, and under their joint care it soon prospered. Her dignity of manner made Mother Duchesne, who came there later, suspect that she possessed the usual amount of what these good French nuns had designated as "American pride" and which was supposed to be the unfailing possession of every native of the country. The sweetness with which the young nun received the mistaken motherly objurgations, perhaps disabused the Superior of her false impressions.

In 1833 the cholera broke out in the house. There were 200 people there,

and night and day Madam Hardey was at the bedside of the sick and dying.

Meantime, St. Louis had been established. This was in 1827. Mr. Mullanphy had given them an extensive place in what is now the heart of the city, but was then in the woods, on condition they would keep twenty orphans. The house was lonesome enough, and had besides a bad reputation. It was supposed to be haunted. In reality it was not ghosts that made the place hideous, but wild cats that had invaded the neighborhood and had taken possession even of the building. The miserable house was in a wretched condition. The chapel had to be put in the cellar, where toads and snakes and spiders were swarming, and the gift was hampered by the obligation of looking after a number of orphans; but nevertheless, the burden was assumed, and the nuns began their work with not a bed or a chair in the house.

When the expansion of St. Louis brought the convent into the midst of the commerce of the city, the boarding-school was removed to Maryville. This was in 1872. Upon one of the high bluffs that crown the Mississippi, in that southern part of St. Louis which, until recently, was but a suburb, rises Maryville, standing in a beautiful grove of twenty-two acres, and surrounded by grand old oaks and elms. The foundations were

laid in 1867, and in 1872 the main building, 250 feet in length having been completed, the boarding-school was removed here. Maryville is the Mother House of the Western Vicariate, comprising eleven houses: two in Chicago, two in Omaha, one in St. Joseph, St. Charles and Cincinnati, another in the west end of St. Louis, one in San Francisco, and another at Menlo Park, California; this latter foundation was made in 1898. These eleven Houses are under the charge of a Superior Vicar who resides at Maryville. There is always a large community at Maryville, and the boarding-school averages a hundred pupils. It was the seat also of the Western Novitiate and Juniorate until 1899, when both were



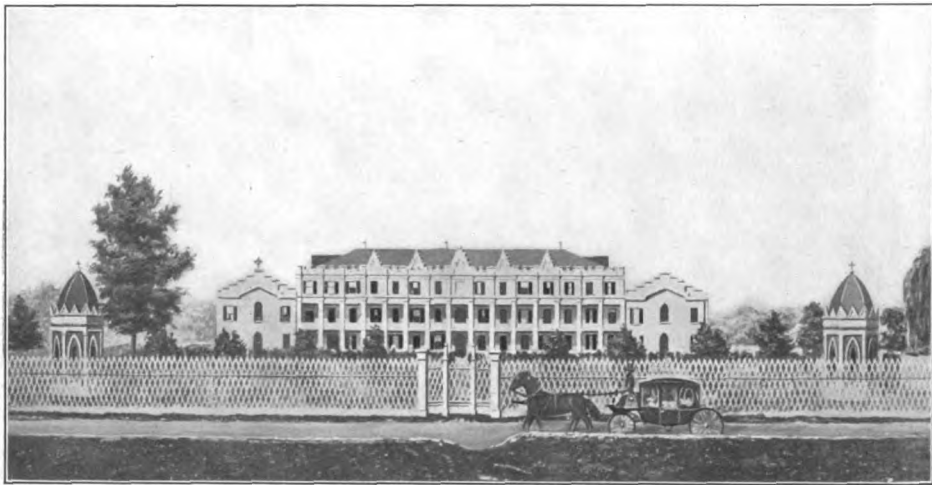
THE ACADEMY, WEST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

removed to Kenwood, where is now the General Novitiate and Juniorate for the United States and Canada. It was from Maryville, that in 1879, the colony left to make the foundation of Timaru, New Zealand. Reverend Mother Bondreau, sister of the two Reverend Jesuit Fathers of that name, and Vicar at the time, conducted the little colony to their distant mission, but died a few weeks after landing.

During the twenty-eight years of its existence there have been many improvements made on the building and grounds of Maryville. In 1884 the south wing was built, containing a very handsome study hall of lofty proportions; whilst in

swept away in the terrible cyclone of 1896.

When Madam Galitzin arrived as Visitor, the noble old mother Duchesne disappears from the scene except on one occasion when she goes out as an humble member of a little band to found a school in the country of the Potawatomie Indians. This was in 1829. She was in her seventy-second year, her body broken with age and sickness. The Indians turned out with great ceremonies to meet her, but the task was too much for the brave old soul and so they brought her back to St. Louis where she lingered on till 1832. Meantime schools had been begun in Nachitoches in 1847, St.



THE ACADEMY, ST. MICHEL, LOUISIANA.

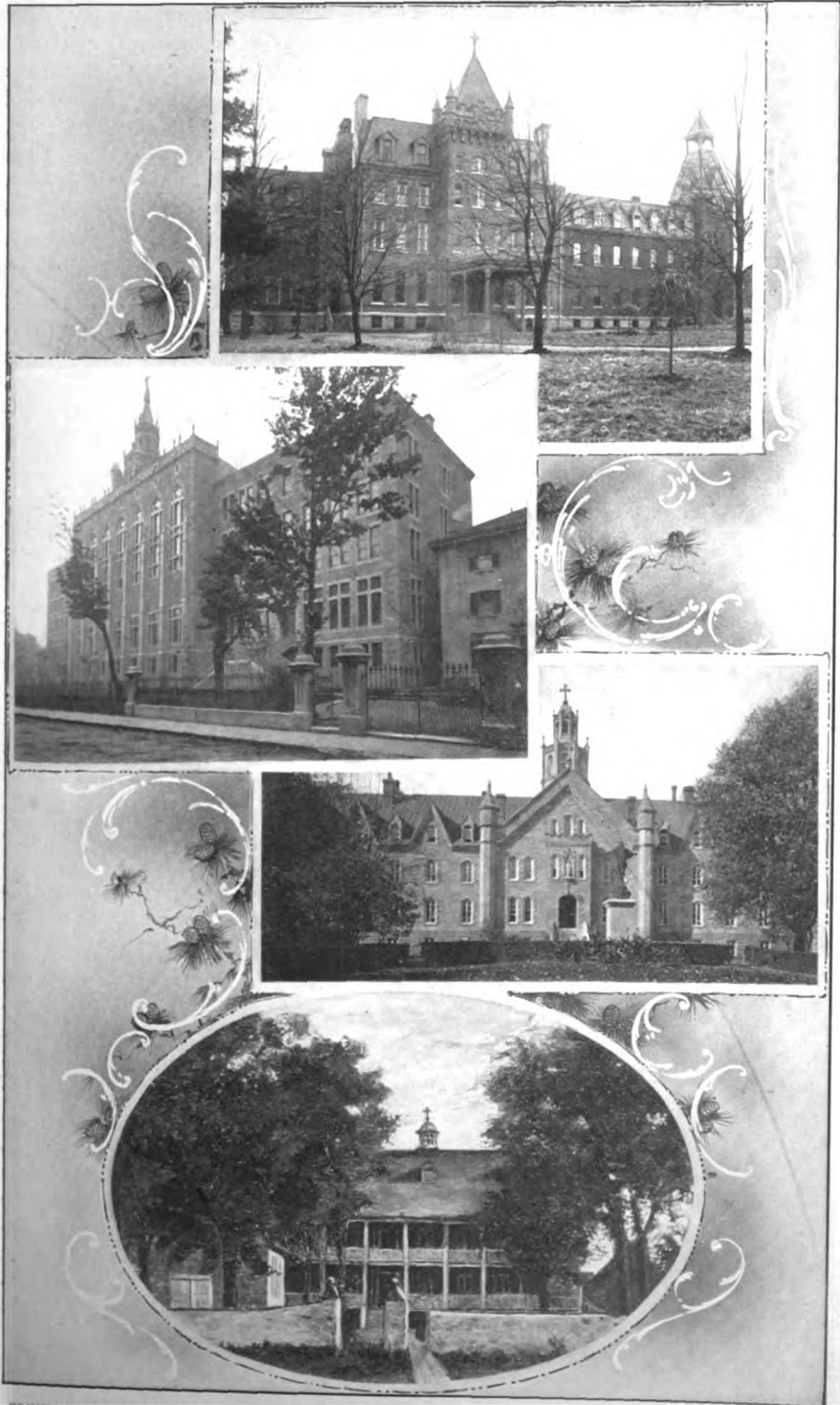
1889, the middle wing was built for the Chapel. It is in the gothic style, and its marble altars, statues and communion railing, stained-glass windows, sixteen in number, and oaken stalls and benches, all combine to make it a very beautiful work of art. And as the neighborhood of the old house grew more and more undesirable, a new day-school became a necessity and the establishment was transferred to the present fine site on Maryland and Taylor Avenues.

The last vestiges of the old convent so long a land-mark in St. Louis, and around which clustered so many memories of Mother Duchesne and her successors, was

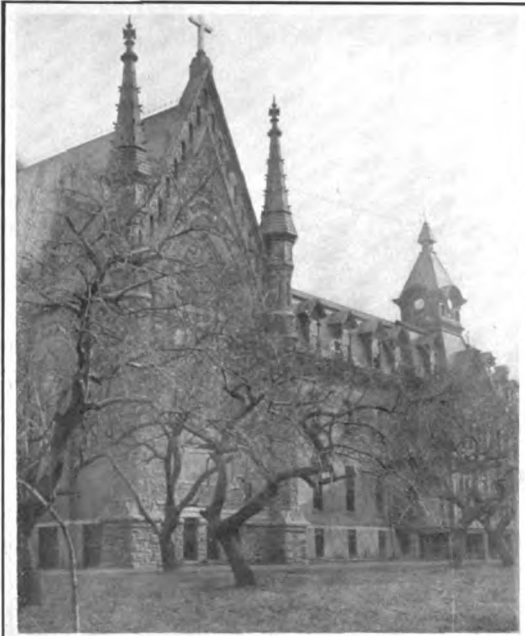
Mary's Westport in 1848 and Baton Rouge in 1851.

Retracing our steps a little we find Mother Hardey Superior at St. Michel in 1835, when Madam Galitzin came. The arrival coincided with a request from Bishop Hughes for a House of the Sacred Heart in New York. Madam Hardey and four others were chosen by the Visitor as the pioneers.

The widow of a French emigrant named Chegary had a school that was somewhat fashionable at the time and she offered it to the nuns; but when they arrived in New York, the house had passed into other hands and was actually



CONVENTS IN CANADA—THE BOARDING SCHOOL, HALIFAX—MONTREAL—SAULT-AU-RECOLLET.
ST. JACQUES DE L'ACHIGAN.



ACADEMY AND CHAPEL, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

occupied by several tenants. When one part was vacated, other tenants moved in. Meantime the nuns were living at the expense of the Sisters of Charity as later on they did in Albany. But as this method of exclusion promised to go on indefinitely, Mother Hardey resorted to a master stroke to gain possession. When the next new vacancy occurred, she quietly moved in with two of her nuns and occupied a portion of the house, much to the consternation of the other occupants, meantime informing the agent that she intended ultimately to come into possession of the whole house. The victory was soon won, but she found herself in a dreadfully dirty building, without a penny, with one knife for the whole community, and with a Sister down, sick with hemorrhages. Such was their entrance into New York. However, the ladies of the city soon came to their assistance. This first place was in Houston street. It was blessed by the Bishop on the feast of St. Ignatius, 31st of July, 1841.

Two years after that, the novices were brought from McSherrystown, in Pennsylvania, and took up their quarters in Ravenswood, Astoria, in 1843. Astoria was a very attractive location in those days, and in fact, until a few years ago; but the great penal establishments on Blackwell's Island, which lies just opposite it in the East River, and the offensive gas houses and factories that have grown up in the neighborhood makes it seem providential that it was soon abandoned and Manhattanville chosen instead.

The old house in Manhattanville belonged to the Lorillards. It was first offered for sale and then

withdrawn altogether from the market. But Mother Hardey began a series of those operations which make nuns so formidable as business adversaries. A novena of "ways of the cross" was inaugurated and in nine days, negotiations for the property were renewed. However, instead of the original price of \$50,000, \$70,000 were now asked. Again the novenas were ordered, with the result that not only was the offer of \$50,000 accepted, but twelve acres of

place in their wagon. She not only had no carriage, but had not any money to pay her fare in a stage. She used to say jokingly, "I will gather my cloak around me and they will think I am the milkman's wife." In those early days on Bleeker Street the nuns had only potatoes to eat. They were too poor to buy bread and when the cow died the whole house was in consternation. The Bleeker Street establishment, which had been undertaken twice, though at diff-



THE CONVENT AND ACADEMY, CLIFTON, CINCINNATI.

land were thrown into the bargain. The community took possession the 17th of February, 1847.

Meantime, the school on Houston Street had been found objectionable and a house at 114 Bleeker Street was hired instead. Bleeker Street is now far down in the business part of the city and it will be interesting to know that in those days when Mother Hardey had occasion to go down town she generally summoned the butcher or milkman to give her a

erent houses, the latter in 1848, does not appear to have given satisfaction and hence we find the community moving further into the country, to what is now Fourteenth Street, and two years later to Seventeenth Street, where the well known convent is to-day.

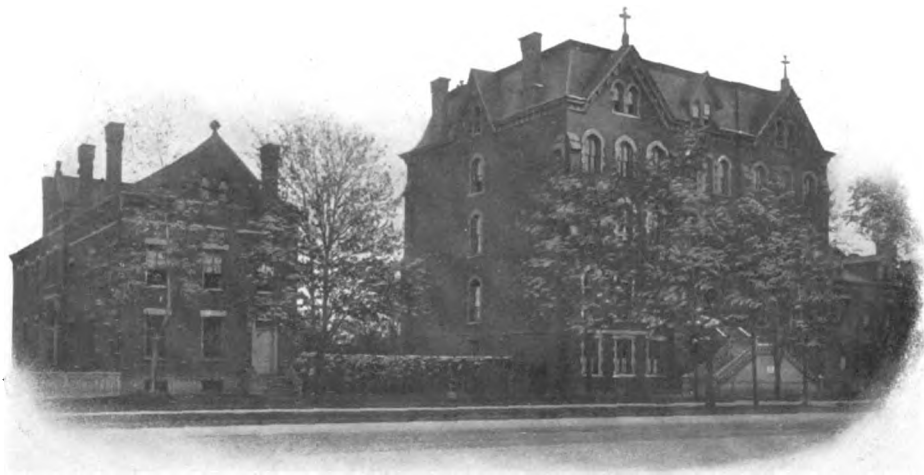
The convent was built in 1854 by Rev. Mother Hardey. At the earnest solicitations of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers of St. Francis Xavier's College, that the religious of the Sacred Heart should take

charge of their parochial school for girls, Mother Hardey purchased three lots, running from 17th to 18th Sts. between Sixth and Fifth Avenues. Many obstacles had to be overcome. Funds which had been laid aside for the erection of a Convent were lost through the failure of the bank in which they had been deposited. This was just at the moment when the contracts were about to be signed—it was impossible to withdraw—but the more human means were wanting, the more Rev. Mother Hardey's confidence increased in the Divine Goodness. To oppose each new difficulty, she had recourse to earnest prayer, and her confidence in God was always rewarded

a considerable sum, brought her two thousand five hundred dollars, on account of her indebtedness, which was the exact amount required.

The property holders in the neighborhood raised strong opposition to the erection of the school, but when the handsome brown stone structure was completed, a delegation of those same gentlemen waited upon Mother Hardey to thank her for having so improved the street.

For several years this building gave ample accommodation to the Parish School and to the Academy which was transferred to it from West 14th St., but the number of pupils increasing in both schools, a large



PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

ACADEMY, DETROIT.

in a most unexpected manner. One day she had nearly lost hope, when one of her daughters received from her family the amount required for that day's payment. On another occasion, a creditor had accorded a delay of three days for the payment of three thousand dollars. As the term approached, nothing arrived to alleviate the anxiety of Rev. Mother Hardey. The morning's mail had brought a very insufficient amount; however, she determined to wait hopefully until noon, saying: "This is Wednesday and St. Joseph will not disappoint my confidence." At eleven o'clock, a Superior of the Vicariate, to whom she had loaned

and commodious building was erected for the children of St. Francis Xavier's Parish, on the lot fronting on 18th Street, which had hitherto served as recreation garden for the nuns. They continued in charge of this school until September, 1900, when, to the regret of the Fathers, they had to build a school elsewhere for the boys and girls of their Parish. During that period, the average attendance was five hundred yearly. The number graduated during the past fifteen years with Grammar School honors was fifteen each year—total two hundred and twenty-five. Of these, about one-half continued study in the Normal College, High School, or



VIEWS OF THE CONVENT, EDEN HALL, TORRESDALE, PA.

Academies. The number prepared for First Communion and Confirmation yearly—seventy-five.

Since the removal of the Parochial School to other quarters, the house on 18th St is devoted to works of zeal undertaken by the Children of Mary. They give evening classes to enable young girls to fit themselves for lucrative positions—sewing and dress-making are likewise taught. A library encourages good reading. On Saturdays a sewing class for children is given. On one day in each week, food and clothing are distributed to the poor, and a Woman's Exchange has been opened.

Many works of zeal have also been carried on in the Academy building during these years. Two Retreats are given annually. The Sodality of the Children of Mary meets there on one day in each week to make vestments and altar linen for poor churches. On the first Friday of each month they assemble for a serious reunion followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and a Conference from their Spiritual Director. In 1887, the Tabernacle Society was inaugurated and affiliated to the one in Rome by His Grace Archbishop Corrigan.

The Religious continue to give instructions daily to converts in the Convent on 17th St., and numerous Baptisms and First Communions take place each year

in their Chapel. The evenings from seven to eight are reserved particularly for working girls.

Besides this foundation, known as the city house, a new one was purchased much later, in 1881, on Madison Avenue, close to New York's beautiful Cathedral, and it is like all the other houses of the Society, a centre, not only of education, but of works of piety and zeal as well.

In 1842, Mgr. Bourget invited them to Montreal, but much to their disappointment, the place turned out to be not in the city, but in a little village thirty-six miles off, called St. Jacques de l'Achigan, Mother Galitzin went to accept the foundation. She arrived in a furious rain storm and, unlike Mother Duchesne, who had kissed the soil of Louisiana, Mother Galitzin had the misfortune of being flung headlong from a high wagon into the deep mud and, as she laughingly said, she thus took bodily possession of Canada, and she couldn't get rid of it.

Difficulties at this time led to the transferring of a part of the establishment to St. Vincent's, nearer Montreal, and subsequently, but much later, to the beautiful convent of Sault au Recollet, which was confided to the care of Madam Trincano. Since then a fine city house has been erected.

After the removal of the novices from



EDEN HALL, TORRESDALE, PA.



act of shaving when the arrival of the nuns was announced, he dropped his razor and in the most unconventional fashion, with his face all in lather, hastened down to bid them welcome.

McSherrystown, the already small importance of that place, which even now has but one street, waned, and after awhile the few scholars were removed to Philadelphia.

The situation in that city was, however, not found to be a healthy one, and the beautiful Eden Hall was purchased in 1851. Its first name was Eaton Hill. The change is a suggestive one. This transfer, however, had its drawbacks. It placed the children of Mary in the impossibility of meeting at the Convent, and as it was always the idea of Mother Barat to have

houses in the cities, a new school was opened on Walnut Street near Broad in 1865, but in 1888 it was transferred to its present location on Arch Street.

Previous to that, in 1847, negotiations were begun for houses in Buffalo and Halifax. In 1849, a school at Broadside, on the shore of the splendid harbor of Halifax, was opened under Madam Peacock's rule with twenty-six boarders. The bishop, it is said, was so eager to receive them that, although he was in the



THE CONVENT, ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Buffalo came next, but does not appear to have prospered and was subsequently removed to Rochester. The beautiful chapel of that place was built by Madam Carrigan from her own fortune, a few years ago.

Manhattanville had to be enlarged just then and the sale of Astoria happened providentially. It was an answer to prayer and saved them from what looked like financial disaster. A fortunate \$10,000 from a Cuban friend was also

more than welcome at that moment. Madam Hardey's worries were augmented also by an apparent coolness in the enthusiasm of Archbishop Hughes, but the shadows soon passed.

When Mother Duchesne came out here in 1818, she had the good fortune to have as a fellow passenger the Abbé Richard, who was famous afterwards as a missionary in the early days of Michigan. He frequently spoke of her and her work with sentiments of the greatest admiration. It happened that the Beaubiens of Detroit, had been long thinking of what disposition they would make of their fortune. They remembered the frequent eulogies made of the nuns by the old priest, and that was the origin of the foundation of Detroit many years afterwards, viz.: in 1851. It took a long time for that seed to grow, but it grew. The gift entailed many legal difficulties of such a character that the great New York lawyer, Charles O'Connor, had to be called to Detroit to undo the tangle, but ultimately every thing was amicably adjusted. In 1863 the present building was erected and a large addition built to the parochial school.

Attached to the academy are a large and flourishing congregation of Children of Mary and a Tabernacle Society, while each year many converts are instructed and prepared for baptism.

In 1898 was established a literary association, comprising alumnae of this and other houses of the society; it numbers, at present, one hundred and sixteen members.

Then came the Albany establishment in 1852, which, after a few years, developed into the splendid convent at Kenwood, a short distance below the city. A sad history was connected with this, the beautiful Rathbone estate before it passed into the hands of the religious—a little child, the heir of it all, drowned in a well and the afflicted father unwilling to dwell in the place invested with such sad memories. In the founding of this house the Religious of the Sacred Heart can never forget the tender care of the Sisters of Charity who sheltered them till their own house was habitable, nor the mu-



THE CONVENT, NORTH STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

nificence of Bishop Conroy who gave them the splendid marble altar for their magnificent chapel.

The convent in St. Joseph, Missouri, was founded soon after. To obtain the special protection of St. Joseph and his help to overcome the difficulties inherent to her early mission in America, Mother Du Rousier promised to dedicate the first foundation she should make to this Patriarch. Almost immediately after her vow a zealous priest presented

himself pleading the cause of souls in the far West, in what was then a little border-town. Having asked its name her surprise was great to hear "St. Joseph." She saw the indication of God's will and consented immediately. Reverend Mother Shannon with three companions was deputed to make the foundation which took place in 1853. The main building of the present convent was completed in 1858. It is situated on one of the highest hills of the nine-hilled city, overlooking the Missouri River and the surrounding country. Extensive grounds, beautiful lawns and walks and fine old trees make it an ideal and health-giving location.

A north chapel-wing, 100 x 40 ft. was built in 1885 and a south wing, 120 x 54 ft., entirely devoted to boarding-school purposes, was erected in 1890. Previous to the recent multiplication of schools in country towns the pupils averaged from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty; at present the usual number is between eighty and ninety. The original community of four has increased to forty and a parochial school accommodating about seventy-five children, has been constantly an object of interest.

The Religious of the Sacred Heart are now building a fine new parochial school near the Cathedral, in which they hope to extend their labors for the good of souls. The centenary celebration on Nov. 21st assembled over three hundred present and former pupils from all over the West, who paid loyal homage to their

Alma Mater and proved its permanent influence over their hearts and lives.

Chicago was founded about this time. At the request of Right Reverend Bishop Duggan, a House of the Sacred Heart was opened in Chicago. In August, 1858, Rev. Mother Margaret Gallwey, with a small colony of religious from St. Louis, where she had been Superior, took possession of a rented house on Rush street, where their first pupils presented themselves. The work developed so rapidly that in 1860 it was transferred to West Taylor street, on a



THE CONVENT, ELMHURST, PROVIDENCE.

large tract of ground that was later (in 1863), increased by the addition of another block of land, and which the Community still hold. In 1861 a parochial school was opened in a frame building, which soon gave way to a large brick pile, where at present 1000 children are in the charge of twenty religious teachers. From the academy and the parochial school have passed, in the forty years of their existence, thousands of women, rich and poor, who are now

helping to leaven with Christian principles the society of which they form a part.

His Grace, Bishop Foley wished to establish a select school on the North Side, Chicago, and as early as 1872 he asked for a foundation of the Sacred Heart. The request was granted on the 13th of July, 1876, when Reverend Mother Tucker, with three religious, took possession of a house on Dearborn avenue, and opened the day school the following September.

✓ This location was only temporary, however, until a more suitable place could be obtained. The present building, on 197 N. State street, was not completed until December, 1878, and the religious took possession of it just in time to celebrate the Christmas festivities in their new dwelling. Reverend Mother Tucker was not present to see the consummation of her work, for in July, 1878, she left Chicago for New York, and she had been replaced by worthy Mother Jones. His Grace, Bishop Foley

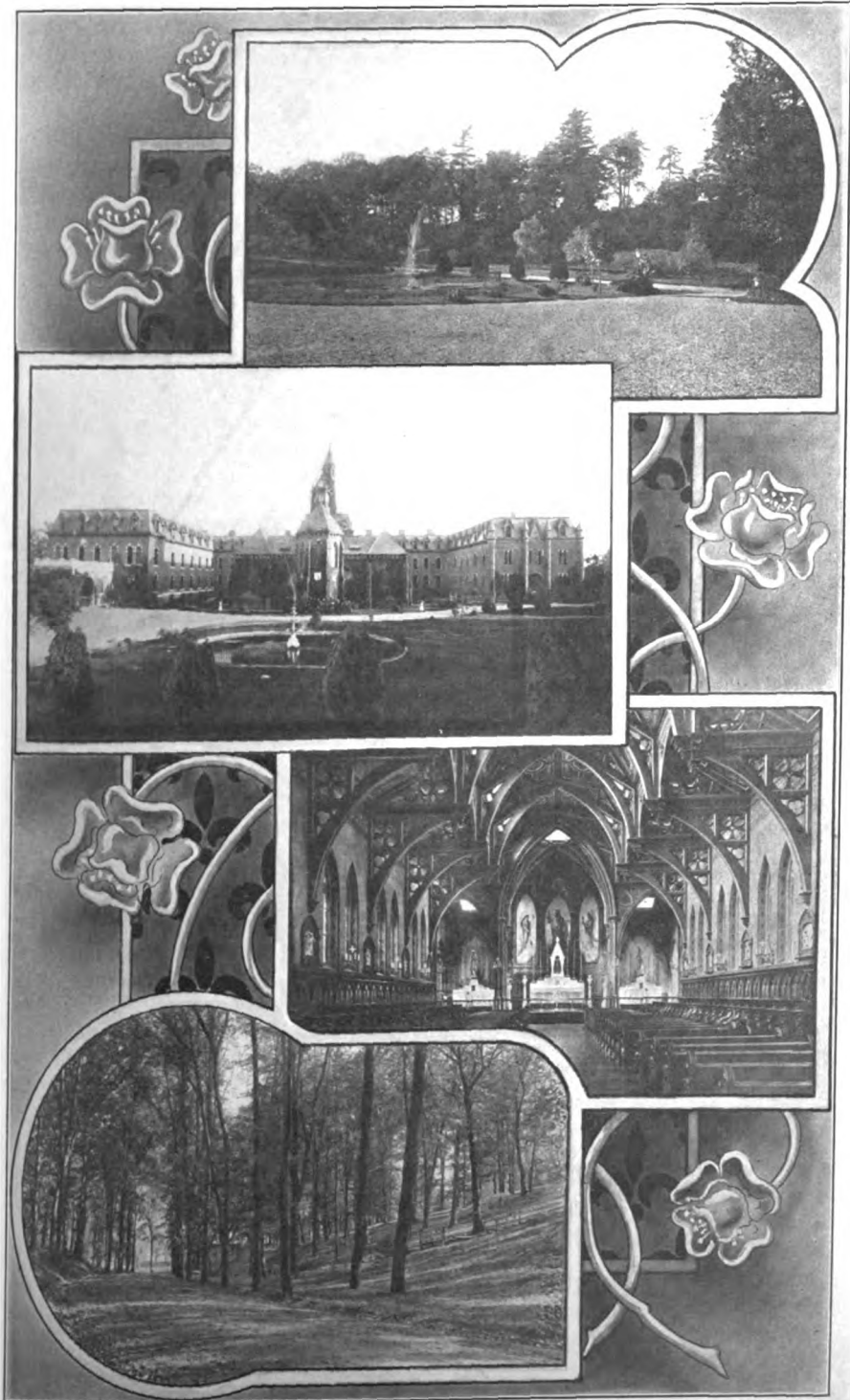
was ever a true father to this little family of the Sacred Heart, and he did all in his power to render its mission fruitful. The object of the foundation was to open a select school, but when the present large parochial school was being built, His Grace, asked the religious of the Sacred Heart to take charge of it, and testified great satisfaction when the answer came in the affirmative. However, before this work was

accomplished, a great sacrifice was asked of the Sacred Heart Religious, as well as of the whole diocese, for on the 19th of February, 1879, His Grace, Bishop Foley died, and the religious felt they had lost a tender father and a devoted friend. In January, 1880, the parochial school was opened with two hundred children the first day. Since then the number has always been a general average of five hundred. The two schools continue to



CONVENT, WORCESTER SQUARE, BOSTON.

flourish under the fatherly care of His Grace, Archbishop Feehan, who has ever shown great benevolence toward his children of the Sacred Heart. The Academy has always been patronized by the Catholic families of the Holy Name parish and more remote parishes. The pupils have always reflected great credit on their *Alma Mater*. The names that appear on the list of old and staunch Catholic families appear also on the reg-



THE CONVENT, INTERIOR OF CHAPEL AND GARDEN VIEWS, KENWOOD, NEW YORK.
GENERAL NOVITIATE, UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

ister of the school. The centenary called forth a loyal and generous response from all the former pupils and friends. In April, 1900, the Tabernacle Society was founded for the purpose of making church ornaments and linen for poor churches, and is already very well responded to.

Demands now came from South America and Madam Du Rousier who had been Superior at Buffalo set out for Chili. With that journey the little wooden exterior chapel at Manhattanville is associated. In crossing the Isthmus of Panama she was carried by her mule headlong over a precipice, and in falling made a vow to build a chapel in honor of St.

In London, Ontario, after many difficulties, the excellent establishment which has been the source of so much good in that city was placed on a solid foundation. This was in 1861.

Our present possessions in Cuba called for Mother Hardey, in 1857, to begin there a house of higher education. On her arrival with Mother Tomasini she was struck down by yellow fever. It meant, apparently, the ruin of the project, and so Mother Tomasini frankly declared, whereupon a young girl named Rafaella Donoso, hearing of the possible disaster, hurried to the church and offered herself to God to suffer three days of purgatory if Mother Hardey's life was spared.

Meantime Miss Henriquette Purroy, who had directed a considerable school in the city, watched, night and day risking her own life at the bedside of the dying nun, and when the physicians had announced death as certain, she insisted upon the administration of a remedy of her own. The mother recovered.

Miss Purroy gave up her school to the



THE CONVENT, GROSSE POINT, MICHIGAN.

Joseph if she were saved. She was saved miraculously, and Mother Hardey built the chapel for her. In the great conflagration which destroyed old Manhattanville, that little shrine though surrounded by fire escaped.

In 1855 St. John, New Brunswick, founded its Convent of the Sacred Heart. This was just after the cholera in that city, where Bishop Connelly displayed the same devotion to his flock that had formerly distinguished Cardinal Belzunce in Marseilles, and like the French bishop, he attributed the cessation of the plague to his devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord.

nuns and entered the community. Rafaella was also received, but fell sick shortly after with a disease that baffled the doctors. She lay perfectly still for three days, consumed by a fever that seemed like fire, and then died. They were her three days of purgatory. Havana was thus founded. Another establishment in Espiritu Sancto, Cuba, was attempted, but without permanent success.

It took thirty years of requests before Cincinnati was established. Success came in 1869, and we have the beautiful buildings at Clifton on the hills above the city.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

Cincinnati, was founded in 1869, at the earnest solicitation of Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, the Religious taking a house on West Sixth street, and receiving day-pupils as well as boarders. A class of poor children was also formed, and the Sodality of the Children of Mary, composed of ladies of the world, was founded the following year. The school increasing in numbers each year, a larger building and more spacious grounds became a necessity; therefore, after a temporary stay on Walnut Hills, the school was transferred to its present

Archbishop and his noble but unfortunate brother, Father Edward Purcell, the Archbishop's able secretary, Dr. Gallagher, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, the well-known and distinguished convert, Mrs. Sarah Peter, Doctor Stephen Bonner, the Misses Anna and Margaret Reily, Mr. Reuben Springer, and Mr. Patrick Poland, the benefactors of so many Cincinnati institutions.

The devotional little chapel of the convent was begun by Rev. Mother Carigan and completed by Rev. Mother Augusta Pardow, in 1888. The south-



THE CONVENT OF THE HOLY ROSARY, NEW ORLEANS.

beautiful site on Lafayette Avenue, Clifton.

The first vicar of the East, the revered Rev. Mother Hardey, made the foundation, leaving Rev. Mother E. L. Hogan as its first local Superior. She remained in Cincinnati eleven years, seeing her convent finally established at Clifton before being called to labor in other fields.

Among its best friends in the early days, were, besides the Most Reverend

ern wing, containing, besides the beautiful study hall, refectories, dormitories, etc., was built during the superiority of Rev. Mother Garvey, by the gracious and generous donation of Mrs. Patrick Poland.

The house was founded by religious from the East, and, until 1887, formed part of the eastern vicariate. In the last distribution of American houses, September, 1900, it was assigned to the West, with Maryville as its Mother-

House, where the Rev. Mother Vicar resides, and Rev. Mother Elder, niece of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Cincinnati, the present superior.

Besides the congregation of the Children of Mary, one of the good works of the convent is the Catechism Class, held on Sundays, for the benefit of those who have not had the advantage of early religious training, or who are desirous of further instruction.

One of the yearly events, very dear to the children of Clifton, is the "Orphans' Day" at the convent. On a sunshiny day in October, about three hundred little people, under the care of the devoted Sisters of Charity, are entertained by the Religious and pupils of the Sacred Heart, an occasion of which the children of the house learn many precious lessons of self-denial and devotedness.



CONVENT, PARK PLACE, OMAHA.

In 1894, the Convent celebrated its Silver Jubilee, and this present year, in union with all the other houses, it has special exercises, commemorating the Centenary of the Society. Among the celebrations of these days, the visit of a hundred old men and women with their tender, devoted guardians, the Little Sisters of the Poor, was most touching and consoling. The dear old people arrived at the convent about 2 o'clock, and remained until 6, being entertained by the children in the study hall. During the days of the Centenary it was most encouraging to witness the special devotion of the former pupils to their Alma Mater, which gives pledge of the future prosperity of the school and good works of the Convent of Clifton.

Elmhurst, near Providence, was founded November 21, 1872, at the suggestion of the Right Rev. Thos. Hendricken, then Bishop of Rhode Island. He had asked Rev. Mother Hardey, who was then in Paris, and she, anxious to comply with his request to make the Sacred Heart known and loved, confided the mission to the care of Reverend Mother Sarah Jones. The fine property of Dr. Wm. Grosvenor, called "Elmhurst," was purchased at a cost of \$75,000, and in a short time a flourishing school repaid the efforts of those who had been sent to Providence. After a few years, the original house was too small for the growing needs of the community and school. In 1880, an addition was built, again in 1888, and in 1890 an entirely new wing completed the already very beautiful building. Rosecroft, founded at this time in Maryland, had an ephemeral existence. Before its failure, however, Mother Hardey had been made Assistant General, and though she visited all of the houses in America once more, her actual foundations then ceased. She died in 1886 and is buried at Conflans. There is no need of eulogizing her. We have but to look around to see her monuments in the magnificent houses of education with which she endowed her native land. They are more eloquent than speech.

Her great work, of course, goes on. Every year some vast improvement is being made or some new school begun. When the dreadful conflagration made the splendid academy at Manhattanville a heap of smoking ruins, and all hearts were bowed down with grief by the calamity, another series of buildings, more imposing and more perfect in their adaptation to the requirements of the times, soon crowned the heights that look down upon the great city below. And so it has been all over the land. The small and poor beginnings have been followed by triumphs which all hail with satisfaction and delight, and are a fitting reward for the generosity and devotion of their self-forgetting founders.



HOUSE IN WHICH VEN. MOTHER BARAT WAS BORN. CHAPEL, MOTHER HOUSE, PARIS.
 GENERAL NOVITIATE AND CHAPEL, DE CONFLANS, RUE DU JARDIN, PARIS
 CHAPEL, DE CONFLANS, INTERIOR. RUE DE VARENNES, BOARDING SCHOOL, PARIS.

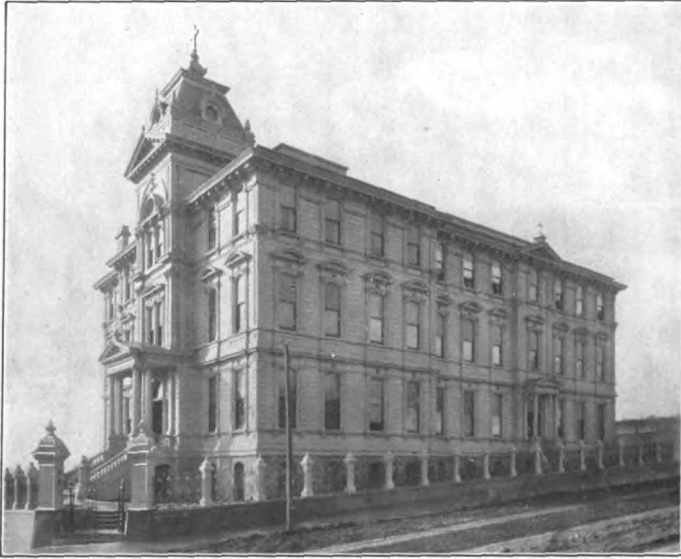
What was going on in our part of the Western Hemisphere was all the while exerting its influence in the cause of education down in South America and the Spanish possessions of Cuba and Porto Rico. For it must not be forgotten that it was Mother Du Rousier who went down to Santiago in Chili as early as 1853, after her terrible experience of cholera in Buffalo, and who underwent hardships and faced dangers in her journey across the Isthmus and down the coast, so varied and so terrible, that the account of her travels reads like an epic. A school was established at

and from which they may, with reason, expect the same magnificent results achieved elsewhere. The charitable works of their former students, the Children of Mary, already equal in these cities the labors of these Sister alumnæ of the earlier establishments.

In August of 1887, at the request of His Grace, Archbishop P. W. Riordan, of San Francisco, an Academy, conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart, was opened in a rented house, on Bush street in that city. Eighteen months later, the Religious built their present beautiful Institute, at the corner

of Franklin and Ellis streets, where is maintained a flourishing day school, the boarding school having been transferred in August, 1898, to Menlo Park, delightfully situated among the foot-hills of the Coast Range.

Attached to the Academy on Franklin street, is a Sodality for the Enfants De Marie, and a Tabernacle Society, which annually distributes about one hundred Vestments,



THE ACADEMY, SAN FRANCISCO.

Tolca in 1858; another in Concepcion in 1865; Valparaiso in 1870, and Chilian in 1874. From Chili a colony of teachers was sent to Peru and founded an Academy in Lima in 1876. All this work was done previous to Mother Hardey's death and was a direct consequence of her labors in her own country.

Nor has the enthusiasm of her daughters flagged since then. Within three years, 1880-83, Boston, San Francisco, which has also a school at Menlo Park, Omaha, and finally Grosse Point, Michigan, in 1885, have received establishments of which they may well be proud

besides Copes, Benediction Veils and Altar linen.

It was only after much difficulty that Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor obtained the foundation, at Omaha, then a very small town, which did not seem a promising situation. But Bishop O'Connor persevered in his efforts, and on August 28, 1881, Mother Dunn and three companions arrived to make the foundation. The Sisters of Mercy received them very hospitably, and after a few weeks, a house was found on Ninth and Howard streets. The foundresses here endured the greatest poverty. Old barrels and dry-goods

boxes served for furniture. Even when the Bishop called, he was offered a box to sit on. The Journal mentions his great kindness, particularly in coming every two weeks to give an instruction. The following is from the Journal: "Our chaplain, Rev. A. M. Colaveri, is a most devoted friend. He goes so far as to perform our commissions. His kindness is without measure." The first year closed with twenty-two pupils. The winter was very rigorous, and the storms numerous.

The Academy, on Thirty-sixth and Bush streets, was built by Mother Dunn, and was opened in 1883. The Bishop had donated the site, a handsome property, consisting of twelve acres. Within six years, the number of pupils rose to eighty. But with the commercial panic there was a decrease.

New Orleans, also, built its home for the Sacred Heart in the Garden District of the city, in 1887. A splendid edifice, with a front of two hundred and eight feet, and with wings nearly as long, was erected a year ago.

The Sacred Heart Convent of Dumaine Street, New Orleans, called "Mater Admirabilis," was opened November 11, 1867, in answer to the invitation of Mgr. Odin.

New Orleans, at that time, could boast of but one other establishment, that of the Ursuline Ladies, for the higher education of its young ladies. A fertile and undisputed field was therefore opened up to the zeal of the Religious. The old, "Boudonsquie," Building of antebellum fame, as a resort of the wealth and fashion of the Crescent City, was purchased as a temporary residence for the Religious and their pupils. The building which was spacious, as a private residence, afforded but limited accommodation for the needs of an Academy. Notwithstanding all inconveniences, it served its purpose, during thirty years, and we have reason to believe that much was accomplished in a humble way, for the glory of the Sacred Heart, within its

narrow precincts. Seven years ago, the present, more commodious and modernly equipped House was erected.

Located in the heart of the early French settlement of New Orleans—which was at once Catholic and populous—the new Academy of the Sacred Heart soon found its limited apartments crowded to overflowing with the daughters of the first Creole families of the city—many of them, the orphaned children of the Confederacy—the foundation of the House, following close in the wake of our Civil War.

The first Mass was said by Rev. Fr. Downey, S. J.,—still living here in our midst—wearing now the silver crown that has come of many years spent in untiring labors in Louisiana.

Mgr. Rouxel, the present auxiliary Bishop of New Orleans, was, during many years, the devoted and much appreciated chaplain of "Mater Admirabilis." Grateful allusions to his zeal and services rendered are frequently to be met with in the annals of the House, as also similar tributes to the Reverend Fathers, Gautrelet, Jourdan and Butler, of the Society of Jesus, and Benausse, Chalon, Millet and others, of St. Louis Cathedral.

The Academy once firmly established, attention was turned to the opening of a school for the poor. An adjoining building was purchased for the accommodation of these children, who sought admittance by the hundred. A fine new building erected last year replaces the old one.

The Sodality of the Children of Mary was organized in 1869.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart, under the title of the Holy Rosary, in New Orleans, is situated in the centre of what is known as the Garden District. The property, covering five acres, is surrounded by full grown oak and magnolia trees. The site was chosen by Rev. Mother de Sartorius, afterwards fourth Superior General of the society.

The foundation was made on the feast

of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary in 1887, by Rev. Mother Gauci. The academy for day-pupils opened the following day. The house then occupied was a typical old southern home, but not adequate to the demands of a large school. The Academy prospered, however, and at the time of her visit to the States in 1899, Very Rev. Mother Digby decided the erection of the present spacious building, which has 208 feet front and wings of 200' feet. The Academy now numbers 102 pupils.

In this rapid and necessarily incomplete sketch we have merely traced the outlines of this great educational work, which was inaugurated amid difficulties and hardships that would have made the stoutest heart quail, and often in face of dangers that called for what was nothing less than heroism, but which failed to check the resolution of these splendid and devoted women. Without aid or compensation of any kind, often in fact, lacking the very necessities of life, accepting the most menial, repulsive and humiliating tasks, devoting not only their lives to the work, but throwing into their common resources every penny of their own private patrimonies and inaugurating their enterprise at a time when almost everything, and, especially everything educational was in a state little short of chaotic, they have toiled on until they have covered the land with splendid buildings which are equipped with all the scholastic requirements of the day and are thronged by the children of the best people of the nation, confided to them as being among the recognized leaders in the work of education.

All this not only entitles these nuns to the admiration and gratitude of their country, but has increased in the Church itself the love and reverence it has always cherished for these, her consecrated daughters, and an obligation of constant thanksgiving to God for having raised up such valiant women, who have sacrificed so much and achieved such mighty results in the cause of education and in the

cultivation of every virtue in the hearts of the generations entrusted to their care.

It was fitting that, on the 21st of November last, the celebration of the century of the Society should be marked by unusual solemnity all over the world. It was not for worldly ostentation and display or the expression of a natural happiness for the success of a work begun amid such difficulties a century ago. It was an outpouring from the hearts of these Religious and their friends and pupils and an utterance of the deepest gratitude to Almighty God for whom this work had been undertaken and without whose help the obstacles in their way could never have been overcome, leaving out of consideration their success in the cause of education in other parts of the world, and the fact that seven thousand religious women are the successors of the few who gathered round Sophie Barat in 1801, and that they have twelve thousand children in their academies and twenty thousand in their free schools, and that thirty thousand of their old pupils cluster about their old convent homes and are conspicuous everywhere by their charity and devotion in caring for the poor, visiting hospitals and prisons, and in increasing the beauty of the sanctuary as well as in providing for churches which, without them, would have been left in destitution, we must realize the fact and rejoice in it that, at the present time, in the two Americas alone, they have five vicariates each with its novitiate, more than twelve hundred nuns, no less than three thousand boarders of the wealthier classes, and nearly five thousand children in their free schools all receiving a Christian education.

The remarkable power which these teachers have displayed everywhere in keeping their former students in touch with them, under the beloved and world-embracing association of the Children of Mary, is a precious testimony of the affection that exists in their schools between teachers and pupils, since it bears, without breaking, the strain of separa-

tion and the after absorption in worldly pursuits. The want of that union with their scholars is precisely what the great Protestant and secular establishments deplore at the present time, but which, of course, they never can possess, for they do not educate, they merely teach.

There is another practical feature which it behooves us to call attention to, especially in the social conditions that prevail around us. In Manhattanville, for example, and doubtless it is the case for other houses, it is the special ambition of the young ladies of the higher grades to be appointed as teachers in the Sunday-Schools of the parish children, or to be active in the exercise of other charitable works, and they will strain every nerve to achieve that success which is required in their studies, to warrant the privilege and the distinction. And, as an illustration of the affection that they are taught to cherish to their materially less fortunate neighbors, we may note among other things, this: "On the occasion of the Jubilee, each class in the Academy entertained with special care and devotion the corresponding grade in the free school attached to the Convent. There were no social barriers between them. They spent the day together in sports, had their services in the Chapel and sat down together at the common banquet after the girls of the Academy had availed themselves of the privilege of bestowing upon their guests various presents as reminders of their common happiness in the celebration."

Throughout the world, the Centen-

ary was ushered in as was befitting, by a triduum or retreat of three days for their former pupils, and on the day of the celebration itself, November 21, their vast and splendid chapels were thronged by the representatives of the clergy, and the greatest dignitaries of the Church. In our own country and doubtless elsewhere, the Apostolic Delegate, the Cardinal, the Archbishops and Bishops, all were only too happy to add to the lustre of the occasion and, in many instances, to express in glowing words the eulogy of the Order. The care of these religious for the splendor which is due to the service of God was everywhere evidenced in the magnificence of the ecclesiastical ceremonies, and in the exquisite taste which characterize the adornments of the sanctuary. That is their first care always, and the religious exercises fittingly ushered in the celebration, while their educational skill, refinement and elevation of character were abundantly manifested in the scholastic exercises of the students, which fittingly terminated the celebration.

In the natural course of events, the work which these devoted servants of God are destined to achieve in the coming one hundred years will make the present results, great as they are, seem insignificant. For building on the work of the past, the present Centenary is but a prophecy and a promise of another more magnificent and fraught with even more abundant blessings for the Church and society.

MISSIONARIES AND MARTYRS IN CHINA.

By the Reverend D. Lynch, S. J.

FATHER REMI ISORÉ, one of the Jesuit missionaries who have lately given their lives for the faith in China, begged at the close of his theological studies to be sent to the Zambesi Mission. His Provincial, Father Grandier, of the Province of Champagne, asked him why he chose that particular place. The answer was:

"Because it seems to offer more chances of martyrdom."

"If this is your only reason," replied the Provincial, "perhaps China will be a better choice; persecution may break out there at any time."

"If you allow me, then," answered Father Isoré, "I will ask for China."

"Very well; you shall go," was the decision.

The ever impending persecution soon came, and with it the crown.

It has been always so in China. Those who preach the gospel there have a good chance of dying for it. Even the famous Jesuit Father Ricci, Mathematician and Philosopher at the Court of the Emperor, while he was baptizing princes and nobles in Peking, saw persecution break out in the provinces. His successor, the yet more favored Father Adam Schaal, who corrected the Chinese Calendar and cast cannon for the Emperor, was loaded with chains and flung into prison. The ranks of heroic missionary bands were periodically thinned and unflinching filled up. There was great success, followed and even accompanied, by great persecution. At length when the Church in China had grown to be much greater than it ever had been before, a persecution broke out, so sudden and furious that it has concentrated all eyes on the mysterious Middle Empire, and made us as familiar with it as we have been for some time with the Republics of South Africa.

It is scarcely possible to form a correct idea of the state of things in China just

now, of the causes of the outbreak, or of the future of the Chinese missions, without reviewing, at least briefly, the past fortunes of the Cross under the Dragon Flag.

I.

The difficulty of converting the Chinese to Christianity, their inconstancy in the manner of dealing with it, and their fierce outbursts against it, have been sometimes attributed to a supposed apostasy of the nation in earlier times. We have little proof, however, of any extensive spread of the true faith in China until a comparatively late period in Christian history. The older records of the Chinese show not only an acquaintance with revealed truth, but even a close relation to the beginning of the Mosaic revelation. Thus we have an account of the Creation of the world and of man, of the terrestrial paradise and the fall of Adam. These writings date from five hundred years before Christ, and may have been due to relations with the Jews.

The following extracts with the names of the authors from whom they are taken are given by Bishop Favier:

The Creation of the World. "He who is himself his own beginning and end created the heavens and the earth." (Chu-ang-tse.)

Creation of Man. "When heaven and earth had been created, there was neither man nor woman. *Nu-koa* kneaded the clay to form from it a man. This is the true origin of the human race." (Tung-fu-t'ung.) "There were at first only the heavens and the earth; then man and woman." (Confucius.)

The Garden of Eden. "Man dwelt then amidst the beasts. The world was but one family. Virtue was cultivated. Nothing could cause death." (Chu-ang-tse.)

The Fall. "Immoderate desire of

knowledge caused the loss of the human race." (Hoe-nan-tse.) "Gluttony ruined the world. The words of woman must not be listened to." (Lo-pi.)

The Apostle St. Thomas converted a part of India, where he died. There seems to be an ancient tradition that he preached the Gospel in China, also. It is asserted in the Chaldean breviary and by Eastern patriarchs of an early age. There are traces of some knowledge of Our Lord and of relations with the Roman Empire in the second century or earlier. Ancient crosses have been found which are said to be of an earlier date than that of the arrival of the Nestorians.

Mgr. Rouger, Vicar Apostolic of Kiang-Si wrote in 1886: "We have at Kin-ngan a large and beautiful cross of the form called St. Andrew's. Ancient writers mention the wonders formerly effected through it. It is still honored by the people with a special religious veneration." This cross bears the name of the Emperor Sun-u, who reigned A. D. 230.

Another cross, the form somewhat like the Maltese cross, found in the province of Foo-kien, dates, in all probability, says Bishop Favier, from the fourth or fifth century.

All indications of early Christianity, however, leave the matter still obscure.

It has been, perhaps, too easily accepted that all the missionaries who came to China in the seventh century were Nestorian heretics. A stone found by workmen digging up the foundations of a church, in 1625, bore an inscription in Chinese characters stating that, in the year 635, priests came to preach Christianity, and brought with them the Scriptures and images. The Nestorians made no use of images; and from this fact, as well as from names and references in the inscription, it has been argued that the priests in question must have come from Rome.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century, the terrific Tartar conqueror,

Zingis Khan, whose army was 700,000 men, and who slaughtered 1,000,000 of people at a time, overran Northwestern China; and his grandson, Kublai, having completed the conquest of the country, became its emperor. Zingis, with his sons and grandsons, filled Europe with terror. In 1245, Pope Innocent the Fourth sent two Franciscans, one of them a companion of St. Francis of Assisi, on an embassy to Kouyouk Khan, inviting him to become a Christian and make a treaty of peace. Later, St. Louis, King of France, sent a similar embassy to Mangou Khan, Youkouk's successor. It was believed about this time that some Tartar princes were inclined to become Christians. This was said to be true, particularly of Mangou Khan, predecessor and brother of Kublai. During the reign of Kublai Khan, two Venetian merchants, Nicholas and Matthew Polo, visited China, and were so much esteemed by the Emperor, that he sent them on an embassy to the Pope, requesting one hundred learned men to teach the Christian religion and the seven arts to his people. The celebrated Marco Polo, son of Nicholas, remained seventeen years in the service of Kublai Khan, and filled the most important posts in the southern provinces.

In 1288 Pope Nicholas IV. sent the Franciscan, John of Monte Corvino, as legate and missionary to the Tartar ruler of China. He built a church at Peking, then called Kambalick, and baptized 6,000 persons. Were it not for the calumnies of the Nestorians, he affirms that he could have baptized 30,000. He collected the children and taught school. A convert prince named George received minor orders, and built another church in honor of the Holy Trinity. John of Monte Corvino, translated the New Testament and the Psalms into Tartar, painted pictures of scriptural subjects, and taught the children to sing the Office to the great delight of the emperor, who could hear them from his palace. Pope Clement V. made the successful mission-

ary an Archbishop, sending out, at the same time, seven Franciscan Bishops to assist him. Only three reached Peking. Conversion followed so rapidly that in 1312 the Pope sent three more suffragan Bishops. There was, at this time, a monastery of twenty-two Franciscans near the city, in which the extraordinary missionary, Blessed Odoric, sojourned for three years. In his account of the flourishing state of the Church in China, he modestly omits that he himself had converted to it 20,000 heathens.

Christianity spread and grew in favor, complete liberty having been accorded to it. Embassies were sent to the Pope. Band after band of missionaries entered China, and papal nuncios were sent to the imperial court at Peking. We know for certain that three Archbishops had governed the church there, and that 164 Franciscan missionaries had been sent to them. The first Archbishop, John of Monte Corvino, had converted 30,000 to the faith. At his death there must have been, it is reasonably thought, 100,000 Catholics. The revolution which followed, and which overset the Yun dynasty, stopped the supply of missionaries. Yet we read in the Franciscan annals that a seventh successor of John of Monte Corvino, occupied the See of Peking in 1456, during the Pontificate of Pope Callixtus III. It is thus possible that Christianity continued to live in China until the re-opening of the missions in 1579. The interim would be little more than a hundred years; and the faith survived in Japan, even without priests, for 240 years.

The last descendants of the Tartar emperors were driven out of China by the founder of the native Chinese Ming dynasty, which occupied the throne from 1368 to 1644. The Mings destroyed as far as they could the traces of the Tartars, even to the Christian churches which had been favored by these.

Although some missionaries had preceded the celebrated Jesuit, Father Matthew Ricci, it was owing to him

principally that Christianity revived in China. He determined to establish himself at the capital, Peking, believing that from there he could spread the faith more easily and more widely. He had so mastered the purest native dialect that his writings won the admiration of the most learned amongst the Chinese. His eloquent exposition of the sublime truths of the Gospel drew the highest to hear him. There were many obstacles and dangers in his way, but he faced them all with a tact and constancy really astonishing. After twenty years of pain and labor, he was crowned with extraordinary success. Mathematician and Philosopher at Court, he administered the Sacraments within the precincts of the imperial palace. He baptized one of the chief officers and his family; then three royal princes; again, a celebrated scholar, to whom he gave the name of Leo. This last became one of the pillars of the Church in China. Under Father Ricci's guidance, he became a distinguished teacher of mathematics, and a writer of weight, translating many books into his native language. Of the result of Father Ricci's labors, the modern Protestant missionary, Mr. Gutzlaff, whom Mr. Marshall calls "the most ambitious and active of all the heralds whom Protestantism has sent to China," says: "He had only spent twenty-seven years in China, and during that time he had executed an herculean task. He was the first Catholic missionary who penetrated into the Empire, and when he died, there were more than three hundred churches in the different provinces." "It will scarcely be credited," he adds, "that at his death there existed in Keangnan province alone, thirty churches," and that a little later "there were few large cities where some Christians might not be found." As to the scientific attainments of himself and his companions, Mr. Gutzlaff is again our witness: "Whatever is valuable in Chinese astronomical science has been borrowed from the treatises of Roman Catholic

missionaries." And Mr. Montgomery Martin in his *China, Political, Commercial and Social*, says: "It has been proved that the early astronomical observations of the Chinese were absolute forgeries, as the Jesuits found no one able to calculate an eclipse." Mr. Marshall adds, in his *Christian Missions*: "The accuracy of their (the Jesuits') observations, fixing the position of innumerable places through the Chinese empire, and ranging through thirty-three degrees of latitude and twenty-three degrees of longitude, is attested by Sir John Davis."

The marvellous constancy with which the converts clung to the faith, even in the bitterest persecution, showed how well it had been planted and how deeply its roots were set. DuHalde relates of Candida, grand-daughter of the Chief Mandarin converted by Father Ricci, that "during thirty-four years of widowhood she imitated perfectly those holy widows whose character St. Paul has described to us, founded thirty churches in her own part of the country, and caused nineteen to be built in different provinces of the Empire." In 1858, Rev. W. C. Milne, a Protestant missionary, bore witness that, after three centuries of persecution, some of the descendants of this Mandarin were still "Romanists;" and that, in the single province first evangelized by Father Ricci, the Catholics still numbered "about 70,000."

So solid and so modern have the works of Father Ricci been found, that several of his books have been reprinted within three or four years. The writer of this article has now under his eye two of them, one being the famous treatise on God. Of Father Ricci, Professor Max Müller, lightly wrote, in an article published in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*, "It is sometimes difficult to say whether he himself were converted to Confucianism, or the Chinese to Christianity." And again, "He (Father Ricci) joined publicly in the worship of Confucius." The professor had evidently not looked up very carefully the real

authorities on the life and work of Father Ricci. There are other inaccuracies still more glaring in the article referred to. For instance, "Many Chinese, particularly in the higher classes, became Christians, and they thought they could do so without ceasing to be Confucianists, Tavists, or Buddhists." "Already under Benedict XII. (1342-1346) attempts were made to send out again Christian missionaries to China, but they soon shared the fate of the Nestorian Christians." The writer seems to have known very little about the extraordinary success of John of Monte Corvino, and his successors.

In 1610, Father Ricci passed to his reward. "His public interment," says Huc, "with the Emperor's official sanction, legalized Christianity in China." In 1628, after an outburst of persecution, Father Adam Schaal was installed as Father Ricci's successor under the last Emperor of the Ming dynasty. The Manchu Tartars, called in to quell a revolt, seized upon the supreme power and founded the Tsing dynasty, which has continued to reign over China down to the present day. The new Emperor confirmed Father Schaal in his post of "President of the Mathematical Tribunal." Meanwhile war was waged in favor of the native Chinese heir to the throne. His mother had become a Christian, and the Viceroy, the Chancellor, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army were of the same faith. After a fierce struggle their cause was lost; and 100,000 persons, without distinction of sex or age, were slaughtered by the victorious Tartars.

Father Schaal became so great a favorite of the Tartar monarch that he could enter daily into the palace and was in turn visited by the Emperor in a most familiar manner. The Emperor gave Father Schaal a familiar name indicative of his friendship; and when the fearless missionary rebuked the vices of the Sovereign, the latter said: "I forgive you because I know you love me." It

was impossible, however, to convert this idolatrous prince, and his death and funeral were accompanied by the revolting rites customary amongst his people.

Now arose another storm. The late Emperor had taken the direction of the observatory from the Mahometans and given it to the Jesuit astronomer. The *bonzes*, or pagan priests, joined in the calumnies of the discontented Mahometans, and the Christian religion was proscribed. Father Schaal, in prison and in chains, was condemned to be strangled to death. The sentence was suspended for a time, and meanwhile the great teacher of science and religion, worn out with age, infirmity and ill-treatment, yielded up his soul to God. This was in 1666. With true Chinese inconsistency, a Christian successor was appointed to Father Schaal, in 1671. This was another Jesuit, Father Verbiest, who acquired almost supreme influence over the new Emperor. A Protestant writer, Medhurst, admits that, in this first year of Father Verbiest's appointment, 20,000 Chinese, struck by the constancy of the Christians under persecution, embraced the true faith. Persons of the highest rank now became Christians, amongst them an uncle of the Emperor and one of the eight perpetual generals of the Tartar army. Justice was done to the memory of Father Schaal, and public funeral honors were accorded to him, the Emperor defraying all expenses. This was the usual manner of burying the famous Jesuit teachers.

Christianity began to flourish at this time with extraordinary vigor. "Reckon me, O Lord, among those who have desired but were not permitted to shed their blood for Thee," was the prayer of Father Verbiest, the successor of Schaal and Ricci. The Emperor Cang-hi (or K'ang-si) was deeply impressed, not only by the extraordinary knowledge of the Jesuit teachers, but by their still more extraordinary lives of penance and prayer. They refused the honors which the Sovereign pressed upon them. This

so surprised him that he had them secretly watched to see if their lives really corresponded with their outward conduct. The Emperor allowed more missionaries to enter China, he himself defending their character against the calumnies of the Mandarins. Persecution ceased for the moment, although the Emperor would not at first allow his pagan subjects to become Christians.

Many new scientific instruments were cast in bronze for the Imperial Observatory. They were of beautiful workmanship and mounted on marble pedestals. Although erected in the open air, without a roof, they still remain for our admiration after 200 years. A rebellion having broken out, Father Verbiest, notwithstanding his dislike for the work, had to cast a new and lighter kind of cannon which could be transported with the army. The Emperor was so delighted at his success, when the guns were tested, that he threw his cloak over the Jesuit scientist in familiar gratitude. Father Verbiest wrote thirty-three volumes on astronomy, which he presented to the Emperor. His treatise on the Christian religion was placed in the Imperial Library.

In 1688, the great missionary died. His magnificent public funeral, with the cross at the head, passed through two of the principal streets of Peking, sixty men carrying the coffin. A splendid tomb was built for him at the expense of the Emperor. "At this time," says Mr. Marshall, "the Christian churches of China might be counted by hundreds."

A few weeks later two other Jesuits, Fathers Gerbillon and Bonvet, succeeded Father Verbiest in his official position and in the affection of the Emperor. He took them with him in his journeys, made them learn his own Tartar language and examined them himself to see what progress they were making. A part of the palace being overshadowed by their splendid new church, the Emperor answered the envious Mandarins thus: "What would you have me do?

These foreigners render me every day important services, for which I know not how to recompense them ; money they will not touch ; religion is the only thing they care for, and it is in this alone that I can give them any gratification. Speak to me no more about it." Important services they certainly rendered him. Speaking of one field of labor, Thornton, in his *History of China*, writes: "The geographical labors performed in China by the Jesuits and other missionaries of the Roman Catholic faith will ever command the gratitude and excite the wonder of all geographers. . . . Portable chronometers and aneroid barometers, sextants and theodolites, sym-piesometers and micrometers, compasses and artificial horizons are, notwithstanding all possible care, frequently found to fail ; and yet one hundred and fifty years ago a few wandering European priests traversed the enormous state of China Proper, and laid down on their maps the position of cities, the direction of rivers and the height of mountains with a correctness of detail and a general accuracy of outline that are absolutely marvellous. To this day all our maps are based on their observations."

Father Pereira received honors similar to those of his religious brethren who had gone before him. Together with Father Gerbillon, he negotiated for the Emperor, in 1689, the treaty of Nerchinsk with the Russians. The Emperor would sometimes good-humoredly remind his courtiers, "Take heed of controversy with the Christian teachers, for their knowledge compels you to agree with them on every subject ; and, what is more, they worship, in my presence, when occasion offers, the highest God."

This "highest God" the vice-chained Emperor never came himself to adore. His successor, stung, it is said, by the evident superiority of his Christian relatives and their steady refusal to admit the national superstitions, expelled the missionaries, destroyed the churches and let loose upon 300,000 Christians the

fury of the heathen. The constancy of the faithful recalls at once the first pages of the Church's history. The Christian members of the Imperial family, including several of the Emperor's brothers, bore degradation and exile rather than deny the faith. Under the weight of suffering many of them died. For nearly ten years the persecution endured. An eye-witness relates of the ordinary faithful: "All, except a very small number intimidated by the apparatus of torture, displayed heroic constancy amid the most cruel torments. In vain they beat their faces with rods till they were covered with blood, or stretched them on the ground and lacerated them with whips and sticks ; their constant answer was that they would live and die Christians." Missionary after missionary sealed his faith in his blood ; and yet, deprived of these, the surviving Catholics carried on, as best they could, the practices of their religion, to the astonishment of those who knew them.

Meanwhile the Jesuits were retained at the court of Peking, and had three churches in the city. A lay-brother was decorating the Imperial Palace with paintings, Father Parennin was first professor at the Imperial College. These and others were able to obtain some mitigation of the sufferings of their fellow Christians. Father Parennin received at his death the honors of a public funeral, the Emperor's uncle and ten other princes taking part in it.

In 1746 the persecution became far more violent. Martyrs were numerous, and, as it appears, apostates also. A number of Dominicans were executed with many of their flocks ; and in 1748 two Jesuits, after horrible tortures, were strangled in prison. With them died a number of their converts. Still Jesuit teachers continued in Peking at the Court of the Emperor, where we find them from 1692 to 1785 ; that is, for ninety three years.

After the suppression of the Society of Jesus, Louis XVI., of France, had the

Lazarist missionaries sent in their place. The French Revolution and contemporary events in Europe put a rude stop to the work of the missions. The religious orders shared the persecution of the secular clergy. A new Emperor was a more fierce opponent of Christianity than his father had been. Peking was soon without a bishop, and the church kept on enlarging her roll of martyrs, even after the merciless emperor had been burnt to an unrecognizable mass by lightning in 1820. In 1840 came China's opium war with England, as a result of which the latter country annexed Hong Kong. Two years after, China entered into commercial treaties with England, France and America; France obtaining, moreover, a measure of religious toleration. Missionaries were not allowed to penetrate into the interior. China was invaded by an Anglo-French expedition in 1860; and the summer palace was plundered of its fabulous treasures and burned to the ground. After the taking of Peking a treaty was signed, and almost complete religious liberty granted. Some few years before, the first Sisters of Charity, twelve in number, had entered the missions of China.

Notwithstanding treaties and edicts, peace was not yet, and the massacres of Tientsin, in 1870, almost ushered in those of our own day.

II.

In the late massacres in China and those still going on, little distinction has been made between Protestants and Catholics, missionaries and traders. All foreigners were to be exterminated because they were foreigners. So sudden and terrific was the storm, that other events were forgotten or deemed all but insignificant. A discussion of the causes of the disasters in China has gone the rounds of the press. The missionaries have been severely blamed, here and there, as being at the bottom of all the trouble. Some have said that the Cath-

olic missionaries were the principal offenders. In all this, nothing has been more singular, or ridiculous, than the ignoring of the plain facts. The plain facts were these—that China had seen portion after portion of her territory taken from her by the foreigner, whom she never loved; that hated treaty after treaty had been forced upon her, and not at all from any motive of religion; that, one after the other, her best ports were lost, until she had not a shelter for her fleet along her coast without the permission of the detested stranger.

Hong Kong was seized by England in 1840, and the train of commerce turned thither from Canton. By taking Tong-King, the French imposed upon China an unwelcome guardian. Japan, after humbling her to the dust, seized the Island of Formosa. Russia took Port Arthur and Talienwan; Germany, Kiaochao, the most important naval station in the country, which controls the great province of Shantung. Not to fail in the race, France obtained the southern port of Kwang-chow-fu, with a recognition of political interest in the province of Yunnan. England's share is Wei-hai-wei, and Italy's, though demanded, has not yet been seized. All this policy of land-grabbing seemed to the interested powers to be the most natural thing in the world, while we are lightly told that the missionaries are the cause of the massacres in China. We are asked to put ourselves in the place of the Chinese and imagine what our thoughts would be if people came to force their religious opinions upon us, telling us that our religion is an absurdity, and our most cherished practices sinful. Something like that is done every day by the members of one Christian body to those of another in our own civilized lands, yet we have no civil war over it. But it would be a far fairer way of putting the matter if we were asked to imagine yellow-faced battalions from the Middle Kingdom sailing into our harbors to the music of their cannon, and

quietly taking over for their own use and benefit the choicest portions of the lands we love. Chinese missionaries would be far more welcome ; nor would they, in those days of new religious fashions, lack a following.

Even though there had been no land-grabbing, there still existed a much more grievous cause of rancour than the missionary question. This was commercial greed. The commercial nations are not anxious to give the Gospel to the Chinaman, but they are anxious to sell him guns, and, perhaps, even idols. A late writer, who is no friend of the missionaries, but, on the contrary, puts them down as the main cause of the present troubles, Mr. Harold E. Gorst, in his book on China, admits frankly enough that "there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question. One must bear carefully in mind that the action of the Western Powers does not imply a crusade of civilization against barbarity and ignorance, but that it has been simply prompted by a determination to force upon the people of China commercial and political relations which they have always shown a desire to escape."

It is not simply that such "relations" have been "forced" upon the Chinese, and at the point of the bayonet or mouth of the cannon ; but the relations have for object the development of China for the profit of the foreigner. Exclusive as the people of the Middle Empire are, they would not, perhaps, object so much to the building of railways and the acquiring of new facilities of trade. But surely they have a right to object that the control of the railways and the profits accruing from them should all belong to the European. Thus England, by a "forced relation," has a "political interest" in the very centre of the Empire, the great Yang-tse Valley, on account of which it must not be alienated to any other foreign power. Such political interest easily, if not naturally, leads to ultimate seizure. In fact the great question before the Allied Powers is whether they shall partition China or

not. The great Russian Trans-Siberian railroad is, by a recent "concession," to be run through Manchuria to Port Arthur. When that is finished, the Chinese will never have even the shadow of a chance of resisting their mighty northern neighbor. In this railway there is not a single Chinese shareholder. "The Russians hold all the shares and retain the exclusive control, management and profits," writes the Peking correspondent of the English *Times*. The last report is that Manchuria itself has been seized. The Germans have other railway concessions ; other powers have others. The Chinese neither need railways nor desire them. "Apart from sentimental and superstitious absurdities," says Mr. Gorst, "which have been put forward as arguments against the introduction of railways, there are grounds of objection which rest upon more practical foundations than the fear of offending spirits or of disturbing the repose of deceased ancestors." But China must have the iron roads, as well as other hard ways which she likes not ; the "powers," not justice, impose them. Hence, in benevolent political circles, she has been likened to "a machine for registering the amount of pressure brought to bear upon it." The majority of impartial people would see in the "pressure," the "political interest," the "concession," a far more formidable cause of provocation than the missionaries ever gave or could give. The demands just now made on China by the allied powers are not only extremely galling but actually impossible to be complied with.

If we need a further illustration of the difference between the missionaries and the politicians as to the question of *tact* in dealing with the Chinese, we have only to repeat one of the last acts of vandalism reported from China. The wonderful astronomical instruments, cast in bronze in the 17th century by the Jesuit missionaries for the Emperor, have been taken down and packed up by the representatives of France and Germany

for exportation to Paris and Berlin. These instruments, colossal in size and marvellous in workmanship, stood for two hundred years, without any cover, on the wall of Peking, on the eastern side of the Tartar city. Although made so long ago, they are still serviceable.

At the bottom of the opposition to the foreigner and to the missionary because he is the forerunner of more objectionable foreigners, are the Mandarins and the *literati* or "lettered people." "The question of official corruption is of vital importance," writes Mr. Gorst, "as being a key to the present state of affairs in the Empire." "The whole system of government has degenerated into a vast conspiracy to exploit and plunder the governed. Justice is a commodity to be bought or sold, and the Mandarins wring out of industry and commerce, by improvised duties and other methods of squeeze, the uttermost farthing." It is a matter of contemporaneous history that one of the main factors in precipitating the late disasters was found in the hurried and drastic reforms, according to Western ideas, insisted upon by the present (or late) Emperor when the entire abyss of his weakness was revealed to him by the Japanese War and the seizure of the best portions of his country.

"The chief, if not the only obstacle to reform in China is the literary class," says the author above quoted. "The men of letters who hold the highest place in public estimation, are not those who may be personally gifted with literary genius, but mere literary machines whose merit lies in the parrot-like repetition of the wisdom of others." Every low form of calumny, almost impossible for us even to imagine, and out-rivalling those spread by the early pagans against Christianity, has been employed by those "men of letters" against the missionary.

It is not against the missionary as such, at least in the present issue, that popular wrath has been kindled, but because he was followed by the diplomatist, the consul, the trader, and the

soldier. The indifference of the "Celestials" in matter of religion is notorious. "They are the least mystical and the most indifferent of peoples," affirms Mgr. Favier, Bishop of Peking, who has spent thirty-five years amongst them. There are at least three very different forms of religion approved by the state, yet nobody seems to fight over them. Mr. Gorst admits that "the Chinese" are remarkably free from bigotry . . . The unanimity of to-day is so complete that Tavist and Buddhist priests are able to share a temple in perfect harmony. This excessive religious toleration has been taken to indicate an utter indifference on the part of the Chinese to all matters connected with their spiritual welfare." "There are scores of millions of Buddhists amongst them," he continues, "but the belief lies no more than skin deep." There seems to be no special reason therefore why the sublime maxims of the Gospel should be particularly repulsive. The very success of the Christian cause in the past, when there was neither consul nor money, shows that the pagan Chinese have no more opposition to the Gospel than pagans have generally, and perhaps naturally, elsewhere.

It has been said that one of the special reasons of opposition to Christianity is found in its condemnation of the Chinese worship of ancestors. But this is an old story. Father Longobardi, who became Superior of the Jesuits in Peking on the death of Father Ricci, forbade the ancestral rites; but yet there was no stop put to conversions. There are many other things to which pagan Chinese are much more attached, for instance other pagan practices of religion and forms of vice from which pagans are rarely free, and which they must renounce before they become Christians.

A great deal has been made of a certain dignity lately conferred on the French Catholic missionaries, by which they were able to protect their converts from galling injustice. Is it not a little unfair to condemn a man because he has

been empowered by the government of a country to protect the weak? Before, there was the roundabout way, often probably the impossible way, of appealing to a consul; now the missionary can go directly to the Mandarin magistrate, whose sense of justice has never been over-delicate. We imagine the truer view of the matter is that of the *Journal*, of Paris, a paper professedly indifferent to Catholicity, which reminds us that the Empress Regent has gone out of her way to compliment the missionaries on their austere lives, their high moral ideals, and the education they have spread over China. "Therefore," it concludes, "the whole trouble lies at the doors, not of the missionaries, nor of the engineers, nor yet of the merchants, but of the intriguing politicians who want to rule the court at Peking and wrest territory from the Chinese." The Catholic *Univers*, "in strict accord with facts and the evidence of reason," sees in the dignities conferred on Catholic bishops and priests, not a cause of hostility, but a proof of China's respect and favor.

Little good is done, no doubt, by pointing out the shortcomings of our fellow-Christians. But as unjust attacks have been publicly made, an answer seems to be called for. Moreover, as the missionary question is being discussed everywhere, it is as well to admit what must be admitted. Some non-Catholic ministers of religion, amongst others Protestant missionaries, have gone out of their way to blame the Catholic bishops and priests for their line of action in China. Newspapers, too, have taken up the matter, and in many places asserted that the Catholic missionaries were the ones principally to blame. No doubt there have been defects here and there; human nature is rarely perfect. But it is well to remember that this outcry began principally, or was most vigorously taken up, in distinctly infidel quarters. And, secondly, that, if the Catholic missionaries are mainly to blame, their history in China and their marvellous success are

unexplainable. We imagine that any one attentively reading the history of the Catholic missions would be struck by one thing above all others—the tact of the missionaries in the midst of a susceptible and pagan people. It required no little tact for the Jesuit missionaries to remain influential at the Court of Peking, and to continue making converts for ninety-three years, in the face of persecution fanned by fanatic Bonze and jealous Mandarin.

It is well, however, to have the testimony of impartial witnesses. One of these is 'Mr. Alexander Mitchie, a Protestant, living at Tientsin, in 1891. In his book on *Missionaries in China*, he says: "The missionaries who are spread over China do pretty much what they individually like, and give such accounts of their work as they think sufficient. Much as the division of the Christian force into so many separate factions is to be deplored and detrimental to the prospects of the missions as is the transference of those relics of strife from their native homes to the soil of China, it is not on the missionaries, but on the societies which send them out, that the blame, if any, rests. . . . That it is a great evil can hardly be doubted. . . . But there is, perhaps, a still more serious evil in the vagaries of hundreds of irresponsible evangelists who go about the country retailing the figments of their own excited brains as the pure gospel. On these missionaries' own showing, it is impossible to prevent the poor uneducated people from making of the whole thing a tangle of fetishism. Nor do the evangelists always resist to the uttermost the tendency to make medicine men of them, which shows itself frequently in their ignorant followers. The most eccentric missionaries are naturally those, many of them single women, belonging to Mr. Hudson Taylor's China Inland Mission. They number 480, more than one-third of the total force of Protestant missionaries in China. They are drawn from every sect in England, from Canada, Sweden and perhaps other coun-

tries, and the territory of China is systematically parcelled out among them so as to obviate collision, and to minimize the outward aspect of their diversities of creed and conduct. . . . The crop of doctrinal anomalies exhibited in a country where each individual utters wrecklessly whatever comes into his head, without check either from higher authority or public opinion—that of the natives being, of course, disregarded—is, as might be expected, a rank jungle growth, the extent of which can never be known. . . . It is obvious to enquire whether. . . . Christianity must not eventually pay the penalty of being found out as an imposition. . . . The Book (the Bible), as such, is held in such superstitious regard by the text-ridden masses that the most strenuous efforts have been made to circulate its contents everywhere. . . . Where the missionaries could not penetrate, the book could be sent. . . . Till lately, not a doubt was breathed as to the absolute wisdom of this procedure. . . . It was an unpleasant discovery, after thirty years of work at high pressure, that, when the harvest was looked for, tares . . . covered the ground. Of the possibility of such a result, the blasphemous uses to which the Tai-ping rebels turned the Old and New Testaments, might have afforded the missionaries some warning."

Bishop Reynaud, Vicar Apostolic of Cheking, in his book, *Another China*, writes thus: "It is not intended in these pages to impeach the good work, much less the intentions of anyone, but merely to state a few facts respecting the Protestant missions from a Catholic point of view; and we may, perhaps, be the means of rendering them some service in showing the weak points in their system. . . . The absence of unity of belief, the rejection of authority in favor of private judgment, are radical defects of Protestantism. Now this very principle of authority is everything to a Chinese, being the foundation stone of family and social existence. . . . A religion that rejects this vital principle can never be

regarded in a serious light by the Chinaman. . . . The ministers also shock the natives by their system of propaganda, which, in many respects, is in direct opposition to the local customs and etiquette. For instance, the married pastors are more or less absorbed by the cares of family life, which naturally induces them to live as they do in Europe. They require comforts that keep them in places where they can be found. . . . The ministers must walk out or sail in boats with their wives and children, and this appearance of husband and wife together in public is diametrically opposed to the etiquette of Chinese society." The Bishop points out that the attacks on Catholic doctrine and practice, do the non-Catholic missionaries more harm than good, as celibacy and poverty and obedience are considered by the Chinese the fitting accompaniments of a priesthood, while their peculiar respect for their own mothers, makes ridicule of Catholic honor of the Blessed Virgin absolutely unintelligible.

There is not the slightest doubt that a wide distinction is made by the Chinese between the Catholic and non-Catholic missionaries. The former devote themselves unreservedly to their work, intending to spend their lives amongst their converts, and living as much as possible as the people do. Sir Henry Norman admits, in consequence, in his book *The Far East*, that the Catholic missionaries "enjoy on the whole far more consideration from the natives as well as from foreigners, and the result of their work is beyond question much greater."

Astonishingly greater it is indeed. The Protestant missionary, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor stated in 1886 that there were engaged in mission work in China, 432 men, 310 wives, 148 single women, 146 native ordained ministers, 1,242 unordained native helpers, ministering to 28,119 adult communicants. Dr. James S. Dennis, author of "Christian Missions and Social Progress," writing in the *American Review of Reviews* in September, 1900, states that in China "there

are now slightly over 2,500 Protestant foreign missionaries, including married and unmarried women, and the native evangelical associates of the missionary in religious work number 5,000." Mr. Frederick S. Root, writing in the *New York Post* of September 15th, 1900, and relying on statistics furnished him by the American Board and other prominent authorities, tells us that there are 53 separate organizations at work in China, 2,500 missionaries, and 5,000 native pastors and assistants. Nothing is said of the vast sums of money placed at the disposal of these. A church membership of 100,000 is claimed, and 400,000 souls, if no distinction be made between communicants and non-communicants. All are not agreed, however, as to this number. A distinguished Chinese, visiting France in the beginning of 1894, Mr. Ly-Chao-Pee, gave the number of Protestants as 33,000. The Protestant missionary reports for the same year put the communicants at 40,000. Mr. Alexander Mitchie, in 1891, reckoned all the Protestants of China at 38,287. The Catholic body has been admitted by Protestants to be considerably over one million. In 1807, the *Missiones Catholice*, published in Rome, gave the Catholic missionary staff as consisting of 759 European and 409 native priests. There were 3,930 churches, 2,913 schools, and 49 seminaries.

III.

Whatever the number of Catholics or Protestants may be, all alike are now passing through the fierce fire of persecution unto death. The scenes lately enacted in China or being enacted at this hour are terrible beyond description. We read of a thousand Christians being beheaded together because they would not deny the faith, and we have read of outrages worse than death. Who can realize the deeds of armed bands of demon-possessed fanatics against whom the government of the country is so powerless that it basely joins in their fiendish excesses?

And yet, a short time ago everything looked so promising. The missionary bands had been increased. There were 269 priests of the Paris Foreign Missions, 69 of the same Congregation in Belgium, 17 of that of Milan; there were 170 French Jesuits in this old field of labor of their Society; there were 126 Franciscans, mostly Italians, with their splendid traditions of Monte Corvino and his companions, 85 Lazarists were walking in the footsteps of Raux, Ghislain, and the others, who succeeded the early Jesuits at the time of their suppression; there were 23 priests of the same Order, the Dominican, which was commissioned by the Holy See amongst the very first to penetrate into the unknown and dangerous land of the Tartars and Chinese; finally, there were 10 Augustinians and 14 Dutch and German missionaries.

An imperial edict, issued on the 15th of March, 1899, gave a fuller measure of religious liberty than had ever been given before. And the Pope had inspired the intrepid preachers of the Word by decreeing the crown of martyrdom to their fellow-laborers who had passed away—Father Dufresse, of the Missions Etrangères, beheaded in 1815; Triora, a Franciscan, strangled the year after; Clet, a Lazarist, who met a similar doom in 1820; Chapdelaine, of the Missions Etrangères, hanged in 1856.

What shows the present persecution not to be purely spontaneous on the part of the Chinese, nor the work of the decent classes of the people, is that the head and front of it is the Boxer movement. The Boxers, a secret society, long hatching their plots, and using every form of fanaticism and calumny to inflame the crowd, are characterized by Mr. Arthur Sowerby, a twenty years' resident in China, as "the scum population on the banks of the Grand Canal and the peasant farms in Cheli and Shantung. "Strugglers for Justice and Concord," is the real name, or at least the name they gave themselves; by a mis-translation they have been called Boxers.

A far more appropriate name is "Sect of the Long Knives." They are a branch of a larger secret society, that of "The Nenuphar" or "Great White Water-lily."

Already, in 1898, the storm was threatening. Blood had been shed, and Christian villages given to the flames. In Spring of '99 the "Long Knives" appeared in the prefecture of Ho-kien, in the province of Che-li or Pe-Chili, south of the capital. Then they passed into Shantung, to the southeast, and began to harass the Christian settlements. Here, particularly, the people were embittered by the German seizure of the splendid harbor of Kiao-chou. The leader of the Boxers was supposed to be super-human, and his followers bullet-proof. When, nevertheless, some of them were shot, by way of exercise, the band determined to avenge their deaths on the Christians. Feeling their strength, the bandits began to pillage and burn the churches and houses of the converts. In some places, the Christians defended themselves as best they could, and often successfully. In one village, having prepared for the battle by going to Confession, they put their rosaries round their necks, and carried the Cross as their banner. While the women remained praying in the church, a little band of fifty men defended themselves from behind a barricade against a multitude of the rebels. About thirty of these latter having been shot, the rest ran away. Later a troop of Chinese cavalry came up, and prevented a renewal of the attack.

A Jesuit missionary, Father Maquet, wrote, on the 15th of January, 1900, that forty-five Christian settlements had been devastated, and that if the imperial troops were withdrawn there would be a general massacre. He bears witness that the first thing demanded by the Boxers of the Christians was that they should apostatize. By so doing they could protect themselves from fire and plunder. But not one, he said, accepted the infamous condition. On the contrary

there was a renewal of courage and fervor in the face of danger. All were anxious to prepare for the worst by going to Confession. One man in the mission of Father Isoré, who was not amongst the most fervent, was solicited to renounce his faith. He steadfastly refused. At first his ears were cut off, and after four days he was put to death.

Persons who had an opportunity of knowing well the character of the Boxers assure us, that, not only had those blind fanatics the conviction of preternatural aid, but that they invoked their familiar spirits and had a form of incantation; that they prostrated themselves towards the southwest, and sometimes seemed in their paroxysms as if they were possessed by evil spirits.

Two Jesuit missionaries, Father Isoré and Father Andlauer, were slain together as they knelt before the altar, on the evening of June 19th. Later, two others, Father Denn and Father Mangin, met a similar fate. Meanwhile, all the northern portion of this Jesuit mission (south-western Che-li) had been ravaged.

In Southern Manchuria, in the beginning of July, the Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Guillon, two priests, two sisters, and three hundred of their people, were burnt alive in the church at Moukden. Not a stone was left upon a stone. About forty Christians were slain while defending their church in another district; their leader, Father Alexander Hia, was taken to Moukden and beheaded; and, some distance away, sixty-four others were put to death. About the 19th of July, Fathers Bourgeois and Le Guevel were massacred with twenty of their Christians. In all the district around, there remained neither church nor residence; all were burned. The orphan children, deprived of shelter, were left to wander without food, trying to conceal themselves in the long grass. When the Russian troops appeared, two sisters and three hundred converts followed them. Three priests with their four Christian companions were shot and

thrown into a river. When the storm had passed, it was found that the bishop, eight priests, and two sisters, had died.

Towards the beginning of September, news came of the slaughter of the Lazarist missionaries in Peking—four European and two native priests, and with them a Sister of Charity and two Marist brothers. A little before news had come from Eastern Mongolia that the Christians there had been slain by hundreds. The Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Honan, Mgr. Fantosati, returning to his post when he heard of danger, was set upon immediately, and his eyes being torn out, he was impaled, and so died. His body was burned on the bank of a river in front of his church. With him was slain his fellow-Franciscan, Father John Baptist. Another Franciscan, Father Cesidius, having been knocked down with stones, was enveloped in cotton saturated with petroleum, and burned to death. Bishop Favier, writing from Peking on the 16th of August, said, "In our vicariate (Peking) we have at least 20,000 martyrs." In their onslaught the Boxers spared no one, not even the sick. All having been killed, the houses were pillaged and set on fire. Of the four churches in the capital, only one was left standing. In some districts of the province of Kiang-si only one or two mission stations remained, the others had been destroyed. Starving refugees were gathered by hundreds under any shelter that offered. According to the last reports from the province of Honan, the number of the dead is greater than had been supposed. In the province of Hoo-pe, fewer seem to have been put to death, but the Christians have been pillaged and their houses and churches burned. One Franciscan missionary, Father Victorin, died for the faith. In these missions about 2,000 had been lately received into the Church.

Although Bishop Favier was able to write of Peking, "The conduct of the Christians is admirable; apostacy is proposed, but they prefer flight, ruin, even death," and similar testimony came from

other places, yet, under pressure of persecution, loss of everything, and fear of death, a considerable number seem to have fallen away. In pagan lands, it is only natural to find many new converts not yet so fully weaned from former weaknesses, or so thoroughly instructed in the faith as to be ready to face the fearful trial of martyrdom.

The accounts from the missions in China are as yet so incomplete that it is impossible to say exactly how many have been slaughtered or what material losses have been sustained. It has been stated that at least five bishops, twenty-eight priests, and several sisters have testified with their lives to the Gospel which they taught.

IV.

The Catholic Church will take little time to consider the outlook for the Christian religion in China. No matter to what conclusion Peace Congresses or the Allied Powers may come, there can be for the church no question of failure or delay in assisting the hundreds of thousands of our fellow-catholics in the Chinese Empire. There have been persecutions already in the Middle Kingdom, if not more fierce, at least more destructive than that of the Boxers; the pages of Chinese mission history are too glorious to be closed.

Whatever way other Christian organizations look upon persecution, for the Catholic church it is not an evidence of failure but a condition of success. Twenty thousand martyrs there may be in one vicariate, but there were far more in many a city of the Roman Empire. If the new-born Church had left the Empire of the Cæsars to its fate, we should have had no European civilization. And who can say, whether, perhaps, when the chaos of the Christian bodies outside the Catholic Church has finally led to general agnosticism, China Christianized may not be destined to present a new civilization equally glorious with Christian Rome?

The distinguished Chinese traveller, already referred to in this paper, speak-

ing of his country before the Geographical Society of Lyons, said : "There are many popular prejudices and superstitions to be overcome. I look to Catholicity, which is penetrating more and more extensively into China, to ultimately destroy these prejudices. It is the only means. I have the most profound conviction that it is only Catholicity that will regenerate my country."

The report of the scientific expedition, conducted by Colonel Saral, in 1862, with the object of discovering a route to India from Western China, has the following testimony :

"There is little doubt that the Roman Catholics have done much more in China than the world gives them credit for, and from Wan upwards we observed numerous Christians among the Chinese. They used to make themselves known to us by the sign of the cross. The number of Christians in the province of Sz'chuan is said to be about 100,000. There are two Bishops, and we had subsequently the pleasure of meeting one of them, as well as two of his priests, and my remembrance of them will ever be associated with the idea of missionaries indeed." The members of the expedition asserted that in all their route they had not seen a single Protestant.

Mr. Sirr, author of *China and the Chinese*, witnesseth, clearly against his will: "When in China, we are grieved to our heart's core to see the servants of the Romish Church indefatigably and zealously working, making converts of the Chinese, regarding neither difficulties nor discouragements; whilst too many Protestant missionaries occupy their time in secular pursuits, trading and trafficking, much of their time being passed in attending auctions, buying at one price and transferring their purchases to a native at an advanced rate, although they receive a handsome allowance, more than sufficient for their support."

One of the latest witnesses in favor of the Catholic missions is Mr. Henry Norman, who reminds us that he is not prejudiced in favor of Catholics. Accord-

ing to this gentleman, who has lately written about the Chinese, the Catholic missionaries enjoy a far greater degree of consideration on the part of the natives than other missionaries do, and have much more success. They live on little and after the manner of the people amongst whom they labor. They are the living expression, adds Mr. Norman, of what the Eastern as well as the Western races consider the essential character of a priesthood — chastity, poverty and obedience. They obey one authority and preach one doctrine. Finally, Mr. Norman professes his own profound respect for the many Catholic missionaries he met in China and for their work.

Mr. Norman affirmed that the Catholic Church found useful the popular traditions of the Chinese. Bishop Reynaud, Vicar Apostolic of Tche-Kiang, explains the matter in a better and truer way. He says that Christianity, coming originally from the East, with symbolism and ceremonial, naturally attracts the Oriental mind. Belief in Purgatory and prayers for the dead are easily accepted by a people one of whose most distinctive traits is worship of their ancestors. And with regard to honor of Our Lady, he reports that a whole band of pagans left a church in which a non-Catholic preacher was speaking in the usual strain against the Blessed Virgin, and demanded Baptism.

This vast field of missionary toil should be, now particularly, in this day of trial, the object of our earnest prayers and material assistance. China contains more than one-fourth of the whole human race, and nine tenths of its enormous population are in China Proper. It was said, I believe by St. Paul of the Cross, that the Church would not succeed in England until England itself began to send out missionaries to pagan lands. England has already done so. But as for many other things the Church looks to our millions of Catholics in the free United States, so she has a right to look to them for missionaries and missionary resources.



AN ATTIC MADONNA.

By P. J. Coleman.

I.
T was a sweltering night in June. Such airs as rustled up from the river, died out fitfully in the dusty streets, between the tall brick façades that lined the sultry asphalt. A soft moonlight filtered through the leaves of the Julian beans, checkering the walks of Union Square with woven light and shadow. The benches in the Square were full. Wealth and poverty, joy and sorrow, the hungry and homeless, glad and grieving, touched elbows in that motley assemblage.

The streets were deserted. Every one afoot made for the open places of the city to catch whatever breeze was blowing. Tired women with fretful babies, weary mechanics, business men, fan in hand, girls in muslin and gingham, old men in rags, younger men with evidences of dissipation and reckless living, smart clerks and ne'er-do-well tramps moved up and down looking for seats, or sat—some of them reading and smoking, others chatting and laughing, and still others gazing stolidly at the bright jet of water pulsing in the circular basin where the sparrows bathed on the lily pads, splashing themselves with the jewelled drops and preening their feathers with evident satisfaction. The waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, were met in nightly session, while over all presided the Argus of the law resplendent in municipal blue and brass, stick in hand and eye single to the rude awakening and prompt ejection of such unfortunates as might be sleeping on the benches. Newsboys scurried incessantly by, shouting their latest “war extras”; cable cars clattered and clanged

on Broadway; hansom rumbled over the Belgian block; the electric lights sizzed and snapped overhead. Stray notes of itinerant organs sounded from adjacent streets, and over all rose the deep sonorous, the long, sea-like, never-ceasing roar of the metropolis.

A young lad ambled wearily into the Square from Sixteenth street. He was such a quaint little fellow, such an odd little figure of a boy, so crisp of curl and olive of skin, that he looked like an animated bronze that might have stepped from Tiffany's window over the way. Bare of head, a brown throat showing at the open collar of his plaid shirt-waist, knee pants lovingly patched, tanned feet grimed with the dust of the town, a brass-nailed box on his back, one hand grasping the strap that held it over his shoulder, the other swinging his cap in lieu of fan—such was 'Tonio. Only a waif adrift on the tide of humanity, but plainly somebody's darling. For though old and patched, his clothes in their cleanliness and neatness betokened the pathetic interest, of a mother it might be, or perhaps a sister like himself eking out the hard life of New York's submerged “other half.” Nor had he that easy familiarity, that sad precociousness, that tragic proficiency in the profane vernacular so common to the New York gamin. A pretty lad of a boyish beauty that might be his birth-right as a child of Italy, but whose blending of reserve and dignity, for all his tender years, might betoken gentle blood, immediate or remote.

“Shine, boss?” he queried with the salutation of his trade. “Shine, boss? Only three cents!” And he held up three brown fingers to a broad-shouldered young man in tweeds who sat smoking near the fountain.

“Good shine, boss. Only three

cents," he urged pleadingly, jerking his box to the front in eager anticipation.

The young man glanced at his russets which shone in the electric light.

"All right, my boy," he said kindly.

"Good shine," grunted 'Tonio, as he dropped on his knees and producing a strip of carpet, a band of flannel and a bottle of russet varnish therefrom, he set the box for the young man's foot.

The young man surveyed the little fellow with smiling interest.

"What's your name, my lad?" he asked flipping the ashes off his cigar.

"'Tonio, answered the boy, laconically, deftly plying the flannel to the shoe. Then a shade of pain crept into the dark eyes and the light flashed on unmistakable tears. He had unwittingly upset the bottle and the varnish was trickling over the asphalt in a brown streak.

"'Scuse me, boss," he almost sobbed, as he tried to gather up the varnish. Then, holding the bottle up to the light, he surveyed the contents with a rueful eye.

"Five shines gone!" he sighed. "Five shines! Twenty-five cents, and mamma so poor!"

The young man was sympathetically interested.

"Don't fret about it," he said, producing a silver quarter from his pocket. "I'll make good the loss—it was all on my account. So 'Tonio's your name?"

The boy nodded his head.

"Italian, eh?"

"Yep," snapped the lad.

"A very pretty name for a very pretty boy. 'Tonio what?"

"'Tonio Battista."

The young man started and eyed the boy's cameo-like profile more closely. "Giovanni's brow and eyes," he mused. "Yes, and Giovanni's proud and sensitive mouth. Deuced strange! But life is full of coincidences. Born in New York?" he asked.

"No, signor; in Napoli," the boy answered, packing carpet, flannel and varnish back into the box. "Beautiful,

oh beautiful, mamma says. Sea, sky, mountains—blue, blue as the Madonna's eyes. New York? Bah—ugly, ugly. Napoli? Beautiful, oh beautiful. Mamma talks about it, and papa, he paints it—Vesuvio, Capri, Ischia, everything."

His vivacity was fascinating; his dark eyes gleamed with enthusiasm.

"Vesuvio, so!" he said, indicating a cone with his hands.

"So, and smoke like a chimney. Capri, Ischia, Napoli, all in the pictures."

The young man's interest deepened.

"Your father's an artist, 'Tonio?"

"Yes, signor, but sick, sick, and he walks so." And the lad limped in illustration, writhing his body in painful contortion. "Sick, signor, very sick. accident. How long ago? Oh, one, two, three year!" And again he held up the little brown fingers. Fell off a scaffold in a great church, painting cherubim, Madonna, Saints—fresco you call it—on roofs. Can't work now, signor. No money, no paint, no canvas. Always in bed. And Bambino, the little baby, brother Giovannino sick too. 'Tonio—me, Boss—has to earn money for medicine. Mamma makes flowers for the altars—red, white, yellow—roses, lilies, carnations. Oh, beautiful. Are you an artist, signor?"

"No, 'Tonio."

"A cop?"

"No" laughed the young man.

"Fire-chief?"

"Not yet, 'Tonio. Guess again!"

"You're not a padre?"

"No. Shall I tell you?"

"Please, signor," glancing at the young man's tweeds.

"A soldier, 'Tonio."

The boy's eyes flashed. "Oh signor, a soldier? For King Umberto?"

"No, my boy. Did you ever hear of her Majesty, Queen Victoria of Great Britain and Ireland?"

"Yes, signor. And my uncle, Giovanni's a soldier too. But for Umberto. Captain Giovanni Valdarno." And the

boy's eyes shone proudly. "Oh, signor, when I am big, I too shall be a soldier."

"Good heavens!" murmured the young man. "This is no coincidence, but a most fortunate chance!"

"Ah signor" went on 'Tonio, "mamma often weeps for uncle Giovanni; she loved him, signor, her brother. But he was killed. How long ago? Ah, yes, one, two, five year ago at—what you

Bad man that 'Tomaso, very bad man, signor."

"Where do you live, 'Tonio?"

"Sullivan Street, near San Antonio—number—"

The young man took a note book from his pocket and pencilled the address.

"Well 'Tonio" he said, taking the little brown hand is his and slipping a large coin into it. "Tell your mamma



"EYING THE LARGE COIN UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT."

call it? Adowa. Adowa—Abyssinia—Africa. All Italian people; many, many, oh, great many soldiers of Umberto killed. Mamma read it in the paper, and always now she weeps, weeps, when she thinks that papa or 'Tonio are not looking."

"Is your mother very poor, 'Tonio?" asked the young man.

"Very poor, signor. Tomaso the barber where we live all the time bothering for rent. Rent, rent—or get out.

that a strange gentleman will come to see her to-morrow."

"Thanks, signor, ten thousand thanks," chirped the lad, dropping his cap.

"Thanks, signor, good-night, signor!" And, eyeing the large coin under the electric light, 'Tonio, set off at a trot, his face glowing with pleasure.

Midsummer in Sullivan Street, night in the stifling tenements! Not a breath of air, but heat radiating from the baked

pavement, exuding from the seared house-tops, beating mercilessly from brick and stone and asphaltum. The sidewalks packed with swarthy men, black of brow and mustache, talking animatedly or smoking at leisurely ease; women in gaudy bandanas of orange and scarlet and heavy earrings squatted on the stoops, seated on cellar doors, sprawling on crazy balconies, leaning from fire escapes. Children in multitudes barefoot and brown, boys and girls, romping in the gutters, dancing on the sidewalks to strident organ and piano, bubbling over with exuberance of innocent gaiety. Laughter, gesticulation, vivacity, angry altercation, good-natured raillery. Everywhere heat, everywhere noise and animated life, everywhere color and glare—flaring gas and gasoline from barber shops, tobacco stores, fruit stalls and news stands. Everywhere scent and odor—bituminous odors of pitch and asphaltum, fragrance of fruit and flowers, pungent sweetness of peach and apple blent strangely with kitchen odors of cheap cafés and restaurants. Rattle and thunder of trains on the elevated tracks, jingle of bells on the street cars, harsh cries of peddler and hawker, of itinerant vendors of ice-cream and flavored snowballs, distant tooting of ferry boats and steam sirens, all blent in discordant harmony, all swelling the ceaseless monotone of the great metropolis.

Hither came 'Tonio, to the quarter long since deserted by the aristocracy, now submerged by the encroaching tide of immigration, but still retaining in high stoops, in balustrades here and there, wrought into fantastic scrolls and odd conceits of heraldry and foliage, in colonial doorways with fluted pilasters, triangular architraves and ponderous iron knockers of a by-gone day, in attic roof and Queen Anne gable, traditions of knickerbocker society and departed grandeur. Hither came 'Tonio breathless and hot from his long run, bearer of glad tidings to his mother.

"Body of a dog! where are you going? So like a young steer," snarled old Tomaso the barber, as 'Tonio dashed through the group of men smoking on the barber's stoop. "Body of a dog, but that 'Tonio's rude." And he puffed an angry puff of smoke.

'Tonio heeded not, but, racing through the hall, took the rickety stairs three steps at a time—up, up, till he reached his home in the attic.

"Oh mother!" he cried, bursting in and flinging his arms about her neck, "look what I've brought you."

His mother flushed. "So much, my darling? You did not earn it, 'Tonio, not all that, my boy. But I know you got it honorably."

"Yes, mother mine," he smiled. "Now you can get medicine for Giovannino. Poor little bambino brother!" And the boy bent lovingly over the baby-coach drawn close to the open window, where sat the mother fanning the little child who tossed fretfully to and fro under a muslin veil.

She was a beautiful woman, still in her summer of life, oddly out of place in that quarter of plain peasant women, women for the most part rude, uncultivated, inured to hardship and prematurely old with the cares of early maternity. Ineffable sweetness beamed from her every look, sweetness chastened and spiritualized by suffering. For she had known sorrow, and wistful patience and tender love and devotion sat on brow and lips.

"Hush, 'Tonio," she said, sweetly reproving the lad's animation. "Hush, my darling, not so loud. Giovannino's not so well to-night; but father's somewhat better," indicating by a motion of her head the latter recumbent on a lounge in a corner of the room. "But the money, sweetest, where did you get it?"

"Ah, mamma, such a grand signor—a captain like uncle Giovanni—"

"A captain, my darling," she said, meeting his smile with her own and

laying a slender hand gently on his curls.

"Yes, mamma, a captain—an Irish captain of Queen Victoria. And the signor captain says he is coming to-morrow to see you."

"To see me, 'Tonio? What do you mean?" she asked with surprise. "It is long, my darling, since captains ceased to call on Donna Maria Battista. I know no soldier, but one, and he is dead—your uncle Giovanni."

"Do not cry, madre mia," whispered the little fellow, seeing her eyes suffused with tears and drawing her face down to his. "Was uncle Giovanni tall and broad—so broad—like the signor Irishman?"

"Yes, darling."

"And his eyes blue and his smile sweet—sweet as the roses you make for Our Lady's altar?"

"Dark eyes, 'Tonio, like your own."

"Well, Signor Irishman's are blue—blue like our Lady's mantilla."

"May the Madonna reward him, whoever he is," sighed the grateful woman. "They have kind hearts, those Irish. But come," she said rising and with a sad smile dismissing the thought of the strange Captain and her impossible visitor as the hallucination of her boy's grateful and enthusiastic imagination. "Come, my love must have some supper. You must be hungry, 'Tonio. And afterwards you shall take the bottle to the pharmacy and have baby's prescription renewed. Ah, the Saints are good. I feared Giovannino should have to do without medicine, but I prayed to San Antonio. And has he not helped us, my darling?"

Just then 'Tonio was too much engrossed in the terrestrial care of appeasing a healthy young appetite to bother with things celestial.

But long after 'Tonio had returned from the pharmacy and was curled up in bed, long after the last organ had beaten a melodious retreat and the belated gossips had melted from stoop and cellar

door and fire escape, 'Tonio's mother sat by the open window, fanning the little sleeper in the baby coach, and slept in her place only when with the advent of dawn the fresh breeze of morning came fluttering up from the Hudson, cool and kind as the lips of love to the weary brow.

II.

The city had awakened. The first intermittent sounds of milk and bakers' carts had merged into the full roar of traffic. The early chirping of the sparrows had been drowned in the diapason of a city's life, when 'Tonio, kempt and clean, box on back and cap in hand, sauntered forth in quest of trade. He was not gone many minutes when a heavy tread ascended the stairs to the poor attic. It was Tomaso, the barber, come to demand his rent.

"How long, Signora Battista," he growled, "shall I have to come begging for these paltry scudi? How often shall these old bones have to come climbing up here to your garret? By Bacco! I will not stand it any longer. Other people pay when the day comes round, then why not you? I have my rent to pay—my rent and four chairs to keep going. If I don't pay I shall have to shut up shop. I tell you competition is too keen; competition is ruining New York."

Signora Battista glanced appealingly at the little baby coach.

"Oh Sor Tomaso, spare me! Spare the innocent bambino who is sick and may not live. Grant me time until baby is better, then I will go out and beg if necessary. It is hard to have to plead thus; but Signor Battista cannot paint any longer. And my poor flowers—in summer when flowers abound who cares for my colored paper?"

"Bah! I've heard that story too often. It is too stale, Signora Battista. You shall have to pay me to-morrow or I will levy on your goods."

He glanced quietly about the room, eyeing the sparse furniture.

"Not much to be sure" he sneered, "but half a loaf's better than no bread."

"Stay, Sor 'Tomaso," said Donna Maria, laying her small hand on the fellow's sleeve. "Here is all the money I have."

She held out the silver dollar she had received the night before. The old man's eyes twinkled with greed.

"Only a dollar." And then fixing his shifty eyes upon her beautiful face: "Listen Signora Battista! Listen!" His voice fell to a whisper. "Listen Donna Maria Valdarno!"

She started back, as if stung by his words.

"Valdarno!" she gasped.

"Yes, Donna Maria Valdarno, daughter of the Visconte Valdarno—listen!"

Donna Maria was white as a lily now and, trembling violently, leaned against a chair for support.

"Ah you tremble! you are pale!" leered the barber with a gloating chuckle. "You have good reason to be so. You see, Signora, I know a thing or two about the Valdarnos. Cæsar the organ-grinder knows you. He saw you one Sunday on the steps of San Antonio. 'There Tomaso' says he 'Look! yonder is Donna Maria Valdarno, daughter of Visconte Valdarno of Naples and Rome.'"

He studied the effect of his words in the emotions that passed over her face. "Who is this Cæsar the organ-grinder?" she demanded.

"I know not" answered Tomaso with a shrug of the shoulders. "I have but met him casually at the Cercolo D'Italia. Like myself, he is a friend of liberty, the enemy of kings and tyrants. We meet occasionally among the brethren."

"Bah! He knows me not. It is false. You cannot frighten me Tomaso," laughed Donna Maria.

"Listen then!" answered the



"I'M CAPTAIN O'DONNELL—NUGENT O'DONNELL."

barber. "Listen and see if it is false. Del Aricio! The Count Del Aricio—have you ever heard of him?" He hissed the words while his eyes had a baleful light.

Donna Maria's emotion betrayed her knowledge of the name to the argus-eyed boor.

"Bury your pride then, Signora Battista. Lower your arrogance and look you, you find me the rent. If my father were a viscount like yours, I would not fail to write to him. That would be more honorable than fleecing a poor barber. Where is the pride of robbing a gouty old landlord? But give me the dollar. Half a loaf, you know. As for the rest—beware how you cross Tomaso!"

And the surly knave trudged downstairs, growling and grunting under his mustache.

Donna Maria stood as if petrified, listening to his retreating footsteps. Her face was bloodless. A dreadful feeling oppressed her—a feeling compounded of many fierce emotions. Anger, shame, humiliation had each a place in it, but the dominant note was fear, a vague sense of deadly peril, of imminent disaster. She could bear the barber's brutal derision of her poverty and her husband's affliction. She could put up with his insults, having often submitted to them before. She could endure his odious pity and suffer the ignominy of being branded as dishonest. But she trembled at the threat veiled in the barber's parting words: "Beware how you cross Tomaso!" And with good reason, for was not that threat coupled with—nay, did it not derive its force from the fact that a family secret, hitherto hidden and known only to herself and her husband, was seemingly in the possession of Tomaso?

Her invalid husband was sleeping in the next room. The baby was dozing in its nest, one chubby hand curled like a rose-leaf against his cheek. Donna Maria took a seat beside the baby. The

morning was oppressively close, but she felt cold and shuddered. Hiding her face in her hands the tears trickled slowly betwixt her fingers. Poverty was nothing; hunger was nothing; sickness—it would pass. Love sweetened the bitterest lot and she loved her husband and children. But the stain of blood—that was terrible. Could she ever escape it, or had Tomaso seen the brand of crime on her innocent brow? His parting words were plainly a threat; therefore he must be aware of her story. Hitherto, as the wife of a poor artist, she had successfully concealed her identity. But now at least two persons—the barber and this Cæsar the organ-grinder of whom he had spoken—knew her and her history. In a little while it would, she reasoned, be abroad, if indeed it were not already abroad, in the whole Italian quarter. She would meet it henceforth in the eyes of her countrywomen, ever prone to gossip, ever prone to vent their petty spite on the beautiful, proud, reserved woman who disdained their company, and descended from her attic only on occasional errands to the butcher or grocer, or pharmacy. For though with them she was not of them; and virtue, however unobtrusive, as it is always a reproach, so is it always distasteful to the multitude.

Doomed by her father—a proud, stern patrician—to a loveless alliance with the rich Del Aricio, a man of dazzling rank and fortune, but of notorious record, she had eloped with Antonio Battista, a well-born, but impoverished young artist of promise, and, disowned by her father, had sailed for America with her heart's beloved, on the very night that her rejected suitor, Count Del Aricio, had been found murdered in the woods of his estate. Who but Battista, argued the world, had murdered the Count? Had he not been Battista's rival for Donna Maria's affections? Blundering to conclusions, people held it was a clear case of two and two being four. Nay, did

not the flight of the lovers lend sinister color to the theory? Was it not on its face a confession of guilt?

This was the charge, this the haunting dread, that now rose up to confront her from the woods of Italy—this the charge she had so successfully eluded in her bitter life among the poor of New York. Would it pass, or would time and the God of Justice prove it false? Long had she prayed that it might. Long with tears and the cry of an anguished heart had she made it the burden of her daily and nightly supplication to Heaven.

But what could be Tomaso's motive in so unexpectedly confronting her with this appalling secret? Who was this Tomaso that he knew it? She only knew him as an industrious barber, notoriously greedy of gold—a voluble patriot given to frothy mouthings about republican doctrine, and high sounding platitudes about liberty, who met his revolutionary brethren in secret session at the Cercolo D'Italia and marched in procession once a year to crown with wreaths the statue of Garibaldi in Washington Square. Had he known the secret long, or only learned it lately from this Cæsar the organ-grinder? If he had known it, why had he so long kept silence about it? If not what was his motive in now confronting her with it and so plainly using it as a menace? Perhaps, after all, it was only a suspicion on his part and that he was but putting it to the test, possibly to prove for himself out of idle curiosity whether there was any truth in Cæsar's imparted knowledge as to her identity. If that were his object, she had sadly betrayed herself. She had cried out in alarm and had been visibly perturbed at the mention of her father and of Count Del Aricio. But could he have had a deeper, a more sinister motive? Greedy and unscrupulous he was in money matters, punctual to the minute in demanding his rent and harsh in his resentment if she failed him. Perhaps his object was blackmail, to intimidate her into writing

to her father for aid, to use her through her father as a hostage for future exactions. She was tied helplessly in this house, her husband hopelessly afflicted, and her father was rich. If to compel her to seek aid from her father were Tomaso's purpose, it would utterly fail. Donna Maria had her father's pride. She had been discarded by that father, cut off from his love and remembrance, treated with harsh contempt, when some years before she had written begging for his forgiveness. Her letters, long unanswered, drew at length the brutal laconism: "As you've made your bed, so must you lie. If it is hard so much the better for Donna Maria Valdarno." She would not ask him for aid. His forgiveness she was ever ready to seek, if her conscience reproved her in aught with lack of filial duty. But her conscience did not, for in marrying Signor Battista she had but exercised her prerogative of refusing to be bartered in marriage, to have her maiden honor sold to a gilded roué to satisfy her father's impious ambition.

Whatever his motive she felt that Tomaso boded no good by his threat. And what was Cæsar's part in it all? Who was he that he recognized her on the steps of San Antonio, as the daughter of the Visconte Valdarno? A tenant of her father's, perhaps, who took this means—this revelation of her identity and family history—to repay her father's arrogance and harshness. For her father had been a cruel man to his tenants, and his tenants loved him not. Doubtless there were many of them in New York—Cæsar perhaps was one, Tomaso himself another—and what better revenge could they now wreak than through his daughter, consorting with themselves in the slums of exile, to blacken his family honor and connect it with a hideous crime?

The more she thought of the matter, the more distracted she grew. And from all her thoughts she brought but the sense of impending danger, of disgrace and disaster closing in about her. But

her faith flew instinctively for refuge to God, who, she felt assured, would not desert her. Convent-bred, she had been from childhood deeply religious, and now in her trouble her trust in God buoyed her up.

Calmed by this faith and this child-like trust, strengthened in so crucial an hour of suffering, she went to her husband who was now awake, and aided him to arise, during her gentle ministrations telling him of Tomaso's visit and of the knowledge he possessed.

III.

Antonio Battista, young in years, strong in mind, but lacking in physical strength, the wreck of a splendid manhood, sweetly grave in the firm lines of his mouth, noble in the charity of broad clear brows aureoled with clustering curls, sallow and emaciated from suffering, sat musing with downcast eyes by the open window. He was troubled by his wife's story. It had aroused the train of bitter memories. Two parallel lines of thought rose from between his knit eyebrows. Donna Maria had wheeled him where the languidly-blowing wind rippled in the muslin curtain neatly tied with a red ribbon.

Whatever Donna Maria touched she made beautiful by that divine magic of orderly service that is woman's birthright. Poor as it was, the room reflected her presence in a hundred little touches. The presence of a good woman beautifies the homeliest place. So was it with Donna Maria. Her exquisite refinement transfigured and even made her poverty attractive. It was a plain room wherein met the little family, but Donna Maria made its atmosphere sweet, transfusing her own divine loveliness into the commonest objects. It was not a large room. Its furniture was of the simplest. A small extension table covered with a chenille cloth in an arabesque pattern, a few cane-bottomed chairs with white chiffoniers, a step-stove now disused and supplanted by a gasoline stove—that was all.

But the stove was bright and polished, and a row of scarlet geraniums hid its unsightly plainness. The windows, too, were bright with flowers in ruddy crocks, making a wondrous patch of color in the dim interior. A sofa sadly frayed, a cushion or two of silk for the invalid's ease, the wheeled chair in which he sat, a bookcase with a small array of classic authors, an easel, an article or two of vertu—trifles of bronze for the most part—a miniature replica in marble of the Laocoon, a few studies in charcoal and water colors on the wall betokened the artist's presence and preserved sad memories of happier days. They were the sole souvenirs of their former comfort, ere Antonio met with the accident that made him a cripple. The floor was bare, save for a strip of carpet by the sofa. A bracket in an angle of the walls supported a cast of Our Lady of Lourdes, and to the statuette a handful of pink carnations in a glass of water gave homage of clove-sweet fragrance. A pair of chenille curtains draped portiere-wise showed the entrance to their single bedroom, small like the other, and like it, simply furnished.

"You are sad, Antonio," said Maria. "I'm sorry I annoyed you with my silly talk."

"I am sad, my own," he answered. "I have reason to be sad when I think of my darling's life wasted on such as me. Her youth, her beauty, rank, honors, happiness, the worship and homage of the gifted and the noble that are hers by right, sacrificed for a cripple."

Maria hid her head in her hands and began to cry softly.

"You make me unhappy, Antonio. Why do you say such cruel things? Do you not know that I would not exchange places with the proudest lady in Italy?"

She went to him and laid her cheek lovingly against his. He drew her gently to himself.

"Heaven reward you, Maria, for your love! But do you never weary of this

life? Do you never wish we had not known each other in those old days in Naples?"

"Never! Your suffering but makes you dearer to me. If I am some small comfort to you I am happy—"

"And if I were but able to serve you, my soul—"

"I understand, 'Tonio. It is God's will. We must not question His providence. We do not know for what inscrutable reason He has chosen to afflict you thus."

"If I could but clear myself of this stain. If I could but reestablish your good name before the world."

"But you are innocent."

"Before God, Maria!"

"What then?"

"The world, Maria. We stand condemned as long as we remain unvindicated. That is my grief, to think that in the eyes of the world my girl is linked to dishonor."

"Let us laugh at the world."

"It is a brave word, *Carissima*. But I owe it to you, darling. Curse on that dog of a barber! He takes advantage of my position to insult you, insolent cur that he is!"

"But you do not fear him——"

"I am innocent."

"He knows our secret, or he would not have threatened. It is contemptible but it may be his revenge for my father's treatment of his tenants."

"What if he be a spy, a detective?"

"A spy? I would welcome the opportunity. I have never evaded justice. I long for it to re-establish my honor. I had fondly hoped to return to Naples when I should have won fortune sufficient to enable me to do so. I was beginning to see my way when that unhappy fall destroyed my hopes. Ah, if ever it please God to withdraw His chastening hand, how gladly I will work for that end."

"Had poor Giovanni lived," said Donna Maria, "I'm sure he would have helped us. He was always devoted to me—"

"The sweetest of sisters, the most devoted of sweethearts," ejaculated Antonio.

"Let us not repine, Antonio," she pleaded.

"Not for ourselves, perhaps," he answered, caressing her hand in his own.

"But think of our children. Think of 'Tonio and Giovannino. Now that this is abroad in this quarter, how shall they ever escape it? It will follow them through life. It will confront them in every Italian's eye. I had hoped, if we could not educate them to their state and birth, at least not to add to their burden, but to fit them for their struggle with adversity, by keeping from them the secret of their birth."

Donna Maria hid her face on her husband's shoulder.

"God help our poor little innocents. It is well they do not know this."

"Ah, they will know it soon enough. This Cæsar, this Tomaso, they have a motive whatever it is. Let us be patient. Time will tell. In the meantime, *Carissima*, we must face the wolf at the door. How much do we owe Tomaso?"

"Two months' rent. It is much."

"Give me my tubes. There is some color left, and those canvases—enough to paint two small pictures. Your flowers are out of season, you know. Perhaps San Antonio may send us a purchaser."

"But you are not strong, Antonio mio."

"Yes, love. I feel like a giant refreshed," he said bravely. "Your coffee has put ichor in my veins. Besides, I have now a fine inspiration. Please wheel me the easel here, and bring me the canvas and box."

Donna Maria did so and seated herself at his side, when with a clatter of feet beating a swift crescendo on the stairway, little 'Tonio, flushed and breathless, burst into the room.

"Oh, mamma, papa! The Signor Irishman! The Captain—"

"What!" exclaimed Donna Maria, rising.

"He is here," panted 'Tonio; "I saw him cross Washington square into Sullivan street and got ahead of him."

In a moment a step on the stairs was followed by a knock at the door. Donna Maria opened it and saw a broad-shouldered young man of pleasing presence, bronzed of face save where the hat had covered his forehead, and that was white as a lady's skin. He was dressed unconventionally in tweeds and carried a straw hat in his hand.

"Madam Battista," he said, bowing with a pleasant smile, "and you, Signor Battista, permit me the privilege of introducing myself. I am Captain O'Donnell—Nugent O'Donnell. It is to your beautiful boy here," catching sight of 'Tonio hiding behind his mother's skirts and patting him on the head, "that I owe the pleasure of this meeting. I met him by the merest chance and his courtesy captivated me. An insupportable curiosity, together with the interest I felt in the lad, led me to surprising discoveries."

Donna Maria bowed, her mother's heart touched and grateful for the stranger's admiration of her boy. She smiled affectionately upon him. O'Donnell was taken aback by the woman's beauty and stared at her in admiration, while her color came and went.

"Pardon my unseemly intrusion," he said, recovering himself, "if I did not know that I had the honor of addressing Madam Battista I would be assured that I was speaking to the sister of Captain Giovanni Valdarno."

She caught her breath with a little gasp of surprise and a shade of sorrowful recollection passed over her face.

"Giovanni!" she murmured, fondling the baby closer to her heart. "Then you knew him? I have named the baby after him in sad memory."

"Yes, I know him well. But why in sad memory, Madam?"

Donna Maria did not notice the

change of tense in O'Donnell's answer.

"God rest his soul," she whispered; "he was a good brother."

"What! He is not dead, Madam Battista?" asked O'Donnell, visibly affected.

"Alas! He is. He met his death bravely, as became a soldier in that fatal Abyssinian campaign, at Adowa, I think."

"If your brother has not died within the last six months, it will be a pleasant assurance to you to know that he was not killed at Adowa."

Husband and wife stared at him in astonishment. Maria was visibly affected.

"Captain O'Donnell," she said, smiling sadly at him, "would not mock a sister's bereavement."

"Far be it from me, Madam. But I have the best of reasons for felicitating you on your brother's escape."

"God be praised, if it be so! Your words reassure me," she said. "I was nigh forgetting what unhappy circumstances have shut me off from all direct knowledge. I only have the evidence of an old newspaper. His regiment was massacred at Adowa."

O'Donnell bowed in sympathy, as one who understood her position.

"I rejoice, Madam, that I can assure you of his safety. He is alive and well at Naples. Indeed, I had almost forgotten to add, that it is to the honor of my acquaintance with and my high esteem for him that I have presumed to obtrude myself else a stranger and unrecommended, on your privacy. I rejoice further to say that a happy chance made me the agent of his escape."

"Oh, my friend," she interrupted, impulsively taking his hand and touching it to her lips, "you are indeed welcome. A friend, though strange; a benefactor, though unknown. Tell me all."

"Well, you see, Madam, our friendship began years ago at Stonyhurst. The stu-

dent body there is cosmopolitan — many tribes and many tongues," he laughed. "I left Stonyhurst for the army, went through the Egyptian campaign, and, having entered the service of the Khedive, happened to be stationed at Coomassie in a kind of dual capacity — as English agent and special representative of the Khedive at the Court of Emperor Menelik, when Italy sent out her ill-fated expedition. I had, somehow, won the favor of the Negus; so, when the Italian officers, captured at Adowa, marched into Coomassie, I was able to use my good offices in their behalf. His Holiness, Leo XIII, and His Majesty, King Humbert, made me the intermediary of their negotiations with Menelik, and I was fortunate enough to secure the liberation of many, the comfort and kind treatment of all. Giovanni, of course, I had set free at once and quartered with myself at the palace, until being called to Cairo, I took him with me. His fellow officers were liberated later on. His Majesty, King Humbert and his Holiness, the Pope, conferred many unmerited honors upon me, for my trifling service; and here I am now, having resigned my commission in Her Majesty's service, offering my sword to America in the cause of Cuba."

The tears were coursing down Donna Maria's face and she gazed in speechless amaze for some moments. Then, at length, mastering her emotion, she broke out:

"Praise and honor to God for His goodness! Praise for His protecting hand in the hour of my brother's danger. Praise for the generous and kindly heart he sent Giovanni in his great need; for the noble soul and the friend that is true indeed! How can I thank you, Captain O'Donnell? It would be useless for me to try to express my feeling. Words are idle at such a time; but oh, my friend, be assured of a sister's undying gratitude! I cannot thank you. God will."

"You are very kind and do me much honor, Madam Battista," he returned. "Under the circumstances you can fancy

with what feelings I stumbled across 'Tonio here. He must have been sent to me as a good angel last night. I had left my hotel for a stroll and had rested a moment in Union Square. I had already learnt something of your story from Giovanni. You see, I stayed with him and your father some weeks in Naples, when returning to England from the Quirinal. It will not, I hope, distress you to know that he told me of your marriage; but of course he never knew—he does not now know—of the unhappy change in your fortune. You know he had given you up for dead—dead or forever lost to him in America."

"Yes, it is some time since I communicated with home. Perhaps you are acquainted with the circumstances. Has Giovanni told you?"

"In perfect candor, Madam Battista, I know enough to sympathize with you with all my heart," he replied. "It will not trouble you to know that I share the secret of your father's harsh treatment."

"Perhaps he has reason for his conduct," she answered. "He was ever proud and unbending."

"Permit me to assure you, Madam, that as far as your predilection in the matter was concerned, Naples, Rome, society, the Court itself, approved of your action. Signor Battista was indeed fortunate, but deserved his good fortune," he said, bowing with a smile to the invalid.

"But there was something else. You should know it—if you do not know it already, before you hazard our questionable friendship," added Donna Maria.

"Madam, you are the soul of honor. But if you refer to that deplorable Del Aricio affair, you are again mistaken. Giovanni has told me all. For a time indeed your disappearance did lend color to a theory held chiefly, in fact altogether by the low class press—the yellow journals of Rome and Naples—the so-called Republican and Socialist organs, who did not like your father and hated the Government of which he had once been a

member. They were glad to get back at him for a while in their ravings. But Signor Battista's family is too old and too honored in Rome to have warranted any such impeachment. It has baffled the police, but it is fairly well established now that Del Aricio's murder was the work of the anarchists or other secret societies. You know Count Del Aricio was a harsh Minister of Justice, ruthless in his prosecution of sedition. It is known that the anarchists had decreed his death, which unfortunately, coincided with your marriage. Your father is proud—proud of his lineage, his long descent, his noble blood, the stainless honor of his house. And, though the world, his fellows, his friends, ridicule him for his sensitiveness, he still holds, perhaps that his good name is uncleared. It is to me a Quixotic notion."

"And accounts for his miserable conduct," interjected the husband from his cushions.

"Undoubtedly, Signor," resumed O'Donnell, "for events have long since vindicated Madam Battista's intuitive aversion to Del Aricio. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* you know; but recent revelations in the Italian Parliament have involved the dead man's name in unsavory scandal—charges of official malfeasance, peculation, corruption, bribery in connection with that Banca Romana affair, so that your father's conduct towards you stands condemned in the eyes of the world. There is one rather strange thing, however, in connection with Del Aricio. His nephew, Giuseppe, who inherited the estates, an impulsive, affectionate youth, deeply devoted to his uncle's memory and chivalrously loyal to what he calls the claims of blood, has disappeared within the last year, as mysteriously as did the Count. He was missed from the villa Del Aricio last October, and no efforts of his friends, no vigilance of the police, have been able to track him or find the least clue to his remarkable disappearance."

"It is strange," said Donna Maria; "misfortune seems to follow the house."

"Would to God I could return to Naples to clear my name and reestablish our honor," sighed the poor invalid.

"May I offer my services, Signor Battista? I am at your disposal. At all events I shall communicate with Giovanni. He will be overjoyed to hear of my discovery in New York. He has long mourned you as dead. But it is getting late," he added, rising, "and I have an afternoon appointment at Governor's Island to confer with the military authorities. I thank the kind Providence that has led me to you," he went on, taking Antonio's emaciated hand in his with unaffected cordiality. "I shall see more of you. But now," he said, with some embarrassment, "you will allow me the privilege of a friend. From your boy I had already learned enough of your sad story to feel emboldened in this perhaps unwarrantable freedom. But I claim the right of friendship, the right of helping you, the sister and brother of my friend, Giovanni Valdarno. Were our cases reversed, and were my sister in your place, I should not easily forgive Giovanni had he the power of using a friend's privilege towards my sister but neglected to do so. It is but a trifle," he urged, placing his purse on the table.

"Captain O'Donnell," replied Donna Maria, her voice tremulous with emotion, tears sparkling in her eyes, "we would be less generous than the spirit that prompts your nobility of heart, did we not accept your great goodness with the same candor that inspires it."

He did not wait for more, but reverently raising her fingers to his lips and waving a warm good-bye to the husband and boy, he left Donna Maria standing in mute emotion at the door, listening to his withdrawing footsteps, as with firm tread and suggestion of military strength they echoed along the hall to the street.

(To be continued.)

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS HUXLEY.

By the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.

IN these observations there is no intention to discuss the influence or position of Prof. Huxley in the domain of science. The purpose is purely an ethical one, and concerns itself mostly with the study of the psychological peculiarities which so frequently led this distinguished man to deviate from the line of his favorite virtue. He announced himself at all times and in all places, as the champion of truth. His son says, he was a "fanatic for truth," and yet it would be hard to find one whose mind was so set against its light. The world apparently took him at his own estimate, and yet he scarcely ever manifested anything but the most rancorous hostility to anything that contradicted his own prejudices, and was singularly unfair, both in his methods of reasoning, and the conclusions he deduced.

His son has just published his "Life and Letters." The book is apocalyptic, and the writer a seer evidently unconscious of the extent and importance of his revelations. As Huxley once said of Wilberforce, "the Lord hath delivered him into our hands," and he forthwith pulverized the bishop with a sentence, so this book will be of a similar service to the enemies of Huxley. It tells many unlovely things about him, but the particular trait of mental dishonesty is largely in evidence.

Take for example his own account of his early life. "Kicked into the world," he says, "a boy without guide or training or with worse than none, I confess to my shame that few men have drunk deeper of all kinds of sin than I. Happily, my course was arrested in time, before I had earned absolute destruction, and for long years I have been slowly and painfully climbing with many a fall towards better things. And what do I find to have been the agents of my

redemption? The hope of immortality or future reward? No! but Sartor Resartus led me to know that religion was compatible with the entire absence of theology. Secondly, science and her methods gave me a resting place, independent of authority and tradition. Thirdly, love opened up to me a view of the sanctity of human nature, and impressed me with a deep sense of responsibility."

Humiliating as this avowal is, and so woefully disparaging to Huxley's moral character in youth, it does not, however, bear upon itself the stamp of truth, if we are to take the Life and Letters as a faithful record.

In the first place, it is not at all true that he was "kicked into the world as a mere boy." He was the child of a respectable English family in moderate circumstances, and with very favorable surroundings for people of that class. According to his own account, his mother was a woman of "excellent mental capacity," and he informs us with refreshing naiveté, that he inherited that characteristic. "There is nothing," he says, "he would less willingly part with than his inheritance of mother wit." This is filial, but a trifle foolish. His father, on the other hand, was not a subject of admiration, and Huxley can find hardly any trace of that parent in himself, except an inborn faculty for drawing, which, unfortunately, was never cultivated, (the blame, of course, fixing itself upon the father), a hot temper, and that "amount of tenacity which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy." Observers of our faults are, of course, mostly unfriendly.

He was sent to the semi-public school at Ealing when he was eight years of age, and, "I deliberately affirm," he says, "that the society I fell into at that school was the worst I have ever known.

It was little better than a baby farm, where there was no care for our moral welfare." No doubt he met very bad boys there, but as his own father was the senior master of the establishment, and as no less a personage than John Henry Newman had passed through it as a scholar a short time before, it is very difficult to accept Mr. Huxley's sweeping condemnation of its methods and morality when he was there at the age of eight. If that is "the worst society he has ever known," he is to be congratulated, but it is hard to concede without reservation what "he confesses to his shame," viz.: "that few men have drunk deeper of all kinds of sin than he." Admitting with regret that his early life was not what it should have been, one cannot help thinking that there are many kinds of sin which he certainly did not commit. He is too unkind to himself. The mere presence of his father in the school as well as the boy's subsequent absorption in books until the time he entered upon his career of life, force us to consider this assertion as a characteristic exaggeration. Again, when the school at Ealing was broken up, the programme of studies which he carried out in his parents' house and by the help of his father's excellent library, plainly proves that, although the youth may have been guilty of many sins, he was not the utterly depraved and dissipated wretch that he would have us believe. Furthermore, to have remained under the paternal roof till he was seventeen, and doubtless under his father's guidance in the use of the excellent means which were abundantly at his disposal, and to be subsequently recommended by such a man as John Henry Newman, then Vicar of Littlemore, not to speak of having been described by his father in an application for a free scholarship at Charing Cross Hospital as "possessing a fair knowledge of Latin, reading French with facility, and knowing something of German, while expressing the belief that the young man would reflect credit on any institution," is cer-

tainly in direct contradiction to Huxley's other assertion that he was "kicked into the world without training or worse than none." His description of his early life seems to be, moreover, a flagrant piece of ingratitude to his parents, and a gross reflection upon their character.

This belittling of himself and of his early training at the expense of his parents' good name, looks suspiciously like the device which overweening vanity resorts to, in order to excite admiration for the ability that achieves success in spite of drawbacks. Even, if such had been the case, good taste would have kept it out of sight, or at least not obtruded it on the public, for the sake of his parents' reputation.

After this "kicking" (which was manifestly Pickwickian in its character), the means he employed to prevent himself from "becoming a debauched and useless carcass of a man," are as ridiculous as they are exaggerated with regard to the influence they exerted.

First, he discovered religion without theology, a mistake which a little philosophy would have taught him to avoid, and which a little reflection would have shown to be impossible, as the most insignificant act of religion implies a whole system of theology. The profound wisdom of *Sartor Resartus*, he gravely informs us, delivered to him that bit of knowledge. "Secondly, science gave him a resting place," that is to say, absorption in work saved him from evil courses; a remedy that religion and theology and common sense have availed themselves of from time immemorial. That was not a Huxleyan discovery. But science did not give him "a resting place, independent of authority and tradition" as he assures us. No one knew better than Huxley that if there are any people who invoke authority and who base conclusions on the traditions of their particular set while rejecting everyone else's, and who do so, both clamorously and persistently, it is the self-sufficient scientists of to-day.

It is perilous to question their asser-

tions, and we are pained to say it, but this is portraiture, that "fools, idiots, asses, liars" were familiar descriptions volunteered by Huxley to explain, but not to excuse the shortcomings of his adversaries. Of the most venerable man in England, the illustrious Cardinal Newman, who had befriended him when Huxley was a poor boy in need of help, he has nothing better to say than that he was "the slipperiest sophist he has ever met," and is "amazed that a man of his intellect should be brought down to the utterance of such drivel by Papistry, the damnable perverter of mankind." Truth is not sought by such methods, nor is such a mind ready to receive it. "He struck out from the shoulder," says his son; which combative phrase would very likely commend itself to the father, for he was fond of styling himself "Darwin's bull dog," and "the gladiator-in-chief of the scientific world." Doubtless he was both; but with two disputants of that character, one can scarcely discuss any subject with equanimity.

"Pope," he was called by an English newspaper, but no pope ever claimed such infallible authority as he did for his utterances, no matter how void of proof, and as regards "tradition," it refers exclusively to that of others. The only purpose of all scientific men as of teachers of all kinds is to hand down the result of their researches as tradition for others to build on. The very "Life and Letters" of Huxley is written in the hope or rather in the conviction that the tradition of his thoughts and schemes and dreams will influence the rising generation.

The third "agent" of Huxley's uplifting was "love which opened up to him the view of the sanctity of human nature and a sense of responsibility." In other words he married, which is a very venerable and commendable tradition.

Such were the means by which Huxley considers that he acquired the great moral elevation which he so much admires. "It was not the hope of immor-

ality or future reward that assisted in the work of redemption." "Not only," says he, "do I disbelieve in the need for compensation, but I believe that the seeking for rewards or punishments out of this life leads men to ruinous ignorance of the fact that their inevitable rewards and punishments are here. The gravitation of sin to sorrow is as certain as that of the earth to the sun, and more so, if we had but eyes to see it. If the expectation of hell hereafter can keep me from evil-doing, surely a fortiori the certainty of hell now will do so."

Such reasoning is typical of the man. It is based on misstatements which to him, however, are axiomatic, and the conclusion is just the reverse of what it ought to be. In the first place, there does not seem to have been that certain gravitation of sin to sorrow in the life of an illustrious scientist "who had drunk deeper of every kind of sin than any man ever had." The law of gravitation was miraculously suspended in that instance, or at least the temporal penalty seems somewhat inadequate to the admitted transgressions. Moreover, had his mind been open to conviction, it would not have been difficult to arrive at an entirely opposite conclusion by a commonly employed process of reasoning viz.: if present pain which soon must end, and which is necessarily limited, can deter from sin, a fortiori, if you add to that present pain another in the future which never ends and knows no limit, that certainly should act as a deterrent. Future pain is not for Christians, only an "expectation" as he untruly puts it, nor is present pain a certainty, for he himself escaped it.

But what of those who have sorrow without the sin? the multitudes whose lives are hopelessly wrecked and who are dragging along the heavy chain of suffering because of the sins of others; the innocent victims of man's depravity who close their eyes on death without ever knowing surcease of sorrow. Will you shut them out from the hope of immor-

talities or future reward and send them to *Sartor Resartus* for a balm? Will you destroy their faith in the justice of God that alone keeps them from despair? Will you prate to them of the inevitable gravitation of sin to sorrow as the earth to the sun? The sorrow they know too well, though the sin is not their own? This is fiddling while Rome is burning. It is just as trivial and just as cruel. The dreadful condition resulting from triumphant iniquity and outraged virtue which is so common in the world "if we had but eyes to see" speaks louder of the existence of a future life than all the reasonings of misguided sophists to the contrary.

It may be of interest to know and it will serve as an illustration of the inconsistency of this great man's mind that later on in life in a letter to John Morley he says: "It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and near the goal. It flashes on me at times with a sort of horror. I wonder if you are plagued in this way."

Unhappily, we cannot cherish the hope that such were his thoughts when he felt the hand of death. His unbelief continued to the end, and with the usual mockery of truth, a service was read over his remains.

There is no doubt about the man's great erudition in things physical. His lectures, we are told, "were something awful to listen to." "One half the class, which numbers four hundred," writes a student, afterwards distinguished, "have given up in despair from sheer inability to follow him. His language is something dreadful. I have been four times in his lectures, completely stuck and utterly hopeless. He has given us nine beautiful lectures on the frog." This is from one of his ardent admirers. A learning that paralyzes into inability to understand one half of a great audience of scientific students must well excite wonder. *Ignatum pro magnifico*.

His capacity for labor was amazing.

From the beginning of his life until the time he spoke to the great audience in the Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford, where his voice was almost inaudible, he toiled incessantly, with only an occasional run to Switzerland or Wales for recreation. But it will require a great deal of credulity for students, of other than physical sciences, to admit that the self directed studies he made of Greek and Latin, permitted him to read Aristotle in the original, or to enjoy the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, or that "his fair knowledge of Latin enabled him to surmount the difficulties of the technical scholastic terminology of Suarez." We are told that he "took up the study of Greek late in middle life. His practice was to read in his book until he had come to ten new words, these he looked out, parsed and wrote down together with their chief derivatives. This was his daily portion." He may have succeeded by that means in mastering the Greek of Aristotle, but Greek scholars may be permitted to be somewhat sceptical about it. Thus, too, we are informed that, "eager to read Dante in the original, he spent much of his leisure on board the *Rattlesnake* in making out the Italian with the aid of a dictionary, and in this way came to know the beauties of the *Divina Commedia*."

This is very courageous. Here is a professed agnostic who did not know or maintained he did not know the very existence of God, the immortality of the soul and the destiny of man; a professor of physical sciences whose work through all his years was of the earth, earthy, who can with the aid of a dictionary in his leisure moments on the *Rattlesnake*, "come to know" the inspired poetry of one whom Ruskin called "the central man of all the world, representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral and intellectual faculties, all at their highest," and whose only theme is the state of the soul after death, in the fulfilment of redemption through Christ, on its blessed passage to the possession of

eternal glory !” It takes more than a dictionary on the *Rattlesnake* for such an achievement. But, perhaps, there are such things as miracles after all.

His feelings in Rome, which he had long desired to visit, are almost those of a crazy man, and not of a seeker of the truth. Following his instincts in listening only to the language of dead earth, and not to the living intellectual world around, he plunged into what he called the fossil Christianity of the catacombs, and emerged only to proclaim that the present church was not that of the first centuries ; that “the church founded by Jesus has *not* made its way, *not* permeated the world, but did become extinct in the country of its birth, as Nazarenism and Ebionism.” Even the monuments of Christianity madden him. Paganism was for him “a simple maiden, the Papacy a bedizened old harridan.” Since the time of Constantine, there has been nothing but tawdry rubbish in the shape of architecture, and the hopeless bad taste of the Papists is a source of continual gratification to me as a good Protestant (and something more). Surely there is an ungracious disregard for honesty here and but scant courtesy to Protestants for such an avowed pagan to rank himself as among their *good* ones, and something more. Everything seems to irritate him. The services are tomfooleries, and mere fetish worship, intellectual and aesthetic degradation go hand in hand. St. Peter’s Chair is an article of furniture perched up in a shrine of the worst possible taste, and “Cardinal Howard, who is the fogleman in the devout adorations, is a big burly bullet-headed ex-dragon, who makes God and then eats him.” It was quite unnecessary for this candid man to assure us that “he has a strong strain of Puritan blood,” and that “he is possessed with a desire to arise and slay the whole brood of idolaters whenever he assists at these ceremonies.” He is welcome to these amiable dispositions. They are those of an ergumen, but his followers must aban-

don the claim that he was ever open to the convictions of truth.

But what astounds us most, and what was in fact the primary motive of examining more closely the character of the man, is the startling declaration which we find on page 428 of the second volume of the “Life and Letters.” It is a quotation from Father Hahn, S.J., who was for a time one of his students. The statement which he makes is so staggering that we would be inclined to challenge it as an unfriendly act were it not quoted apparently with approval by the author of “Life and Letters.”

We are told that when this great apostle of the new dispensation instructed his followers about the transition of one thing to another (he purposely avoided the word “evolution”), he did not in the least mean to say, that one species was turned into a second, to develop thereafter into a third. “What I mean is” he said, “that the characters of the second are intermediate between the other two. It is as if I were to say, he continues, that such and such a cathedral, Canterbury, for example, is a transition between York Minster and Westminster Abbey. No one, he adds, would imagine on hearing the word, *transition*, that a *transmutation* of those buildings actually took place from one to the other.”

When further questioned as to why he never used the word *evolution* in his private lectures, even in those on comparative anatomy, when animals are set side by side, in respect of the gradual development of functions, whereas he was continually employing the term in his public lectures, he made answer: “Here, in my teaching lectures I have time to put the facts fully before a trained audience. In my public lectures I am obliged to pass rapidly over the facts, and I put forward my personal convictions. And it is for this the people come to hear me.”

In other words, there is an esoteric and an exoteric school in Huxleyism. In the inner circle, the idea of one thing

developing from another by the process of transformation or transmutation or evolution is scouted as absurd, and the very word evolution is sedulously avoided while, in the outer circle, the term is shouted in all the keys because it is his *conviction*, and "for that the people come to hear him."

For the ordinary reader this will be little less than startling. If, after all that has been said and done, evolution is not the transmutation of a lower into a higher species, then what is the meaning of all the pother that has been raised about it for some time past? Is the similarity of the different species in nature, a thing hitherto unknown and one that was reserved for Huxley to discover? Is not everyone aware that creatures all through the vast scale of nature shade off into one another so as at times to be almost indistinguishable in the transition? Are there not plants in the depths of the sea that are so like animals as to make the classification a subject of difficulty and doubt, and are not the hideous and humiliating features of the ape and the monkey perpetually thrust in our faces? No one of the outer unscientific world ever dreamed that this mere objective gradation which anyone can discover in creation, is the evolution that has been the cause of so much consternation. Regarded in that way, it is not only harmless but has been taught in Catholic schools for centuries and has been the constant subject of meditation of Catholic saints and ascetics since the beginning. That is not the evolution that has been such a subject of boasting on one side and fear on the other. No, the doctrine that has been inculcated in lectures all over the world and printed in books and even preached in pulpits is this, namely, that all this beautiful and never-ending variety of individuals and species is the product by transmutation or evolution from one single thing as the all-sufficient source of all that followed; some marvellously endowed primitive entity, either the dis-

credited bathybius or the evane protoplasm whose potentialities were adequate to and resulting in the production of the universe as it now is. Evolution was thought to be that and nothing else. Was not the Church declared to be in a panic over the new Evangel? Were not all her enemies exulting over the great discovery? Was it not announced as sweeping away religion and revelation and the Bible, and as bringing a newer and simpler and more reasonable relationship with God or possibly as being about to eliminate Him altogether. But it appears now that they were all wrong, and from the innermost shrine comes the voice of the oracle, that such evolution, or the transmutation or development of one thing into another is never mentioned in the magic circle of real science, and that none of the initiated ever imagine such a conception as anything but unreasonable and absurd. "Westminster Abbey," we are told as an illustration, "did not grow out of York Cathedral, and such a gradation is said to be an evolution only because their architects made one more perfect than the other," and *a pari* we are bidden to infer that man did not spring from the *homo simius* except inasmuch as the Creator left in man some distressing traits of resemblance. We are profoundly relieved, and while taken aback at our previous ignorance which is so universal, we rejoice in the clearing up of our family history. The affliction of resemblance is hard enough to bear without being of the creature's kith and kin.

In spite of all this, however, it is not pleasant to enquire why the great man thus taught in public what he reviled in private as absurd. It looks as if he were blowing hot and cold at the same time, and that in spite of his ceaseless asseverations about his love of truth, he is in the position of teaching a trustful public what he admits to his intimates has no foundation but *his own conviction*, which is neither scientific nor fair. "He is

obliged," he says, "to pass rapidly over the facts," and yet when we come to enquire he has no facts to pass over, except the facts that are against him. He declares his "conviction" of the doctrine and yet has no reasons to support it. His wish is father to the thought, and there seems to be no other paternity for it but that the wish being nothing else than the desire which animated the greater part of his life, viz.: that of undermining the belief of his hearers in their old religious ideals, he understood human nature on its weak side and knew how to make the masses "come to hear him." Speaking to a generation in which the faith was decaying or already dead, he was aware that a hope held out that he was going to destroy the very foundations of Christianity would draw multitudes to hear him, and it did. Because of his great reputation as a scientific man they were benign enough and foolish enough to take his word for it, to accept his "conviction" though he adduced no proofs and in fact had no proofs to adduce in support of it. If ever there was an instance of blind faith, it was that of the multitudes that applauded Huxley. He announced his "conviction" and that was enough. Catholics do not do that for the Pope.

Such was the secret of the popularity of his public teachings. Evolution, as he taught it, implied a denial of creation and consequently a liberation from all obligations towards a creator. The heart of man that is prone to evil and longs to throw off the yoke, always welcomes an attack on the decalogue open or concealed. For that reason "they came to hear him." The same motives that sent throngs to applaud Ingersoll who reviled God, impelled them to listen eagerly to Huxley who labored scientifically to efface God from their souls. It was not as vulgar perhaps to listen to a famous scientist with the great reputation he enjoyed, with his life-long devotion to physical research and his admitted success and with his perpetual assurance

that he was the champion of truth ringing in their ears, but the motive of their coming was the same in both instances—the eagerness to convince themselves by the blasphemies of the one and the scientific teachings of the other, that the moral law was only an invention of priests and was to be set aside with contempt by all thinking men.

Both teachers were equally cruel in thus taking away the only thing that will ensure decency in the life of the individual and permanency in the existence of society. Of the two, Huxley perhaps is the more reprehensible as he was more intellectual and laughed at his hearers in private while he flattered them in public. He gave them the impression that he had facts back of his conviction, whereas he had none. Nor was he tempted to evil as was Ingersoll by an impoverished exchequer.

"My working men stick to me wonderfully," he says, "the house being fuller each night. By next Friday evening they will be all convinced that they are monkeys." And so this deceiver of the ignorant working men "in saintly Edinburgh" as he sneeringly says, and elsewhere palms off on them as a certainty what is only a working hypothesis, an unproved and unprovable theory invented as a device to escape from a dilemma of creation or nothing. It is difficult to discern the honesty of such methods, or how after the admission of double dealing he can be regarded as an apostle upon whose word reliance can be placed.

It used to be asked in old pagan times how the augurs could meet each other and not laugh. Huxley and his friends must have had many a delightful chuckle in their familiar moments in their conspiracy against the truth; but it ought to make the real friends of humanity grieve to see how easily men are hoodwinked by false teachers and led away from Christ who alone can give them the light of truth. Of Christ, this man was the bitter and unrelenting foe.

In the very next sentence after this

humiliating admission of Huxley's life-long deceit there is another revelation that is equally characteristic and equally shocking. It is as follows :

"As to the question whether children should be brought up in entire disregard to the beliefs rejected by himself, but still current among the masses of his fellow-countrymen, he was of the opinion that they ought to know *the mythology of their time and country*, otherwise one would at the best tend to make young prigs of them, but as they grew up their questions should be answered frankly."

Setting aside the blasphemy of the utterance which declares the God-given belief of the entire Christian world to be mythology, it is somewhat of a relief to know that the knowledge of Huxley's teaching would tend to make prigs of the children. We believe it not only for the young but for the old, and the spectacle of this self-sufficient and conceited teacher sweeping away with a contemptuous word the cherished doctrines of countless millions of men better than himself, is priggishness in its supremest expression. Were it not for that "mythology" Thomas Huxley would have been a painted savage in the forests of uncivilized Britain and not a great authority in the realms of physical science. But at the same time it is amazing that one who is incessantly boasting, till the world is weary, of his fearless devotion to truth, should deliberately and as by an *ex-cathedra* decree, decide that the con-

fiding, open minds of children should be, through all the years of the youthful training, indoctrinated with what he considers and denounces as a lie, only to have them wake up later on to the consciousness that they were grossly deceived by those they loved most and trusted most, and so be forced into a life-long hatred of all truth and a mistrust of all teachers.

It is quite possible that "the greater truths of anatomy and physiology had become a part of his mind," though with due deference to him, not an "organic" part ; that "if roused and questioned in the middle of the night he knew them as a man knows the geography of his native place and daily home," that he could tell us without hesitation all the wonders to be discovered in the ophiderpetons and lepterpetons and keraterpetons, could dilate with ecstasy on the different modifications of the palato-suspensorial apparatus in fishes till even the brains of his trained disciples would whirl and grow dizzy with the amount of learning thrown at them, but of the plain simple truths about man's immortal soul, about his duty to his Creator and his fellow-man, about the account to be rendered to the Almighty, this great man knew nothing, and his intellect seemed to shrivel up when such teachings were mentioned. He knew many unprofitable things, but about simple elementary truths he was lamentably astray. He was a fanatic, but not as his son says, a "fanatic for truth."

✓ FOOTPRINTS OF THE FRIARS.

By Major William H. Johnston, 46th Infantry, U. S. V.

THIS is neither a defense nor an eulogy of the religious orders in the Philippines; merely an impression gained by me during a service of a year and a half in Luzon, that, like Longfellow's "great men," the much-maligned friars have left in the religious and social life of the Filipinos, as indelible evidence of their presence, "foot-prints" that point towards a higher and nobler civilization, and finally lead to Heaven.

The intensely Catholic atmosphere of this recent acquisition of America attracts the attention of non-Catholics even, and wins the commendation of all but the most bigoted. We, in America and England, carry our religion within our souls, our lights are shaded as if we were smuggling into a closed port and ashamed to lead others in our direction. We simply admit, when questioned, the possession of that religion of which the Filipino boasts. Our scapulars are concealed, except perhaps during a sodality communion, under our garments, while the scantily clothed native always saves sufficient money to wear a richly decorated scapular or a brilliant set of beads in full view. Early in the Insurrection I heard a Protestant officer, whose rank and age warranted better information, explaining to a group that all women who wore the "badge of matrimony" as he called the scapular, were lawfully married. The sad lesson of his stupidity lies in the fact that he doubtless has many acquaintances who wear this emblem of devotion to Our Lady, but secretly, for fear of scandalizing their friends.

This ingenuous avowal of allegiance to our Holy Church in a race which is ingenuous in nothing else, indicates how deeply rooted in their hearts is loyalty to that religion taught by the very friars they are urged by the Insurgents to hate.

Study carefully the Philippine geography and you can almost follow the history of the various Orders in the Islands.

In every place that the missionaries penetrate will be found imperishable landmarks in the names of cities and geographical features. Santa Cruz (Holy Cross) is very popular, appearing in more than one province, as does also San Jose (St. Joseph) some cities named for him being distinguished as Patrocinio (Patronage). Santo Niño (the infant Jesus) is selected for barrios, corresponding to our suburban villages. The especial devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Patroness of the Islands, appears in such names as Concepcion, Natividad, Dolores, Remedios, Asuncion and Rosario. The saints are all represented, those of the Franciscan and Dominican orders appearing most frequently, through Angeles, Bautista (John the Baptist), San Juan (St. John), San Pablo (St. Paul), San Pedro, (St. Peter), San Mateo (St. Matthew), Santiago (St. James), San Miguel (St. Michael), Santa Ana (St. Ann), and Sagrada Familia (Holy Family), indicate an impartial selection from the whole Church. Even streets and localities are religious, at least in name; as, Santa Mesa (Holy Table), San Gabriel, San Luis, San Miguel and Santa Ana.

One of the commonest surnames, the "Smith" family of Luzon, is "de la Cruz," while a popular Christian name is "Cinco Llagas" (Five Wounds). I had, at one time, among Insurgent prisoners of war in my guard-house, a quorum of the Apostles' names and representatives of the saints of all the religious orders in the Islands. The Spanish names of virtues are frequently given to girls—beautiful names, too.

As, Inocencia (innocence), Engracia (Grace), Prudencia (Prudence), Clemencia (Mercy), Consuela (Charity). How well these contrast with some of our

meaningless, godless names. In some pious families the parents simply have the priest bestow upon the baby the name of the saint on whose day it was born. One day I met the Presidente of Amadeo, coming to Indang on a market-day to have his latest baby baptized. He could not tell me the name until he asked the padre whose day the previous Tuesday was.

The largest cities are usually the sites of convents, with churches of considerable architectural beauty and ambitious size. These convent churches were the origins of the cities, which have grown about them. When located, they were in the wilderness, and the towns would never have existed without the friars' foundation and assistance. So they have been unjustly censured for reserving for religion the choicest city lots.

Even the smallest barrio has its place of worship; if not a church, at least a "visita," built perhaps of bamboo and nipa thatch, with a rude altar slightly adorned, and a cross in front, if not stone, wood. Here, a priest occasionally says Mass, and on fixed days of the week or month the people assemble to recite litanies, or to celebrate the feasts of their patrons, of which every church, city, province and island has at least one.

On the day of the patron saint of each city is held a grand "fiesta," lasting from one to three days. Priests from neighboring churches assist at the solemn Masses which are sung daily. A procession through the streets, or along a river on boats or rafts, usually ushers in the "fiesta," an American band sometimes assisting, though each church of consequence has its band of native musicians, paid by the priest, and playing at High Mass, processions, funerals and all important functions in the city. The "fiesta" celebration is continued by a market, by dinners given by the Alcalde and leading citizens, by cock-fighting and other sports dear to the Filipino heart.

But, however, these fiestas may have

become the occasion of gambling and other vices, their origin and ruling spirit is religious; and we should remember that the presence of money-changers in the temple did not deter our Lord in his mission.

These semi-church, semi-pueblo bands of music are assembled by a vigorous beating of a bass drum through all the streets, until each barefooted native in his pina shirt and hempen drawers, hugging his instrument under his arm and puffing at a cigarette, appears at the plaza or the church, according as the occasion is civil or religious. Their music is usually excellent, played without reference to notes, and in the dark as well as by day. Once, while on a scout for ladrones, I accepted an invitation from the padre of Maragondon to spend the night with him at the convent. During the evening his band of thirty instruments rendered exquisite music, some of it lately popular in the States, which the father had bought in Manila.

The band of Indang, which town was my command and the object of my affection for six months, frequently serenaded me on my return from scouts. On one of these occasions, a musician was sent out on the trail by which I was expected, in order to give early warning of the battalion's return. My advance guard thought he was acting suspiciously, so arrested him; and as he could speak no Spanish and we no Tagalo, we lost our escort of honor that trip, since no notice reached the city ahead of us. From these native bands, many excellent musicians have been enlisted in the army bands, and they make good soldiers. Their ideas of music are peculiar, although usually serious by nature, they play the liveliest of tunes during the most solemn parts of the Mass and Benediction, while all the bells are beaten at once, as a salute and a warning to those absent from church, of the solemnity of the moment.

Walking through the street of Indang after the curfew regulation confined the

people to their houses, I learned the strength of their family devotions, hearing in each cottage the entire family reciting the beads or a litany. During Lent they sang for hours each night ; it *was* poor music, a lamentation reminding one of Dante's Inferno, but it was appropriate for the season and I declined the request of my officers to abate it as a nuisance. They possibly felt all the anguish expressed by their chanting, and could really shame our cold hearts. Each Filipino house has a crucifix, an image or a sacred picture on the wall, and some have even a small altar, before which family devotions are had. This, when little or no furniture is used, and the living is gained by the hardest manual labor.

Sundays and feast days are scrupulously observed, not as sad affairs, nor without much merriment. But the people all go to Mass, sometimes walking five or ten miles to the nearest church. After Mass, market may be held as it is their weekly opportunity to exchange wares ; though, in most towns, market is held on another week-day. Visits are made Sundays, cock fights had from noon till four o'clock, when all go home, no disturbance, often on foot. There is no drunkenness, all seem happy. No native will do any work on these days, not even the daily pounding of rice for the table ; I have known them to refuse good pay for working on roads or buildings, as it was a feast day. Each Sunday at Indang an average of five hundred children came in from the barrio schools to Mass, after which they marched to my headquarters and lined up in several ranks, only to salute me with, "*Buenos dias, Comandante.*" In these schools devotions were held daily, and religious instruction given, the Iconoclasts who rave over such instruction having confined their attention thus far to Manila.

Babies are baptized promptly and in swarms ; the good old padre of Indang appointed Wednesdays and Saturdays for baptisms and they were busy days.

Thursdays were for weddings. These were, first of all, religious ceremonies, seldom celebrated except at Mass, and never at proscribed seasons. One Thursday in May thirteen pairs of souls were married from one barrio, and afterward marched home behind the band, a distance of three miles, for an all-day dance.

Funerals were accompanied by priests and acolytes with lighted candles through the streets, all the relatives following on foot chanting a litany. It was, or rather is, customary to assemble at the home of the deceased nine days after the death, to pray for his soul and sing at interval, all day, during which is served a bountiful luncheon, in the preparation of which the housekeeper and her lady friends have frequently worked all night. The priests and military officials are invited to the luncheon, but not expected to join in the devotions.

There is no false pride about the Indian. Should he be passing near a church when the tolling of the bells announces the Elevation, he reverently pauses, uncovers, crosses himself and says a prayer until the bells cease. In a similar manner at the Angelus, wherever found, even during important business or conversation, he (or she) excuses himself, faces towards the church and recites the prayers interiorly, and immediately thereafter salutes each person in sight separately, with "*Buenos dias,*" "*Buenas tardas*" or "*Buenas noches,*" as it was the morning, noon or evening Angelus. These prayers divide the day, reliance for time being had on the church bells alone.

Nor is their religion all on the surface, for in any church one may find devotional souls in adoration before "*El Santissimo,*" as they call the Blessed Sacrament, making the stations of the cross, or reciting a litany before a painting or image, of which there are many in these islands to which especial devotion is attached. It is not strange to see a mother with all her children making these devotions together.

Many, too, approach the Sacraments frequently, more especially in the churches in which fathers of the religious orders are in the confessionals at any hour. We frequently see some pious soul too sick to sit in a chair, carried in a blanket slung to a bamboo pole, and laid in front of the altar to receive Communion.

The Jesuits, Paulists and other orders have large sodalities in their mission churches, and even in Indang, where secular priests had relieved the Jesuits and Recoletos many years ago, was a confraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis, comprising a hundred women, who received Communion periodically in their habits.

Some of these good women were among the school-mistresses who served Indang for the paltry monthly salary of six dollars, Mexican currency. They surely proved home missionaries, without whom I could not have opened so many schools. May they some day have their reward!

These are only a few of the "outward and visible signs" of a religion which is an important part of the Filipino's life. There are many others, but these should suffice to show that those who planted this harvest of souls, who cared for it for four hundred years, who assisted towards Heaven so many who have

passed from this vineyard during a period greater than the entire history of the United States, should not be judged harshly for the sins of an unworthy few. The antipathy of the natives, including some native priests, was at first aroused by the Insurgents, was nursed by unworthy native priests scheming to get possession of the parishes, and is essentially a hatred of their nationality rather than their personality.

The national vice of the Filipino is his implacable hatred for his enemy. But for that he would be an exemplary Christian. And who of us can throw the first stone? Is he not a splendid example of the evolution possible to Malay slave-holding cannibal, through the patience, prayers and sufferings of hundreds of religious voluntary exiles from home and country to work in this distant vineyard? We, in the Army, are counting days till our return. My tour already seems an age. Yet the youngest Paulist father at the seminary here has ten years to his credit, while the Rector has thirty-one. They have as strong a love for Spain as we for America. This can never be "home" to a Caucasian. It is purgatory for the wicked, but martyrdom for the good. It is in this light we should consider the friars and their great work.

✓ THE PROBLEM OF THE PHILIPPINES.

AN ANSWER TO BISHOP POTTER.

*By the Rev. José Algue, S.J.,
Director of the Manila Observatory.*

I READ the article of Bishop Henry C. Potter, "The Problem of the Philippines," published in the *Century* for November. His severe criticism on everything connected with Catholic faith was to be expected from one who writes with the Bishop's sinister purpose. But it astonishes one to find him, just now that he is publicly bewailing the lack of scholarship among his clergy, committing himself blindly to Mr. Foreman as his unquestionable authority on the Philippine Islands. As to the character of Mr. J. Foreman, it is well known how it is estimated in learned circles. For my pur-

pose it will be enough to say, that a friend of Mr. Foreman, one who is not very friendly to the friars, interrogated by a member of the late Philippine Commission in Manila, stated: "I don't know that he said anything much beyond the truth (in his attacks on the friars), but considering that he availed himself of their services and hospitality all over the country, he should have thought twice before putting a thing like that in print." (1) As to his authority on religious matters in the Islands we may examine the following passage of his book: "So distinct were their interests (of the religious orders) that the Augustinian chroniclers refer to the other orders as different religions." (2) Now, Mr. Foreman ought to know, and probably knew it, as any one who is but slightly acquainted with the Spanish language knows, that in that language the words "religious order" and "religion" are equivalent. Therefore, to base a pretentious argument against the Church on that ground is, I should say, at least trifling with the matter. A further instance of Mr. Foreman's authority on religious matters may be had from another passage of his book quoted by Bishop Potter: "The Jesuits were expelled from the Philippine Islands in the year 1768 by virtue of an Apostolic Brief of Pope Clement XIV." The anachronism of this statement, remarkable as it is, is the least serious thing to be considered here. (3) In fact, the Apostolic Brief of Pope Clement XIV was not intended to expel, neither did it expel the Jesuits in any way, but simply suppressed the Order canonically. The Jesuits individually remained in Germany, in Russia, in

Italy and especially in Rome, as they continued to be missionaries in Maryland. They would have remained in France, in Portugal, in Spain and in the Philippines, if they had not been expelled by the civil powers years before the issue of the Brief and even before the election of Pope Clement XIV, for reasons which are familiar to all scholars of modern history. As far as Mr. Foreman is concerned, it will be but just to recall what this author says in the preface to the recent addition of his book (1899): "I would point out that my criticism of the clergy, who exercised governmental functions in these Islands, in no way applies to the Jesuit or the Paul Fathers, (Lazarists), who have justly gained the respect of both, Europeans and natives." It will also be well to cite another very liberal view of a recent author on this matter. Mr. Frederic H. Sawyer, in his book (4), says: "For their devotion and zeal, I beg to offer the Jesuit missionaries my profound respect and my earnest wishes for their welfare under the Stars and Stripes.

"To my mind, they realize very closely the ideal of what a Christian missionary should be. Although a Protestant born and bred, I see in that no reason to close my eyes to their obvious merit, nor to seek to belittle the great good they have done in Mindanao. Far from doing so, I wish to state my conviction that the easiest, the best and the most humane way of pacifying Mindanao is by utilizing the powerful influence of the Jesuit missionaries with their flocks, and this before it is too late, before the populations have had time to completely forget the Christian teaching, and to entirely relapse into barbarism."

Let us now examine some of the Bishop Potter statements: "Of schools and of development of industries, we hear nothing, nor, indeed do the Spaniards seem to have contemplated the latter as prac-

(1) Report of the Philippine Commission to the President, vol. II., p. 43.

(2) "The Philippine Islands," New York, 1899, p. 227.

(3) Bishop Potter, in a foot note, adds another anachronism stating that the royal decree setting forth the executions of this Brief was printed in Madrid in 1770, instead of 1773, as Mr. Foreman says, page 223.

(4) "The Inhabitants of the Philippines," New York, 1900, page 385.

ticable among the untutored savages." Why does the Bishop ignore Mr. Foreman's views in this matter? "The teaching offered to students in Manila was very advanced, as will be seen from the following syllabus of Education in the Municipal Athenæum of the Jesuits." (1) But this is not an affair of opinion, but of history. If Bishop Potter has *not heard* anything about education in the Philippines, it is not the fault of the historians of the Philippines, who write that an educational institution was founded by the Jesuit Fathers in 1601, that the Dominicans started with a university in 1619, and that the Jesuits founded another institution for higher education, which was declared a pontifical university in 1621. Hence, an educational institution in the Philippines existed about thirty years before the erection of the earliest institution of learning in the United States, then an English Colony, and in the continent of North America. (2) About industries, I need merely say that according to the historians and copies of extant books printed in the Philippines, "the art preservative of arts," or printing, was introduced into the Philippines in the year 1606, or at least in 1610, while in Cambridge, Massachusetts, an English Colony, it was introduced in 1638 and in Philadelphia in 1685. (3)

With these data, it would be easier, perhaps, "to speculate," as Bishop Potter says, "upon what would have been the history of the Islands if the British fleet, which, under Admiral Cornish, on September 22, 1762, arrived before Manila, had maintained the hold which the land forces, under General Draper, a little later, established there. . . . It

is undoubtedly probable that, had British control of the Islands been maintained, their history would have been more prosperous and peaceful than it subsequently proved so to be." This is indeed a flattering and encouraging speculation for England. But a British subject, an author of indisputable authority, also made his speculations, but in a very different way, viz.: "They (the Religious Orders) held the Islands from 1570 to 1828, without any permanent garrison of Spanish regular troops, and from 1828 to 1883, with about 1500 artillery men; they did not entirely rely upon brute force. . . . They have brought the Philippines a long way on the path of civilization. Let us be just; what British, French or Dutch colony, populated by natives, can compare with the Philippines as they were till 1895?" (4) It is worthy of note that Mr. F. Sawyer has resided in the Philippines for fourteen years.

I suppose that in view of those and other similar facts, Professor Ferdinand Blumentritt, an authority in ethnologic, bibliographic and historical matters in the Philippines, states: "The reign of Philip II, (1556-1598) was the golden age of Philippine history; also under the two following Philips, (1598-1665) different governors displayed great prowess. . . . " (5)

Bishop Potter adopts a statement from Mr. Foreman about the immense difficulty of civilizing the Negritos: "The Negritos were housed in bamboo and palm-leaf huts of excellent sanitary construction, and supplied with food and clothing for a year, with instruction in tilling the soil and other industries. But at the end of a year or two they had fled to the mountains and no persuasion could bring them from the low animalism and the nomadic habits which were their

(1) P. 192.

(2) Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. XI, p. 500, New York, 1880.

(3) "Notes on the Bibliography of the Philippines," by Rev. Thomas Cooke Middleton, D.D., O.S.A. Philadelphia, December, 1900, p. 37. [See notice of this book in "Reader," Ed.]

(4) "The Inhabitants of the Philippines," New York. Charles Scribner & Sons, 1900, p. viii.

(5) "The Philippines, their people and political conditions," by Prof. F. Blumentritt, translated by David J. Doherty, M. D. Chicago, 1900, p. 35.

ancestral inheritance. Now, this, it must be borne in mind, was after Spain had been in possession of the Philippines for more than three hundred years." And now I would ask why cannot we argue and conclude from that fact and others similar, as some historians do, that in spite of those apparently insurmountable difficulties, the religious orders succeeded in civilizing more than eight million heathens in the Philippines in such a way that, according to the best statistics, only half a million infidels remain to be converted? Prof. Blumentritt had a somewhat more favorable view than Bishop Potter with regard to the work of civilization in the Philippines. He writes, on page 35 :

"Numerous eminent missionaries, monks of the Augustinian, Dominican and Franciscan Orders, and finally, the Jesuits, speedily converted the Filipinos to Christianity, and won their affection and good will by protecting them against the oppression of the conquerors." This statement cannot naturally stand with that of Bishop Potter, viz.: "The prelate and the priest became sooner or later the magistrate and the judge." Nor is it wonderful if some one denied this statement of Bishop Potter, for it is very hard to understand how the priests could be at the same time both protectors and oppressors of the people.

We should discriminate between corrupt application of laws, if such they were, and the laws themselves. We must so distinguish when we speak of the administration of any human power. Bishop Potter says: "And when apparently settled under the criminal code,

a flaw could be discovered under the Laws of the Indies, or the *Siete Partidas*, or the Roman law. . . . Or some others, by which the case would be reopened. Such a state of things throws an interesting side-light upon the charming innocence of those American Commissioners who, in the recent treaty of Paris, virtually re-enacted the above Philippine system of civil and ecclesiastical law." Who are the more charmingly innocent, the American Commissioners or those who differ from the most conspicuous historians of the Philippines? The latter generally consider the Laws of the Indies as a wise and truly Christian code. Mr. Sawyer, in the preliminary notice of his book, says: "It (the book) traces the gradual changes from a paternal government under the laws of the Indies to a bad copy of the French bureaucracy, totally unsuited to the people and country."

I do not intend to examine all the statements of Bishop Potter (1) I have confined myself, for the present, to showing that the *problem of the Philippines* cannot certainly be solved, justly and safely on the premises of the Bishop, which, be it said without unkindness, are at least biased and may, I think, from the foregoing proofs, be denied by any mind capable of forming a dispassionate opinion.

(1) Readers who desire to know the matter more thoroughly, may read some treatises of the book recently published by the Government in Washington, "*El Archipiélago Filipino*," vol. I, Treatise II, p. 288-365, dealing with the religious education, industries, commerce, arts and works of public welfare in the Philippines. We hope to have a proper notice of this great work in our next issue.—[Ed.]

✓ THE FRENCH PREMIER'S PROGRAM.

THE speech of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, at Toulouse, has not fallen exactly as a thunderbolt from the blue. Rather was it like a comet, the path of which can be traced beforehand.

The speech of the Premier was only a part of a program, and not the first part either. There had been several preliminaries. A special and very practical hostility had been already shown towards the congregations of religious men and women in France. Limitations had been set to preaching, the consecration of a church forbidden, fines in the form of a law imposed, the Assumptionists suppressed. All this was quite in accord with the insults offered by government officials in various parts of France to the religion of the vast majority of the people.

The now famous ministerial announcement is extraordinary in more ways than one. The nations are passing through momentous crises, and history is moving quickly. The face of the world is changing, or soon to change. Nations cease to exist, or are partitioned. Quiet commercial states have grown imperial. Ancient enemies have become friends. Statesmen strive to consolidate the countries over whose fortunes they preside. A consciousness of race kindred is born or revived. And the politics of the nations are concerned with these things. In England the battle of the elections was between the peace party and the imperialists. Germany is studying the development of her navy, and coming into a cordial understanding with England. Italy is ambitious to share in this same union. Russia, whether aiming at peace or at Manchuria, is developing her resources with great and restless energy, and is strengthening her foreign policy. The order of the day is peace, first, of course, at home, but also abroad,

peace at any cost, even at the cost of war. The civilized nations have come into concert in this regard, for it was but yesterday that the Parliament of Peace was held at the Hague.

But of none of these things does M. Waldeck-Rousseau speak. France has great interests abroad, and she has enemies, too. Yet there is not a word about her foreign policy or her place amongst the Powers. He speaks of war, indeed, but it is war upon religious men and upon nuns, who have quitted the busy ways of the world to lead a life of peace and prayer. The Premier does not seek to promote the greatest interest of France, her greatest means of strength and power, namely, the union of her people; but he aims directly at the destruction of this by rending the nation into two bitterly hostile parties. His speech has one main point, conceal it skilfully as he may. It is not simply that he declares war against the Catholic Church, he declares war on Catholic education; and, as a first step, he will have all officials of the State trained in his own way.

So injurious to France is this program, that even the friends of the French Ministry, friends who sympathize with the Ministry's motive, emphatically disapprove of it. The *London Times* which has little love for the Catholic Church, while it declares that the Ministry has hitherto deserved well of France and of society, and praises its largeness of view, "rare amongst French Political men," affirms, however, that it is impossible not to regret the turn which the Ministry has given to its politics, for "this measure will involve and perpetuate, more than any other, the divisions which, at present, makes of France two hostile camps."

It is "a policy incompatible with that civil and religious liberty which has made England what it is."

Of the gravity of the issue there is no doubt whatsoever. The English *Spectator* calls the program "The deadliest blow levelled at Catholicism since the the days of the terror." Yet with astonishing obliquity of judgment, as if entirely unaware of the irreligious measures of the men entrusted with the conduct of affairs in France, the *Spectator* says by way of excuse for M. Waldeck-Rousseau, "The Roman Catholic Church has, in the last three years, given the French Republic almost unendurable provocation." The *Gaulois*, the organ of Mayer, on the contrary, is astounded at the apathy of Frenchmen while they see their most sacred rights trampled under foot. "The horizon is dark," continues this journal, "the future threatening." While M. François Veuillot tells us in the *Univers* that "France is now shaken by a new access of the sectarian spirit, more violent than ever. . . . It is not the religious orders merely, it is the Church herself that it is intended to crush."

The head and front of the ministerial speech is the religious question: everything else is secondary, even France's foreign policy. M. Waldeck-Rousseau does not venture to suppress the Religious Congregations outright just yet: that will come, as the partisans of the government have proclaimed loudly enough. "When the conditions under which a religious association may be formed shall have been strictly defined ('he means,' explains the London *Tabulet*, 'when it shall have been rendered next to impossible for a religious congregation to exist'), there will be an end to the idea that the Associations that have not fulfilled those conditions can pretend to train and teach the young. Thus the Bill on Associations is in our eyes the point of departure in social evolution."

The direct and main object is to de-

stroy liberty in the schools, the last refuge of liberty. The Premier is frank enough about the matter. "If we attach so much importance to a law on Associations, it is because it involves the solution of at least a part of the education question."

The fact is that the Ministry has felt the resistance of the people. The Nationalist elections at Paris taught their lessons. Patriotic journals command every day a greater influence with a wider circle of readers. The army almost unanimously resisted the masonic propaganda of the Minister of War. Nor have other signs been lacking. So the Ministry determines to shape not only the army, but all state functionaries after its own fashion. Then clearly it can do what it pleases in France.

Henceforward, therefore, employment under the state is to be conditional on training in state schools, from which even the very name of God is banished. To be trained in those schools is, further, to be considered a "proof of elementary loyalty" to the Republic. What an absurdity! "Those who have no ambition to become state officials," continues the Premier, "may prepare themselves when and as they like for the numberless liberal, commercial, or industrial professions open to them. But the service of the state is not a profession, it is a function." Therefore, forsooth, it requires a special manner of education at the hands of an infidel and secret society government! The Premier, of course, did not believe this, although he said it. His real reason was given a little further on. "There are two classes of our youth growing up side by side, less separated by their social condition than by the education which they receive. Thus are forming two different classes of society, one democratic, carried along by the wide current of the Revolution (!), the other more and more imbued with the doctrines which one would have thought incapable of surviving the great movement of the

eighteenth century . . . This supposes a substratum of influences, formerly more concealed, now more visible: a power, which is not even hidden; a rival state within the state." This is intolerable, M. Waldeck-Rousseau says; and he must allow us to draw the logical conclusion—therefore France must have a national religion. In fact the Premier says that one of his grievances against the Religious Associations is that they obey superiors who are not French. He forgets that the Bishops and secular priests, whom he seeks to set against the religious orders, obey the Pope.

With ill-concealed hypocrisy he goes on to say:—

"I speak as a man who is not animated by any sectarian spirit, but simply with the spirit which has dominated, not only the policy of the Revolution, but also all the political history of France.

"I think that the undeniable rights of conscience has been sufficiently guaranteed in the beginning of the century by the fundamental statute which regulates the relations of the *Churches* and the State. As long as it has not been modified it should be applied with exactitude, and we have interpreted its spirit in the sense of a large tolerance.

"But at the rate at which things are going, what will remain of this pact of reciprocal guarantee? *It was exclusively confined to the secular and hierarchical clergy submitted to ecclesiastical discipline and the control of the State*, to the celebration of public worship and the preparation of ecclesiastical functions, and to preaching in churches. Yet we find the Congregations teaching in Seminaries, occupying the pulpits in Missions, the Church menaced more and more by the Chapel."

Those hypocritical words need no commentary. M. Waldeck-Rousseau must have a curious idea of French Catholics if he imagines that they will sympathize with his zeal for the protection of the secular clergy and for the exclusion of religious orders from teaching, from missionary

preaching, from the administration of the sacraments in their chapels.

His plan is clear:

"Dispersed but not suppressed, the religious orders have re-formed more numerous and more militant, covering the land with the network of a political organization (!) . . . so emboldened by the consciousness of their power as to defy the Guardians of the Church!" Poor Bishops, against the rebellion of the Religious Orders they have a choice defender in the person of M, Waldeck-Rousseau.

Another hypocritical reason—he professes to see in the wealth of the Religious Orders a menace to the state. There is no question of investigating the wealth of the great Jewish or other financiers, nor that of the trusts, nor that of swindlers of the Panama Canal. The danger is in the wealth of the Religious Orders. And as to his estimate of their wealth, the English Protestant papers are incredulous. He takes care to throw into the dangerous sum the value of schools and other institutions in which the Religious Orders are employed, but which they do not own, and he takes equal care to leave out of the count all that the Religious Orders dispense for the alleviation of every kind of misery. All which being considered, the value of what the Orders hold collectively, says the *Spectator*, "does not seem to mere observers such a gigantic sum."

Notwithstanding his nefarious program, the Premier assures us that he is "not animated by any sectarian spirit," "that the undeniable rights of conscience are sufficiently guaranteed," and that there must be "more liberty, more fraternity, more justice."

The plot to set the Bishops and secular clergy against the religious, has evidently been deeply laid. A reliable witness is Mr. Bodley of whom the London *Tablet*, apropos of another matter, says: "The author of what is the classic work on the subject, had fitted himself for his task by many years of residence, and by

researches which have led him into no less than sixty of the French departments." Mr. Bodley's words are given in the *Tablet* of November third :

"It is the opening of a battle, long prepared, between the Episcopate and the parochial clergy on one side, and the Religious Orders on the other. Unhappily it is complicated and vulgarized by the inevitable intervention of the anti-clericals, who loudly applauded M. Waldeck-Rousseau, at Toulouse, on Sunday, when he menaced the unauthorized congregations.' Earlier in the day, however, the speeches interchanged between him and Mgr. Germain, seemed to show that there was something like an understanding between the Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Toulouse. Last month, Archbishop Ireland came to see me here, directly after paying a visit to Mgr. Germain at Toulouse, and I am not betraying a confidence when I say that he exhorted me to follow with close attention, the relations between the French Hierarchy and the Religious Orders, as involving the most important ecclesiastical question at issue in France at the dawn of the twentieth century."

It is consoling to know that all sections of French journalism, except the extremist, have united in condemning the policy announced by the Premier. Catholic journals, in particular, show no disposition to allow themselves to be trampled on.

The leading Protestant papers join in the condemnation. We have already heard the opinion of the *Times*. Here is what the *Spectator* has to say :

"The central point of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speech is not the law of mortmain, but that he proposes through it and other measures to give a monopoly of all State functions; including doubtless, military and naval commissions—for otherwise the proposal is inept—to those who have been educated in strictly secular schools. They are functionaries, he says, and the State has a right to dictate how its functionaries

shall be trained. In other words, no young man in France is in future to enter the service of the State unless he has been trained in schools which French Catholics consider seminaries of agnosticism, or if he has been trained in schools which they regard as calculated to inculcate piety, or at least necessary faith. A more monstrous denial of the principle of religious liberty it would be difficult to conceive. It would be oppressive in any country, but in France, where the ideal of the educated classes is to fit their sons for Government appointments, it amounts to the most direct persecution. M. Waldeck-Rousseau might as well propose at once that no man who believes in Christianity, shall be permitted to acquire more than three hundred a year. It is the Irish Penal Code over again, in spirit, at all events, with this aggravation, that it is not the product of the religious bigotry of a caste, but it is proposed by the elected Government of a country, which in theory holds that the Roman Catholic Church is divine, and that outside her pale, there is no salvation. That Rome will fight the proposal, fight as for life, is certain, and Rome has immense power even in France; but that is only a part of the resistance which M. Waldeck-Rousseau will encounter. He is defying all the women of France, who dread nothing so much for their sons as disbelief, all who hold the Catholic faith to be true, though they do not obey its precepts—an immense crowd—and all who, while disbelieving themselves, or fancying they disbelieve, think that the education given in religious schools will solidify their sons' characters. He will find, as Bismark found in the Rhine provinces, that he has made fanatics of the indifferent, that the tide he wished to keep out, is rushing in by a hundred unseen channels, and that the cleavage he wishes to remove between one servant of the State and another, has developed fivefold. And he will find also, if he lives long enough, that even so far as he has succeeded, he has done nothing for

Republicanism. At heart he probably believes that anti-clericals must necessarily be Republican; but there are no signs in modern thought that those who believe nothing, or very little, tend to favor absolutism, and value liberty only when it means the liberty of believing in the dogmas of science. They bow to authority in all matters except religion, and they prefer that the masses, whom they do not greatly admire, should bow too. It was the generation, which in the cataclysm of the Revolution had given up its faith, that followed and obeyed Napoleon.

What amount of support M. Waldeck-Rousseau will find for his ideas in the Chamber, we do not know. It may be considerable, for long watchfulness has convinced us that French Deputies, drawn as they are from the less prosperous of the professional classes, are more anti-religious than their constituents; but this we do know, that he has given the Opposition a magnificent rallying cry, and will rouse forces of whose strength he has but an imperfect idea. That the Roman Catholic Church has, in the last three years, given the French Republic almost unendurable provocation, we fully admit, but this does not alter the fact that you cannot kill a ghost with a shell."

Almost at the same time that M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Premier, was announcing his policy of destroying the Religious Orders, another Minister of the Government was decorating with a medal of honor, a nun in the Hospital of Cambrai. And a few days later, the President of the Republic, proclaimed in his address at Lyons, that it was "the duty and the joy of the Government of the Republic to encourage all those, who, penetrated with the sentiment of human solidarity, consecrate their time and their intelligence to alleviate misery." M. Loubet had gone to Lyons to inaugurate a monument to his murdered predecessor, M. Carnot. The monument was erected on the spot where he fell. President Loubet was literally hedged in by soldiers and policemen. Yet, hostile cries were heard, and from men of the party who sympathized with the fall of M. Carnot. M. Waldeck-Rousseau also was there. And he is far too intelligent not to know that the real danger for his country is not from "monks" and "nuns," but from the men to conciliate whom, he has published his program of disaster.

THE CLOSE OF THE XIX CENTURY.

By the Rev. A. Baumgartner, S.J.

THE nineteenth century is hastening to its close. Long ago many have lauded it as an age of light, progress, inventions, science and international commerce; yea, even as an epoch hitherto unsurpassed in the history of intellectual development. To others it appeared, and still appears, as the century of revolutions, an ever-increasing process of de-christianization, internal decomposition, in fact, as the century of distress of labor and socialism par excellence. In the spheres of philosophy, literature and art, cries of distress have been heard during the last few decades, ever more numerous, ever more shrill, cries of complaint, dissatisfaction, despair, and listening to these, one might almost be tempted to call it the century of pessimism. But in all the changes and subversions of time we perceive beside the dissatisfied, ever restlessly struggling, internally torn and plaintively wailing *city of this world*, the ancient, venerable *City of God* progressing quietly, harmoniously, hopefully and full of confidence in God—that ancient City of God to which St. Augustine had lifted his eyes full of joy amid the tumults and the migration of peoples. If, therefore, much moves us to a mournful *De Profundis* and *Miserere*, we have as much cause to sing a grateful *Te Deum* and to gladly and confidently look forward to the dawn of the coming century.

I.

Unlike any other, the nineteenth century began in a state of complete bankruptcy, the woeful legacy of her predecessor. After *Voltaire* and the impious band of the *Encyclopedists* had dragged into the dust all that had hitherto been sacred and ideal to mankind, the men of the revolution drew but the nat-

ural and practical deductions by destroying all Christian institutions, altar, throne, hierarchy, public worship, religious life and Christian ethics. For them there was no beginning either of century or even year, but merely the 10th Vivose of the year VIII of the Republic. There was no Pope, for the Conclave, then in session at Venice since the beginning of December, 1799, did not succeed in electing the new Pontiff earlier than March 14th, 1800. Rome was in the hands of the French. The ancient "Roman Empire of the German Nation" was shaken to its foundations and doomed to perish. Austria was undermined by Josephinism, and the rest of Germany by the most superficial and shallow rationalism. At the head of the Church in Germany stood an ambitious partisan of illuminism, who willingly and resistlessly yielded to the dictates of Bonaparte. It was merely for political reasons that the first Consul reestablished at Easter, 1802, the Christian worship in France; at the same time, however, in his Concordat, he forged the fetters which were to strangle the vital energies of the Church, and tried to degrade the Pope to an obedient court chaplain of his own.

Such was the state of things a hundred years ago. By the secularization act the Church in Germany, once the wealthiest in Christendom, lost with one blow her extensive possessions of land, her canonries, abbeys and cloisters, her political position and influence, and was delivered over, bound hand and foot to the tender mercies of the worldly potentates. The life of the religious orders received a mortal blow, while the secular clergy fell into a state of servile subjection. The Colleges of the Church were deserted, the majority of her schools fell

into the hands of illuminati and free-thinkers.

In the countries of Southern Europe the politics of men like Aranda, Pombal and Tanucci, had strangled the freedom of ecclesiastical life. England and the countries of Northern Europe still sustained the old laws of persecution against the Catholics though they were no longer executed with the sanguinary fanaticism of former times. Most of the trans-oceanic missions had been lost after the suppression of the Jesuits. The once flourishing colonies of Spain and Portugal were tottering to utter ruin. In North America 10,000 Catholics were outnumbered by an overwhelming majority. Never before had the universality of the Church, yea, her very existence in the future, been in such peril as in those sad and chaotic times.

There is scarcely another fact that speaks so directly and eloquently for the supernatural mission and power of the Church as that of her victory over such a crisis, her entire reconstruction, her reconquest of lost positions, and her expansion within the course of this century into the great Church of the world in proportions hitherto unparalleled.

The struggle was by no means an easy one. For fourteen years her head, Pius VII, stood against the most powerful conqueror since Alexander, at whose feet the whole world trembled. Joseph von Goerres, a contemporary, has characteristically described that historic struggle.

"Among the heroes to whom the world owes its deliverance, we have first of all to mention the name of this venerable old man, whose quiet, mild and beneficent greatness will light up the distant centuries, long after the infernal pit, that vomited forth its lurid and poisonous sulphur vapors, at which humanity was expected to warm itself, will have been closed. A simple monk, unknown to the world, was chosen by Providence to serve as an example in times of universal distress and show the world what quiet firmness combined with a God-fearing

mind may achieve. Providence had not surrounded him with large armies, neither had it put the sword of worldly power into his trembling hands, but defenceless, already bent by old age, he was to enter the lists as a champion of the Lord against the monster, which, after swallowing the mad spirit of revolution, was intoxicated to insanity and stalked forth haughtily like a thousand-armed giant. The Supreme Pastor went forth, having with him only sling and stone and the power of right and truth. He had only to go through the motions of the fight, for God himself hurled the stone against the haughty one's forehead, so that his shattered frame fell crashing to the ground. He, whom the century called its hero, around whom fifty battles had thundered, who had humbled so many kings, whom heaven in its wrath seemed to have chosen for the rod, wherewith to chastise the world, he was to be vanquished by such a humble and unpretentious array of worldly power. No great feats of physical strength were to conquer him; self-denying suffering, like that of Christ, was to bring about the atonement of the great sins of the world, so that the rod might be broken and the infamy of her guilt taken from her. To haughty insolence he opposed meekness and charity—whatever wickedness might invent to torture him he bore, it with silent equanimity and thus, even in times as late as these, he gained for himself the glorious crown of martyrdom."

With all the tricks of an unscrupulous diplomacy, proud the tyrant tried to debase the *Vicar of Christ* into a tool of his ambition. When strategem failed he resorted to brute force. By his orders the Pope was dragged as a prisoner from Rome to Savona and thence to Fontainebleau. Yet, a few years later, Pope Pius VII reentered Rome amid the exultant acclamation of the whole world whilst Napoleon went an exile to Elba and thence, after a last but fruitless attempt at victory, as a captive to distant St.

Helena. In every country the Church was relieved of the fetters that most galled her and could once again breathe more freely. The hierarchy arose with new splendor and vigor from the ruins of the past few decades. The Society of Jesus was restored in Europe. The clergy, religious orders, parochial life, Catholic worship, ecclesiastical science and art received a new and vigorous impulse.

From France had come the unspeakable evils: an atheistic science, a blasphemous literature, the principles of revolt against every divinely established authority, general lawlessness and licentiousness. All these had been spread over Europe under the alluring guise of Philosophy and Illuminism. Frederic II and Catharine of Russia had, to a certain degree, been guilty of complicity with the Encyclopedists. Regicide and terrorism revealed the brink of the abyss to which this un-Christian and anti-Christian pseudo-culture was leading the world. But to rouse minds from their delusions, there was need of the unbearable tyranny of a *Napoleon* and of the deep humiliation of Germany and the rest of Europe. Even the great poets of Weimar, the founders of the new national literature of Germany, were not free from the contaminating influence of that un-Christian tendency in culture. All the more powerfully, however, there arose on the other hand, in the poets and thinkers of the Romantic School the memory of the Catholic middle ages and the poetic glory of the Catholic nations. Men like Frederic Leopold von Stollberg, Frederick von Schlegel, Adam Müller and a host of other noble-minded men returned to the fold of the old Mother Church. Hundreds of other fair-minded Protestants at least drew nearer and stood up for the Christian faith and true German nationalism. The love of art raised them to those exalted Christian ideals, by whose agency Germany had become so great during the middle ages; while the brotherhood of arms during the wars

against Napoleonic France caused a momentary lull in their religious feuds. Even as early as 1808, it did not seem at all impossible to Count *Reinhard*, the ambassador from Wurtemberg at Paris, that the following generation in Germany might follow the example set by these famous converts.

"You can see," wrote he to Goethe, "how unshakable is the rock on which the Church is built, and the sluggish waves of Protestantism will assuredly never shatter it. In the light of the history of the Church, Lutheranism appears to be of no greater duration and to rest on a political and intellectual basis as weak as that of Arianism. All heresies have been broken against the harmonic unity and strength of the Church, just as the coalitions of the European powers were broken against the firmness of our Napoleon. Thus it is not at all impossible that even during the next generation perhaps the old status may be firmly reestablished and universally dominant."

II

The reconstruction of Christian Europe which the Revolution and its heirs had broken to pieces was now entrusted to the hands of the Congress of Vienna. Speaking in an abstract sense, the Congress had it within its power to redeem to the full extent the great wrong that had been committed and especially to indemnify the Church for all the spoils, of which she had been made the victim. Dynastic interests, however, political considerations, and diplomatic wire-pulling were so many obstacles in the way of the contemplated great work of justice. In Austria, Josephinism was still unconquered, whilst the spirit of illuminism was rampart in Prussia. The possessors of the newly created royal and princely crowns entertained no thought whatever of stepping back into their former modest places. Thus only half the task was accomplished. As formerly, so even now the majority of the politicians and diplomatists regarded the

Church and her rights, with envy and jealousy, and instead of supporting and increasing the respect, freedom and power to which she, as the best guarantee against the spirit of revolt and anarchy, was entitled, they thought of putting aside every danger arising from rebellious desires and tendencies against throne and government by organizing a well-drilled police force. It was, however, just this oppression as exercised both by bureaucracy and police that stirred up the hatred against '*Reaction*,' and fed the spirit of the revolution, which the Napoleonic wars had merely been able to hold down by sheer brute force without conquering it entirely. Secret societies, the off-shoots of those which had been nurtured by the great revolution, were secretly undermining Italy and France, and strove to drive the hated Austrians from Northern Italy.

Thus it happened that Pius VII saw himself compelled, during the last years of his Pontificate, to fight the sect of the *Carbonari* and other secret societies. His successor, Leo XII, too, had soon after the joyful Jubilee of 1825 to raise his voice against these same secret societies, which not only threatened the repose of Italy but also the existence and welfare of other countries.

Through the machinations of the revolutionists operating in darkness and secrecy the government administration of the States of the Church became a heavy burden and care for their ruler. Leo XII, however, was not to be daunted. He put order to the affairs of his lands by promulgating many excellent laws, and directed his special attention to matters of education. He promoted the public schools, improved the universities of Bologna and Rome, reestablished the Roman College under the direction of the Jesuits, patronized the Irish and German Colleges, personally visited monasteries, convents and all kinds of charitable institutions and spurred them on to fruitful labors, in the spirit and according to the intentions of their founders.

With equal care and assiduity he watched over the reestablishment and organization of ecclesiastical life in various other countries of Europe and warned the world against the false philosophy of the time, particularly materialism as the herald and source of the new reign of Anti-Christ, which threatened true culture.

In the same spirit did Pius VIII continue the labors of the Supreme Pastor of mankind during his Pontificate of only one year's duration. But the worldly wise and powerful little heeded the words of the Popes. Out of remnants of Protestant church views, Napoleonic coercive rules and Josephinian, Febronian and Gallican ideas they forged together an ecclesiastical law, which in its essence Cesaro-Papistic, was intended to defend the illusive *iura circa sacra* as the most exalted crown jewel of worldly sovereignty against "ambitious priests." The smaller and more insignificant the states, the more inflated and self-sufficient their ministers; and by means of the *placitum regium* on a pastoral letter, they imagined themselves raised to the dignity of gods as it were, whilst in the struggle against revolutionary subversion they made a characteristic exhibition of their own human weakness, ignorance and folly. This was the reason for the fact that gradually new heads grew out of the old revolutionary hydra, not so fearful indeed as those of forty years before, but still genuine and true dragon heads vomiting forth fury, fire and ruin, whilst everywhere the wild strains of "liberty" resounded from the lips of raving Corybants.

III.

Thus it happened that Europe stood before it knew it, face to face with the revolution of July, 1830. After a few impotent convulsions, the legitimate kingdom of France succumbed and yielded its place to a bourgeois-kingdom by the grace of the populace. Switzerland swept away what still reminded her of the old aristocratic government, and became

a field for experiments as well as the trysting and meeting place of the revolutionary propaganda of Europe. The other nations escaped for the moment the subversive wave, but everywhere there appeared symptoms of a new fermentation, fed by the governments themselves. Not to allow the Jesuits to raise their heads and to keep down or entirely ignore the just claims of the *Curia*, *i. e.* to cramp the freedom and independence of the Church as far as ever possible, was still considered to be the acme of political wisdom.

Meanwhile modern culture, or at least what went by that name, pursued a course entirely favorable to the principles of revolution. Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* destroyed all the fundamental principles of philosophy, and consequently also the premises of and conditions for a science of theology. Fichte continued these nebulous dreams and fancies by raising his own pantheistic *ego* to the dignity of the Godhead, whilst Schelling was busy digging up the old phantasmagorias of the Gnostics and Hegel discovered in the State the highest immanent revelation of the divine being. A host of minor *gods* strove to popularize the obscure systems of the greater *gods* for the use of students and the people at large, and setting aside their monstrous terminology, did all they could to inculcate the habit of *free thought* so agreeable to the enemies of Christ. All religions were represented as so many necessary phases in an evolutionary process, which dictum robbed the Christian revelation of its most important elements *i. e.* exclusive truth, certainty, divinity and responsibility. Protestant theology became in an ever increasing degree the battleground for mere personal caprice and arbitrary ideas. Thus, while Schleiermacher still had endeavored to weave around unbelief the sentimental veil of pious cant, Strauss did not shrink from openly and brutally tearing down that veil by flatly denying the divinity of Christ and drawing the consequences of non-Christianity *i. e.* of gross materialism.

In the field of literature, the religious and patriotic strains of the Romantic School continued even long after Heine, its mocking bird, had caricatured it with his characteristic sarcastic frivolity. *Goethe*, then an old man, once the master and idol of the Romantic poets, had long turned from them and from the Middle Ages that frightened him and retreated into the realm of his beloved pagan gods. It is no mere accident then that to-day the whole horde of the foes of Christ proclaim his *Faust* the quintessence of his life and work, as the gospel of the modern world.

The motley amalgamation of Paganism and Christianity, Humanism and Romanticism, Pantheism and of Catholic as well as Protestant reminiscences offered by the Poem, has consciously or unconsciously become the religion and cosmic philosophy of those people of culture, who, though they have long ago thrown overboard the principles and dogmas of positive Christianity, still claim to be Christians. Hosts of poets eagerly strove to imitate the example of *Faust* in their works, and that of *Goethe* in their lives; but the spirit of the time was little in favor of poetry. From across the Rhine resounded the strains of the *Marseillaise* and the bards of Germany intoned the *Ça ira*, while chanting about the chains of humanity in all kinds of rhymes and meters.

Many of these errors penetrated deeply even Catholic circles. *Hermes* and *Guenther* strove to infuse into Catholic dogmatic doctrine a more profound spirit of science by introducing the rationalistic ideas of German philosophers, while *Lamennais* tried to bridge over the gulf that yawns between the Catholic *Credo* and French free-thought. *Wessenberg* and his adherents represented the offspring of the Josephinistic State Church, whose delusive ideas they transmitted to the rising generation. Many of those who did not rise to the lofty spheres of philosophy and jurisprudence, endeavored to make a compromise and live at peace with existing conditions,

and thus permitted the enemies of the Church to oppress her teachers and trample on her rights. Among the clergy even, men were found as high as the episcopate, who followed such an erroneous course of pacification, in return for which they earned high praise from the foes of the Church and the support of the civil powers.

Suddenly there crashed like a thunderbolt into the stifling atmosphere of a false peace the *Cologne affair*, i.e., the attempt of the Prussian government to humiliate the Church after the style and pattern of Napoleonic procedure and to debase her to a mere servant of the state. It was a reproduction in miniature of the spectacle offered to the world during the struggle between Pius VII and Napoleon. As then, so now, but with a far keener insight, Joseph von Goerres rose as the speaker in the name of offended justice. The effect was truly great. The whole Catholic population of Germany was roused from its slumber and entered a vigorous protest against that brutal act of violence; people felt the need of recommending their interests to God with prayers and patient resignation, but also of acting and fighting for them in the press, in the forum, in fact, all over the broad field of public life. Hundreds of thousands publicly attested their faith during the pilgrimage to Trèves, thus repudiating the ominous disbelief which, under the glittering garb of science, declared that everything supernatural was a vain fairy tale. Nor was this a passing flash from a fire of stubble blazing only for the moment; in all spheres and among all classes, a new and vigorous Catholic life shone forth, full of promise and hopes. At the head of the episcopate stood a man—Geissel—who, with a wise, firm and dauntless hand, guided this fresh stream of life into the right channel.

The conference of bishops at Würzburg not only gloriously personified the renaissance of the Church in Germany as an eloquent offset to the notorious

“Ems Punctuation,” but also drew up an important and fruitful program for its further development.

In other countries, too, Catholic life gained ground, struck deeper roots and produced more abundant fruit. Gregory XVI who, as *Mauro Capellari*, had depicted the spiritual “Triumph of the Papacy,” added to it during his pontificate many new laurels. Threatened in his states by the revolution, more obstructed and disturbed than substantially supported by the powers, he was unable to suppress and stop the undermining work of destruction carried on by the secret societies. When, in terms of exhortation and warning he pointed to the real focus of the evil, he received in reply the intention of the powers to interfere in his government and to force upon him what they called “Timely Reforms.”

Soon after his death arose the storm which he had predicted and which statesmen had thought to conjure with delusive palliatives. In Switzerland, the Catholic cantons, the true cradle of Swiss liberty were forcibly subjugated by a Protestant radical majority. The French kingdom, by the grace of the populace, was swept away by those from whose ranks it had risen. In discouragement, Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, divested himself of his sceptre, while the King of Prussia was coerced into granting a constitution. All thrones began to totter, all existing conditions and institutions were subverted. Pius IX, whom the “heroes of liberty,” had erstwhile fêted as a liberal “Reform Pope,” had to leave Rome as a fugitive. The Carbonari ruled in the Capitol.

But the revolution of 1848, found Catholics in better condition than they were on the eve of the great French revolution. Pope, Cardinals and the Episcopate thoroughly understood, and were equal to their task. The Church had inwardly grown stronger, and was able to offer the governments a strong helping hand to save authority and order from

the general shipwreck. At the same time, she found opportunity and able leaders to demand, and in part obtain for herself the freedom, so long withheld from her.

IV.

With the return of Pope Pius IX from Gaeta, on April 12, 1850, began for the Church of the Nineteenth Century, its second, brighter half, a time of consolation and blessing. True, even now, the clouds did not all vanish from the horizon. Even this grand pontificate did not lack the stigma of the Cross. The Carbonari, driven from Rome, did not give up their hope of finally and entirely overthrowing the Papacy. Their plans and intentions found many sympathizers in the Protestant countries of the North of Europe and among the foes of the Church in all countries, whilst the dream-vision of a united and greater Italy filled thousands in the Appennine Peninsula with ardent longing, and enticed them into fresh conspiracies against the newly established order. England celebrated the highwayman, Garibaldi, as a secular hero. The new Napoleonic empire, which officially had engaged itself to protect the Pope, secretly allied itself with the ambitious house of Sardinia, in order to realize the favorite dream of liberal Italy. After long and disgraceful machinations, the Pope was robbed, first of the Legations, then of Umbria and the Marches, and finally Rome herself was made the capital of the new kingdom. Before this sacrilegious robbery was fully committed, the Pope had time to display an activity in the direction and administration of the Church, which makes his Pontificate one of the most glorious in her history.

England and Holland which, by the heresy of Protestantism, had become *mission* countries, again entered into the full hierarchic bond of the Church. In North America and Australia the number of Catholics increased to such a degree that their hierarchic organization

had to be expanded. In all the five continents, new Metropolitan and Episcopal Sees and Apostolic Vicariates were founded. In various countries Provincial and Diocesan Synods, great National Councils in North America and Ireland, infused new vigor into the life of the Church. The seminaries at Rome flourished most satisfactorily, whilst new ones were established for North and South America.

Numerous Concordats and Conventions served to regulate ecclesiastic and political affairs in the different states, and if many of them were only incompletely or not at all enacted, they, nevertheless, resulted in an assertion and, in most cases, a real furtherance of ecclesiastical rights. Numerous acts of beatification and canonization, celebrated with dignified pomp, reminded the contemporaries of the exaltation of Christian sanctity and its realization by members of that Church, which, throughout all centuries has testified to the Communion of Saints in word and deed. In Rome, as well as in the most prominent Metropolitan Sees of Christendom, the College of Cardinals was represented by men who, by the sanctity of their lives, their scientific culture and their character commanded the highest respect even outside the Church. The episcopate enjoyed everywhere the same respect. The religious orders flourished everywhere, in spite of hostility and calumny. Ecclesiastical science threw aside the impure elements which, during the times of illuminism, had pervaded it. On the firm basis which by-gone ages had given to Philosophy and Theology, all branches of modern science received earnest and fruitful attention. But against the general errors of the time, especially those which resulted from the endeavor to adulterate the simple truth with pagan views or obsolete heresies, anti-Christian theories, false philosophical systems and state doctrines, long condemned errors of all kinds, by concessions great or small, by apologetic pretext and petti-

fogging sophistry, or compromises of indifferentism, the great Pope was ever inflexible and relentless. There is scarcely an act of Pius IX that moved the contemporary world more deeply and roused a more violent opposition than the celebrated Syllabus, *i.e.*, an index of all those theories and doctrines, which the last few Popes had already condemned as erroneous—a catalogue which contained, so to speak, a list of the sins of liberalism.

This mirror of the time, established by the highest authority in matters of ecclesiastical teaching, will remain for all times a valuable document for the history of the century. Each of its paragraphs must be compared with and understood in a sense of the various writings, to which they refer. If confronted and accepted in such terms they give a true and faithful picture of all the false philosophy, to which the century had surrendered itself under the enticing motto of "light, liberty and progress," a clear orientation in fact concerning the causes, from which the ever restless subversions and disturbances of the peace of the time, the misfortunes of states, the retrogression of science and pessimistic tendencies of the last decades of the century have arisen. One would have to search in vain among these paragraphs to find *one* condemning the tremendous progress of natural sciences or of historic research, the great discoveries of modern times and all acquisitions, really and truly in compliance with divine and human rights. The condemning sentence does not concern a single law of Physics or Chemistry, not one of the facts really observed by Darwin or other naturalists, no true rendering of an ancient manuscript, no well attested fact of history; it only attains the doctrines and hypotheses, which, without any convincing proof, yea, in most cases in open antagonism with proved facts, try to separate life and knowledge from their highest source, God or his revelation.

The frivolous and arbitrary game which the spirit of revolt had played through-

out the whole century with every divine and human authority, makes it appear as a truly providential inspiration that the Pope, engaged in the great struggle of ideas, gathered around him an Ecumenic Council in order to endow with universal and emphatic approval the decisions already rendered, to issue new ones in accordance with the needs of the time as well as to regulate most important ecclesiastical questions on a firm and broad basis.

The Vatican Council, summoned Dec. 8th, 1869, at Rome, under the patronage of the immaculately conceived Mother of God, became, therefore, the most eventful and important event of the century, the greatest congregation in fact, which the world had ever seen. Never, in any council before, had there been gathered, to such an extent, all the peoples of the earth, the entire hierarchy, ecclesiastical piety, wisdom, authority, statesmanship and science.

The Catholic Church stood there as the visible Church of the World contrasted with Protestantism, split up in sects, youthful and vigorous as compared with the petrified schism of Cesaro-Papism and full of freedom and wondrous faithfulness in opposition to the unbelief and neo-paganism of the time. As the proclaimer of the Apostolic doctrine, borne by St. Paul to Athens, by St. Peter to Rome, the Church appeared before the heathen nations of Asia and Africa as the divinely appointed and grand plenipotentiary of Christian Missionary activity in all countries and zones. Statesmanship and science, inimical to the Church, united their efforts to disturb or, if possible, to destroy the great work of the Council. But their efforts were in vain. The true foundations of Christianity, the dogma of faith and of the Church were clearly defined in a series of decrees, which made it impossible for the anti-Christian philosophy to intrude into the sanctuary of the Church under the pretense of its superiority as a Cosmic philosophy and which forever

dismissed from the threshold of the Church of Christ the *State Church* of the Febronians, Gallicans and Josephinians. Conceived with wonderful clearness and depth, these decrees showed, at the same time, the lofty unity, firmness, consistency, harmony and beauty of ecclesiastical organization, the agreement of her demands with the claims of reason, the incalculable value of revelation in the chaotic clash of human errors and mutually hostile systems.

V.

A cry of indignation and revenge resounded throughout the world wherever liberalism was master. In every country the Vatican decrees were denounced as an unheard of attack on the state and modern culture. Everywhere the Church was anathematized. The enemies of the Church thought that a schism on a greater scale would avenge offended "civilization" on the Council. The Italians entered Rome through a breach of the Porta Pia, and the King of Sardinia took possession of the Quirinal. Gladstone raised his voice against the Vatican decrees. The anarchy then prevailing in France made it impossible for Catholics to do anything for the protection of the threatened Papacy. The new German empire, founded with the blood and life of thousands of brave Catholic soldiers, constituted itself as the executioner of the interdict which liberalism had pronounced against the Catholic Church in the name of German science. Intoxicated and unscrupulous, like the first Napoleon, the Iron Chancellor, supported by a national, liberal majority of the diet, began that woeful *Culturkampf*, which was to break the life and strength of Catholics and, if possible, to unite them with the Protestants in a National Church, dependent on the State.

But that statesman, usually so keensighted had, for once, made a fatal mistake. He had credited the so-called "Old Catholicism" as well as a boast-

ful science and culture with too much importance. He had underrated the moral strength of faith, the loyalty and perseverance of the Catholic people, the ecclesiastic spirit of the clergy, the willingness of the Episcopate to sacrifice itself, in short the power of supernatural life. But, most of all, he had deceived himself as to the imaginary danger for the state to be found in the "new dogma" of the infallibility of the Pope, and ecclesiastical doctrines and organization. True, some vain professors had suffered shipwreck on the decrees of the Council, not, however, because they had stood up for the truth, but because they meant to rule the church by their own private opinions. The new German empire had no danger to fear from the Catholic Church, neither before nor after the Council.

The danger lay in quite a different quarter.

The liberal "*bourgeoisie*" had dreamed of arranging the empire as an earthly paradise for themselves, from which all priests should be banished and in which the working classes of the people should be compelled to be their slaves. In learned congregations it was openly proclaimed that the higher philosophy without God or Christianity was the privilege of the upper ten thousand, while the people had to be left to their old religious ideas, in order that they might not become dissatisfied and rebellious. Modern wisdom, however, was not to be confined within the so-called cultured circles; it descended under popular forms, to the people. As far back as the thirties and forties communistic theories had served to advance the revolutionary movement. Students and workingmen were laboring together to erect barricades. In the second half of the century, socialism had not only been worked out in elaborate scientific systems, which could, with full right, refer to the dogmas of liberal philosophy, but, with perfect consistency and consequence, developed these

ideas for everybody, without regard either for class or position. In all countries the labor movement was practically organized. Socialism became a new power, and entered as such into Parliaments and there, impudently and threateningly, disputed the claim of future predominance over the people.

In the Catholic Church, which administers the same sacraments and teaches the same dogma to kings and beggars, workingmen and masters, to the millionaire and the pauper alike, the social movement found at first the regard it deserved, *i.e.*, the clearest challenge to its principles, not by any attempt at violent suppression, but by a mild, reasonable and thorough cure of the evil in its roots. She protected the workingmen from oppression and unscrupulous exploitation, but, at the same time, she defended authority and property against anarchistical greed, she preached to all the gospel of love and justice, of the cross and self denial, in fact the reign of Christ which softens and sanctifies the difference of class and caste here below and grants full blessedness only in heaven.

Prince *Bismarck*, a titan of strength, a hero in the sense of the seigniorial morality as propounded by *Nietzsche*, tried at first to crush socialism with measures of brute force he had applied against the Catholic Church. He did not succeed. On all sides there arose economical, social and political difficulties. The leadership in the world's political affairs, which seemed to rest in his hands since Germany's victory over France was more and more endangered by British predominance at sea and the ever increasing influence of Russia.

Bismarck was high-minded enough to acknowledge openly, the great political mistake, which he had made regarding the Catholic Church and partly, at least, to correct it. Pope Leo XIII, who succeeded Pius IX in the Apostolic See February 20, 1878, offered the hand of peace, and the worst laws of the times of the *Culturkampf* were repealed.

What since happened is still in everybody's memory. The pontificate of Leo XIII has been no less great and beneficent than that of Pius IX. It, too, commands the silent admiration even of those standing outside the Church. "The Roman Catholic Church," wrote a Swedish Protestant on the occasion of the Papal Jubilee, in 1889, "is the oldest of all monarchies in the world, and it is destined to outlive all monarchies and republics. Though ancient, it is still not old . . . Socialism it is so little afraid of, that it has even dared to enter into formal disputation with its leaders. . . . If no other power on earth, the Church of Rome will be able to vanquish Socialism and Anarchy. The surging and roaring waves of our century, which have shattered so many political and social edifices apparently destined to stand for thousands of years, are broken at the foot of the throne, from whose height the Successor of St. Peter is looking out over the world and directs the events of the times. The complicated events of the last decade prove Lord Macaulay's famous prophecy, that the Catholic Church will exist in unshaken firmness and power, even in distant times, when a traveller from New Zealand, seated amid ruins, will look from a broken arch of London Bridge across to the ruins of St. Paul's.

It is a favorite idea of Protestants and unbelievers that the Catholic Church would sooner or later have to give way to "science." But this idea is based on the erroneous assumption, that revealed truth, which emanates from God, could ever be in contradiction with natural truth, which is no less based on God. It is clearly attested by history, not only that the Church gave throughout all the centuries her greatest support to secular sciences, but also that her condemnation of religious errors was of the greatest advantage to science. In this respect nothing has been changed under the pontificate of Leo XIII. He reviewed philosophical and theological studies on the broadest scale, showed a warm interest

in natural science and all modern inventions, opened to historic research the treasures of the Vatican collections with greatest generosity and continually strove to support and raise the scientific and literary activity of Catholics. He never showed any aversion to or fear of science. Under the title of, "The Intellectual future of Catholicism," a Protestant Englishman, W. H. Mallock, writing in *The Nineteenth Century*, November 1900, has carefully analyzed the imaginary antagonism between Church and science, and arrived at the following result :

"If the Christian religion holds its own at all in the face of secular knowledge, it is the Christian religion as embodied in the Church of Rome, and not in any form of Protestantism, that will survive in the intellectual contest."

Just "as Rome has absorbed Platonism in the Fourth Gospel, and in the doctrine of the Trinity, and has absorbed Aristotelianism in the doctrine of Christ's real presence in the Eucharist, so we may naturally expect that it will, in its theory of its own nature, absorb some day the main ideas of that evolutionary philosophy which many people imagined destined to accomplish its destruction."

True, the Papacy has not been able, within the last two decades, to unfold its full activity for the benefit of mankind. The so-called Roman question has remained unsolved. The great powers did not dare to touch it, *i.e.*, to give back to the Pope the possessions and rights of which modern Italy has robbed him, and which he has never ceased to reclaim. In many countries the activity of the Church is still hampered by annoying fetters, her rights are curtailed and her salutary influence is thwarted. Every year, almost, has inflicted upon the Church new and painful wounds. This Cross, however, has but served to bring forth new, purifying, strengthening and vivifying fruits. The struggle has steeled the forces, eliminated antagonistic elements and strengthened and raised her inner life.

The Pope has taken part in all great questions and events of the time, and his voice found an approving echo far beyond the fold of the Church. His encyclical on socialism was everywhere hailed as the most extensive and profound program issued to solve the social question. His utterances concerning the state and Christian philosophy have commanded the highest respect even from non-Catholic thinkers. Many questions, in which the syllabus had only drawn a negative line of demarcation to repel the errors, were so lucidly and profoundly expounded on a positive basis in the encyclical that the Pope's wisdom, moderation and charity has found recognition and admiration even in the camp of the adversary.

At the same time, the missionary activity and hierarchic organization of the Church has reached to an extent hitherto unparalleled. The hierarchy was reestablished in Scotland, and extended in England, Asia Minor, Canada, the United States, Africa and Australia : it obtained representatives in the college of Cardinals. Papal Legates travelled in India and South America. Hither India and Australia are at this moment well organized provinces of the Church, having regulated their ecclesiastical affairs by means of councils and synods. Higher schools in the Turkish Orient, India and China unite missionary activity with the study of ancient languages and literatures. A host of younger Congregations has been added to the older Missionary Orders and eagerly compete with them in the diffusion of Christian faith and civilization. Numerous conversions in Scandinavia, Germany, but especially *England* and *America*, have once more proved the old attractive force of the Church on noble and deeply religious minds. The ritualistic movement reveals an intense nostalgia, which draws hearts towards an entire and full possession of Christianity. A truly wonderful spectacle is offered by the Catholic charity in her

innumerable Orders and Congregations, Sodalities, Monasteries and Convents, Asylums, Hospitals, and all kinds of works of spiritual and corporal charity which relieve every sort of need and distress in an inexhaustible, ingenious and active spirit of love. This most lovely gem of Christian brotherhood is surrounded by a circle of innumerable societies, in which religious contemplation and prayer, education and science, art and noble fellowship, industry and the social question, the press and politics find their adequate representation. Yet all this wonderful activity moves onward, not in chaotic and mutually intersecting and disturbing lines; notwithstanding all freedom and independence it is firmly held together in a glorious and harmonious unity by the spirit of obedience to the Church, finding in her organization its model and its firm support. Even national differences are softened and bridged over by this truly Catholic love; whenever great Catholic interests are at stake, Catholics of all countries gather like one man around their common Pastor and Father.

Thus the dying century presents, notwithstanding its dark sides, a constant growth of the Church, a powerful development of her life and a grand expansion of her influence. We have all cause to look back on it with fervent thanks to God—to look forward to the coming century with joy and confidence. From the rampart of the Vatican we are guided by the blessing of that august and venerable Priest who saw the last years of Pius VII, went through all the struggles and storms of the Church during the last sixty years and who has united his name forever with the memory of this century. With a golden hammer he opened last year the golden gate of the Jubilee and dispenses at the beginning of the new century the Church's most bountiful treasures of grace.

But he himself points to a One higher than himself, whose Vicar he is on earth, *i.e.*, the Divine Redeemer with his heart full of love and grace, bidding all mankind seek and follow Him as the Way, the Truth and the Life.

—*Stimmen aus Maria-Laach.*

THE NEW CENTURY FOR CHRIST.*

THE XX Century opens under most favorable auspices. As the bells sound the midnight that divides the old year from the new, the world is summoned to gaze upon a solemnity imposing alike to angels and to men. At that hour the Venerable Vicar of Christ, mounting the world's central altar of God, offers the sacrifice which blends together heaven and earth, and, transcending all time, links century with century, making all who unite in the offering one with the people of every age. In obedience to the call of the Chief Pastor, over 1,200 Bishops, whom the Holy Ghost has appointed to rule the Church of God, are offering the self-same sacrifice all over the earth, fully 100,000 priests are going up to the altar of God, fully 200,000,000 faithful souls are uniting with them actually or in spirit, making in every place this clean oblation.

How like the vision of the Apocalypse: "After this I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes, and peoples and tongues: standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands: And they cried with a loud voice, saying: Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and the ancients, and the four living creatures: and they fell down before the throne upon their faces, and adored God, saying: Amen. Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor, and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever, Amen." (1)

Outside, alas! still many more millions are celebrating the dawn of the new century in a carnival of noise, excitement, self-complacency and glorification, pleas-

ure, infatuation, and delusive forecasts of human triumphs still to be achieved. Yet above all the din and confusion rises the cry of that multitude before the throne, sounding aloud in magnificence and power, like the voice of the Lamb it is worshipping. Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb! Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor and power and strength to our God for ever and ever, Amen! If we are alive, and enjoying in peace the fruits of human industry; if we take delight in praising the glorious deeds of men and their progress in science; if we are grateful for living to see the day when human energy and perseverance can control and direct for man's benefit the most subtle forces of nature: then, "not to us, O Lord, not to us: but to thy name give glory." (2)

The spectacle of the midnight Mass at the dawn of the new century, the priest, the altar, the lights, the music, the incense, and the faithful assisting assembled in spacious cathedral, in wayside station or convent chapel makes the Catholic mind and heart instinctively go back to the first days of the Christian era, to the solemn services held under cover of night in the gloomy catacombs, to the solemn rites offered under the open sky by apostles and pioneer missionaries of every age, to the sacred mysteries stealthily performed in days of persecution in hidden crypt and in ruined abbey; and ever and always it is the same, the altar, the priest, the people, because all are made one in the Victim sacrificed, Jesus Christ, yesterday, to-day—the same forever. (3) The memories raised by the retrospect of the centuries since all things were re-established in Christ, set the Catholic mind

(1) vii, 9—12.

*The object of our prayers designated by the Holy Father for January.

(2) Psalm, 113, 1. (3) Hebrews 13, 8.

piously speculating on Christ's reign in the hearts of men during the century now opening.

The world belongs to Christ, and it is His for all time. The Only begotten of the Father, having the same substance with Him, and being the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance, He has necessarily everything in common with the Father, and therefore sovereign and everlasting power over all things. "I will give Thee," is the covenant of the Father, "the Gentiles for thy inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession." (1) And by his own acknowledgment of the covenant: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." (2) He reigns by acquired as well as by natural right. He has acquired the right to rule over us, by redeeming us, by saving us from the powers of darkness, by purchasing us with His precious Blood. He is "the king of ages, immortal, invisible." (3) To Him it is said: Thy Throne, O God, is forever and ever: a sceptre of justice is the sceptre of thy kingdom. . . . Thou in the beginning, O, Lord, didst found the earth: and the works of thy hands are the heavens. They shall perish, but thou shalt continue, and they shall all grow old as a garment. And as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed, but thou art the self-same and thy years shall not change. (4)

To Christ we owe all that is worth living for in our present civilization, without Him there could be no comfort, no security in the blessings of nature, with Him they all work together for our good. How Christ introduced His era by making all things new is told in such luminous terms by the Holy Father in his Encyclical on the Divine Redeemer, that we cannot forbear to quote it here: "Jesus having blotted out the handwriting which was contrary to us, fas-

tening it to the Cross, the wrath of Heaven was immediately appeased; the disordered and erring race of man had the bonds of their ancient slavery loosed, the mind of God reconciled to them, grace restored, the way to eternal happiness opened, and the title to possess and the means to attain it both given back. Then, as though awakened from a long and deadly lethargy, man beheld the light of truth so long desired, but for generations sought in vain; he recognized, in particular, that he was born for much higher and more splendid things than the frail and fleeting objects of sense, to which he had formerly confined his thoughts and anxieties, and that this was in fine the constitution and supreme law of human life, the end, as it were, to which all must be referred, that as we came from God so we might one day return to Him. From this beginning and on this foundation consciousness of human dignity was restored and lived again; the sense of a common brotherhood took possession of men's hearts; their rights and duties in consequence were discovered or perfected, and virtues beyond the imagination or conception of ancient philosophy sprang up everywhere. So men's projects, manner of life, and character changed, and the knowledge of the Redeemer having spread far and wide, and His power having penetrated into the very life-blood of nations, expelling their ignorance and former vices, a marvellous transformation supervened, which, originating in Christian civilization, utterly changed the face of the earth."

The age has need of Christ. There are men who would fain retain the benefits of the civilization which was introduced with His era, but combine them with the licentiousness of pagan times. They would, forsooth, have men respect their rights, minister to their gratification and let them live in security of life and property, while pagan-like they care to admit no law of obedience, of self-restraint, nor of regard for a neighbor's

(1) Psalm 2.

(2) Matthew 28, 18.

(3) 1 Timothy 1, 17.

(4) Hebrews 1, 8.

well being or good fortune. We need Christ to rebuke the spirit of individualism run riot, in sectarianism and socialism, no one willing to obey and all growing daily less capable of mastering their own passions, not to speak of leading others. We need Him to cry out : "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," (1) in face of the nameless evils with which divorce is deluging the world. We need sadly His : "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me," to save them from a system of education which is gradually setting Him aside, or at most suffering mention of Him as one of the heroic characters of history. We need His : "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me," (2) for all who, in the words of the Encyclical just quoted, "dream of, and would evidently prefer to have, some discipline of thought and act, but with principles less rigorous and more indulgent to human nature, requiring from us little or no endurance." We need to hear Him again teaching as one having authority, and charging His apostles : "He that heareth you, heareth me," (3) to remind an age which despises dogmatic teaching in religion, that His purpose is to "bring into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ." (4)

Finally, Christ is needed to save the world from the spirit of lawlessness which seems to have seized on individuals and nations alike, as Leo XIII well says :

"In such strife of passions, in such perilous crises, we must either look for utter ruin, or some effective remedy must be found without loss of time. To restrain evil-doers, to make people civilized, to deter them from committing crimes by legislative intervention, is right and necessary ; but that is by

no means all. The healing of the nations goes deeper ; a mightier influence must be invoked than human endeavor, one that may touch the conscience and re-awaken the sense of duty, the same influence that has once already delivered from destruction a world oppressed with far greater evils."

Let the New Century be Christ's, and all things will be re-established anew in Him. To quote the admirable Encyclical once more :

"Do away with the obstacles to the spirit of Christianity ; revive and make it strong in the state, and the state will be recreated. The strife between high and low will at once be appeased, and each will observe with mutual respect the rights of the other. If they listen to Christ, the prosperous and the unfortunate will both alike remember their duty ; the one will feel that they must keep justice and charity, if they would be saved, the other that they must show temperance and moderation. Domestic society will have been placed on the best footing under a salutary fear of the divine commands and prohibitions ; and so likewise in communities at large, the suggestions of nature itself will prevail, which tell us that it is right to respect lawful authority, and to obey the laws, to do no seditious act nor contrive anything by unlawful association. Thus when Christian law prevails without impediment put in its way, then it results naturally and without effort that the order of society is maintained as constituted by Divine Providence, and then prosperity flourishes along with security. The general safety demands that we should be brought back to Him from whom we ought never to have departed, to Him who is the way, the truth and the life, not as individuals merely, but human society as a whole. Christ our Lord must be reinstated in the possession of human society, which belongs to him, and all the members, all the elements of the commonwealth ; legal commands and prohibitions, popular in-

(1) Matthew 19, 6.

(2) Luke 9, 23.

(3) Luke 10, 16.

(4) 2 Corinthians 10, 5.

stitutions, schools, marriage, home-life, the workshop, and the palace, all must be made to drink of the life that comes from Him. No one should fail to see that on this greatly depends the civilization of nations, which is so eagerly sought, and which is increased and nourished, not so much by bodily comforts and conveniences, as to what belongs to the soul, praiseworthy conduct and the cultivation of virtue."

Is it vain to hope that Christ may still be called, in the words of Isaias, the Father of the age to come? Shall we hear repeated the forlorn "we had hoped" of the disciples on the road to Emmaus? Are we disheartened at the thought of the lawlessness, the deceit, disorder of every kind, the hypocrisy and legalized rapine of men in high places? Are we fearful of the prejudice and persecution which is ever our portion and our best assurance that we are Christ's as Christ is God's? Are we cast down for thinking more of the opposition to our faith than of its triumphs? Then arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem; for thy light is come and the glory of God is risen upon thee. For behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light and kings in the brightness of thy rising." The prophecy is verified again in our day. Darkness has come over the earth, as we can gather from the note of despair with which the spokesmen of the once boastful nineteenth century sound the death knell of the age of doubt and agnosticism which they strove to introduce. The sects are groping about in the mists of human conceit. The people of God behold the Gentiles walking in their light: why then be fearful, O ye of little faith? If we would know what is possible in the coming century, we need but review the glorious history of the Church in the

century just past, and instead of despairing of making the new century Christian, first ask ourselves honestly what we are doing to make it so.

As we kneel before Christ on the altar the first day of the twentieth century, we cannot do better than read and reflect on the words with which the Holy Father closes his Encyclical.

"Most men are estranged from Jesus Christ rather through ignorance than perversity; for there are many to study man and the universe around him with all earnestness, but very few to study the Son of God. Let it be the first thing, then, to dispel the ignorance by knowledge, so that He may not be despised or rejected as unknown. We call upon Christians everywhere to labor diligently to the utmost of their power to know their Redeemer. Any one who regards Him with a sincere and candid mind, will clearly perceive that nothing can be more health-giving than His law, or more divine than his doctrine. In this, your authority and co-operation, Venerable Brethren, will marvellously assist, as will also the zeal and assiduity of the clergy at large. Think it the chief part of your duty to engrave in the hearts of every people a true knowledge and, We might almost say, image, of Jesus Christ; and to illustrate in your letters, your speech, your schools and colleges, your public assemblies, whenever occasion serves, His charity, His benefits and institutions. About the "rights of man," as they are called, the multitude has heard enough; it is time they should hear about the rights of God. That the present is a suitable time, is shown by the good impulses which have already, as We have said, been awakened in many, and in particular by the many evidences of piety which have been shown to the Redeemer, a piety which, if it please God, we shall hand down to the next century with the promise of a better age."



EDITORIAL.

A FREETHINKER ON JESUITS AND FREEMASONS.

The freethinker is Mr. William Vogt, son of the free-thinking—some say atheist—Karl Vogt; and the scene is at Geneva. And the strangest thing of all is that the old Calvinistic stronghold lends its liberal ear.

Mr. Vogt had a hit at the Jesuits, too. But he made a distinction as to their line of action and that of the lodges; and of the two, he said, he would rather be a Jesuit than a Free-mason.

The *Courrier de Genève* gives the sum of Mr. Vogt's two addresses. He emphasizes, amongst other misdeeds of the Swiss Free-masons, those which occurred in the administration of official positions, the consequences of which fall upon the mass of the tax-payers. He roundly asserted that the only way the fraternity practised philanthropy was by wasting the public revenue. The aid which they give one another explains "the incalculable number" of unjust exemptions which are found in every domain of national activity at Geneva. There is not, he says, a merchant, not an artisan, not any free citizen, whose interests are not contravened by this secret society. Masonic co-operation is met in the commercial schools, in the secondary schools for girls, in the colleges. It is visible in the nomination of regents, and of every functionary of the state. The least capable and the most pretentious are selected. Mr. Vogt had come across a speech of Mr. Cuenoud, former director of the Central Police office and ex-Grand Master of Switzerland. This gentleman

acknowledged that his Masonic functions were for him a daily labor, but that, on the other hand, they gave him the pleasure of doing many services to his Masonic brethren, for "the Magistrate remembered he was a Free-mason; and the Free-mason, that he was a Magistrate." Very nicely put, but what about the tax-payers?

GERMAN CATHOLIC LABOR UNIONS.

The *Volksverein*, or "People's Association," the last creation of the great Windhorst, aims not only at grouping the Catholic societies together for greater strength and power of action, but also at providing them with the means, and specially with the intellectual means, of religious and political propaganda. One of the latest developments is the "popular university," with its "practical course of social lectures." These are given each year in different centres, priests and people frequenting them. The "professors," are men of experience, and the result of their work is the unparalleled social, and we may add, scientific action of the German Catholic societies. These number at present, about 180,000 members. So large an army awakened the socialists, who strove as hard as they could to get control of the labor unions, whence politics and religion were excluded. At first, the presence of priests was tolerated, then removed.

Hence it is that the watchful Episcopate, in their annual conference at Fulda, devoted their whole attention to the labor question. They insist upon a re-

ligious basis, wisely remembering the teaching of Pope Leo (*Rerum Novarum*) that no agreement, no peace, is possible between class and class, unless Christ be the bond. The Bishops, therefore, affirm that labor unions must be based upon religion and be sanctified by it. They point out, moreover, the ways and means of healthy formation and action. The subjects of instruction for the Associations are social questions, legislation, salaries, health. It is strongly urged that professional men, especially doctors and lawyers, be induced to take part in the popular lectures, and that men able to speak be selected from amongst workingmen themselves. Besides, there should be Associations for mutual help, for the time of sickness, lack of employment, accidents, death, as well as other co-operative unions. The Bishops go a step further, and recommend the formation of circles of workingmen of the same trade and interests, in order that they might consult together as to the objects to be aimed at and the best means of success. This last suggestion has been praised very highly because it proposes a plan to counter balance socialist advantages.

It is predicted that the projects recently drawn up under the guidance of the Bishops will entirely transform the associations of German Catholic workingmen. Everything will be more practical and beneficial, notably in the general formation of mutual benefit organizations.

The labor field is the battlefield of our time, and the socialist movement must not leave behind the great Church whose preeminent feature is charity, not simply as an inward feeling or as a source of individual action; but social charity, the leavening of the social mass with the principles of Christianity. The Catholic Church is the only organization that has ever succeeded in doing that, almost the only one that ever aspired to it.

✓ FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

Under the heading "Our Protestants," the *Univers* reviews a work published in

1898, by M. Stapfer, Dean of the Faculty of Literature, at Bordeaux. The book is entitled, "Bossuet and Adolphe Monod," and in it the author compares the Eagle of Meaux with the Protestant preacher of Lyons. M. Stapfer is thoroughly honest. He is not of those who rejoice in apostasies from the Catholic priesthood, nor would he prop up his own tottering edifice by such unsafe supports. He so admires Bossuet that he tries to excuse him in the matter of Louis XIV's severity towards the Huguenots. He contrasts his intolerance with that of the Calvinist Jurieu, and finds the latter far more blameworthy.

In nothing is M. Stapfer so clear and decided as when he writes of the character, or philosophy, of his own religion. He is far from sharing the opinion of the majority of his co religionists, that liberty dawned on France at the advent of Calvin. Liberty was a word unknown to him except in the sense of a right to crush his opponents. Guizot admits it with Brunetière. But let us see how he dissects the principles of Protestantism.

"An inquiry after any *one* Church is in plain contradiction with its (Protestantism's) principle, which is the liberty of the individual. Logic condemns it—as the author of 'Variations' easily proves—to divide, to scatter, to pulverize itself into as many religions as there are heads."

"Bossuet," he continues, "clearly saw that the Protestant pretension to examine before believing was either an indefinite adjournment of belief, or an illusion of the human mind abusing its own faculties with regard to the object which beforehand it desired to attain."

Of course, there is no question here about inquiry into the grounds or reasons by which we are led to belief; or, in other words, the proofs that the point of faith proposed is reasonable and should be accepted. There is question of the Protestant principle of private judgment, in virtue of which each one makes himself the judge of revealed truth, and ac-

cepts or rejects this point or that just as he thinks fit.

The natural consequence of disunion or division in religion is frankly admitted by M. Stapfer, under the heading, "The times foretold by Bossuet." Profoundly hostile to freedom at first, strange to say, then contradictory, and, as our author says, "pulverized"; and, in its liberalism, embracing scepticism and pantheism; Protestantism has finally come to admit that all religions, or at least all Christian forms of religion, are good, and in consequence, as we ought to suppose, *right*; but much more decidedly and naturally has it become indifferent to all. "Old beliefs," says M. Stapfer, "have become unacceptable. Yet religion is still a need of the human heart. The situation is a violent one, which cannot endure as the sane and normal condition of man. Until there is a new order of things, we live in the absurd."

He brands the Protestant theologian, Sabatier's theory of the Evolution of Dogmas as a new proof of inherent feebleness, pointing out that it is the very principle of Protestantism which has radically disintegrated the whole system. "The dawn which should dispel the gloom arises nowhere on my sight. I cannot hear in the evolution of dogma, as others more happy say they do, the joyous note of renascence; but the slow and solemn music, very scientific otherwise and very beautiful, of the funeral service of faith."

A certain movement has been on foot to reorganize the broken array of Protestantism in France. One of its friends is M. Yves Guyot, who has certainly been very little of a Protestant himself. We need refer to no other proof of this than to the words which in his *Morale* he applies to the Protestant pastors. The pro-Calvinist *Journal de Genève*, is evidently impartial in its judgment of this movement, and far more enlightened. "There are," it says, "a *blue France* and a *white France*, which seem irreconcilable, and the religious question is at the bottom of all their quarrels.

Let us hope, that, in spite of all contrary appearances, a bridge may one day be thrown across the deep moat. It is absolutely chimerical to think that either of these fractions of the country will ever convert the other. *A Protestant France is nothing more than a dream.* France atheist or positivist, or, again, professing the religion of the revolution which Michelet invented, is more inconceivable still. But of all Utopias the greatest would be to see France entirely Catholic as Spain has remained. The only problem which, therefore, statesmen should propose to themselves is to make live fraternally together those two hostile fractions by teaching them tolerance.

THE FRENCH CLERGY.

It is very comforting to read in the *Catholic Champion* (Protestant Episcopalian) of December, which our readers, perhaps, do not know is not a *Roman Catholic Champion*, such a sympathetic account of the French Clergy and, incidentally, such a vindication of the Catholicity of the people. The article is by W. Tuzo Alston and was written for the *Church Review*.

The French Government, he tells us, rules the temporalities of the church with "an iron hand." The same iron hand, by the way, is continually closing on as much of those coveted temporalities as it conveniently can, without giving too much of a shock to the world's feelings; if the world can be credited with any such weakness anent the church.

It pays salaries to the bishops of between \$750 and \$2,000 from which princely income they are humorously supposed to defray their household and travelling expenses. As this money comes from expropriated church property, and does not belong to the state at all, and never did, the generosity is quite distressing. The parish priests receive between \$200 and \$250 a year. But a much greater number receive nothing whatever. They are supported by the people and that fact ought to close the

lips of those who are continually boasting of the "voluntary system" as if it were peculiar to countries like our own. Evidently the people here are not backward in fulfilling their duty.

We are glad to hear from the *Champion* that "the French priests as a body deserve the admiration of the Christian world. Their wonderful self-devotion, their virtuous and blameless lives in the face of terrible odds and opposition and poverty proclaim them to be the most apostolic clergy in the world." It is strange to learn from such a source that this condition of things "he suspects is owing in great measure to the compulsory retreats of *ten* days which are the rule in all dioceses." He is right. That certainly is the explanation of it, and the extension of the Retreats to ten days may be an inspiration to some as well as a revelation.

It is not surprising, therefore, to hear that "in spite of the anti-religious press, irreligious education, and the hostility of the State, religious vocations are plentiful. Although seminarians are obliged to enter the army, the effect has been, much, to the dismay of the government, to increase the influence of the Church among the soldiers rather than to destroy ecclesiastical life; though, as was to be expected, there have been some defections to deplore. Lately, when one of these soldier-seminarians was ordained, his whole regiment assisted in a body at the function.

This unprejudiced observer gives us good news also of the condition of Catholicity among the people. "Go to any cathedral," he says, "in a religious part of

the country, between five and nine in the morning, and see the crowded altars and frequent communicants, and listen to the feet of those who come in for a few moments to say a prayer before they begin their day's work, and you will be convinced of the vigor of their Catholic life."

"The Church in France is quite awake to her mission and does not propose to continue indefinitely the starved and strangled condition bequeathed to her by the Revolution. That of which the Revolution has robbed her, that which the State refuses to recognize, she is endeavoring gradually to restore to herself on her own account and on her own responsibility." Most of us forget the awful disaster that fell upon the Church there only a hundred years ago, and we are too impatient about their slowness in organizing. There are difficulties in France which we do not appreciate here, and perhaps our own slowness in certain things is not greatly to our credit.

This sympathetic observer uses his eyes. He does not, as some of us do, let the wickedness and impiety of the great centres of what is called civilization mislead him. France is at heart Catholic, and we may well cherish the hope that the splendid faith of a people that does more than any other for the extension of the Kingdom of God in foreign missions by its lavish expenditure of blood and treasure will soon be able to win back, even with greater right to claim it than ever before, the title in which she gloried so much, that, namely, of the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE solemn dedication of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, has been described by the newspapers as "a demonstration unparalleled in the history of Australasia." In truth, the Church is growing quickly in those new southern lands. The dedication was marked, we are told, by a reverent enthusiasm, so distinctive of Irish Catholics everywhere. Many people came from neighboring islands and colonies, from Fiji, New Caledonia, New Zealand. An enormous crowd was gathered round the cathedral when the procession was formed. Young people came for whom the sacred building is to be, and the old, who had seen the stately walls arise, came to see the crowning of the work.

In the procession were a cardinal, three archbishops, eight bishops, and over two hundred priests. As it passed, the Governors of New South Wales, Queensland and New Guinea arrived, "in resplendent Windsor uniforms and accompanied by a gorgeous staff, while the Irish Rifles presented arms."

The beginning was made in years gone by, by Father Therry, in the shadow of persecution. His first helpers were convicts allowed to hew stone when their day's drudgery was over. Nineteen years ago a portion was opened for service, the preacher, Archbishop Redwood, being the same as on the day of dedication. The days of suffering are past, no doubt forever. The vast congregation, nearly all Catholic, are possessing the land to which they came in less happy days. Their generous contribution on the day of dedication, two thousand pounds, shows that religion and prosperity are advancing hand in hand.

The opening of the cathedral was followed by a great Catholic congress. The Catholic congress, as some one lately remarked, is taking the place of the Catholic prince.

CATHOLIC GROWTH.

Sixty years ago there was neither church nor priest in New Zealand. Now here are an archbishop, three suffragan bishops, over 100 priests, 500 nuns, 60 teaching brothers, and 100,000 Catholics.

In the archdiocese of Glasgow, Scotland, where in comparatively recent years the name of Catholic was in reproach, there is now a very large Catholic population, and 12 new missions are about to be begun there.

The *Catholic News* states that in one year the Dominican missionaries have established 30 new parishes in Mesopotamia with chapels and residences, besides 33 new schools in Armenia and Nestorian Kurdistan recently reunited with the Church.

The following is said to be the increase of Catholicity in the Protestant cantons of Switzerland in 30 years—in Zurich, from 6,690 to 40,462, in Glaris, from 3,932 to 7,790, in Basle City, from 5,508 to 22,408, in Vaud, from 6,962 to 23,428, in Neuchâtel, from 5,570 to 12,689, in Geneva, from 29,764 to 52,692, Catholics being now the majority, in Schaffhausen, from 1,411 to 4,813, in the Grisons, from 38,039 to 43,320.

One of the great statisticians of the day, Mr. M. G. Mulhall, F.S.S., puts the total membership of the Catholic Church at 240,000,000. If we put together all who are still called Protestants, they would be, compared with Catholics, as 2 to 3. In missionary countries, Catholics are five times more numerous than Protestants. In the United States and the British Empire there are 21,050,000 Catholics. They hold the first place in Canada, the second in Australia. In the United Kingdom there are 4,600 Catholic churches, nearly all built in this century, at a cost of 20,000,000 sterling. In the United States, there are now more bishops than in France,

Austria, or Spain. There are 10,500 churches, 520 hospitals and asylums, 930 colleges, and 3,100 schools. The ratio of growth of Catholics from 1850 to 1890 was almost double that of other creeds in the Union. They have multiplied seven fold, and church property thirteen fold.

As a proof of Mr. Mulhall's knowledge, we may recall that in the July number of the *North American Review*, he foretold that the census of the United States would be 76,200,000. It has proved to be 76,295,000.

Referring to the character of converts to the church in England and the States, Mr. Mulhall says :

"It is notorious that numbers of Protestants in England and the United States pass over yearly to the Roman Catholic Church ; whereas, Protestantism gains few converts."

"The progress of Catholicity in Great Britain is chiefly among the educated classes, as appears from a work just published by Swan and Sonnenschein, London; which states that since the Tractarian movement of 1850 the persons who 'have gone over to the Church of Rome include 445 graduates of Oxford, 213 of Cambridge, and 63 of other universities, besides 27 peers, 244 military officers, 162 authors, 129 lawyers and 60 physicians. Among the graduates were 446 clergymen of the Established Church.' "

Saint John Baptist de la Salle.—The faithful children of the Saint solemnized with great splendour, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, their founder's Canonization. To an observer, sitting beneath the stately arches, in front of the wide lofty sanctuary it would seem that all the pomp of ceremonial, the organs anthem, the old inspired church chant, the deep reverence of the great throng, are all necessary to realize how much there is of beauty and of grandeur in St. Patrick's miracle of stone.

Father Pardow, S. J., in his sermon on the second evening of the triduum,

pointed out very impressively the principal characteristics of the wonderful work of St. de la Salle. Pope Leo, he said, who had insisted so strongly on Christian education, and who had done so much for it, has now crowned all his work by canonizing the Teacher-Saint, who became a great saint because he was a great teacher. It is a shame for us, the preacher said, that we let our educational record be forgotten or ignored as it is.

Every day we hear it said that modern methods began with Pestalozzi, or Froebel, or even Martin Luther. And what we usually get in this way is simply Protestant tradition under the name either of pedagogics or the history of education. The part of Catholic educational pioneers and reformers is quietly left out. All this comes upon the Catholic—until he grows accustomed to it—as a genuine surprise. He asks in wonder: What have you done with the founder of the Christian schools, and a host of other men, that you should so strain yourselves to trace the first faint flush of the educational dawn where the ray was false or so exceedingly faint?

As a matter of fact, St. de la Salle, not only anticipated both Pestalozzi and Froebel, as well as many other educational reformers, but also proclaimed his theories with so unwavering a note that we cannot doubt whence they come. Indeed, he did more, for he founded an order of men, spread now over the whole world, to follow his ideas—an order of teachers of so extraordinary devotedness and self-sacrifice, that they consecrate by vow their whole lives to teaching, not in colleges, not the children of the wealthy, but the children of the people in the common schools.

For the old system of individual instruction, Saint de la Salle substituted the far more economic and stimulating *simultaneous method* of teaching, laying, at the same time, a hitherto unheard-of stress on the study of the vernacular. His admirable manual for organizing teaching and governing schools is as

useful in this day of educational novelties as it was when first written. His work was complete and exhaustive. He did first what many of our modern theorists seem to have never done, or at least not with sufficient care and success. During many years he personally taught school and constantly inspected and examined the workings of his institutions. For hours he would remain in the class-room watching the application of a principle, taking notes, making suggestions, studying pupils and teachers, with a view to perfecting the system of education that God had inspired him to give to society.

Thus it was that the Saint became the true originator of primary schools, properly so-called, of normal schools, of technical schools, and schools of design, of boarding-schools and academies, of reformatory schools and Sunday-schools, finally of various popular methods of teaching, catechetical and practical. The object lesson is due to our Saint, although Froebel's glory rests upon it.

No wonder that de Bonald should write: "De la Salle is a hero in the eyes of the political world, and his institute is a master-piece of wisdom and of knowledge of men." No wonder that a Minister of Public Instruction in France, M. Duruy, should adopt in his plan of secondary education, the system of the founder of the Christian schools. Many are the testimonials of public men in France, men with no favor for the Catholic Church, who have repeated the praise of M. Chaptal, Minister of the Interior when the French Revolution had passed away. Proposing the recall of the Brothers, he said theirs was "an admirable institute, whose members had always united the art of teaching with morals the most austere."

"Intelligent men," said the eloquent preacher, Father Coubé, "have always attached the greatest importance to education. The life of the child depends upon it, and with his life, his eternity. If the full-grown man sometimes betrays the hopes he had given in the morning

of life, in old age he generally returns to the paths which his first steps had tried, where he finds the distant and delightful perfume of a happy childhood. Decisive for individual life, education is decisive also for the normal guidance of society. He who brings up a generation, prepares an army that will one day make his ideas triumph. The teachers of the school are the masters of the future."

Hence it was that St. de la Salle wished to obtain possession of the minds and hearts of children. And he succeeded, as Father Pardow so well pointed out, because he loved God and loved them, and consequently gave God his place in the education of the child; or, as the preacher put it, "he brought God into the schoolroom without an apology." He gave to religion the place of honor in the school day's work—half an hour, and not at the end, or after school hours. Did he lose by so doing? Question the children of the Christian schools, who, "in public tests for scholarships, in Europe, in India, in the United States, have always carried off the lion's share of the prizes."

"I charge you," said Pope Leo to the Brothers of the Christian schools, "I charge you to increase your number, in order to resist the efforts of atheists and materialists. . . . Multiply your schools, and let them everywhere reflect the zeal and devotedness of your founder. . . . Go with my blessing; continue the great work which the Church has confided to you."

Pilgrimages to Rome.—The pilgrimages continue with unabated devotion. On one day, Oct. 10th, they numbered 15,000—Spaniards, Bavarians, Italians.

Malaria in the Agro Romano.—The ambulances of the Italian Red Cross Society have, according to the *Osservatore Romano*, attended to 2,798 malarial patients in one year in the Agro Romano, and carried 305 others to the hospitals of Rome.

A Portuguese Seminary in Rome.—It is truly extraordinary that the great Pontiff can take such care of his Fold. One of his latest acts is to establish, and at his own expense, a Portuguese Seminary in Rome. This is for the training of priests, not only from Portugal, but from all its foreign possessions. We can easily foresee what salutary effects will follow this noble enterprise.

A New Missionary Institute.—Already, before the Chinese tragedy has ended, a new missionary enterprise has begun in Northern Italy. Its author is Canon Allamano, of Turin. It has been unanimously approved by the Cardinal Archbishop of Turin, the Archbishop of Vercelli and the other Subalpine Bishops, gathered together in an inter-provincial meeting. The institute is intended for Piedmontese priests, and the first field of labor will be Central Africa.

Pope Leo to the Third Order of St. Francis.—The Pope has addressed a Brief to the Cardinal who presided over the Congress of the Franciscan Tertiaries, Cardinal Vivès y Tuto, in which His Holiness says: "The aim of the Third Order, according to the intention of its Seraphic Founder, was to spread in all hearts the love of God and the love of men, and to rekindle that love where it may have been extinguished. All Tertiaries should, therefore, consecrate their labors and their zeal, first to promote the glory of God, and then to aid all who are unfortunate, to gain eternal happiness and temporal prosperity, also, if possible. The circumstances in which the legislator St. Francis lived resemble greatly our own. It is therefore not to be doubted that the splendid results obtained by St. Francis through this organization can now be obtained by you."

"Let us educate the people!" so says the Italian "liberal" paper, the *Messaggero*, and at the same time it publishes an account of a play in one of the theatres of Rome, in which play "the

dialogue was lively, witty, full of allusion and mischief, *nearly always licentious.*" There is a good deal of this sort of education now in Italy, without any decrease of public crime. On the other hand, according to Signor Gallo, Minister of Public Instruction, the old style of education, which was really classic, is going out of vogue, even in university schools of modern Italy. Signor Gallo is not a "clerical," but, according to the *Osservatore Romano*, he confesses that only the priests know how to educate. He does not want their education, however, because their ideas of civil government and morality are not in accord with modern aspirations.

Italian Emigrants.—The *Analecta Ecclesiastica* (Sept., 1900) contains Cardinal Rampolla's letter to the Italian Bishops, urging them to take all possible means of protecting the faith of the poor emigrants from Italy; as, for instance, to see that those poor people are instructed in their religion and receive the Sacraments before going away; that committees be formed to provide missionaries to follow them; that an understanding be had as far as can be with the Bishops to whose dioceses the emigrants go.

The St. Raphael Society has zealously taken up the all-important matter in Germany. Excellent things have been done also in Baden and Switzerland.

It is said that there are 50,000 Italians in Alsace-Lorraine, 30,000 in Baden, 70,000 in Wurtemberg, 180,000 in Switzerland. Leaving their lovely and beloved native land in sorrow and bitterness of soul, no wonder some of these poor emigrants become dupes of the socialists, who are particularly active amongst them.

"*The Master of Schoolmasters.*"—Such is the title given by the free-thinkers of Vienna to Dittes, whose monument was unveiled with great pomp, but fortunately in a cemetery, towards the end of October. While Pope Leo was

canonizing the great Christian teacher, John Baptist de la Salle, a "progressive" section of the Austrian capitotol has been canonizing a teacher of its own mental color. St. de la Salle believed in a religious education, Dittes not very much. According to his *School of Pedagogy*, published in 1881, religion is a subjective idea, a good deal a thing of fancy, therefore necessarily varying according to the individual. Even the idea of God is different "according to the sentiment and intelligence of each one." "To the great problems of the end of man, the immortality of the soul, a future life, the answer must be given that miserable mortals cannot penetrate such things so far above the understanding. They must, in consequence, bow their heads to their lot." The school should be, of course, religious, but "not with the religion of Jew or Christian, but that of the heart and the affection." Prayer-books, too, but they should contain whatever has been forceful in all the religions of the world, not excluding paganism. No priests, "because they sadden the rising generation with their accustomed dogmas and ultra-mundane fears."

The French Government and the Religious Orders.—The Premier aims at them one of the deadliest blows since the Reign of Terror. M. Delcassé says they are the best pioneers of French interests in the interesting borderlands of civilization. The French Academy gives two of the most important "prizes of virtue" to two Sisters, and M. Doumer, furious anti-clerical in the Bourgeois Cabinet, now Governor of Tonkin, asks for Christian Brothers for the new schools of his colony, and promises to contribute 16,000 francs towards their expenses.

"We Count on You!" said the renegade Christian, M. Lanessan, the French Minister of Marine, speaking to the Calvinist ministers at Toulon. We hope they understood him. A ministry

which does not believe in God and which strives to prevent others from believing in Him, which proceeds to de-Christianize France without even pretending to conceal its aim, which is so notoriously unpatriotic that it arrays its countrymen in two bitterly antagonistic camps, addresses what we trust will be considered an outrage to a body of men who profess to love France, to believe in a Redeemer, and to represent his religion.

A Journalist's Vocation.—Signor Vicini, editor of one of the chief Catholic papers of Rome, the *Voce della Verità*, has renounced his pen for a monastic cell, the apostolate of the press for that of prayer. He makes known his decision to the manager, Prince Lancellotti, in a note in which he begs pardon for any faults committed in the fulfilment of his duty. Signor Vicini has joined the "White Fathers," founded by Cardinal Lavigerie for the evangelization of Africa.

A Cardinal Archbishop Forbidden to Form a Procession.—For twenty years the clergy of Rheims have had the custom of going in procession to the cemetery on All Souls' Day, to bless the graves. It is a touching custom and very much cherished by the Catholic people of France. Moreover, at Rheims this procession was a compensation, made or tolerated, when the Corpus Christi procession of the Blessed Sacrament was suppressed by a liberty-loving Government. The Mayor of the city, nevertheless, forbade the Cardinal Archbishop to go with his priests in the usual manner to bless the resting places of the dead. He allowed them, however, to go individually. Actually as the Cardinal clothed in his pontifical robes was coming out from the Cathedral door, the agent of the Mayor stepped up to him and "invited him to return to the Church under pain of prosecution." But what the *Univers* calls "the contemptible injunction" was overstepped, and the procession continued on its way.

The Famine in India.—Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, states that the famine affected an area of 400,000 square miles and 60,000,000 of people. In one district, Merwara, which has suffered from famine for two years, seventy-five per cent, of the people were receiving relief. During the twelve months of drought it is calculated that over 750,000 persons died, without including some of the native states, from which no certain account had been received. "In a greater or less degree nearly one-fourth of the entire population of the Indian continent have come within the range of relief operations. The mortality, dreadful as it has been, is far less than in some preceeding famine years. In 1770, Bengal alone lost 19,000,000 of people."

The United States, both by public and private gifts of money and grain, have generously aided the famine-stricken people.

The Irish Pilgrimage to Rome.—The Irish pilgrims have received special marks of favor in the Eternal City, especially from the Catholic papers. Amongst other religious news, attention was drawn to the great Confraternity of the Holy Family in Limerick, which numbers 5000 men and 800 boys. On the 29th of October the pilgrims were received with others to the number of 10,000, in St. Peter's, by Pope Leo. *The Work of the Preservation of the Faith* welcomed the pilgrims by an entertainment at the Irish College. In his address, Father de Mandato, S.J., said that the members of the Association for saving those whose faith was in danger from the heretical propaganda in Rome, and who had actually saved a thousand in one year, were glad to express their sympathy with their Irish brothers and their admiration for them in their heroic resistance to heresy in their own green isle. Those fighting at Rome in the same cause were glad to profess the same inviolable fidelity to the See of Peter,

and this slight tribute of welcome was a pledge of brotherly love and of loyalty to a common cause—their faith.

Germany's debt to Catholic Ireland.—In 1844, when the great O'Connell was creating anew the national spirit of his countrymen, the heads of the German Universities expressed their sympathy with him in an address from which we take the following extract:—

"We entertain towards the ill-treated people of your beloved Isle the deepest and sincerest sympathy. A land sighing under the yoke of bondage, a land red with the blood of martyred patriots, necessarily enlists the pity of men not yet dead to human instincts. Indifference to misfortunes of this sort would argue total loss of nature's finer feelings: want of sympathy in the present crisis would, besides, render us guilty of another and a deeper crime, that of the blackest ingratitude. We can never forget that your cherished country is our Mother in the Faith. From the remotest period in the Christian era she commiserated our people. To rescue our pagan ancestors from idolatry, and to secure to them the blessings of true Faith, she generously sent forth her heroic sons, sacrificing her own wealth and her children's blood. Along with a rich store of merit for her people in Ireland, Catholicity in Germany is the result of their labors; and we can never, but by the basest kind of indifference, lose the memory of the fact. When we behold the native land of these faithful Apostles delivered over to undeserved misfortunes, the fact rises all the more vividly to our mind."

A Touching Story.—During the siege of Mafeking, the Sisters of Mercy nursed in their hospital, a young Dutchwoman, wounded in the breast by a shell. She was visited frequently by her husband, an Englishman, who passed for a Protestant. A second shell, striking the hospital, rendered the poor woman hysterical with terror, and so she died. After a few weeks, the husband himself

was brought wounded almost to death, by an exploding shell. His jaw had been broken, but he managed to make it understood that he wished to die a Catholic. He explained to the priest that his mother, an Irish Catholic, had him baptized when he was a child. He followed the prayers with great fervor, and continued with great earnestness to thank God until his sufferings ended.

Mr. J. Emerson Reilly, the *Pall Mall Gazette* correspondent in South Africa, in his new book, "Besieged with B. P." thus writes of the Sisters of Mercy: "I must say a specially good word for the Irish Sisters of Mercy, who were shelled out of their Convent and driven underground to suffer with the rest. Three bands of the same order worked with Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. . . . They were not idle during the siege. They nursed by night and by day, and when not engaged in the work of mercy, they were making and mending in their 'dug-out,' for the troops. . . . They never grumbled during the siege. . . . They never spoke of big guns, or slandered their friends, or back-bit, or said what they would not do if they did not get adequate compensation for the damage done to their Convent by the guns. . . . They had almost finished the building, and, I believe, are still in debt for it. Now they must begin all over again."

The German Evangelical Alliance on the Losses and Gains of Protestantism.—In its issue of December 8th (p. 701) the *Literary Digest* summarizes the annual report of the most violent anti-Catholic association in the world, the Evangelical Bund of Germany, on the comparative growth of Catholics and Protestants. It is only by the bitterest hatred of the Catholic Church that the Alliance holds its members together; they have no other bond. They have not a common faith, not even as to the Divinity of Our Lord, which probably the majority of them reject. They are

repudiated by honorable and peaceful Protestants, who often, even in the columns of the Catholic *Germania*, indignantly protest against their outrageous calumnies.

In the *Digest's* summary it is said: "Religious liberty is curtailed by the state only in Russia, Portugal and Turkey, to which can be added Peru and Ecuador"—to which ought to be added—the Kingdom of Saxony, the cradle of the so-called Reformation, the Duchy of Braunschweig, and the Granduchy of Mecklenburg, in the German Empire.

The "Report" is highly colored to suit its own ends. It teems with statements like this: "All scientific, historical, industrial and social progress signifies a gain for Protestantism." Yet probably the members of the Bund will take it all in.

Some notable events in Catholic Germany during the year 1900.—During the Holy year, the German Catholics in all parts of the empire organized many and large pilgrimages to Rome in order to gain the extraordinary graces of the Great Jubilee. A permanent committee, established in the Holy City, took charge of each pilgrimage the moment it reached Rome, attended to the wants, both material and spiritual, of the pilgrims, and directed their movements during their sojourn in the Eternal City, so that everything was carried out with great methodicalness and order. No wonder they all returned home strengthened in their faith, in their love for Holy Church and the Father of Christendom.

It has been noted with astonishment how often the venerable nonagenarian descended into the Vatican Basilica to bless the vast throngs of pilgrims gathered there from all nations, how often he received national pilgrimages in the Halls of the Vatican. All these pilgrimages, of whatever nation, were received so graciously, with so much fatherly affection, that each returned home, convinced that they were the Holy Father's favorite sons. A touching incident is

related in connection with the great Berlin pilgrimage, representing all classes of Catholic society in the capital, especially the flourishing guilds of working-men. Forty of these societies took part in the pilgrimage, each carrying its banner. When the pilgrims were received in the Vatican, they took their beautiful banners with them and unfurled them in the Hall of Audience. As soon as the Holy Father appeared, the banners attracted his attention, and on making his rounds, he leaned out of his chair, and to the unbounded enthusiasm of the pilgrims, touched and kissed the banners within his reach.

A rare event for Catholic Germany was the Beatification during the Holy Year of the Blessed Crescentia of Kaufbeuren. It was the last of the many beatifications of this memorable year, taking place on October 7. The child of poor parents, she was born October 20, 1682, entered a convent of the third Order of St. Francis in Kaufbeuren, diocese of Augsburg in Bavaria, where she died on April 5, 1744. A large pilgrimage from Bavaria, headed by the Bishop of Augsburg and made up chiefly of members of the third Order of Saint Francis, was present at the imposing ceremonies of the Beatification in the Vatican Basilica.

On the same day, October 7th, the corner stone was laid of the Basilica to be built by the German Catholics on Mount Zion, on the spot, contiguous to the cenacle, which tradition marks as the *dormitio Virginis*, the passing of our Lady. Five hundred pilgrims from all parts of Germany first went to Rome to receive the blessing of the Holy Father, and thence sailed for the Holy Land to be present at the laying of the corner stone. The coadjutor Bishop of the Patriarch of Jerusalem performed the ceremony and the sermon was preached by the Abbot of Maria-Laach. By special desire of the German emperor, to whose munificence the Catholics are

indebted for the possession of this sacred and much coveted spot, the Benedictine Fathers of the Congregation of Beuron, to which the Abbey of Maria-Laach belongs, will be the guardians of the new shrine. The money wherewith to build the church and monastery has been collected in all the dioceses of the empire.

The Catholic Congress, which, ever since the year 1848, brings together once a year the Catholics of Germany, was held this year in the city of Bonn. During the fever heat of the Kulturkampf, Windthorst once aptly described it as "the annual parade of the Catholic army." Representative men, lay and clerical, of national fame, are engaged to address the assemblies on important and timely subjects, and hardly a year passes without some new Catholic work being started at these meetings. This year, Dr. Lieber, the leader of the centre party, just recovered from a mortal illness, and Father Bonaventura, O. P., to mention only these two, electrified their hearers while addressing them on the burning questions of the day. The Catholics feel their strength when they see these thousands of distinguished men, so brave and so devoted to the Catholic cause. It always fills them with renewed energy to do battle for the liberty of the Church against the encroachments of the civil power. These Congresses were not the last or the least of the means that knitted the Catholics together during the iniquitous Kulturkampf.

The triennial International Congress of Catholic savants was held this year in Munich the last week of September. It was an imposing gathering of men of science from all countries. The opening session was honored by the presence of five Archbishops, including the papal nuncio, many princes and princesses of the royal house of Bavaria, members of the government, and other high functionaries of the state. It was noticed that some of the princes and p not only attended all the public sessions,

but also many of the meetings of Committees. M. de Lapparent, the illustrious French savant, was elected President of the Congress. The serious work of these Congresses is done in the Committees, of which there were ten at Munich. In the meetings of the Committees carefully prepared scientific papers are read and discussed. A well-known American scientist, Rev. J. G. Hagen, S.J., of the Georgetown Observatory, was appointed Chairman of the Committee for Mathematics and Astronomy. These periodical gatherings of men of ability and learning, some of them men of world-wide fame, have a stimulating effect on the Catholic body at large. Moreover, the interchange of views, personal contact and friendships formed, lead to co-operation and to the planning and starting of new scientific undertakings.

Of Oberammergau, the famous little village in the Bavarian mountains, we will only say that the Passion-Play was given with the same success as in former years and drew to it ever-increasing crowds, and that the simple mountaineers have not been spoiled by notoriety, nor have they become mercenary and greedy of money, as was maintained in some quarters. After expenses were paid and certain sums laid aside for permanent improvements, the amount of money distributed among the players was modest indeed.

At the opening of the new session of the German Parliament, November 15, Count Ballestrem, the distinguished member of the centre-party, was re-elected President of the Reichstag. The re-election of this grand Catholic nobleman to the highest office in the gift of the representatives of the people was a splendid testimonial to the fairness, firmness and tact with which he had in the last session discharged the duties of his office. It is probably the first instance of a President of the Reichstag being elected unanimously. During the former

session he had won the good-will of all parties by allowing a wider freedom of speech to the members than had been granted by any former President. Thus any discussion or criticism or even mention of the emperor's speeches used to be summarily checked; Count Ballestrem allowed such criticism. It was a memorable scene the other day in the German Reichstag when, following the lead of Dr. Lieber, one speaker after the other rose and sharply rebuked his Majesty for using such expressions as: "No quarter will be given," "No prisoners will be made," "It is a war against the Huns," in addressing the soldiers embarking for China.

A Bill has been brought in by the Centre party, enacting liberty of conscience and the free exercise of religion throughout the Empire. In a few of the States of the German Empire, notably in the Kingdom of Saxony, the Grand-duchy of Mecklenburg and the Duchy of Braunschweig, the legislation is still so backward and oppressive in the matter of freedom of worship as to be a disgrace in the eyes of the civilized world. And these laws are by no means a dead letter, but the Catholics are made to feel their effect every day. It is a state of affairs, as even the anti-Catholic *Cologne Gazette* confesses, "that dishonors the German Empire." What must Protestant England or free America think of us when they learn that such antiquated laws are still in force in parts of Germany at the dawn of the twentieth century, not in the Catholic states, but in those countries that were the cradle of the "glorious reformation?"

In the German colonies, owing to the exertion of the Centre-party, there exists absolute individual freedom of religion and likewise perfect corporate religious liberty, freedom of association, the Jesuits included. Is it not monstrous, grimly remarks the *Germania*, that the "Black Germans" in our colonies should be better off and enjoy more religious

liberty than the "White Germans" in the Fatherland?

The bill will be defeated, as its passage would be considered an interference with the autonomy of the States affected by it, but the public discussion of the galling *legal* tyranny exercised against the Catholics, will probably shame these governments into abolishing these laws.

The anti-Catholic paper, *The Berlin Post*, speaks thus in announcing the Bill: "We earnestly desire that those States of the Empire whose laws contain enactments that give rise to just complaints on the part of the Catholics, revise these laws without delay and bring them into harmony with the demands of toleration and fairness." These are significant admissions.

Catholics and Science.—Lord Kelvin has admitted that the French are the greatest mathematicians: their love of precision has originated a new science, "Nomographie." Yet we are told by Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Weldon, and Protestants generally, that they have the learned men, and that Catholics and science are not very well acquainted.

The Vatican Astronomer, Father Boccardi, has been invited to Berlin on a scientific mission. In 1897 he determined the path of the asteroid 416, discovered by Charlois in 1896. In honor of Pope Leo it has been named Vaticanum.

A Convert's Evidence.—The following testimony of the late Earl of Dunraven expresses in a forcible way the facility with which, upon investigation, the claims of the Catholic Church become clear to the mind of any one who is really in earnest in the search for religious truth. The distinguished convert's words are taken from a letter written by him, soon after his conversion, to an intimate Anglican friend:—

"I have never yet met one single person—or rather, I should say, but one—who has entered into the claims of the Roman Catholic Church and who came

out of the investigation with faith in the position of the English Church, and even that one can give no solid reason to others for his opinion. I know many good men who have shrunk from the inquiry, who lost courage or a deep love of truth and who are content to put up with the monstrous unrealities of Anglicanism: a system which, of all religious systems, seems to me to be impossible that it can be true. It is utterly at variance with the honest Anglo-Saxon character, and surely the time will come when this honest Protestant country will shake it off with pity and contempt."

Protestant Praise. Sometimes we are praised by our separated brethren, and the pleasure is probably heightened by surprise. The *Church Times*, not a Catholic organ, makes the following frank acknowledgment of the true position of Pope Leo:

"When anti-Papal bigots have said their all, the fact remains that the Roman Pontiff is the leading Bishop in the Church of Christ. No one can take his place in Christendom. He has an interest for us all. He represents pre-eminently the claims of the Church; he ought to represent the spirit of Christianity. By the world at large he is accepted as its most conspicuous exponent."

Even the Jesuits come in occasionally for a good word, as for instance, is the case between them and the Anglican Bishop Gaul, of Mashonaland, South Africa. He puts the famous Company on a level with the grand Wesleyan Society of London: "To the equally noble and self-sacrificing Society of Jesuits a deep debt of gratitude was due by all earnest Christians who had at heart the Divine injunction 'to go forth and teach all nations.'"

Death of Mr. Thomas Arnold.—Brother of Matthew Arnold and son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Mr. Thomas Arnold became a Catholic in 1856. For the ten preceding years he had been tossed on the

sea of religious doubt, drifting from the broadest Christian comprehensiveness of beliefs to universal scepticism. Finally he came to see "the essential and necessary oneness of the Christian revelation," and the way in which it has been preserved. One of the great obstacles in his path, as in the path of many others, was the popular non-Catholic delusion as to the ignorance of the Middle Ages. Strangely enough, one of the strong influences brought to bear upon his mind in his time of mental trial was the casual reading of the life of St. Bridget of Sweden, during a night spent in a country inn. He was received into the Church soon after his marriage by Bishop Wilson, at Hobart Town, Tasmania, where he had been appointed Inspector of Schools. His friends suddenly dropped away from him and he was deprived of his position. Having returned home, he was associated with Newman in the newly established Catholic University of Dublin. Unhappily, after about nine years of Catholic life, his faith became obscured, as he himself declared, by neglect of the means to retain it, and he returned for some time to the Church of England. In 1877 he was received back again into the Catholic fold, and soon after appointed one of the first Fellows of the Dublin Royal University. He continued to reside in Dublin

until he died. He leaves several children, the oldest being Mrs. Humphry Ward. The family of Mr. Thomas Arnold, like that of another eminent convert, Mr. Palgrave, is of Jewish origin. The original name was Aaron, as that of Palgrave was Cohen.

A Higher College for Women. The Sisters of Notre Dame, whose reputation as teachers stands so high already, have inaugurated a new and important movement for the higher education of women. They have determined to give a Catholic rival to such institutions as Bryn Mawr, Wellesley and Vassar. This is Trinity College, opened and solemnly dedicated on November 22d. The Mass was celebrated by the Papal Delegate, Monsignor Martinelli; and the ceremony of dedication was performed by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. The sermon was preached by Monsignor Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University. "The higher women can be educated, so much the better," was the message of Pope Leo.

Woman, upon whom God has, to a great extent, based Christian society, is becoming more and more prominent and influential—a happy omen. Higher education is her ambition and her right. The Sisters of Notre Dame are to be warmly congratulated.

THE READER

We have received the timely and valuable *Notes on the Bibliography of the Philippines* (Bulletin of the Free Library of Philadelphia), by Rev. Thomas Cooke Middleton, D.D., O.S.A. The *Notes* embody the substance of a paper read by Dr. Middleton, before the Philobibion Club. In the preface Mr. Thomson informs us that the short catalogue of Philippine literature, prepared by W. E. Retana, contained the titles of no less than three thousand separate works, written in the twenty-seven dialects of the Islands. What light is shed on the Philippine question by these? For instance, the Jesuit Chirino, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, taught the identity of race of the Papuans and Malays—the theory now generally held by ethnologists. The catalogue of Retana embraces works of acknowledged merit in the field of history, archeology, ethnology, philology and natural philosophy.

The Library of Philadelphia now contains a copy of the *Flora de Filipinas*, four folio volumes, in Latin and Spanish, published at Manila, 1877-1883, for the Friars of St. Augustine. The plates are made from drawings from nature, by Philippine artists, by whom also the plates have been colored.

* * *

The following notes from the Bibliography will show how important a contribution it makes to the study of the Philippine question :

1. In Retana's preface (p. xxxiv) where the nationality of the various writers named in his *Biblioteca*, is set down, he states that the 1,142 writers were : Spanish, 896 ; Filipinos, 141 ; other Europeans, 94 ; Americans, 10 ; Asiatic, 1—total, 1,142.

2. Moreover, as shown in his table, (p. xxxvi), 54 of these 141 Filipinos were Ecclesiastics—all but one secular clergymen, as appears from his very copious

Index at the end of the *Biblioteca* (p. 573-617), the exception being Father Ignacio Mercado, the Augustinian and Tagal Indian, who was co-laborer with others of his brotherhood, in the later editions of *Flora Filipina*. (Notes, p. 10.)

3. Again, of the Filipinos, whose names have been recorded by Retana among the literati of the Philippine Archipelago, six were women, whose works were published in Spanish, Ilocano and Pampango.

4. In all, as I have found by an analysis of Retana's lists, these Filipinos were some pure Indian, the greater number, however, mestizo—mixed blood of Spanish or Chinese.

5. While the languages or dialects employed by them (besides Spanish, which was used exclusively by 48 of these writers), were the following : Ilocano, Tagal, Bicol, Pampango, Bisaya, Hiligayno, Panayano, Cebuano, Tiruray, Ibanag, Latin.

6. Two of the Filipinos have deserved renown as engravers ; one as designer.

7. In the *Notes* among the technical works, named as useful, for acquiring Philippine dialects you will find 34 in all thus entitled, *i.e.*, 13 *Artes*, 2 *Gramáticas*, and 19 *Vocabularios* or, *Diccionarios*.

8. But the list of these merely linguistic hand-books on idioms could be extended very much further were one to copy the titles of all those so set down in Retana. In his *Biblioteca*, besides the works named in *Notes* are 60 other manuals that have been drawn up distinctively as aids to learning this or the other given idiom. Thus he gives the titles of other 17 *Artes*, 24 *Gramáticas* and 19 *Vocabularios*, in Tagal, Bicol, Ibanág, Ilocano, Joloano, Pangasinán, Tiruray, Bagobo, Malay, Malagasy, Bisaya-Hiligayna, Cebuano, Panayano, and Maguindanao—every one of these philological treasures being fruit o

missionary Christian zeal and scholarship.

Up to 1852 all the mission schools in the archipelagos (PHIL: MAR: and CAR.) were established by regulars, and by them maintained and conducted.

In the above year the Crown began its interference *effectively* with the schools.

REGULARS ON SERVICE.

Men—1. Augustinians; 2. Benedictines; 3. Capuchins; 4. Dominicans; 5. Franciscans; 6. Jesuits; 7. Lazarists; 8. Recoletos.

Women—1. Clares, contemplatives; 2. Assumption, schools; 3. Dominicans, schools; 4. Beatas of the *Compañía de la Caridad*, Beneficence.

* * *

The Religion of a Gentleman. By Charles F. Dole. Cloth, pages, 219. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York.

According to Mr. Dole, the religion of a gentleman eschews the supernatural. Possibly that is the caste-privilege of one kind of gentleman, but it is in opposition to Christ, who distinctly said: "My kingdom is not of this world." The gentleman therefore, who is in the mind's eye of the writer, is not and cannot be a Christian gentleman. In fact, gentlemanly considerateness for the feelings of others would forbid any one of Mr. Dole's converts to break utterly even with Confucianism or Buddhism if his early religiousness had any such tinge. To suspect that such creeds were utterly wrong and much more so, to act as if they were, would be very unkind and unfilial to one's forbears, and quite outside of the requirements of a gentleman's ethics.

The striking feature of this little book, whose title is so attractive, is the mental serenity of its author. It never occurs to him that he may be quite off the track. "In some aspects," he says, "the religion to which I have worked my way, seems new and fresh." We heartily agree with him, but not that it is "interesting or inspiring." It is neither the one nor the other, for it is all false. To teach others, one must first be taught.

The doctrine of an apostle must be sound and his credentials above suspicion.

* * *

The Papacy in the XIX Century. By Friedrich Nippold. Translated by Laurence Henry Schwab. Cloth, pp. iv, 372. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

When you compare the calm, comprehensive, scholarly exposition of events which invariably characterizes the *Historical Studies* of Doctor Parsons, with the wildly fanatical, intensely concentrated or ludicrously distorted statements which Friedrich Nippold makes about *The Papacy in the XIX Century*, you may understand what is historical writing and what is not. It is Hyperion to a satyr. Nippold can see nothing in all the work of the papacy during this century but Jesuitism. Never was a man so frightened by that bugaboo. It meets him everywhere, in politics, dogma, education, social gatherings, assassinations, in the Orient and in Woodstock, Md. He has even found that there are not only female Jesuits inside the Church, but that the most prominent among these feminine aids of the redoubtable society are distinguished ladies who are not of the faith at all. In fact, he vaguely states that there is somewhere floating about in the ecclesiastical world a whole army of Protestant Jesuits. He leaves us with an unsatisfied longing to know where. He is shocked that the Popes of this famous nineteenth century should have dared to speak against the Reformation or condemn the principles of the French Revolution. He is amazed that the Church should come out triumphant from revolutions, schisms, culturkamps and other disturbances, and warns his readers to be watchful for there is something significant about it all. Like the solemn old statesman in the play, he shakes his head sadly. "There's witchcraft in it" and "cannot but surmise the State some danger apprehends."

Old Catholics are especially dear to him and the utterance of any apostate is an oracular deliverance far more respectable, than all the pontifical pronouncements that were ever made.

It is to be regretted that publishers, like Putnam, should give such books the approval of their great name.

* *

The Way of the World and Other Ways. By Catherine Conway. Cloth, pages 251. The Pilot Publishing Company, Boston.

Miss Conway tells a good story and reads a severe and needed lesson to educated Catholic women, on the cruelty of the gossip which is indulged in, even by the members of such pious associations as the Daughters of St. Paula, which name will cover a multitude of offenders. "Done to death by slanderous tongues," is the heroine, the estimable Esther Ward, and the executioners of the poor girl are pious women who say their beads and go frequently to Holy Communion and never dream of the harm they are doing. The victim succumbs and is just gasping her last when the recreant lover, who has believed all the reports, returns, and Esther comes back from death's door. Two mistakes—Esther should have been killed outright and the lover sent off in despair for three weeks or more and then be made to mate with one as mean and conceited as himself. He was a cad. Miss Conway is too tender hearted in this, but her little book is apostolic.

* *

General History of the Christian Era, —By A. Guggenberger, S.J. Cloth. pp. 447. B. Herder : St. Louis.

This a noteworthy and welcome addition to historical literature and gives evidence of great and painstaking research. The breaks unavoidable in the narrative of general history, are bridged over by a very complete system of charts inserted at frequent intervals to show the succession of rulers or to give retrospects of the epoch just discussed. The full references to sources make it precious for historical students, while the views of the author, which he has printed in smaller type, furnish excellent material for learned discourses on the various personages or events that enter into the

narrative. Take for example the "Natural Causes of the Early Persecutions," "Old Roman Education," etc.

His readers are indebted to him for adding his authority to destroy the calumnies so long current even in Catholic histories, about Popes John X and XI, which writers like Alzog, and quite recently the French translator of Hergenrother have done so much to perpetuate.

We look forward with pleasure to the next volume.

* *

In the Palace of the King, by Marion Crawford. MacMillan, New York.

The Athenæum, of November 3, must be unpleasant reading for Mr. Crawford. It declares "this novel to be unworthy of the author's reputation; the style being commonplace, the characters stagey, and the inaccuracies startling." There are many who think that these three accusations might be levelled against other books that Mr. Crawford has written. *The Weekly Register* must have seen the *Athenæum's* strictures yet it is extremely tender with Mr. Crawford. Does the author's religion insure him literary privileges?

The blunders in history are so many and scandalous as to appear intentional. With his usual concession to Protestant prejudices, of course he has to make Philip II a libertine and a poisoner. He was never either except in novels like Crawford's. This royal victim is never taken off the rack. Even his anatomy is stretched. Crawford makes him tall; he was short. His alleged paramour, the Princess d'Eboli, appears in the book as short; she was tall; as fair, she was dark, with deep-set eyes, she had only one and wore an eye-patch. The terrible Duke of Alva shakes a leg at a royal ball in Madrid, though he was then in the Netherlands. No wonder the heretics feared him; even the orthodox might dread such a Colossus. Enters the English ambassador, also on the light fantastic toe, though there had been no English ambassador in Madrid for two years back. There are other peculiarities. Perhaps it is all a bit of humor on the part of the romancer.

The Beautiful Lie of Rome. By Richard Le Gallienne, paper, pp. 62. Price 1s. Simkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd., London.

If you want to know what the Church is not read the curious pamphlet of Richard Le Gallienne or "Dicky" as the New York *Sun* loves to call him.

He addresses his "Beautiful Lie" to Lady Diana Somebody, who has been silly enough to become a Catholic in spite of the pain she has inflicted on Dicky's supersensitive heart. The fair Diana whose apostasy from her ancestral faith dashes the fond hope which her adorer had cherished of her mission, through beauty and intellect, to transform the world into a higher religiousness and which he had communicated to her at the sacrifice of a five o'clock cup of tea, is about to enter the "subtle and sweet-smelling religion of Rome." We had always feared that for the heterodox the Church was gross and vulgar in many of its representatives and that the bad odor in any Catholic conventicle was ever a serious drawback to the work of conversions. Poor Lady Diana, what an awakening she is going to have when she enters the door of a Catholic Church where the multitudes are gathered!

Dicky, therefore, girds his great intellect to the task of calling the fair damsel back from her wanderings. He claims the crown of poesy as his peculiar possession and so with all his fine frenzy, but with fine scorn of the esthetics he reveals the true character of the Church as a monster hideous enough to scare back a whole host of Dianas from the hunt.

This "subtle and sweet-smelling" enchantress the Church, becomes by his skilful touch "a crumbling relic," "toppling to its fall," "an engulfing ocean," "a great machine with wheels; all rusty but about to start again like the Emperor William," "an embattled lie," a "queen enthroned leaping into her place," a "publican trafficking in Benedictine," a "lady with a poppy on her languorous

cheek," a "beautiful illuminated letter," a "stained glass window," a "twilight," a "doorway," an "ancient witch with shrinking veins which the brave young brains and sunrise-looking dreams of Diana are going to replenish." Poor Diana! This intolerable rubbish is published on fine paper in London and sent across the seas to be sold at half a dollar on all the news-stands of our afflicted country.

It is a courageous act for such a man to address himself to a polemical work, but when we hear him say that the monks of Rome in the North of England "invited me merely for the pleasure of my society," we can pardon Dicky anything. The monks must have had great sport with him.

* * *

Miss Agnes Repplier, the celebrated essayist, gives proof of her loyal love for Eden Hall, where her early school-days were happily spent, by editing a pretty souvenir book of the recent centenary. A Philadelphia firm will print the volume, which is to be for private circulation. A preface and a closing article will be from Miss Repplier's pen. Bishop Spalding's magnificent commemoration sermon: "The Victory of Love," will appear in full. The eloquent prelate delivered certain portions only on the occasion of the Pontifical Mass, and an abridged version appears in the "Ave Maria"; but Miss Repplier's book alone will contain the complete copy from the Bishop's own hand. This graceful memorial will give pictures of Christ's Sacred Heart, of Mother Barat, several views of Eden Hall, portraits of Archbishop Ryan, of Bishop Spalding, etc., etc. It will also reproduce in full the poem, "A Prayer and a Memory," written for the centenary by Miss Helen Grace Smith, and read at the commemoration Reception by Miss Agnes Repplier. It will supply other matter of special interest to old "Edenites." The substance of the volume is in the hands of a committee thus organized: President, Miss Agnes Repplier; Vice-President, Miss Helen Grace Smith; Secre-

taries, the Misses White, of Philadelphia; Members, Mrs. Frank Patterson, of Torresdale; Mrs. John Bouvier, of New York; Mrs. Michael Jenkins, of Baltimore; Miss Janet Elizabeth Richards, of Washington. As a supplement, the little book will contain an alphabetical list of all pupils who have ever been registered at Eden Hall, but without dates or addresses.

* * *

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Cloth, pp. 627. Harper and Brothers, New York.

With some modification of Scripture, two women, in this book, apprehend one man and seek to have his name invoked over them. The hero, Manisty, has a Jovine head and rather ungainly nether limbs, which are always in evidence. His incongruous physical equipment is possibly intended to portray his intellectual outfit. A man fit to be Prime Minister of England, writing an epoch-making book, in an Italian villa, while a woman, madly in love with him, acts as his secretary, and who is continually doing other absurd things, is unworthy of having so much affection lavished on him. Here, the great sensation of the novel enters, in the shape of Father Benneke, an excommunicated priest. Benneke had been a Bavarian peasant. The Church had made a great man of him, evolved into a distinguished professor the boy that once probably had not bread to eat. Yet, when the Church does not accept Benneke's *biology*, Benneke's scientific soul revolts, and he unfrocks himself.

Meantime, the two women, unable to decide who shall have the man, decamp with each other, to a remote part of Italy, where, of course, Benneke is in seclusion. He has to be introduced to make the story proceed. Eleanor, the elder of the women-lovers, makes a confession to him. It is not a confession, for she is not a Catholic, and he, as an excommunicate, has no power. Benneke exhorts her to relinquish her own will for the sake of peace, and God will

reward her. Naturally, the question suggests itself, to the most superficial reader, why did not this ex-priest apply the same good counsel to himself? So inconsequent is the Protestant mind of Mrs. Ward. Poor Benneke is compared to Strauss, for mentality, and in the words of Martin Luther, "I can do naught else," goes off to join the Old Catholics. Mrs. Ward's discussion of the opinion of St. Thomas, and of modern theologians, with regard to the secret of confession, is amusing. It matters little what the opinion of a half a dozen Saint Thomases might be, if the decision of the Church is to the contrary.

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History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages, Vol. III. Translated from the German by A. M. Christie; cloth, pp. XII.—370. B. Herder, St. Louis.

It is to be regretted that this monumental work of the great German historian should have been so sadly defaced in the English translation. When the book first appeared it created consternation in Protestant Germany. It left not a vestige of respectability on the character of the great reformer, Martin Luther. The Emperor endeavored to restrict the sale of the *History* and offered a prize for a work to counteract its effects, while, on the other hand, the Pope presented the writer with a Cardinal's hat. Though appreciated, the hat was not accepted, nor was anything attempted in Germany to combat the effect the work had produced. In fact, he had left his adversaries nothing to say.

What is our amazement, therefore, to see in the Index of the III. volume of the *Translation* of this eminently Catholic work, titles such as the following: Under the heading of the "Reuchlin Controversy," *Sale of Indulgences*, pp. 72-79. A little further down, *Tetzel on the Sale of Indulgences*. We turn to the text on page 78 and we read: "Julius II had proclaimed a *sale of indulgences* for laying the foundation of the new St. Peter's Church. Leo X. renewed the

sale in 1514, in order to raise money for the completion of the building, and employed the Minorites to proclaim the Bulls relating to the sale." Three times the "sale of indulgences" makes its apparition in this one sentence."

We turn to the German and there is not the shadow of any such expression. It simply says Julius II *proclaimed* an indulgence. "Zur Grundlegung der neuen Peterskirche hatte Julius II einen Ablass *ausgeschrieben* und Leo X erneuerte denselben im Jahre 1514 behufs Weiterführung des Baues und übertrug den Minoriten die Verkündigung der betreffenden Bullen."

In the French translation we have as the text warranted "Jules II *avait publié* une indulgence."

As the *Nineteenth Century* has made a boast that it will produce in its forthcoming January number documentary evidence to prove that Leo XIII gave to Josef Mayer the actor of Christus at Ober-Ammergau pardon not only for his own sins past, present and future but also those of all his children, the unfriendly Review will for the moment be able to find countenance for its ridiculous contention in the work just put forth by a Catholic publishing house.

The explanation of all this is, we suggest, that the publishers have probably employed a Protestant translator who has exercised his own sweet will on the text of the great historian.

What lends color to the suspicion is that here and there through the book we are brought up with a start by terms and turns of phrase that no Catholic would ever make use of. For example, on page 77, Janssens is made to speak of the "Romish" court. We are sure he would not have so translated the German word if he knew how offensive *Romish* is to English ears. It is doubtful also if he would have alleged the "*Fifth Commandment*," as on page 82, when speaking of obedience to parents. That is distinctively Protestant, nor would he have told us that Luther made a *plenary* confession instead of a general one. In speaking of pilgrimages he would not have referred to the pilgrimage of *St. Jacob* when he meant St. James. Even if Jacob is German for James the pilgrimage of Compostella is not spoken of as the pilgrimage of St. Jacob. He would not have called the Apocalypse the *Book of Revelations*, nor would he have described the garb of monks as *sacerdotal*. An English-speaking Catholic would never have spoken of the virtue of St. *Dominicus* and St. *Franciscus*. The translator evidently finds these two saints to be unfamiliar characters, just as his title of "*His Papal Holiness*" is most decidedly an alien way of describing His Holiness the Pope. This vandalism was committed in England and Herder, of St. Louis, has had the misfortune to attach his name as agent.

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IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER OF NEW YORK.

By the Rev. D. Lynch, S.J.

ONE of the very noticeable features of New York of late years is the increase of its Italian population. All through the great city, on all its ways of transit, in very many of its employments, but especially in the field of horny handed labor, are seen the dark faces bronzed by the sun of Italy. Whole quarters of the city are now almost exclusively given up to their possession. Like all the poor immigrants, they are slowly making their way up the social ladder; but at present, to one visiting the localities in which they are so crowded together, they forcibly recall the sunny land of their birth. Their quarters are, in fact, as they have popularly been called "little Italies." The character of these quarters is perceptibly changing, and for the better. The Italian is not intemperate, he is not immoral; and, notwithstanding the fame of his imaginary stiletto, he is not sanguinary. He has his defects, no doubt, and if he be not looked after, these will naturally increase. It is true that there is occasionally an extreme type of revolutionist, with aspirations, perhaps, to kill a king, or two. But those desperadoes are rare indeed amongst the simple, industrious, peace-loving Italians.

The Italian population of New York is reckoned variously from 120,000 to 200,000. In 1899, all the immigrants arriv-

ing on our shores were numbered at 151,508. Of these 78,730 were Italians, a great proportion of whom remained in New York. It is a favorite place for them. Being the first place they come to, they hesitate or fear to go farther. Here they meet so many of their own countrymen, and hear their own language spoken. Here, too, in the cosmopolitan Empire City, with its wealth and wonders, they hope to find employment more easily.

They find their own customs, also. Is there not the *festa* of the Madonna of Mt. Carmel? And the ever-popular San Rocco? And see this marriage procession coming down Mulberry Street. A line of carriages following the bride and bridegroom, who, with all-unconscious dignity and decorum pass through the respectful, admiring throng of dark-eyed laborers enjoying their day of rest. The Salvation Army blocks the way and its martial strains awaken the neighborhood. But the Italians can make nothing out of this, to them so strange a way of practising religion, and they look on in wide-eyed wonder.

A visitor to what has been called the Ghetto, a district south of Houston Street and west of the Bowery, will have an opportunity of knowing what contrasts are to be met with in New York. Here we have street after street of dingy tene-



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ments, unclean courtyards, sidewalks almost blocked with carts and fruit or vegetable stands. It is a region of poverty and pain, especially in winter. There is a teeming population everywhere; for here the friendless foreigner very generally abides. The number of immigrants this year has been largely increased, and many thousands of them will settle in the already overcrowded Ghetto. It is said that in one block on Canal Street there are as many as 2,300 human beings. Houses dark and miserable, wretched little recesses where children sleep on chairs or on the floor, basements used for stores, in which are exposed for sale whatever the poor may need or fancy—cheap calico and flannels, black bread, fish, vegetables, meat, fruit—this is the scene, pitiful and pathetic and sternly real, where hundreds and thousands of human beings live and die.

In the Ghetto and on its borders are colonies of Italians. They have faith, but, for one reason or another, are not over-zealous to practise it, forming in this regard a very striking contrast with some

other Catholic immigrants whose love of their religion is one of the most deeply-seated and most abiding of their traits. The Italian Catholics are not left, however, without spiritual assistance; for into this uninviting district have penetrated the Franciscan Fathers. "Where is the Italian church—*la chiesa Italiana?*" I ask of the white-uniformed street-cleaner on Baxter Street, who has evidently seen the silver green of the olive groves of Italy. It is straight ahead; I can't miss it. But I do, for it is only a basement yet. It is the chapel and soon will be the church of the Most Precious Blood. Four Franciscan Fathers are here looking after thousands of their countrymen. I turn along Hester Street and up Mott Street. The day is cold; the first light snowflakes of the season are beginning to fall. Near the corner, shaded a little from the breeze, on the first of the steps leading down to the basement, a sad-eyed Italian mother wraps her infant to her bosom. Near is a stand at which a man is roasting chestnuts as he used to do probably in Naples. The street is lined with hand carts and booths, offering a great variety of wares for sale. A not insignificant portion of the population is on the sidewalks. Children, unwashed and ill-clad, are playing in thoughtless happiness. A band of boys are gathered together playing cards, their gaming-table being the pavement. The irregular houses, innocent of paint or whitewash, or wash of any kind, are festooned, wherever there is an iron verandah or fire-escape, with linen of various dyes. The feet of the passers-by have not yet caught the feverish haste of the city. The whole aspect of the place is foreign. Farther up and to the left there is a thickly-populated Italian quarter in the neighborhood of Sullivan Street. Some of the people here are evidently better off. There are printers and contractors amongst them. But on the streets are

the familiar stalls of the traders Cabbage predominates, and seems to be sold by quantity, for the customers receive it in newspapers without any special weight or measure. There are six Italian Franciscan Fathers at the church of St. Anthony, Sullivan Street, and seven Masses are said on Sunday. In the schools opposite, the Franciscan Sisters, some of whom are Italian, teach 900 children. The parish contains about 7,000 Neapolitans. A little way off is the church of Our Lady of Pompeii for the Genoese.

On East 12th Street is the residence of three Salesian Fathers (of Don Bosco) who assemble their Italian congregation of 1500 on Sunday in the basement of St. Brigid's. The people here are from Southern Italy, all fruit sellers and laborers. Even though they neglect Mass, they call the priest when there is danger of death. It is scarcely known that they ever refuse his ministry at the approach of the last hour. The priests of this mission have had a battle

to fight. The Baptists began to work actively amongst the Italian Catholics to draw them to the church on Second Avenue. A day-school and also a night-school were opened. A priest unfortunately who had had some dispute with his bishop in Italy, was engaged in the interests of the Baptists. One day a young man of the Salesian Congregation came to the pastor with some three or four hundred tickets. They contained an invitation to attend services in Italian at the Baptist church.

Our young friend had offered to *help* the distributor, who was an Italian also, but whose father had apostatized. The *help* consisted in sequestrating the tickets. The Salesian Fathers began an exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and called their people together to pray against the danger of perversion. The result was that the erring priest came to confession, made his submission to the Holy See, and is now laboring for the salvation of his fellow countrymen.

In this Italian congregation, an asso-



THE CHILDREN'S CHOIR, CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LORETTO.



ALTAR, CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LORETTO.

ciation, the *Unione Italo-Americana*, has lately been formed for the publication of a weekly Italian newspaper. The day set for the first issue was the festival of the Immaculate Conception, the patronal feast of the priests of Don Bosco.

Uptown on the east side is the Church of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, one of the most popular of the churches for Italians in the city. About 4,000 attend mass here every Sunday, some 1,300 being children. In the adjoining school, some 900 Italian children are taught by the Sisters of Charity. It is a treat for a priest to find himself amongst those little ones in the street. The boys will always run out before him and pull off their caps, so that there is no mistake as to their intention. The three days' celebration of the feast of Mt. Carmel is a remarkable annual event. Between 40,000 and 50,000 Italians come, sometimes from distant places, to attend it.

In April, 1898, Father Burke began to labor amongst the Italian Catholics at Bedford Park (New York City). He first said mass in the office of Mr. Mc-

Donald, contractor of the Jerome Park Reservoir. Soon after, he said mass every Sunday in a small store in which about ninety persons assembled. Owing to the increase in his congregation a third mass was added, an assistant having been assigned to him in the person of Father Cirrington, whose facile use of his native tongue contributed much to the success of the work. There is now an average Sunday attendance of about 1,500 at the new church of St. Philip Neri. A sermon is preached in Italian every Sunday at high mass and another at vespers. A considerable number of children attend Sunday school, and at dif-

ferent times during the year the children come to catechism classes several times a week. All this is the result of the zealous visiting of the people on the part of the priests in charge. Owing to the fact that single men form a large part of the Italian population, the number of children is not so great. A St. Aloysius club has recently been formed, and with good promise of success, for the young men. Sodalities for men and women are in course of formation. This feature of the work is encouraging, as Italians take readily to societies.

A few weeks ago another mission was begun in One Hundred and Fiftieth Street and Mott Avenue. Rev. Charles Ferina, D. D., is here working amongst 7,000 Italian Catholics. Mass is said in a hall, but the church will be dedicated to St. Rita of Cascia. About the same time a chapel was opened at White Plains, and put in charge of Father Sapienza, chaplain of the convent of Our Lady of Good Counsel. At Washington Heights there is an attendance of 600 Italians at mass on Sunday.

As a further illustration of work in the Italian quarters, we may describe at greater length the mission of Our Lady of Loretto, as it happens to be better known to the writer.

Dropping down from the Third Avenue Elevated (train) at Grand Street Station, and walking across one "block," you come to Elizabeth Street and "Little Italy." There are other places of the name, but this is one of the principal Italian quarters in New York City. You are not long without making an acquaintance—"Polish? Shine?" The little Italian bootblack misses no chance of making money. "Dove sta la chiesa del Padre Russo?" "Non so." Was my little friend indignant because he had no "shine?" Or was he alone a stranger in Israel, that he knew not the Madonna of Loretto? I walk along Elizabeth Street—not a stylish street, clearly; nor made dangerous, even for the nerves, by "sky-scrapers." Those faces I see are nearly all Italian—swarthy, regular, with

the fire of Southern Italy smouldering in their dark eyes, for those are mostly Calabrians or Sicilians. There are stands laden with fruit along the sidewalk, recalling the orange groves and apple orchards of Italy. Here a man is picking rags, and there small groups are chatting together. The language is Italian, soft, musical, languid. The people love music; there must be an organ somewhere. Here it is; and a little maiden of ten, with the deepest brown of autumn lingering in her eyes, yields to the inspiration, and begins to dance. Suddenly she sees a priest near, and she stops and looks up with a half-serious, half-guilty air. All are not poor; across the street is the name Molinari, plumber; near it, Verde, shopkeeper; but the "saloon" at the corner is owned by Bahr, whose name has nothing Latin about it.

I was told the Italian Church was a large white building. It is neither very large nor very white. Had I not known



THE BAND, CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LORETTO.

the number of the presbytery, I might have mistaken the church for a modest school or convent. In fact, the poor quarters of the priests are run in over a part of the church. Ascending the outside stairway, I wait for the pastor, Father Russo, S. J. All Italians have the love and instinct of art, and Father Russo's little waiting-room has its pictures. There are the Sistine Madonna and the Transfiguration; engravings, and not expensive, it is true; but the presbytery can afford nothing better. Here is what seems to be a mosaic, St. Peter's and the Temple of Concord in the Forum; but they are in terra-cotta.

Father Russo has been superintending the painting of his church, and I go down with him to see it. The inside is prettily painted and not inelegant in design. What, by a stretch of imagination, may be conceived of as a clerestory, is all in glass. This relieves the low roof; the altar is placed in a recess or apse.

We pass out to see the school. Eight hundred little people, all or nearly all under fourteen, are crowded into narrow quarters. They are not unhappy though. All rise to welcome us as we come. Bright, intelligent children they are, orderly and respectful. The teaching is entirely in English. There are but two Italian teachers out of eleven employed, and they speak English without any trace of a foreign accent. The children are divided into eight grades, which leave nothing to be desired in the way of elementary teaching. All that is needed is room—much more room for this little army of delightful children.

Father Russo took a little while from his busy day, and sat down to tell me about the history of his work. It is all his. He began nine years ago, and with little assistance he has gone on toiling ever since. What a transformation he has wrought in this place! On the very site of his presbytery and church stood

houses of infamy. The unesteemed Italian foreigners, with their priests working amongst them, have changed the character of the district.

"We have here," said Father Russo, "the poorest of our Italian people; the better class, the northern Italians, are towards Roosevelt St. and Sullivan St." There are five masses said every Sunday, and the church is now crowded for each, the average attendance being over 3,000. The Sunday-school comprises the children of the day-school (800) and some others not in school, or attending the public schools. About 18,000 confessions are heard annually, and 1,500 persons go to Holy Communion each month. The Children of



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.



THE FATHERS OF THE PIOUS MISSIONS, ATTACHED TO THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

Mary, numbering about 100, always wear white veils as they approach the Holy Table. There is not a larger number because these young ladies marry at the age of seventeen. At nineteen, the unmarried daughters of Italy consider themselves old maids! Father Russo has sodalities for all classes of his people—the children, young men and young women, and the older people. There are in all seven sodalities. There are, besides, two clubs; one for the young men, and another for boys between eleven and fifteen years. All the people join in singing the church services, the use of Latin being no difficulty in the way. Each sodality sings at its own Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the rest of the people joining.

There are some 12,000 people confided to Father Russo and his three assistants, Father Romano, Father Longo and Father Gennaro. No matter how careless many of the Italian parents are, the children seem to be all baptized in

the Church. About 1,000 are baptized every year in Our Lady of Loretto!

The history of Father Russo's work is a history of trials and labor. When the rudimentary portion of the present congregation ceased to worship in the basement of old St. Patrick's, the spiritual prospects of the Italian Catholics of this quarter of the city were anything but bright. Churches opened for them some time before and in better places had not been successful. An Italian priest to whose care they were offered, feared for the result and declined to accept the charge. Finally the Society of Jesus was appealed to, and Father Russo and Father Romano, with only a blessing—"without purse or scrip," as Father Russo puts it—undertook the cheerless task "gladly." An old bar-room was rented and transformed into a chapel, the good priests themselves having cleaned up the place and painted it. They made an altar and confessionals, and put a large sign on the front,

"*Missione Italiana della Madonna di Loreto.*"

The improvements being sufficiently advanced to attempt an opening, Father Russo's Provincial, Father Campbell, came to say the first Mass. "The preacher of the day," says Father Russo, "was one who for about thirty years had not practiced Italian eloquence. You may imagine with what correctness and purity of style he spoke." The preacher was no other than the new pastor. The real difficulty, however,

on their patron Saint's day. There was an Association of St. Roch, for mutual assistance, or at least encouragement. The members were pressed into active service; and having donned their regalia, marched along the street to the church, cheered by hundreds of admirers stationed on the sidewalks. The opening was a success; but it had been so artificial or artful, that the good pastor did not feel sure of his congregation for the following Sunday. The seed sown in difficulties and fears began to



SCHOOL OF OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

was not about the language, but about the congregation. Was any one going to come? Some small boys, "the hope of the harvest," finding they had plenty of room, were making themselves happy in the holy place. The people of the neighborhood had souls, but they did not seem to mind that. The keen air of the region of spiritual things was too searching for them. However, a certain number had a devotion to San Rocco. They went to Mass at least once a year,

grow, and soon there was promise of a fair harvest. The little children, as in India, with St. Francis Xavier, became apostles and still continue to be. The church soon became too small, so that the people came and knelt on the sidewalk outside the door. For a while there lingered amongst some, a vague suspicion that Father Russo had not really the true faith. One good man, whose child had been attending the church, came and asked him if he were in point of fact an Italian Catholic priest. Father Russo assured him he was not only an Italian priest, but that he was moreover Cattolico Romano. The man stopped awhile and said, "I do not think so." "Why?" No explanation, but a question, "What are the conditions

for making a good Communion?" "You don't know yourself," said Father Russo. Yes, he did; "*Quattro—anima pura, corpo digiuno, pensa a chi piglia, e piglialo con amore!*" "Bravo! Four conditions—the soul pure, the body fasting, knowledge of Him whom we receive, and the receiving of Him with love." "Now," said the man, "you haven't those four conditions. You say two masses on Sunday; you may be fasting for the first, but you

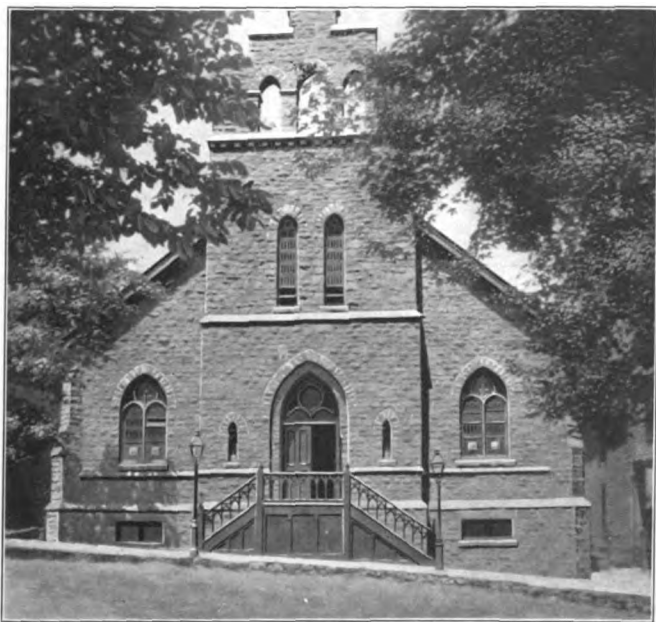
cannot be fasting for the second." Father Russo asked him if he had heard Mass on Christmas day beneath the blue heaven of Italy. He had. "But doesn't the priest say three Masses on that day?" "Ah, but he has the permission of the Pope!" "And so have I," said the triumphant pastor.

The two priests said each two Masses every Sunday for a regular congregation of five hundred souls. The little place was soon too small. \$50,000 for two tenement houses opposite, where was the money to come from? Providence sent it. But there was great danger of civil war before the charge. The Jewish proprietor of the tenements evicted his Italian tenants somewhat after the fashion of an Irish landlord. Father Russo was not aware of this transaction. The agrarian agitators re-entered the frail dwelling at daybreak and smashed to smithereens everything endowed with the quality of fragility. They did not know that it was the property of the Church,

and the sorrow of the discovery was heightened by their arrest. Father Russo refused to prosecute and pleaded for them, thereby raising himself to a great moral height in the eyes of his people.

Anti-Catholic proselytism quickly showed the necessity of a school. There was no other way of getting possession of the children. At first, the basement of the church was used for 200 youngsters, all other light save that of learning being artificial. The parents and the health authorities objected to this; and notwithstanding his poverty and trials,

Father Russo's zeal made him purchase two neighboring houses at a cost of \$35,000. Providence came again to his aid, and the work of transforming the buildings began. Difficulties anew! the work was stopped, and what had been done was pronounced unsafe. Were the expenses already incurred to go for nothing, and the school to remain unfinished? The little apostles, the school children, who had already done so much, set themselves to pray—and, surely, this showed they were worth working for. "Our children especially did their best



CHURCH OF ST. PHILIP NERI, BEDFORD PARK.

said Father Russo. "Communion, stations of the Cross, beads, acts of mortification, long hours of silence were offered to God." The prayers were heard. An arrangement was come to, according to which the school was completed with an additional expense of \$1,500.

One could not help being touched by Father Russo's words, as he expressed the bitterness of his regret at his inability to do for his own Italian people what Protestants are doing to destroy their Catholic faith. His schools are wretch-

edly crowded ; they should be twice the present size. He has eleven Catholic ladies teaching his children, and all are efficient teachers. One of these ladies has a hundred children to teach. If Father Russo had to pay the rent of the schools himself, he would be obliged to close them to-morrow. Friends come to his assistance. His own poor people cannot, or do not contribute more than one-third of his actual expenditure. It is true they are advancing, like all the immigrant poor who have come to America. If we only take them in hand, they will be soon an influential social element controlled by the Catholic Church.

Here, as elsewhere in the city, a new and larger church is badly needed. How many more would thus be drawn to the practice of their religion, and how easy it would be to add splendor to the present necessarily humble manner of celebrating the sacred Mysteries !

One of the most important fields of Father Russo's work is that of his young men and grown boys. He has two clubs. Alas, how unpretending ! Some rudimentary gymnastic exercises, such as those through which our father Adam might have gone ; some music—like Sidney Smith, "they tune their song on slender oats"—theatricals, embryonic ; and what is called a theatre—these are the outfit for the young men and boys.

Church, schools, presbytery, clubs—all in need ; and so the whitening harvest cannot be gathered in by the apostolic reapers.

To help in the Church's work amongst the multitude of her Italian children in New York, is a worthy and needful object for the charity of the wealthy. It is quite useless to expect that they will do everything for themselves. Catholics they are, and not likely to become anything else. Naturally, one of the most intelligent and quick-witted of the European races, with all the traditions of wonderful Italy—historical, artistic, religious—in their hearts, they are here in our streets, an enormous number, every day growing,

with immense possibilities for the good and glory of their Catholic faith. Though neglectful and sometimes neglected, they have qualities and virtues which, even men who merely seek the good of human society or of the state, would never be so foolish as to despise. Who is more thrifty than an Italian, who "can subsist on almost as little as an Arab?" Every one who has lived in Italy, or who is acquainted with Italians here, is perfectly well aware they are not immoral. Witness the change in Elizabeth Street and its neighborhood ! Even though they are neglected, or neglect themselves, and live in the midst of the danger and degradation of the poorest quarters of the city, their occasional outbursts of southern fury are ridiculously exaggerated ; the Italian knife is not nearly so often used as the more modern revolver.

"It is passing strange," writes an author who knows Italy as few outsiders do, "that the Italian popolano, open to whosoever will, to study him at their leisure, the Italian of the people, as seen in his streets and fields, by his hearth and his market-stalls, is as little understood as invariably misrepresented." The Catholic side of him is far less understood and much more misrepresented. Absolutely unstudied, absolutely unself-conscious, ardently affectionate, devotedly faithful, unspoiled as yet by the suicidal gloom and despair of modern infidelity and corruption, "the Italian of the people" is surely worthy of a little interest for those who love the Catholic Church. Much is said, of the decay of Italy. Undoubtedly the worst features of its decay are owing to revolution, official corruption, irreligious and secret society propaganda, excessive taxation, much of which goes to support an army and navy far exceeding the country's needs. Where the Italian has not been tainted by the infamous teaching referred to, he is decayed in nothing. Least of all, probably, in his faith. Fortunately, there is an undeniable proof ready to

hand. Decidedly, the most striking feature of this Holy Year is its Italian feature. In number, the Italian pilgrims have surpassed all others who went to kneel at the feet of the Pope. In enthusiasm, in devotion, in loyalty to the Holy See, they have been in the front rank. Throughout Italy, at present, the religious reaction is most striking. And whatever ills the country still suffers from, "the Italian of the people" has not hitherto had it in his power to prevent them. He is the victim, not the offender.

In endeavoring to understand the neglect of religion amongst the Italian portion of our population, we must remember that those poor immigrants are strangers in a strange land—a land diametrically opposed in its ways to their own, a land bereft of the outward pomp and practices of their faith so familiar to them at home. Strangers and poor, they have never been accustomed to have the whole weight of the Church's needs thrown upon them. In the old Catholic countries, the piety of the Ages of Faith and of Catholic sovereigns had enabled the Church to provide for herself. Years ago, particularly, the Italians found their new home much more strange than they do now. Nor was it so easy to provide for them then. Moreover, revolution in Italy, and especially revolutionary teaching, did much mischief to the old simple faith of the people. Not only in Italy, but here also, men were found to deride and calumniate priests and the Church in the bitterest manner.

One of the greatest reasons for their callousness in the matter of religion is found in their social condition. They come to America penniless. Their one effort is to earn a livelihood. Laboring for little remuneration, they have to slave, sometimes on Sunday, to make two ends meet. And when better times come, the habit of neglect is already formed.

Non Catholics have taken advantage of the indifference of many Italians towards religion to induce them to renounce their



REV. DANIEL BURKE.

faith altogether. All sorts of ways have been taken — schools, Sunday-schools, homes, refuges, churches. The Protestant "Five Points" Mission is already old. There, on Thanksgiving Day, was prepared a dinner for eight hundred children; and at Worth Street House of Industry, a dinner for two thousand persons. Many of our Italian Catholics are drawn away by such means as these. Forty per cent. of the children in the New York Juvenile Asylum are Catholics, and mainly Italians. The Asylum is Protestant, and receives children only on the condition that they are given up to it absolutely. The Children's Aid Society (Mott Street) has now five hundred and fifty Italian children, all of whom could be saved if only the means were forthcoming. In some cases money given by the city is used for the purposes of an ignoble proselytism.

It is consoling to know how much is being done by the Archbishop and clergy for the Italian Catholics in our midst. There are at least forty Italian priests at work amongst them, besides three or four communities of Italian Sisters. Many Italians attend Divine serv-

ice in the ordinary churches, and in several of these there are special services for them. In some places there is a Mass regularly on Sundays; in others, an afternoon or evening service. For example, Monsignor Edwards has a service in Italian, every Sunday at 4 P. M., at Fourteenth Street. Here, too, the seats are free for Italians at other services. They are not left to themselves to provide places of worship, but are zealously assisted by the priests of the city. To give an instance, an Italian mission was begun about six months ago in 104th Street. Father Phelan of St. Cecilia's gave a portion of his parish and an offering of \$500 to aid the new work. To ensure greater success, two priests, one American and one Italian, Father Cronin and Father Maltese, were put in charge, and Monsignor Edwards, in the name of the Archbishop, bought at a cost of \$30,000, five lots for a house and church.

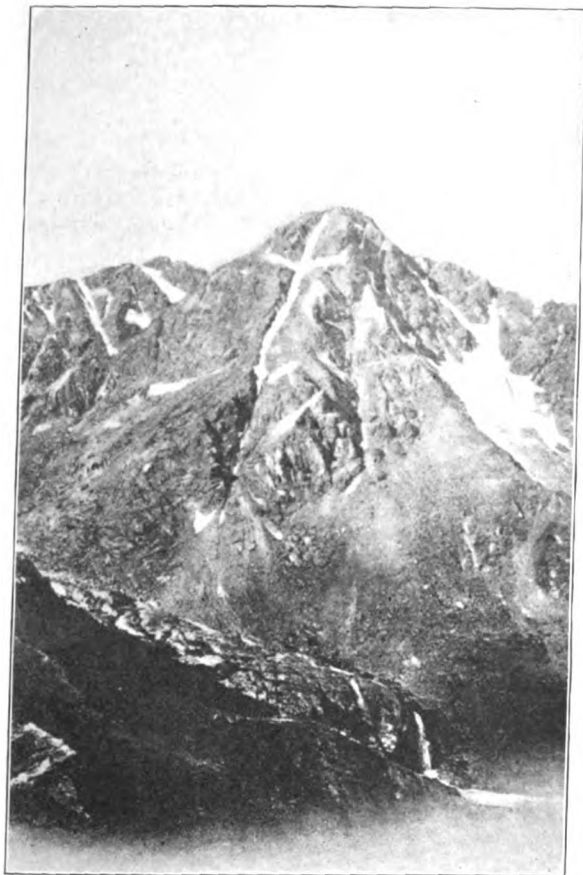
The number of our Italian Catholics is growing so rapidly, that the study of their language is now obligatory on all the students of the Archdiocesan Seminary at Dunwoodie. Most of these poor people are laborers. However, they are

now getting up in the social scale. They have shops, they are engaged in trades. Most of them are saving money, and some of them are very wealthy. They have entered the professions. They are bankers. There are Italian newspapers; and now, fortunately, there is an Italian bureau at Castle Garden, to which a priest goes each day to look after his fellow-countrymen arriving from Italy.

Various instructions have been issued by the Holy See, concerning the spiritual interests of Italian emigrants. They are to be better prepared, both, as to the knowledge and practice of their religion before leaving home, and special care is to be taken of them in the countries in which they are strangers. Just now the Holy Father is writing an encyclical on this subject.

Men and women, who have nothing to offer but the chaos of Protestantism, are at work, and have long been at work, amongst the needy and ill-instructed immigrants. Those to whom God has given wealth can find few nobler objects than to aid in the protection and advancement of so many who have our common faith and who form so large a portion of the Fold.





THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS, COLORADO.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

By B. F. DeCosta.

"When the sign shall be lifted on the mountain ye shall see."—Isaias xxxiii: 3.

O FAIR, transfigured Mountain, in majesty sublime,
Against a sky of turquoise in spangled robe of rime,
A splendor all supernal invests thy Alpine form,
Hewn ruggedly but grandly by Time and glacial Storm.

Afar, on high, the Pilgrim thy forehead views aglow,
Signed with Redemption's symbol, inlaid with virgin snow,
For on thy brow, O Mountain, effulgent, men may see,
In crystalline mosaic, the Cross of Calvary.

The Mountain of the Holy Cross.

Amidst the clouds of Sinai an awful Voice was heard,
Sky, crag and cavern trembling with thunder and the Word ;
But now, in ray serenest, through calm, transparent air,
Thy heights, O New World Mountain, reveal Evangels fair.

Bright aureoled, thy summit shines crowned with cloudless day,
And on thy Cross of crystal swift coruscations play ;
Rich crimson with the dawning, fair opaline at noon,
While purple eve's pure splendor breaks, silver, with the moon.

Thus ere the early Northmen a Cross in Vinland bore,
Or, raised by great Columbus, it blessed Antilles' shore,
Ere Indian or Aztec our continent first trod.
Thou, Mount, a sign uplifted that told the thought of God.

Hail, thou resplendent guerdon, set, blazonry Divine!
On Everlasting Mountain, an Everlasting Sign,
A pledge that Truth Incarnate, dissolving error's chain,
This Continent shall conquer and all imperial reign.

O toilworn Christian summoned to meet Agnostic strife,
Opposed by strident Falsehood where rankling wrongs are rife,
Arm with a strength immortal, emprise the pain and loss,
America to herald, " Land of The Holy Cross."



THE GOSPEL OF THE SYBARITE.

THE ENGLISH UTILITARIANS, BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

By the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J.

CATHOLICS often feel a superstitious awe for the enemies of the faith. Darwin, Huxley, John Stuart Mill, Harnack and others such, "loom large in the fog of yesterday" and to-day, and there is always a vague dread that their writings portend evil to Christianity—an evil which only God in some mysterious way can avert. They are invariably credited with being men of remarkable intellectual powers whose speculations can never be treated but with the profoundest respect;—earnest, sincere delvers in the depths of science which Catholics scarcely suspect and presumably never enter;—minds with such a delicate sense of honor that they never advance what they cannot prove, and never fail to relinquish what they find to be false. They have the ear and the applause of the world and are admitted to be giants, while their adversaries are usually considered as dwellers in Lilliputia.

Hence it is that few Church writers are temerarious enough to challenge the conclusions, for instance, of a man like John Stuart Mill, or question his methods or doubt his sincerity, with the hope of producing any impression on a very extensive circle of even orthodox readers. In such matters a Catholic is "a suspect" among his own. So God in His mercy sends some one, from time to time, out of the enemy's camp to betray the secrets, and not unfrequently the steel armor of the formidable knight is found to be pasteboard and his sword a lath.

In our present distress, it is Leslie Stephen who comes to the rescue. He has written a book called "The English Utilitarians," of whose particular doctrine the two Mills, father and son, were the most redoubtable champions.

It need not worry us to hear that the style of part of these three ponderous tomes is what the authoritative *Athenæum* describes as "pemmican." "Pemmican" is beyond most American readers, but it appears to be a mixture of dried shredded beef with tallow and currants. The jumble, however, which results is from excess of matter and not from any lack of ability in that distinguished writer, and does not detract from the authority which Mr. Stephen claims and which is universally accorded to him as the expositor of what may be rightly called the tenets of this sect. For its claim to be philosophy is at least open to suspicion. He is, as he informs us, "a disciple of the school in its later period." "Besides, being a historian, says the *Athenæum*, "and a very candid critic, he can, at times, be a skilful apologist. He is an accomplished philosopher and this last work of his deals with beliefs which actually flourished under the general name of Utilitarianism, and he is concerned to know why they flourished and how far they prevailed, because they were wholly or partly true." "Only a writer of unusual knowledge and attainments," we are told, "could expect to cope successfully with the materials which a study of such depth and range involves, and Mr. Stephen has here found an appropriate field for the exercise of his rare acquaintance with the history of literature and philosophy, his practised skill in the art of biography and his remarkable power of keen analysis."

This suggests, somewhat, the generous praise of Sheridan's stage *Critic*, but if it does not give us an exact portrait of the great man, it is proof of the regard which his confreres accord him.

The purpose of the book, Mr. Stephen

himself says, in the Introduction, is "to give an account of this phase of thought, so as to bring out what were the *limitations of view* which affected the Utilitarian conception of the problems to be solved and what were the *passions and prepossessions* due to the contemporary state of society and to their own class position, which to some degree *unconsciously dictated their conclusions*. Thus I hope I may throw some light upon the intrinsic value of the *creed*." "I am primarily concerned," he declares, "with the history of a school or sect. I must therefore consider the creed as it was actually embodied in the dominant beliefs of its adherents."

Beyond all expectation, Mr. Stephen does throw, not only some, but very much light on the intrinsic value of the "creed." Extrinsically, we know that he and others give it weight. That is beyond dispute. But, in the first place, we were under the impression that philosophy was a science and not a "creed." We were foolish enough to fancy that it was knowledge obtained by personal investigation and not a "belief." He speaks of the Utilitarian coterie as a "sect," and assures us that "the great majority even of intelligent partisans are either indifferent to the philosophic creed of their leaders or take it for granted. His own unchallenged greatness in fact is alleged, by his friends, as a reason why the doubters should be stiffened in their devotion. We were convinced that the authority of a teacher was worth just as much as the arguments he adduced are worth, and that only an Obscurantist and a Catholic, but not scientific investigators could be strengthened by authority. They are thought to treat it with contempt. Authority we see, to our relief, has weight with scientific men also, and worse than the enthralled Roman Catholics, they have their motives of credibility for mere human knowledge, while we seek such help only in divine things where the subject matter is beyond our ken. Elsewhere he describes philosophy as "poetry stated in terms of logic."

Were we disposed to be captious the whole question might be dismissed after such a revelation as this. It is an unconditional surrender of the whole position, though the occupants of the fort are apparently unconscious that they have been given away.

Even their kopjes of "creed," "faith" and "belief" are untenable. A creed with "*limitations of view*," a creed biased by "*passions and prepossessions*," that is restricted to "*contemporary society and class position*," and "whose conclusions are *unconsciously dictated*" (which is a euphemism for not knowing exactly what they may happen to be saying) is not going to take hold of the religious world to any alarming extent, nor can its influence be other than momentary and local.

It is even conceded that James Mill, upon whom the mantle of Bentham primarily descended (these anti-christians, by the way, are strangely fond of biblical metaphors), was unsuccessful in elucidating the difficulties or solving the problems which the questions mooted involved, and his failure was due to the fact that "*whole spheres of thought lay outside of his vision*." Surely an enemy could not be more unkind. A philosophy that is only a "belief," and that "belief" one that is admittedly biased in its utterances, and limited in its purview, even when the Great High Priest ascends to the pinnacle to scan the horizon, should long since have ceased to attract attention. It comes too late in this age of reason. That these defects exist in it, we have the testimony of Mr. Stephen, one of the chosen disciples.

But what is this Utilitarianism that, in spite of all its shortcomings, both as a philosophy and a religion, yet fills so large a space in the consideration of the world, and boasts so vehemently of "its influence in moulding individual, social and national life, and which even takes the credit to itself of having added the altruistic element to modern religion"? Were it not for the last assertion we

would let others answer the question as to what Utilitarianism is, for these pages have nothing to do with the vagaries of philosophy. It is only because the subject affects religious interests that we discuss it at all.

To put it briefly, therefore, Utilitarianism is that form of modern philosophy which maintains as its fundamental ethical principle that an action is good or bad inasmuch as it conduces, or does not, to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Putting aside the fact that this motive of action excludes many others, like those of love, duty and obedience, etc., the question immediately and naturally suggests itself to every one, *how* are we going to find out what makes for the greatest happiness of the greatest number? It is a hard sum that is thus set for dull, ordinary folk like ourselves. For that, the philosophers have ready a specific which, in their peculiar phraseology is termed the "felicific calculus." Frankly, it looks as if they were enjoying themselves a little at our expense, and the formula looks alarmingly like a druggist's prescription. It means, when analyzed, that there are certain data, more or less reliable, which will enable one with a fair amount of good will to determine the particular exercise of virtue which will conduce most to the greatest happiness of the human race. But how am I to figure all that out, if, as generally happens, my decision about right and wrong must be made in a flash? I am not in a peaceful state of mind when beset by temptation, and cannot sit down and cipher. I have no time or temper, then for arithmetic or calculus. But, alas! to my question about how I shall work out the problem under any circumstances, the oracle is dumb.

Again, supposing that I do resort to this "felicific calculus," who is to assure me that my figures are correct? I may mistake a 9 for a 0, or what I rate at 5 my neighbor may estimate only at 3. My additions and subtractions may be

all wrong, and an action which I regard as worthy of a saint, may really fit only a reprobate.

Moreover, in what particular species of enjoyment does this greatest happiness consist? As Mr. Stephen himself puts it, "the happiness of a philosopher is not the happiness of a clown; the happiness of an ascetic is not the happiness of a libertine; and pardon the unpleasant intrusion, (but it is a quotation) the happiness of a pig—for it appears that even that gentleman has to be considered, is not the happiness of a Socrates." As a solution of this difficulty, it is averred that in the ultimate evolution of the human race, all will acquire what they call "a feeling of unity," and will combine in wishing some perfectly proper kind of pleasure. But that is a hope to be so long deferred as to make the heart sick, even to think of it. It is not dealing with things as they are in the present, and it is folly to imagine that men will ever attain to that unity in the future or ever desire the same kind of enjoyment.

What adds to our perplexity is that Bentham himself, the great Master of the School, has said, "that every action by a human being is determined by his judgment of what will produce the greatest happiness *to himself*." Now, to seek one's own happiness, first, and to seek the happiness of the greatest number, first, is a problem too difficult for even "felicific calculus." How does the great Master answer that difficulty? He does not answer it. His failure to do so is, says Stephen, "the most characteristic thing about him." One asks, in wonderment, how such a mind as Stephen's can accept a teacher who in presence of a fundamental difficulty, *characteristically* fails to discuss it? But it is the stamp of the school. For when the disciple himself is confronted with Mill's perplexities and contradictions on another point, he airily answers that it is "a ticklish point" which he cannot discuss, but which in his opinion does not affect the argument. Such an avoidance of a difficulty must

tickle his adversaries but can scarcely tickle him, if he reflects upon the position in which it puts him.

Philosophy that investigates in that fashion can scarcely be taken seriously, and the conviction of its absence of sincerity grows upon us when we hear this great man say that "the extent to which a certain other Utilitarian's superficiality is important, depends on whether we attach much or little importance to the precise combination of words used by those philosophers." This is amazing. If their words are of no importance, surely their thoughts incur the same reproach. For words are nothing else than the expressions of thought. Even in ordinary conversation we are wary of people in whom this lack of verbal and mental correspondence is noted. At least we do not trust them in the serious affairs of life.

But the shallowness of the whole system is strikingly in evidence, when we are told that Mill wrote to Comte that "he owed much to German philosophy, as a corrective of exclusive Benthamism," and then are informed that his acquaintance was not at first hand, but "obtained from the works of English and French interpreters. These interpreters were Coleridge who had only a confused and desultory notion about it, Hamilton who knew little of Kant except the literature of the subject, and Cousin who could not have provided Mill with any complete or convincing statement of the views entertained at Koenigsberg." All this is bad enough, but the historian goes on to say that when Mill *tried* to read Kant in the original, he found that the interpreters had given him the *pith* of the teaching, but that the rest was "fastidieux"; that is to say, too annoying and irksome for him to examine. In other words, this great and dreaded enemy of Christian Revelation, instead of being a profound philosopher is made out by his personal friends to be a sort of Joseph Surface. These be thy gods O! Israel.

After all this it would not appear to be a philosophy to be proud of, yet the *Athenaeum* contends, somewhat naively, that it embodied one of the main elements of the national character. It appealed, or imagined it appealed (fancy that for a philosopher!) not to any *a priori* ideas, but to the plain dictates of experience. Its devotion to social needs offered a typical contrast with the tendencies which were making contemporary philosophy abroad.

Such a view is decidedly insular, and if it is intended to be patriotic it is woefully lacking in the appreciation of the true nature of philosophy. And yet in spite of contradictions and the innumerable difficulties in its very first utterances, we are informed that it exercised a profound influence on our political principles, our legislation, our economic doctrine, our social and ethical theory and it has done much, though not so much as was expected, to mould our educational aims and methods.

Possibly it did not mould educational aims and methods, as much as was to be expected, because "educators" detected its weakness. That it exerted a profound influence on politics, legislation and the ethical theory (which is singular, for itself is the ethical theory) may be admitted, for once the idea of God is eliminated in politics and morals, then the most inefficient agents may appear to achieve the most stupendous results. A very light weight may break down what is already worm-eaten. Finally it is flat blasphemy to say that it stimulated the philanthropic element in religion, by representing it as the only one that is worthy and intelligible.

The love of God is surely more worthy and intelligible than the love of man, and the world did not have to wait for Utilitarianism to stimulate the philanthropic element in religion, after hearing, from the lips of Jesus Christ, the precept of the love of one's neighbor coupled with that of the love of God and made one commandment. The altruism that

is exercised in China and elsewhere to-day is an example of the influence exercised by this philanthropic philosophy, "in politics, morals and the ethical theory."

But it is not with its superficiality and flippancy that we are concerned, but with its immorality. It is all based on the assumption that man is only an animal, and can have no other happiness than the satisfaction of his animal appetites. Its utility can mean nothing else than animal pleasure and its whole scheme is little else than badly veiled Hedonism. Under the cloak of its philosophical terms lies the cadaver of sensual gratification. Utilitarianism is the gospel of the Sybarite.

Carlyle's view of it can be taken almost without modification. "Alas!" he says, "poor England! Stupid, purblind, pudding-eating England!" "Pudding" is probably, as if by anticipation, Leslie Stephen's "pemmican." Fortunately, however, England has not to take the measure of its "intellectuals" from these infidel professors.

The old Chelsea sage continues: "Bentham with his *Mills* grind thee out morality! This monster *Utilitaria* tramples down palaces and temples with her broad hoof. This grim steam engine Utilitarianism! Benthamism is an eyeless heroism, making the human species like a hapless blinded Sampson grinding in the Philistine *Mill*, claspings convulsively the pillars of its *Mill*, bringing it in huge ruin down." In his *Chartism* he calls it "Paralytic Radicalism," paralytic being substituted, says Stephen, for philosophical, "which has sounded statistically a sea of troubles and concluded that nothing is to be done but to look on at one of the most afflictive phenomena the mind of man can be called upon to contemplate." In his "Pig Philosophy" he declares angrily that "The universe is regarded by these teachers as an immeasurable swine trough," and that "Utilitarianism means Sensualism." "But," he de-

clares, with what he termed "fire-eyed defiance," "I will not believe that the whole world is a dead mechanism, nor that the sole forces by which society is moulded are the sensual appetites."

This grim old Calvinist had much of reason and revelation left in him and he understood what is the real destiny of man and what is the law which shapes his morality.

Man is not a gross material creature like the beasts of the field. Besides his corporeal nature, he possesses a free spiritual and immortal soul. He is endowed with an intellect which of its very nature can never rest except in the possession of infinite truth, and a will which can never rest except in the possession of infinite good. Beneath those two spiritual faculties lies the animal nature, with its instincts, which intellect and will are to control and to compel to minister and serve in gaining the eternal felicity of the entire man. He is free to do so. But he is forced to contemplate flashing on his mind an eternal, universal and immutable law. That law, as St. Augustine puts it, is "the order perceived by the divine intellect from all eternity, decreed by the divine will, and then mirrored in created intellects and bending created wills." "It is the law," as Cicero says, "which did not begin to exist when it was written, but when it was born, viz: at the same time as the divine intellect. Wherefore the true law, the primary law which can truly command and forbid, is the ever true mind of the Supreme Being. If the supreme law is the Divine Intellect, when introduced in man it dwells in the mind of the wise and is universal, immutable and eternal."

Such is the true Criterion of Morality: the Will of Almighty God commanding what the Intelligence of God necessarily sees in the Divine Essence to be eternally right and which the communication of divine light enables the soul to perceive. That scheme of Morality is worthy of the exalted character of man who stands at the summit of the visible universe, and

is worthy of the beneficent Creator who wishing the homage of free service from his rational creatures, clearly shows them the law and gives them the power to fulfil it.

Necessarily and as a matter of course happiness results as a consequence of the observance of this law. It could not be otherwise. The creature reaches its end and rests, just as the stone that falls to the ground in obedience to the laws of gravitation, or the steel that adheres to the magnet because of the law of attraction. So man's mind which is made for infinite truth rests, when it reaches that truth, and his will which is made for the infinite good rests when it reaches that good. Man is at rest then and then only and is necessarily happy. While striving for that end he is in the enjoyment of peace and happiness which surpasses all understanding, and when he achieves it possesses a felicity that no eye hath seen nor ear hath heard nor doth it enter into the mind of man to conceive—a happiness that is necessarily connected with its object as the fruition with the fruit—a happiness which we can long for and hope for but long for and hope for and strive for only inasmuch as it is connected with what is right. To disjoin it from that would be immoral. The Criterion of Morality, therefore, is the eternal law of right and wrong written in the very nature of God and reflected in the consciences of men. It is the violation of that eternal law of right and wrong that fills the world with such misery to day, and has wrought such infinite evil in degrading the human race, and it is the loving fulfilment of that same law that has created everywhere such nobility of character in men and women of every grade of society, and has filled heaven with such glorious saints. What folly for men to forget the noble end for which God has destined them, and to consider, even for an instant the vaporings of such dreamers as Bentham and John Stuart Mill.

They are dreamers, indeed, but dream-

ers of bad dreams ; with a philosophy, which may be, if Stephen insists on it, "poetry, in terms of logic," but which is immoral poetry in terms of execrable logic. That it has done much harm, we have only to look around to see, in the disasters of political and domestic life ; but the point we want to make is this, that the cause was altogether out of proportion with the effect. It was a pistol shot that started an avalanche. A philosophy that is a jumble of perplexities and contradictions, whose fundamental propositions are absurdities, and which is admittedly a creed and not a science ; whose tenets are dictated by passion and prejudice and borrowed at second hand from incompetent interpreters, and which finally, after it has run its course, is treated with amused contempt by its most conspicuous disciple, need not be a subject of superstitious dread on the part of Catholics. It has grown to be regarded as wonderful because of the persistent claque of its adherents, and it has succeeded in doing much harm, not because of its intrinsic merits, but because it is addressed to a world which, even anti-christian philosophers declare has deteriorated, both morally and intellectually.

Nor is the character of its principal seer, so transcendently above us that his name should be used to conjure with.

John Stuart Mill was a man who might have been a lovable character under Christian influences, but whose life was made a wreck by having the brand of Utilitarianism burned into him from infancy.

With a youth, out of which all joyousness had been crushed by those two Utilitarian ghouls, Bentham and James Mill, who, to make of him a living example of their doctrine, crammed the poor boy with learning until his mind nearly gave way and paralysis afflicted him the greater part of his life ; with no knowledge of God or sense of religion, not even remembering ever to have entered a church in childhood, and with all tender human feelings withered and choked in his soul and himself reduced, as he said, to be a

mere thinking machine, he shunned the company of his fellow-men, dreaming his dreams apart, and while pretending to be eminently practical in his philosophy, and to be always influenced by experience in his conclusions, remained till the last in the domain of the speculation which he professed to attack.

As a guide in ethics his unnatural and distorted mind instinctively and uncompromisingly adopted the infamous doctrine of Malthusianism; as a reasoner he was intense, without being deep or broad, taking his information, as we have seen, from interpreters and "characteristically," according to his biographer, remaining only the more convinced of his own opinion, no matter what arguments were brought against him; as a philanthropist and an altruist, he was fully convinced with Carlyle, that "men were mostly fools"; as a patriot, he had a thorough contempt for his own countrymen and rated half the nation as being prompted by sinister motives, and the other half "too brutalized to be trusted"; as a politician he was a fiasco, and was dubbed by Disraeli "a political finishing governess"; as a friend, "with a singular absence of qualities that make men's lives interesting." "In his autobiography," says Stephen, "we see no tender dwelling on early days and associations, no affection for mother, or brother, or sister; no warm expression of personal feeling; in a word, he is a frigid thinker and a worthy prophet of the dismal science which leaves out of account all that is deepest and truly valuable in human nature." And, finally, as a moral

man, we find him associated with a Mrs. Turner, the wife of another and, in consequence, shunned by his own family and ostracized by the wives of his scientific associates. "At the feet of this Egeria," says Stephen, "he sat in absolute seclusion from his fellows, during the most feverish period of his intellectual life. Of her he spoke in language so extravagant as almost to challenge antagonism." "Her qualities," he said, "included Carlyle's and his own, and infinitely more; her judgment was next to infallible; the highest poetry, philosophy and art seemed trivial by the side of her and equal only to expressing some part of her mind"; and he prophesies that "if mankind continued to improve, their spiritual history for ages to come will be the progressive working out of her thoughts and the realizations of her conceptions."

There is the source of Mill's Philosophy in his own words. It must necessarily put his adherents in an awkward dilemma. Will they take Mrs. Turner as their guide, on the word of John Stuart Mill, or consider him as mad and follow him nevertheless? It is an *embarras de choix*. How happy could they be with either were 'tother fair charmer away!

What a wreck it all is! All the beauty of humanity torn from him, and the very philosophy upon which his reputation is built attributed by himself to a woman whom self-respecting people avoided! There is no utility in teaching such doctrine as his. Give us right thinking and virtuous living and all the rest will be added unto us.

THE ROMAN JUBILEE.

ITS HISTORY, BENEFITS AND EXTENSION.*

ON Ascension Day, 1899, Pope Leo, "to mark the last step of the solicitude with which he had exercised the supreme pontificate," proclaimed the Holy Year of Jubilee. He had almost seen the century's dawn, and he was destined to witness its close. The Holy Door, or "Golden Gate," had not been broken open for three-quarters of a century. As a boy, he had felt the enthusiasm of the last Holy Year, the only preceding one of the century. His long pontificate had been marked by stroke after stroke of masterly spiritual policy. He knew intimately the ills of the age and their remedies, and he was skilful to appeal to the sick heart of humanity. His majestic utterances grew every year more influential. With consistent grandeur of spirit he calls down upon the storm-tossed century of pride and progress, of revolution, irreligion and chaotic thought, the peace and blessing of a year of Jubilee.

The benefits of the Holy Year have been, as usual, very great. It exercises an immense influence over the life of the Church. And as the vast body of the faithful could not share in the celebration at Rome, the Jubilee is now always extended to all Catholic Christendom.

While the history and observance of the Jubilee are questions full of interest, they have not been free from misunderstanding and misinterpretation. Some of the age-old attacks, made in days more bitter than our own, have, strangely enough, survived, and with a seemingly vigorous life. Even though not believed, they often hinder religious inquiry, and always increase the confusion existing in so many minds concerning all things Catholic. Indulgences are not yet understood, and for Catholics themselves a word on the special Jubilee in-

dulgence is not without interest and profit.

One of the latest classic books on the subject is that of Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., "The Holy Year of Jubilee." It is a large book, evidently the result of great and intelligent research. In this article we can but summarize the most useful points in its valuable pages.

I.—ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE JUBILEE.

The name and the idea of the Jubilee are borrowed from Israel. "Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year, and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of the land: for it is the year of Jubilee." Levit. xxv. 10. The "liberty," and hence the *joy*, of this fiftieth year, while it restrained avarice and excessive care of earthly things, taught the people, besides His dominion and His providence, the mercy and disinterestedness of God, and their future Sabbath year in heaven. The fields remained untilled, slaves were set free, and every man returned into his former possessions.

It was only natural that this law should have been imitated in a spiritual way by the Church. Every fiftieth year was to be a "year of remission" from the penal consequences of sin.

The first Jubilee of which we have any historic account was that of Pope Boniface VIII, in A. D. 1300. Pope Boniface referred to preceding events of a similar character and purposed to imitate them; but of these, however, no record remains. It was then the intention of church legislation to inaugurate each century with a Holy Year. "It was a wonderful spectacle," wrote the Florentine Villani. "There were continually upwards of 100,000 pilgrims in the city,

*The Holy Year, by Herbert Thurston, S. J. : Herder, St. Louis Mo.

without counting those that each day came and went; and yet all were cared for and abundantly supplied, and all this without disturbance or conflict."

The poet Dante, although of the Ghibelline faction which controlled his native Florence, and therefore bitterly opposed to Pope Boniface, may have been present in Rome. They were days of fierce political animosities and vile personal libels which have sometimes passed for history. And thus it is that Pope Boniface himself did not escape. But Roquain, who was not an ultramontane, says of him, "It is the part of historical justice to clear his reputation of the foul imputations which have undeservedly been cast upon it, the odium of which must fall rather upon those who have accused him."

The large sums contributed by the faithful—the *half-pennies* were in one place gathered up with *rakes*—did not enter the papal treasury, but were expended on church buildings and in providing for those in charge of them.

At the prayer of the Romans—Petrarch and Cola di Rienzo were in the embassy—Pope Clement VI, while in exile at Avignon, proclaimed the next Jubilee, in 1350, after a lapse of fifty years. It was celebrated in Rome by a cardinal delegate.

From Christmas to Easter one million two hundred thousand pilgrims visited the city. People from northern countries passed the night in the open air, and lighted fires when the cold became too severe. It was estimated that there were constantly in the city from ten to twelve thousand pilgrims; and at Ascension and Pentecost, 800,000.

Soon after this Jubilee the terrible Schism of the West began, which rent Catholic Christendom by the rival claims of anti-popes. To draw the faithful to Rome, a Jubilee was celebrated in 1390. It was then intended that there should be a Holy Year once in thirty-three years; that is, during the ordinary term of human life. The period of celebration

was, however, later changed to twenty-five years by Paul II and Sixtus IV.

The Holy Year of 1450, proclaimed by Pope Nicholas V, was said to have surpassed in solemnity and in the number of pilgrims all preceding Jubilee years. Forty thousand entered Rome daily. Kings and nobles were there. Saints, too: we know of three who were afterwards canonized; St. John Capistran, St. Jacopo della Marca, and the Spanish friar, St. Didacus or Diego. During this year St. Bernardine, of Sienna, was canonized. So vast was the concourse of people, that numbers had to sleep in the open vineyards, and the city was almost reduced to a state of starvation.

In 1525, Pope Clement VII, inaugurated the *Anno Santo* in a new era: Luther had begun his revolt in 1517. Nevertheless Cardinal Nicholas, of Cusa, who was sent as papal legate to preach the Jubilee in Germany, produced extraordinary fruit amongst the people, reforming in the true sense, and not by way of destruction. "A mirror of every Christian and sacerdotal virtue," writes the celebrated historian, Pastor, "his example was even more powerful than his sermons." Detesting all vanity, he journeyed modestly on his mule, scarcely to be recognized save by the silver cross which the Pope had given him. On arriving in any town his first visit was to the church, where he fervently implored the blessing of heaven on the work he had taken in hand."

In 1550, the Jubilee benefits were extended, at the prayer of St. Ignatius, to the army of Charles V, then warring against the Corsairs, and to the new converts in Asia, Brazil and Congo. This year was signalized by the presence in Rome of many holy persons afterwards canonized, amongst them St. Francis Borgia. The famous Archconfraternity of the Holy Trinity, founded a little before by St. Philip Neri, undertook the care of the poorer pilgrims.

In 1575, Pope Gregory XIII, had long prepared for the coming of the pilgrims.

The Jubilee was promulgated for the first time—as has been done ever since—on the feast of the Ascension of our Lord. At the opening 300,000 persons are said to have been present in the Piazza of St. Peter's; and the average number present daily in Rome during the year was supposed to be about 100,000. According to Muratori, the Archconfraternity of the Holy Trinity, aided by St. Charles Borromeo and St. Philip Neri, whose example drew many prelates and religious to the work, gave food and shelter to 96,848 pilgrims from Christmas, 1574, to May, 1575. "Many nobles and gentlemen, moved by this example, received numerous pilgrims into their houses and ministered to them in like manner."

Many of the pilgrims came in procession with their bishops; and notably, the citizens of Pisa came with their magistrates at their head, clothed in sackcloth, to beg absolution from the excommunication laid on them in 1227, by Gregory IX.

In 1600, Pope Clement VIII, formed two congregations of Cardinals, one for the spiritual affairs of the Jubilee, the other for the temporal. He wept with emotion at the opening of the Holy Door. Nine guests were supplied each day with the same food as the Pontiff himself, and twelve others dined with him daily. From his own resources he gave over 7,000 scudi in alms, and distributed personally 300,000 scudi in alms during the year. There was singular devotion everywhere. Theatres remained closed, the carnival was forbidden, and even private entertainments were few. Pilgrims went barefoot and the discipline was taken publicly. The Archconfraternity of the Holy Trinity sheltered 500,000 persons. Monasteries and hospices imitated its example. The number of visitors to the city was computed at 3,000,000, and at Easter it was supposed that 200,000 were present.

There were many conversions; amongst them, that of Stephen Calvin, a relative of the reformer. This convert became a

Discalced Carmelite. We are told that Pope Clement washed the feet of pilgrims and heard confessions himself. St. Camillus De Lellis and St. Andrew Avelino were present in Rome, with the illustrious Cardinals Baronius and Bellarmine.

Amongst the converts of 1625, was Gabriel Besin, Prince of Transylvania, and the convert, Queen Christina, of Sweden, was present in 1675. To the Jubilee of 1700, came Maria Casimira, widow of John Sobieski, King of Poland, with her three sons. Owing to the lessening of the number of visits to Basilicas, all the churches of the city were unable to contain the crowds; confessions were heard in the open air, and Communion given at St. John Lateran's until late in the afternoon.

The custom has been gradually introduced of preparing for the Jubilee by months of preparation, especially by the preaching of missions. Pope Benedict XIV went himself to hear the sermons in Rome, in 1749. St. Alphonsus Liguori produced marvellous and lasting effects in the territory of Naples: "For ten years the taverns in Sarno were quite deserted." "The sight of the holy man, clad in an old mantle mended in a thousand places, with a cassock of the same condition, was itself a sermon, for all Sarno knew his noble birth." St. Leonard, of Port Maurice, preached with like effect in Rome. At one sermon in the Piazza Navona, all the nobles of Rome were present, and even the streets leading to the square were thronged. St. Leonard preached in presence of the Blessed Sacrament and gave Benediction at the end. The people were moved to tears and even loud cries of repentance. Although it was the hottest season, the highest nobles, ladies and gentlemen, took their places amongst the crowd. Confessions were heard in all the churches of Rome from morning till night, the people assembling even before daybreak.

The only Anno Santo or Holy Year, in the nineteenth century, before the one we have just witnessed, was that of Leo

XII, in 1825. During the missions preceding it, some 15,000 persons were present in one square of Rome. There came to the Holy City, Maria Teresa, widow of Victor Emmanuel IV, King of Sardinia, with her two daughters; Charles Louis, Infant of Spain, with his consort, Maria Teresa; Francis I, King of the two Sicilies, with his Queen. The great improvement in the country around Rome may be traced to this Jubilee.

Extraordinary Jubilees have been published at various times for special objects, particularly at the election of a new Sovereign Pontiff. There have been in all some seventy-two or seventy-three. Pope Leo XIII, himself celebrated three of these. But of the regular Holy Years of Jubilee, we have seen the twentieth in the Anno Santo just ended.

II.—SOME CEREMONIES OF THE ROMAN JUBILEE.

The Jubilee begins with Our Lord's Birthday. On Christmas Eve the Holy Father breaks down the Porta Santa, or Holy Door, leading from the vestibule of St. Peter's into the church, and on Christmas Eve, a year after, he sets the first bricks for the closing of the Door, a ceremony which terminates the Holy Year. Usually, a silver hammer is used for the opening, and a silver trowel for the closing. Last year they were of gold, and presented to the Holy Father by all the bishops of the world. The ivory handle of the trowel was decorated with precious stones, and at the end of it were golden roses, symbolical of the spiritual flowers of pardon and joy. The three-cornered blade was marked with the words: "*Et clausa porta, patet caritas Christi*—And the door being closed, the love of Christ remaineth open."

The breaking down of the Holy Door signifies that the gates of mercy are thrown open to the faithful. This door is the nearest to the Vatican of the five doors leading from the vestibule of St. Peter's into the church. Its symbolism recalls the Golden Gate leading into the

Temple of Jerusalem, and again the gate, also called the Golden Gate, on the eastern side of the city, through which Our Lord is said to have entered in triumph on Palm Sunday, and the Emperor Heraclius to have subsequently borne the Holy Cross when it was recovered from the Persians.

To visit the four principal Basilicas of Rome is one of the conditions of gaining the indulgence of the Jubilee in the city. Those Basilicas are St. Peter's, where the body of the Apostle rests, St. Paul's, where are the sacred remains of the Apostle of the Gentiles, St. John Lateran's, the Mother of all Christian churches, and St. Mary Major's, the principal Church of Our Lady in Rome.

The pilgrim processions to those Basilicas used to be magnificent and inspiring spectacles; but they are at present rigorously prohibited by the government which presides over the Eternal City, and which takes care to tell us in season and out of season that the Pope is free!

There is a long distance between the four churches, and each had to be visited once a day for thirty days by people living in Rome, and for fifteen days by strangers. Such visits were no pleasure trips. In an old account, the writer tells us that he carefully measured the distance traversed, and that it was eleven miles.

III.—BENEFITS OF THE JUBILEE.

It would scarcely seem necessary to refer to the benefits of the Holy Year, and we can merely point out some of them in a brief way.

Many of the great foundations of Rome, especially those of charity, originated in the years of Jubilee. Reference has already been made to the Archconfraternity of the Holy Trinity. And no doubt many similar institutions were inspired elsewhere by the example of Rome. The good works of the Romans on those occasions, and the example they gave to the vast and representative multitudes that came to their city were a great

training and a great lesson. It was an education to see Rome, particularly in the 17th and 18th centuries; for its culture and humanity were admittedly superior, and in striking contrast with those of northern European nations.

Father Thurston, who amply justifies his remarks by his authorities, says: "During the four centuries with which we are more especially concerned, Italy, and in particular Rome, stood in the van of all civilizing influences. In charitable organizations of all kinds, in her guilds and confraternities, in the treatment of the sick and poor, in clemency towards the accused and towards convicted criminals, in the comparative moderation of her procedure against reputed sorcerers, at a time when northern nations, almost without exception, were dominated by the most extravagant witch-mania, in matters of cleanliness and politeness, as well as in the encouragement of the arts and sciences, Rome might bear comparison most favorably with any country of Europe, and, most of all, with any Protestant country."

One of the direct results of the Holy Year was the revival or renewal of faith, and the tightening of the bond with Rome, a thing of great consequence in ages when travelling and communication were difficult between the countries over which was spread the mighty organization of the Catholic Church.

But of course the effect immediately intended and obtained was a far reaching and profound spiritual renewal. Some few examples have been given above, of the moral working of the Jubilee. The best and holiest men were chosen for preaching; and confession and Holy Communion, with true sorrow for sin, were always the necessary condition for gaining the indulgence. It is all but impossible to overrate the effect of such a spiritual movement as a jubilee which brings Catholics to the Sacraments all the world over.

Everyone who is acquainted with the inner life of Rome knows the extraordi-

nary influence exercised by the martyr-hallowed city over Catholics visiting it. But especially any one present during a jubilee year cannot question the piety and fervour of the pilgrims. How many could have made the protestation of the poet Petrarch? Referring to certain vanities of his youth, he wrote: "So far as regards this part of human frailty, I trust that by the grace of Christ Our Lord I am entirely delivered from it. For many years past, and more particularly since the Jubilee, which is now seventeen years ago, although I am hale in body, I am so free of that plague that I now loathe and detest it a thousand times more than I ever found satisfaction in it."

Cardinal Peraudi, commissary in Germany for the Jubilee of 1500, and of whose integrity there can be no question, declared that hundreds of thousands of souls in Germany, which were in danger of spiritual ruin, were brought back to the way of salvation by the preaching of the Jubilee.

What this eminent and saintly man stated so confidently in his day could be repeated of other Jubilees.

IV.—THE JUBILEE INDULGENCE.

The characteristic benefit of the Jubilee is its plenary indulgence. "During this year of Jubilee We grant and concede mercifully in the Lord a plenary Indulgence, remission and pardon for sin to all the faithful of either sex, who, truly penitent and having confessed and communicated, shall piously visit the Basilicas . . . and there pour forth their pious prayers to God." Pope Leo, when he was Bishop of Perugia, thus wrote in a pastoral letter: "The Jubilee Year is a year of plenary and entire remission of all sins, however grievous, even of those ordinarily reserved to the Holy See. Every penitent, animated by the requisite dispositions for receiving the sacrament of penance, and having fulfilled the prescribed works, can obtain this remission, and, together with

the absolution from all sin, the remission of all penalties from sin, due to the Divine Justice. It can be gathered from this general idea that with regard to sin considered in itself, in so far as it is a defilement of the soul, the Jubilee puts the most extensive powers into the hands of approved confessors, in order that they may efface every stain from the hearts of well disposed penitents, and may readmit into the pale of the Church even those who lie under ecclesiastical censure. As regards the penalty due to sins, the Jubilee opens wide the treasures of the Church, supplied by the infinite merits of Jesus Christ and the superabundant merits of our Blessed Lady and the Saints, and imparts them in the greatest possible abundance to all the faithful, in order that they may satisfy the Divine Justice, and extinguish the debt incurred by their sins."

In granting the Jubilee indulgence, then, the Church authorizes ordinary confessors to exercise their power of absolving most freely, and *intends*, as far as it depends upon her, to remit all the temporal punishment still due to sin after sacramental absolution, provided penitents comply with the conditions upon which the indulgence is granted. The *actual gaining of the full fruit* of the plenary indulgence, depending as it does on the dispositions of the penitent, is quite another question.

The above is, of course, the only sense that the indulgence called *a pœna et culpa* ever had or ever could have had in the Church.

The question of indulgences has been unfortunately a crux to the Protestant Christian. His view of it has been one of the stock arguments of controversy. One of the latest writers to whom it has been a stumbling-block is Mr. H. C. Lea, who enjoys a reputation for original research—would that it were a little more or less original! The statement, that, by the Jubilee indulgence, the Pope means to absolve us all from sin and its consequences, "irrespective of contrition and

the sacraments," is nearly on a level with that of L. C. Morant, that His Holiness gave absolution to Mr. Adolf Mayr, of Oberammergau, for all his sins, past, present, and to come, with those of his children thrown in. Through Mr. Lea's original research Father Thurston sees an "ineradicable determination to discover in the Medieval Church evidence of greed and trickery, and to convict it of a cynical indifference to moral principle," his method being "to devise a theory first and to make the facts fit in with it afterwards." It is a weakness to which controversialists have long been prone, but which is not at all creditable to their understanding.

It should be explained that the inaccuracy of the expression *a pœna et culpa*, as applied to an indulgence, has been constantly pointed out by theological writers. It is a popular medieval form of speech, not introduced by theologians.

We have reason to be surprised at the hostility shown towards indulgences by the so-called reformers and their adherents, who declared that Christians are set free by faith alone from all guilt of sin and punishment due to it, many of them moreover holding that faith was inamissible. That is immensely easier than the Catholic method. If the Church can absolve from sin, she can much more easily remit the temporal punishment due to it; but never, of course, without sincere sorrow on the part of the sinner. Not only this, but the love of God in the heart must be of so refined a nature to gain the full remission of all temporal punishment due to sin, that we may say with Father Thurston, referring to the rareness of such a disposition: "The gaining of an ordinary plenary indulgence is an extremely difficult task, rarely accomplished even by the holiest." God is the sole judge of the dispositions of the heart; and, therefore, "we know little or nothing about the manner in which indulgences take effect." If a person is still actually in the state of even venial

fault, he cannot gain the *full* fruit of a plenary indulgence ; and while there remains in the heart *any voluntary attachment* to any venial sin, there remains, too, some fault. However, if we do our best to gain a plenary indulgence, particularly when there is question of the Jubilee indulgence, we shall gain a very copious remission of the punishment which we ordinarily deserve for sin, even after sacramental absolution. Such remission would be, of course, greater than in any partial indulgence, which also depends, for its greater or less effect, on the dispositions of the penitent.

V.—THE EXTENSION OF THE JUBILEE.

The Holy year being ended at Rome, its benefits are always extended to the rest of the Catholic world. In later Church history, the custom has been to extend the Jubilee, as is done this year, for six months. According to the Bull of extension, *Temporis quidem sacri*, just published, the six months are to be counted from the date of promulgation in each diocese.

The conditions for gaining the indulgence of the Jubilee are, as usual, Confession, Holy Communion, and visits to certain churches, with prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father. Although the Confession and Communion may be made at any time, before, after, or between the visits, within the six months, it is recommended, however, that they be made after the other conditions have been fulfilled ; because, to gain the indulgence, when the last condition has been complied with, it is necessary to be in the state of grace. The Confession and Communion must be made expressly for the Jubilee ; if made as the Easter duty, they would not suffice.

Children who have not yet been admitted to Holy Communion may also gain the Jubilee indulgence ; and, instead of the Communion, their Confessors can prescribe another good work.

Nuns and their novices may choose as their Confessor, during the Jubilee sea-

son, any secular or regular priest approved for the confessions of religious women. Nor is it necessary to ask the permission of superiors. Similarly, without any special permission, members of religious orders of men may confess to any approved secular or regular priest. But if they confess to a priest of their own order he must have been approved to hear confessions within that order.

Ample faculties are given to confessors with regard to reserved sins, censures, irregularities, vows, matrimonial dispensations. But the confessors must see in particular what exactly are the powers communicated to them. Those special faculties are, of course, to be exercised in confession ; and, with regard to reserved sins, censures, irregularities and vows, they can be exercised only once in favor of the same person ; and on the condition, moreover, that the person concerned sincerely intends to gain the Jubilee indulgence. If, however, the penitent, after having availed himself of the above special faculties with the sincere intention required, should not actually gain the indulgence, he is not deprived of the favor bestowed on him ; whatever absolution or dispensation he received is, and continues to be, valid.

The Jubilee indulgence may be gained more than once, and, indeed, as often as we choose, but the prescribed good works must be repeated each time. The conditions, also, may be commuted each time ; but the confessor cannot modify, either wholly or in part, any of them without reasonable and lawful cause. Besides, when there is question of *commutation*, the substituted work must not be wholly disproportionate. The indulgence may, of course, be offered for the dead.

Persons traveling, who cannot fulfil the conditions of the Jubilee before the lapse of six months, may still gain the indulgence in the usual manner when their journey is ended.

The churches to be visited are : the Cathedral, where there is one ; and

where there is none, then the principal church of the place ; and, besides, three other churches indicated by the Bishop or pastor. These four churches must be visited once a day for fifteen days, not necessarily consecutive. But, if there are fewer churches, or only one, the Bishop points out what is to be done. In the case of one church, sixty visits must be made in fifteen days. For colleges, sodalities, religious, the faithful going with an appointed priest, the visits may be reduced if made in procession. Nuns, children in boarding schools, women in houses of charity, prisoners, and the sick are dispensed from the above visits, and visits to their own private chapels or other good works are substituted.

Five *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys*, or any prayers of similar length, suffice for the intentions of the Pope ; nor is it

necessary to remember distinctly what those intentions are.

"It is becoming and efficacious," writes Blessed Peter Canisius, "and helpful to the Christian, to offer worship to God in such a season, when so many thousands of the faithful of Christ turn towards God in one spirit, one faith and with similar devotion, together praying and seeking the grace and blessing by which they may gain the true Jubilee in this life and that which is to come. So much more efficacious, without doubt, will be the contrition, confession and prayer of those who in Christ's name and in true faith unite themselves with their chief pastor, in whom Christ wills to be recognized and honored, by whom also he dispenses to-day the treasure of his merits to all those who are obedient and penitent."



AN ATTIC MADONNA.

By P. J. Coleman.

(Continued.)



ONIO did not go out again that day, nor indeed for long after. It was only the hardest lot that forced the parents to let the little fellow

go forth at all, in answer to his urgent coaxing, to help out their poor exchequer. There was beautiful pathos in his devotion to his mother, in his tender solicitude for his father, and in his warm affection for his little bambino brother, Giovannino. He was happy to day, for he saw that the Signor Irishman's visit had cheered his mother, and his heart went out in love to the stranger. How fine it was to be a soldier! When he grew up he too would be a soldier—a Signor Captain, like the good Irishman. He would go to fight the Spaniards (if any Spaniards were then left in the world) like the soldiers of the 69th regiment he had seen march through the city a few days before, all battleward with flags and banners and rolling drums and blaring trumpets, while the people roared themselves hoarse, and fine ladies smiled upon and fluttered white handkerchiefs at them from porch and balcony. Oh, it was fine to be a soldier! but finer, thought 'Tonio, to be a strong man, yet kind to the poor and the maimed. He, too, would be kind to all poor women, to all sick and crippled men, to all dear little bambinos. Bananas, peaches, they should have a plenty; ice-cream and hokey-pokey by the tumblerful, and the Madonna's statue should never want a nosegay—real flowers, roses and carnations and sweet-smelling violets, and always at Easter a tall white lily, lucent, argentine, with many silver bells. Mamma should not then have to work late and early at her artificial flowers, for he would work

for her, even as now he lavished on her his only available capital—the glorious dreams of his poor pinched boyhood, the golden affections of his generous young heart, the rich enthusiasms and splendid visions of his youth.

He watched his mother's face with delight. It was more cheerful to-day than he had seen it for a long, long time. His father, too, seemed brighter, as, charcoal in hand, he sketched out a landscape on the little square of canvas. He watched the picture grow, followed him as he squeezed the colors from his all but empty tubes and mixed them on his palette.

"You are too tired to work to-day, Antonio," pleaded Donna Maria, glancing over his shoulder. "Besides, we can now satisfy Tomaso."

"Better make hay while the sun shines," he answered, cheerfully. "My sun of inspiration is high in heaven to-day and my hand is steady. O'Donnell's splendid optimism has restored my strength. I must paint. Besides how soon may not the wolf be at the door again? For the present we can laugh at his whining, but it is well to use foresight."

Maria had seated herself at the window, babe in arms. She was so beautiful, despite her years of suffering, so noble, despite her poor plain attire, so purely a type of maternal love, and the crown of patient sorrow so bravely worn with such uncomplaining meekness, so spiritualized, so encircled her, as with a halo that Antonio had a divine inspiration.

"I have an idea," he said, gazing lovingly at her. "If I had a large canvas, I think I could paint a Madonna, not unworthy the churches. Perhaps San Antonio would send us a buyer."

"But a Madonna means a model, and we are so poor," smiled his wife.

"God has given me a model. You shall be my Madonna, you and Giovannino. Could I but paint you as I know you, Maria—sweet and tender and patient in affliction, loving and pure and all gentle, angel of my life, Madonna of our little home, I would not want for a buyer. And surely Mary Immaculate would not be offended if—to paint her as she should be painted, I sought on earth the most perfect type I could find to fittingly portray her celestial beauty. It shall be done; we can spare enough for a large canvas. I have not so much pain nowadays, and I can move about more freely than I used to."

"It will overtax you, Antonio. I fear for you."

"It will be a labor of love, my sweet, love feeleth not the burden. And perhaps the Virgin will repay."

So there and then, laying down palette and brushes, Antonio pencilled an order for the requisite canvas and colors to the dealer in Broadway. Later on, when Antonio after supper, fatigued and feeling now the reaction from the exultation of the afternoon, had retired to his bedroom, Donna Maria sent 'Tonio to the barber shop, requesting Tomaso to step upstairs a moment.

Tomaso promptly obeyed and appeared before her, sleek and clean, his grizzled mustache redolent of pomade.

He was not without a pique of curiosity as to the identity of Donna Maria's visitor or the purpose of his prolonged interview. He had seen O'Donnell, so plainly the gentleman in dress and deportment, pass through the hall and had a vaguely defined idea that his visit meant money. He was in consequence all obsequiousness, all deference and politeness. The lion of the morning was transformed into a lamb of meekness by the miraculous anticipation of gain. If he had any doubt before as to the truth of Donna Maria being a lady, daughter of a great Italian house, as old

Cæsar had suggested, he had none now. The advent of Captain O'Donnell had dispelled it. Besides, there had always been that about Signora Battista that had impressed him.

She had the manner of the grand dame and poverty could not hide her breeding. Moreover, had she not, by her agitation, confirmed his suspicion in the morning, when he had hinted at the truth? She was worth having in his house. The daughter of a Visconte could always command money. He would play his game carefully.

He would let her see that he knew of a questionable connection between Signor Battista and a certain mysterious crime that had set Rome and Naples agog.

Silence would be worth paying for and money could purchase his silence. He was not a fool; he had not come to America for nothing, to toil early and late as a barber. No, his purpose was to amass money; to make a fortune; to return to Italy and cut a shine; to buy out an estate—it might be the very estate of the murdered Del Aricio. True, his chums, the Republicans and Anarchists would talk. But what of that? Bah! the Republicans, the Anarchists were only fools, dupes of unscrupulous knaves and demagogues who sold their secrets to the Government and to the Italian Consul. And Tomaso chuckled to himself.

On the other hand, while relieved of the morning's haunting terror by O'Donnell's revelations as to the popular mind on the Del Aricio murder and her husband's connection with it, Donna Maria was bent on finding out, if possible, just how much Tomaso knew of it, what was his motive in confronting her with it, and for the sake of her children, as a last resort, to appeal to Tomaso to kill the rumor, if rumor were abroad. She knew that the appeal of a woman to a man's protection often arouses whatever chivalry may lie dormant in the heart of even the most hardened.

A further thought, too, obtruded itself into her mind—the thought of the vendetta or blood revenge. It might just be possible, that Tomaso was some friend, some kinsman of the murdered Del Aricio, who had dogged their wanderings in America with the purpose of exacting blood-vengeance from the Count's murderer.

"I am enabled, Tomaso," she said, "through the kindness of a friend to pay you my rent to-day."

He clutched the money from her hand, his shifty eyes twinkling with avarice, but avoiding her candid gaze. The corners of his mouth twitched nervously under his mustache.

"I will not cross you, Tomaso. I have no desire save to be at peace with all men. What did you mean by your unkind words this morning? I do not know of any reason why you should address me so."

He was all subservience now.

"Bah!" he said. "It was all that Cæsar, that organ-grinder. I was angry with him, and let my anger get the better of me here."

"Who is Cæsar, Sor Tomaso?"

"Body of a dog! Signora Battista, I cannot tell you. I have only met him casually in the clubs of our countrymen. He is an organ-grinder, but he knows you, signora—"

"So you said to-day."

"By Bacchus! he is a fool to think that Signor Battista with his fine, delicate lady's hands could grapple with the Count Del Aricio."

Tomaso's eyes burned strangely. He was laboring under sudden, but strongly suppressed excitement.

"Does Cæsar say that Signor Battista killed the Count?" Her eyes were fixed keenly on his.

"He says so; but he is a fool. To think of an artist—a stripling like him waiting for the Count in the forest by night, confronting him, strangling him in deadly clutch—so."

His hands worked convulsively with—

a suggestion of wicked energy; his eyes flamed, his teeth were set, his brows knit in a frown of fiendish hatred. He was acting the strangler to the life.

"So, so"—he almost hissed between his teeth. "Now the eyes start from their sockets, the face grows purple, the tongue protudes—that stifling gurgle! And then the knife and the blood. Oh! it is horrible, horrible! he went on, turning away his face and with uplifted hands thrusting away from him some ugly vision. "I tell you, Signora Battista, old Cæsar is a fool. None, but strong sinewy hands could have done it. None but hands that had a long score to wipe out could have plunged that knife into the man"

Beads of perspiration bedewed his temples. It might have been because of the heat. But his face was livid.

Donna Maria gazed at him in horror, her lips parted, her eyes fascinated by his features distorted, as it were, with odious passion. She thought of a face she had seen somewhere—a Medusa, a Gorgon, a murderer perhaps, in Rome, at the Vatican, or, it might be, here in New York at the Eden Musee. She experienced a sickening sensation that made her faint. Her soul shrank in abhorrence from this man who could so dramatically picture the working of hatred in all its repulsive details.

"No, no! signora, your husband could never have done it," resumed Tomaso.

"Cæsar is a fool, when he says so."

"You do not believe Cæsar, Tomaso."

"I do not, signora."

"You say he knows me, Tomaso?"

"He says he does. He knew your family at Naples—a tenant, perhaps, of your father or the Count. Having met him, as I say, at the clubs of my countrymen, he has discovered an extra bond of mutual friendship in our common knowledge of you."

"Do you often meet him, Tomaso?"

"At least once a week, if I don't meet him oftener on the street. These organ-grinders are ubiquitous. Sometimes he

plays outside my shop in the evening. You can hear him up here. The children dance while he plays. He likes to see the children at their play and the children like him. They call him the flower-organist."

"That is a strange name, Tomaso."

"Yes, signora; you see he has a queer way of cultivating flowers on his piano. He has a row of pots with all

know it from his talk in our clubs. He is too gentle for a revolutionnaire. He shrinks from violence as a means to our glorious ends. Such men will never make our beloved Italy a republic. Besides, what does he know of flowers? Nothing. That is another ground on which we both meet. I cultivate flowers, as you may have noticed, signora, in my window. It brightens the shop and



"DEATH TO TYRANTS!" HE SHOUTED . . . "DEATH TO THE OPPRESSORS OF THE POOR!"

seasonable flowers made fast to his piano by a wire screen. He invariably wears flowers in his button-hole and often speaks to me about flowers."

"An eccentric character, indeed," returned Donna Maria. "A man of good heart, I should say, with three such refined tastes—music, children and flowers."

"Ah, signora, he is a visionary. I

pleases my customers. But, by Bacchus! this Cæsar knows nothing of floriculture, however much he may love the flowers."

"Are you a lover of flowers, Tomaso?"

"Yes, signora, I loved flowers in Italy."

"Has Cæsar often spoken of me?"

"Not often, signora."

"Why does he talk about me?"

"I know not, except that being from

Naples, he talks about what all Neapolitans have once talked about, some time or other—the Del Aricio mystery. You see, having seen you once on the steps of San Antonio, your presence recalled old memories and started gossip afresh."

"Have you heard others mention this?"

"No, signora, it is now old, and we have not many Neapolitans hereabouts."

"Thank you, Tomaso——"

"Your servant, signora." And Tomaso withdrew to the door. His eyes wandered from the carnations in the glass to the geraniums on the stove.

"Your flowers thrive, signora," he said, pausing at the door.

"I love flowers," answered Donna Maria.

"Ah, that explains! I have often noticed that flowers thrive in the company of those who love them. They are like human hearts that expand under the genial warmth of friendship. A little more clay to the geraniums, signora, and a little more light. Geraniums love the light, you know. Good night, signora!"

And the barber went downstairs, congratulating himself that he had played a shrewd game, and duly impressed the signora with his knowledge of her past. But Donna Maria shuddered, recalling his face in the simulated spasm of passion. It was intensely real, and Tomaso was a fine actor with a most vivid fancy, and she could not help thinking, a most singular acquaintance with the horrible details of murder.

V.

A few days later there was consternation in the Italian quarter. Men met in groups and in hushed whispers, with muttered maledictions, discussed the great news of the day in the clubs and wine shops, on cellar doors, and crowded stoops. Six men, members of the *Cercolo Italiano*, who a month before had been chosen by lot to go to Italy on a secret mission, had been arrested in Milan,

where, it was charged, they were preaching anarchy and fomenting the Bread Riots, that just then were converting Milan into a shambles, where desperate men were in bloody conflict with the military.

"Look here, Tomaso," said Cæsar, the organ-grinder, as he produced a copy of an Italian paper in the barber shop: "Look here! We are no longer safe. Our movements are being watched, our propaganda is being betrayed, our secrets are being sold. There is a traitor in our ranks. *Traditore!*" he hissed. "Death to him if he be discovered! That is the curse of all secret movements—there is no union, no solidarity. Always the traitor creeps in, and then——"

"Then what?" panted Tomaso, eyeing Cæsar with startled gaze.

"Why, then it is either disruption among us, or——"

And with significant gesture he drew his fingers across his throat.

Tomaso shuddered. "Bah! what does the loss of six men, of twenty, of a hundred signify? The cause does not depend on the man. The man dies, the cause lives."

"Very true, my friend; but think you a man is going to risk his life in a cause that admits of treason within its councils? Think you a man that knows there is a traitor in the ranks will willingly associate with fellows who betray their brothers for a paltry purse? Either the cause is lacking in cohesive principle that begets a traitor and cannot win for its propaganda the loyal, unquestioning, unpurchasable adhesion of every individual member, or else that cause is being used by designing knaves who dupe their fellow men into foolish and dangerous association, and should be stigmatized by every one who has at heart the best interests of his brothers."

"It seems to me, my friend, that your own words savor of treason to the cause," answered Tomaso. "You'd better guard your tongue, Cæsar. Such language is dangerous. There

are those before whom it would not be well to express yourself thus."

"Bah! Tomaso. I do but speak for the good of the cause. The cause that does not admit of plain speaking on a plain duty is not deserving of an intelligent man's support, and he who would intimidate a man into silence on such a subject is himself no friend of the cause. Nay, could a man be coerced or threatened into silence when it is a plain duty to speak, no good cause should admit him to its secrets. He would be a dangerous man. I tell you there is a traitor in our ranks. He is a member of the *Cercolo*, if we could but know him, and I for one will denounce him to-night. If he be present it will be pleasant for him to sit and listen to his arraignment."

"Silence is the part of wisdom, my friend," answered Tomaso.

"Silence now were the part of cowardice. Why are you afraid, Tomaso? The innocent man does not fear the truth. The wise man welcomes advice. The sincere man both counsels his fellows and is willing to be counselled. If the cause begets traitors, then the cause is bad. It is being exploited by bad men for bad ends, and those who are not yet adherents of it should be dissuaded from espousing it—from blindly, under the stimulus of over-zealous and unreasoning enthusiasm, playing the dupe to the designing and unscrupulous. I for one will do my best to unmask the traitor, and, if unmasked, let him beware!"

Cæsar was as good as his word. There was a stormy meeting of the *Cercolo* that night. Tomaso, as President, sat at the head of the table covered with green baize, whereat were ranged the members of the executive committee. But he was nervous and apprehensive, as the room began to fill with swarthy fellows mostly unwashed and unkempt who, their work being done, hurried from hasty suppers in red or checkered working shirts to discuss the momentous question of treason. The discussion

opened abruptly. Out of the blue haze of tobacco smoke that filled the room from innumerable pipes, arose a tall young fellow, with flaming eyes and the face of an enthusiast.

"Death to tyrants!" he shouted, waving in his hand an Italian paper. "Death to the oppressors of the poor! Death to the vampires who suck the life blood of the proletariat, that they may loll in luxuriant indolence, while our brethren are being massacred in the streets of Milan. Brothers, shall we stand with folded arms while the janissaries of the tyrant ride fetlock-deep in the blood of our children? Our beautiful Italy is in mourning for her murdered sons and daughters—in mourning and will not be comforted. Oh, my brothers, what comfort can we bring her? With what solace can we soothe her bitter bereavement? There is but one answer. Let the knife be the avenger of the slain. For every drop of innocent blood shed in the streets of Milan let a torrent answer from the veins of the aristocrats. We must go the fountain-head of our sufferings. We must remove the tyrant. Who that loves Italy will shrink from the task of rescuing his afflicted mother? think of it, brothers; two hundred lives sacrificed in Milan alone during the month of May! For what? For the infamous crime of being hungry.

"They asked for bread and the government gave them bullets. How long shall such iniquity last? Just so long as we sit supinely here, mouthing fine platitudes but doing nothing to avenge our dead. Death to Umberto! Death to the tyrant! Death to all governments! Long live Anarchy! Let there be a ballot, I say now, without delay. Let us cast lots and see to whom will fall the immortal honor of removing the tyrant."

Out of the uproar that ensued, men shouting themselves hoarse on chairs and benches, men gesticulating madly with wild waving of arms and chaos of incoherent cries, came the deep voice of Cæsar demanding an audience.

"Hear me one moment, my friends," he called; his voice like a bugle blast dominating and quelling the tempest of passion. "Listen, I beseech you! It is well to avenge the dead stricken down by the tyrant in the cause of universal liberty. Their blood is dear to us. But who will rashly commit himself to the task of vengeance when treason stalks abroad and treachery betrays the patriot?"

His voice was drowned in a deluge of protest. Men called "coward." Men shrieked "traitor." A hundred throats clamored for "a ballot!"

"I am not a coward, my friends," resumed Cæsar, calmly surveying the swarthy faces peering at him from the blue fog of tobacco smoke. "I would willingly give my life in the cause of freedom, in whatsoever cause I deemed worthy such supreme sacrifice. Nor am I a traitor to your propaganda if now and here, before you take action that shall commit one or three of our number to a desperate mission that may mean the sacrifice of life, I implore you — most earnestly, most solemnly, to take counsel and pause. There is a traitor in our midst. He may be here. He may be listening to me now, hearing his own condemnation and yet smiling like the hypocritical villain he is. But who with such a man in our ranks, sharing our councils, knowing our secrets and selling them to the Italian Consul, who will rashly entrust his life to his treachery, commit the happiness of wife and children, it may be, to his Iscariot keeping and sell himself as a dupe to his infamous designs?"

As he finished his gaze rested upon Tomaso who sat pale and ill at ease at the head of the table.

"Let he whom the cap fits wear it!" thundered Cæsar. "May his name be anathema who would betray his brothers!"

"Traditore! traditore!" came in a whirlwind of shrieking voices from all parts of the room. "Death to the traitor!"

And in the blue haze of smoke, the fine blade of a stiletto flashed in an uplifted hand. Tomaso saw it and blanched to the lips. But rising, with no show of emotion, he announced the drawing of lots for "an avenger of our immortal dead."

From somewhere in the room, an urn was produced, containing a number of white slips of paper, and three red slips, bearing a death's head in black. There was a slip for every man in the room, and each man had a number, known only to the president. No one knew another's number, and all business was transacted by numbers. Tomaso, therefore, of all present, alone could know to whom would fall the lot assassinating King Humbert.

The urn was set before him and Tomaso drew out slip after slip. At last the ominous red appeared, and Tomaso announced that 71 had been drawn. Again, after an interval, came the red announcing the choice of 23, and for a third time, the same sanguinary card, allotting the task of blood to 9.

"Brothers 71, 23 and 9 have been chosen by lot to execute the will of the Cercolo Italiano. The brothers will make their own arrangements and proceed to Italy as soon as convenient."

There was a hurricane of "bravos!" mingled with harsh cries of "traditore! Death to the traitor!" The meeting dispersed in uproar. Tomaso, pale and trembling from his recollection of the outburst of passion he had just witnessed, was slinking out of the hall, when Cæsar tapped him on the arm.

"Where are you going, Sor Tomaso?" he asked. "If you are not in a hurry, let us go and have a bottle of Chianti."

"Cheerfully, my friend. As you will," answered Tomaso.

"Around the corner in Houston street, they found a neat wine-shop in a cellar, where a number of their countrymen were drinking at small tables.

"Two pints of Chianti," said Cæsar to a waiter who attended them in a back

room, whither Cæsar led his friend for greater privacy.

"You are agitated, Tomaso," said Cæsar, noticing the tremor of his hand as he poured out the wine.

"Yes, I don't like such outbursts as we had to-night," said Tomaso, avoiding Cæsar's glance.

"Why should it worry you? You are not the traitor," replied Cæsar, raising his glass to his lips and over its rim fixing an observant eye on the barber.

"No, and yet——"

"Ah, Tomaso," interrupted Cæsar as he set the empty glass before him, "we are but a lot of visionaries chasing a rainbow dream that can never be realized. Theoretically our principles may be beautiful, but, while the world exists, we can never put them in practice. I have

come to the conclusion we are wrong. There must always be inequality in the world. Joy and sorrow, laughter and tears, wealth and poverty have always been the history of mankind."

"But we can eliminate the suffering

and poverty and wipe away the tears," urged Tomaso, who was feeling the genial influence of the wine and warming up to a discussion of his pet hobby, a hobby which he rode in a very narrow circle,



"THERE," HE SAID, "I CAN DO NO MORE. MARIA, IT IS FINISHED."

with no certain seat and with no logical views to control and direct his argument.

"How?" queried Cæsar. "By abolishing the existing order of things and substituting another form for it? Call it what you will—Empire or Kingdom, Re-

public or Democracy, there must always be order. It is the law of creation, of existence. Even Anarchy would eventually resolve itself into a government of some kind. For, if our principles are true, our aim is the realization of happiness; and happiness means order, which primarily implies an ordering power—a government—call it by whatsoever name you will."

"But it is not just that some men should have millions, while other men starve," answered Tomaso, toying with the stem of his glass, as if therefrom to draw inspiration.

"If the dream of Anarchy were realized, the millionaires would go hungry and we would have the purple and fine linen," laughed Cæsar.

"I don't believe it," growled Tomaso. "All would be happy."

"Fine talk, my friend," smiled Cæsar. "Would you abolish sickness and death by a statute and enact happiness and eternal youth as a constitutional right? Till then, my friend, pain and pleasure, wealth and poverty must continue to be the lot of humanity, just as we shall always have the virtuous and vicious, the idle and industrious, the saint and the sinner with us. Surely you don't blame the rich for being happy?"

"No," snarled Tomaso, "but I blame them for being happy at the expense of the poor."

"My friend, it is an insoluble mystery," answered Cæsar. "Philosophers and legislators, philanthropists and poets, the best men of every age have striven with the problem. There is but one solution to it all—the Golden rule laid down by divine wisdom: *Do as you would be done by.*"

"But do the tyrants of the people observe the golden rule?" queried Tomaso.

"My friend," answered Cæsar, sipping his wine between words, "Kings and Emperors were in the beginning the deliberate creation of men. Without the consent of the governed there can be no government. The people choose a king.

He is found wanting bye and bye, and a revolution ensues. A republic follows; it is corrupt and is abolished. A despot seizes the opportunity and elevates himself to the purple. In time his imperial exactions become odious and he is deposed. By whom? By the people who are content to be governed somehow. Empire, Kingdom, Republic, all are but the evolution of one idea—the popular idea of Order, revolving through the various forms of government—the instinctive groping of humanity for happiness. See how easily I turn against you, your own old shibboleth: 'The voice of the people is the voice of God.'"

"Then you repudiate our doctrine?" queried Tomaso, in surprise.

"If I did not object to your theory, I object to your methods, which are immoral," answered Cæsar deliberately.

"Immoral? How?" blurted Tomaso. "The end exalts the means."

"Platitudes, my friend, platitudes," laughed Cæsar. "Can you justify murder with malice? Is not the king entitled to the pursuit of happiness equally with his humblest subject? Think you that taking away his life will remedy the evil? You preach of establishing universal happiness by inflicting pain on individual members of society——"

"The greatest good of the greatest number," broke in Tomaso.

"Ah yes; your old argument; the end exalts the means. You revolve in a vicious circle, my friend, like the blindfolded mule in the brickyard—round and round and round, always in the same beaten path, while the mule, poor fellow, being blindfolded, thinks he is plodding straight ahead. What does the king seek, but happiness in his own way? He is punctual in demanding his taxes; you are as punctual in asking for your rent. But come! our argument is getting dry. Another pint, Tomaso? So! Two pints, Francisco! What is your object in life, Sor Tomaso?"

"Happiness," grunted Tomaso.

"To secure happiness?"

"Money," snarled Tomaso. "That is quite clear."

"And to secure that money you deliberately persecute and blackmail Antonio Battista by a false charge of murder. That is a fine scheme of promoting universal happiness."

"Well, you don't know that he didn't murder Del Aricio," answered Tomaso.

"You don't know that he did," replied Cæsar, over his lifted glass studying Tomaso's face."

"Perhaps! Perhaps," answered Tomaso jocularly, drumming on the table with his left hand, while, with the right, he held the glass up to the light and turning it round and round eyed the color of the wine.

Cæsar had adroitly, by a perfectly natural transition of thought and with no apparent motive led the conversation into a new channel. Nor did Tomaso regard the change as other than a side issue introduced by him to maintain his argument.

"And do you really believe Antonio Battista innocent?" asked Cæsar, keenly studying Tomaso's face.

"I do," replied Tomaso. "I tell you, Cæsar, he could never do it. Why, he could never strangle Del Aricio, much less carry him bleeding through the forest, half a mile from the place where he was murdered—"

Tomaso shuddered at the word, as if a cold wind had struck him, and swallowed a mouthful of wine, "half a mile from where the deed was done," he corrected himself. "Ugh! It makes me creep! I hate that word murder."

"You are superstitious," laughed Cæsar.

"No; but the word has such ghostly associations—dark places, deadly embraces, strangling fingers, bloody knives. Your health Cæsar! Your wine is excellent for driving out unpleasant thoughts." And he gulped down the contents of his glass with a laugh that seemed forced and unreal.

"Had Del Aricio any heirs?" queried Cæsar, apparently interested in Tomaso's disclosures.

"A nephew—Guiseppe—a young fellow who was seldom at the villa. I saw him but twice—"

"Saw him but twice?" asked Cæsar, leaning forward as if to touch glasses with the barber, "*Saw him but twice*, Tomaso?"

"Sapristi! Like all Neapolitans I was at the Villa Del Aricio, and why should I not have chanced to see him then? It is said that he lost his life on a hunting expedition in Africa—"

"Aye, life is an uncertainty," sighed Cæsar. Wealth, honors, power, youth, talent, what are they? Surely the things that men covet and desire. Foolish quest! We are in the heyday of our self-importance, when unannounced comes death, and presto! life is cut as easily as I slice this cork!"

Tomaso had been examining the wine in his glass, and had not noticed Cæsar taking from his pocket a large clumsy knife, with a handle of horn, carved with some letters. But when his eye fell upon the rusty blade, his face was as the face of a man who has seen a ghost. He started violently, not unobserved of Cæsar, who kept nonchalantly cutting the cork on the table.

"As easily as I slice this cork," said Cæsar, suddenly, looking Tomaso in the eyes. "But heavens! Tomaso, what ails you? You are ill, my friend."

Tomaso sat staring blindly at the knife in Cæsar's hand. His face had assumed a ghastly pallor under its swarthy olive. His eyes were dilated in horror. His lower jaw had fallen, disclosing a row of gleaming teeth. Beads of perspiration bedewed his temples, and his hand shook violently, rattling the glass on the table.

"It is all right, my friend," he said presently, passing his hand across his forehead and wiping away the perspiration. "Just a passing indisposition. Heart-trouble, you know. I often get such attacks. They come suddenly. But it has passed," he added with a ghastly smile, as Cæsar shut the knife and replaced it in his pocket, the barber's gaze following it the while, as if it held him by some weird fascination. "Ah, those attacks, I like them not," he said, laying a hand on his heart. "They frighten, while they last. But I

am myself again," draining his glass. "A word, my friend, before we part," he went on, glancing at his watch. "You are not going to betray the Cercolo, although you repudiate our teaching?"

"Betray it? No!" laughed Cæsar. "Traitors, as a rule, don't recant their errors or announce their plans in public places. They prefer to remain *perdu* where they can get information—in the ranks of their dupes. Besides, there is but one man who can betray the poor fellows chosen to-night. There is but one man who holds the key to their identity. And that man is you, Tomaso Gabriello."

"And therefore is their identity safe?" laughed Tomaso. "There is my hand on it." And the two men shook hands, each eyeing the other curiously, the laughter of each sounding hollow and unreal. And so they parted, but, as Tomaso hurried away Cæsar said to himself: "I thought so. It is enough!"

VI.

The war in Cuba dragged on. Cervera's fleet was cooped up at Santiago, with Sampson keeping a vigilant eye on the harbor. Hobson had thrilled the country by his daring exploit on the Merimac, but the army lay inactive before Santiago. Excited crowds gathered nightly before the bulletin boards, scanning every item of news from Cuba. Newsboys drove a thriving trade. But Antonio Battista and his wife, Donna Maria, looked in vain for tidings of O'Donnell or for news from Visconte Valdarno in Italy. Had O'Donnell written of his discovery, they asked, or had he in the hurry of his departure to Cuba forgotten them? Perhaps he did write and his letter had been ignored by old Valdarno. But it was with Giovanni, in garrison at Rome, that he had promised to communicate, argued Donna Maria, and either Giovanni was detained by professional duties or else he would, if written to, have replied to O'Donnell's letter. Surely O'Donnell would not have omitted the address of their humble home

on Sullivan street. In that event things would be against them; for O'Donnell might—the good God forbid it!—receive a death-wound in Cuba, and Giovanni, coming to New York without his sister's address, might as well look for a needle in a haystack, as search for two obscure Italians in populous New York. So in doubt and suspense wore the weary days away. But deep and fervent were the prayers that arose to God from that little attic in Sullivan street, for the protection, happiness and safe return of Captain O'Donnell.

At last one evening came 'Tonio, breathless and excited, racing up stairs, with an evening paper.

"Oh, mamma! papa! he is dead! he is killed!" he cried, casting himself down on the lounge and giving way to inconsolable grief.

"Who is dead?" asked Donna Maria, pale from sudden apprehension.

"The signor Irishman, Captain O'Donnell, our friend. Look! Read!" And 'Tonio put the paper into her hand.

Donna Maria glanced hastily from the crimson scare head: "Great American Victory. Gallant Assault on San Juan Hill! The Spaniards Routed. Our Dead and Wounded," to the text beneath.

In mute anguish she read the names of the fallen.

"Thank God! He is not there," she said, raising her eyes heavenward, while Antonio hung in mute suspense on her every word.

"The wounded," she went on, "O'Donnell—Captain Nugent, late of the British army, attached to General Lawton's staff."

The paper fluttered from her hand to the floor and Donna Maria dropped on her knees before the little Madonna of Lourdes. "Oh Mother! I thank thee," she said, her face streaming with tears, "that thou hast preserved him from death. Health of the weak and comfortress of the afflicted, do thou protect and watch over him. Be thou his strength and sure refuge now and in the hour of death!"

Then she rose, reassured, while An-

tonio, gravely silent, read the news for himself.

"Do not cry, little 'Tonio," she said to the weeping lad on the couch. Captain O'Donnell is not dead, only wounded, and he will soon be back in New York again. It is glorious, you know, my darling, to suffer wounds in an honorable cause."

And 'Tonio, having implicit faith in his mother's prescience, was comforted.

A few days later came a letter from Cuba, written by a nurse who signed herself "Edith Bligh," saying that at the request of Captain O'Donnell, she had written to inform his friends that he was in hospital, suffering from gunshot wounds received in action. He begged them not to feel alarmed, as his condition was not dangerous and he was in good hands.

Thereafter went 'Tonio morning after morning to the church in Sullivan street with bright nosegays of flowers for the altars of the Virgin and San Antonio, always with the request that "the good signor Irishman" might be sent back to them in health. Nor were they artificial flowers only — the ones his mother fashioned so deftly in winter from her colored paper, but real blooming roses and carnations, with deep red hearts and odorous breath. For O'Donnell's kindness had enabled the artist to purchase such things now. The money he had given them had lifted them out of pressing and pinching need and supplied him the means of replenishing his exhausted colors and supplies of material. So that he had painted much, with renewed hope and unflagging spirit, and his little canvasses found a ready sale.

Meantime, with reverent hand, he worked daily at his large canvas of the Madonna, day by day, catching new inspiration from his wife's devoted love, and, touch by touch, infusing the worship and adoration of a lover and enthusiast into the beautiful face that blossomed on the canvas.

"Ah!" he would sigh, laying down his brushes after an hour's painting, "if I could but transfer to canvas the true

loveliness of my darling. Not the mere loveliness of delicate flesh and flower-fresh tints, but the spiritual beauty that eye may not see—the loveliness of soul that evades mere vision and is caught only and dimly discerned by the eye of the spirit—the eye of love discovering all beauty in the beloved. I see it, darling, I know it, I have known it long, but I despair of catching it and imprisoning it for the delight of men in fading color and pigments that time shall dim."

But gradually the picture grew, and from the clear eyes of his Madonna looked forth the clearer soul upon the artist—the soul that had grown patient in sorrow, that had taken grief as its guest, the soul whereof love, meek and pure and sympathetic and pitiful, elevating, inspiring, exalting and ennobling, was the essence.

At last the artist laid down his palette. "There," he said, "I can do no more, Maria. It is finished."

And Maria stood in awe before the picture, wondering, woman-like, if she were really so beautiful and questioning whether it were not irreverence to liken her, however faintly, to that fairest type and exemplar of all womankind who hath the moon beneath her feet and for whose head the stars are a coronal.

"I have painted in all tenderest reverence," said Antonio. "And earth has given me her most beautiful type of Mary Immaculate."

"It is a prayer, an act of homage and adoration," said the critic of a great morning paper, when later, through the influence of a friend, the picture had been hung in the galleries of the Institute of American Artists in Madison Square.

"Carissima! our fortune is made," said Antonio, reading the praises showered upon him by the critics. "The Madonna is pleased that we have wrought reverently in her honor. It is a happy day, Maria!" And, drawing her gently to himself, he kissed the fair forehead beneath its crown of dark hair.

(*To be continued.*)

IS CATHOLIC SCHOLARSHIP NECESSARILY INFERIOR?

By the Rev. Benedict Guldner, S. J.

A GOOD deal has been said and written of late about the inferiority of Catholic to Protestant scholarship. The discussion was started some years ago in Germany and has spread to other countries. Sometimes the thesis is: the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon (or Teutonic) races over the Latin, more frequently of Protestants over Catholics. The charge, for it is a charge, implies that our inferiority is due to our religion; in fact, a writer in a recent number of the *Literary Digest* declares in plain words and without faltering that "Roman Catholicism is inimical to scholarship." Clio has another tale to tell, and we would advise our amiable critic to read a little history. Perhaps we shall next be told that the bountiful fairy pours out all the gifts of genius into the cradle of the Protestant baby, while dealing out mediocrity or dullness to the children baptized by the Catholic priest.

As the bulk of the article under consideration treats of *German* Catholic inferiority, mentioning other countries only incidentally, we will follow the writer on his chosen ground.

German science and the German University are synonymous terms. The Germans who have achieved eminence in the field of science outside the University or its equivalent, can be counted on the fingers of two hands. It stands to reason. It has always been so and it must be so. Either the University or similar bodies like religious orders, must be the focus of science and scholarship. Cardinal Newman has written eloquent pages on the subject. Analogies suggest themselves readily and are suggested by the "mute inglorious Milton," of Gray's "Elegy." Had Bismarck not been given the opportunity, the place,

the field of action firing his imagination, his ambition and his energies, he would have lived and died an obscure gentleman-farmer on his Pomeranian estate, and Moltke might have ended his days a painstaking colonel in the service of the Sultan of Turkey. *Have the German Catholics had fair opportunities?*

Up to the end of the eighteenth century the Catholics had their own universities, and these were equal, if not, in many cases, superior to their Protestant sisters. Then came the French revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the break-up of the German empire, the iniquitous secularization of the vast territories of the church in Germany which were absorbed by the State; and the Catholics of the countries that now constitute the German empire with the exception of Bavaria, all found themselves under Protestant rulers. Even Bavaria had for its ruler from 1848, Max II, who, at one time, was on the point of turning Protestant, but was dissuaded by a Protestant adviser, and after his death he was succeeded by his son, Louis II, who died by his own hand, a madman, having allowed his minister Lutz, an apostate Catholic, to carry on a bitter warfare against the Church.

The destruction of the Catholic universities, carrying with it the loss of endowments and of scholarships for indigent students, the simultaneous disappearance of the schools of the religious orders with the calm leisure so conducive to science, struck a deadly blow at Catholic science and learning. The spoils fell into the hands of Protestant governments and the Catholics experienced the feelings of a conquered people.

The modern university is a secular institution created and controlled by the

State. Is it astonishing that the Catholics could not at once adjust themselves to the changed conditions, and did not at once flock to the universities where they were unwelcome? Besides, the life of the modern German university student is peculiar, and finds no parallel in any other country. The young men lead a free and easy life, untrammelled by any guardianship, for they do not live in colleges, but board in private houses and are their own masters. Excessive drinking and the detestable practice of duelling which is, under pain of excommunication, forbidden by the Catholic Church, are too common among them. The expenses, too, are very great and cannot be borne except by well-to-do parents, especially as the studies extend over many years and students are accustomed to wander from university to university to hear celebrated professors. All this in the earlier part of the nineteenth century made Catholic parents slow to send their sons to the University. They had good reason to fear that their sons might return to them physical and moral wrecks and perhaps even with the loss of their faith. Nevertheless, it was impossible for the Catholics to keep aloof. To be a lawyer or a judge, a physician or even a teacher in a Gymnasium, one had to go through a full course at the University. To the University, therefore, they went, and have been going in great numbers.

Why, then, did they not adopt the career of University Professors? Because, a Catholic had little or no chance of appointment or promotion. Usually, it was enough for the Protestant or anti-Catholic Minister of Public Instruction to know that a candidate was a Catholic, to overlook him for appointment or promotion. The system of "overlooking" was reduced to a fine art. The Catholic body soon found it out, and in consequence they desisted from seeking so unpromising a career. And when the Kulturkampf suddenly burst upon the German Catholics, three decades ago, which, absorbing

their best energies and the genius of their ablest men in a gigantic struggle for their very existence, this particular grievance had to be set aside for the time being, and less than ever, could Catholic young men, in face of bitterly hostile governments, think of preparing themselves for the career of University professor. The younger generation, even in Germany, has no conception of the unrelenting fierceness of that iniquitous persecution.

"But," says our critic, "admittance to membership in a university faculty is secured solely and alone through scientific competence and scholarly attainments." Fair words, truly, now let us see the deeds. It will be best to illustrate our general statements by a few concrete examples :

Half a century ago, Professor Möhler, of Tübingen, in consequence of his immortal "Symbolik" (English, "Symbolism"), was pursued with such animosity by his Protestant colleagues that he had to retire from his beloved *Alma Mater*. And only the other day the German papers were filled with reports of the slight put upon one of the foremost jurists in Germany, a professor in the same university. He was "overlooked" for a promotion that was due to him, so that self-respect compelled him to resign his professorship. It was well understood that his religion was the cause of the affront. The illustrious Theodore Schwann, author of the cell-theory, upon whose shoulders rose Pasteur, Virchow and Lister, had to leave his beloved Rhineland and seek a field for his genius in Louvain and Liège. After he had achieved world-wide renown by his biological discoveries, any university in Europe would have been proud to welcome him, but the grateful man and devout Catholic, remained faithful to Belgium. Professor Rösler, of Rostock University, on becoming a Catholic, was forced to resign his chair, and his university career would have been at an end had he not received a flattering call to the University of Tokio, in Japan, where, for years, he labored in the prepar-

ation of the new code of laws of the Empire, on the lines and principles of our western civilization. The same fate and for the same reason overtook the historian, Onno Klopp, of the University of Göttingen. Baron von Hertling, a leader of the Centre Party and one of the most distinguished savants in Germany, was, for full ten years, "overlooked" and kept in the position of a mere Privat-Dozent in Bonn, "in Catholic Bonn," to use the words of our critic. All the world has heard of Johannes Janssen, the creator of a new method of studying and writing history, the founder of a school of historians, and a German of Germans. Was he ever invited to accept a chair in a German university? Probably he was not "competent." The fact is that he never rose higher than to the position of instructor in history to the boys of the Gymnasium of Frankfort, and his famous pupil, the continuator of his great work, Ludwig Pastor, like Janssen himself, a son of the Rhineland, had to seek a university position in far away Innsbruck, at the foot of the Alps. We could mention other names. We could mention the names of more than two score German Jesuits who would be an ornament of any university in the Fatherland, not only in the sacred, but also in the secular sciences, but they are banished from the empire, and not only they themselves, but also those that have studied under them, are excluded by law, at least in the Kingdom of Prussia, from holding university professorships. But enough has been said, we think, on a subject which, in Germany, is quite notorious. Our critic, then, has not enumerated all "the factors controlling university opportunities" and he has not given the true explanation "of the relative inferiority of the scholarship of the Catholic Church." Over the gates of the university the bright and ambitious young Catholic reads these words: "No Ultramontaine need apply!" In presence of such unjust and humiliating ostracism, he would be cast in heroic

mould who, while remaining a staunch Catholic, would undertake to fit himself for a university career. It is all very well to talk of "perfect 'Lehrfreiheit,' the most precious possession of the university," but you must first secure your chair before you can exercise this "freedom of teaching." To sneer, under such circumstances, at the relative inferiority of the Catholics, is very much like throttling or gagging a man and then upbraiding him for not having delivered a speech. The calm observer of the facts, on the contrary, wonders, not that the Catholics have done so little in science, but that, in spite of the galling injustice of which they have been the victims, they have done such splendid work; he wonders, not that the number of university professors out of their ranks is so small, but that there are any at all. No doubt, many of them did not carry their Catholic religion, like the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, on the lapel of their coats, but concealed in their hearts. It was certainly not widely known that Professor Konrad Röntgen was a Catholic till he surprised the world with his now famous discovery.

However, the chair once secured, in virtue of the "Lehrfreiheit," "the brilliant and indefatigable Harnack" may freely teach (for he is Professor of *Protestant* Theology) his christianity without the Trinity, without the God-man Jesus Christ, without His resurrection, without miracles, without creed or profession of faith, without sacraments, without a church. He may continue to train thousands of Protestant ministers who go forth to preach this "christianity" in the Protestant Churches of Germany and of other countries, America included. Was the Rev. Joseph McSorley, whom our critic quotes, so very far wrong in his contention that Protestantism led to the denial of Christ's divinity? Professor Harnack is to day the foremost Protestant teacher in the world: his words are eagerly listened to by hundreds, his books read and quoted by thousands.

The Catholic Professor of Theology, of course, does not enjoy unlimited "Lehrfreiheit." Hence, when Professor Schell, who is the object of our critic's sympathy, in his teaching began to depart from the purity of Catholic dogma, he received a solemn warning from his ecclesiastical superiors. Why not? Any firm believer in a revealed religion must see the propriety and necessity of such action. The case of Dr. Briggs is fresh in the memory of all. In fact, this boasted "perfect Lehrfreiheit" is an impracticable absurdity. Hence, when the Jewish Dr. Ahrons, taught rank socialism, he had to go, despite the protest of the faculty. And Professor Harnack's "Lehrfreiheit" would be quickly choked in the Berlin University, if he were to teach the infallibility of the Pope. Yet he might easily arrive at that scientific conclusion, at which greater men than he, Newman and Ward, for instance, arrived.

The German Catholics are a well disciplined, determined body of men; it is not too much to say that the ablest men in the public life of the nation, are their leaders. They have clear ideas and know what they want. They have discussed this matter in the open over and over again in their great congresses, in their press, and most of all in parliament. They have told the representatives of their governments: "This state of affairs must not go on, we want a place in the sun like the rest of our fellow-citizens, a fair field and no favor. In a word: 'we demand justice!'" Their political strength, based on their wonderful union and the ability of their leaders, forces the governments of the confederated states to drop the brutal exclusiveness practised till a few years ago. It is gone forever, and brighter days are dawning. But another generation will have passed away before they reach the position which is due to them. In Munich, for

example, and in Würzburg, it may take thirty years before the disproportion is entirely remedied. It must be borne in mind that the seventy-eight Protestant Professors in the former University hold life-positions.

Young men of talent are urged to enter the universities, not merely with a view to preparing for the professions, but to fitting themselves for the University Professorships. The risks and dangers of university student life have been minimized by the admirable Catholic Students' Clubs now existing in all the universities, under the noble watchword, (they all follow the watchword): Religion—Science—Friendship! These clubs are fostered and in every way encouraged by the clergy and the political leaders alike. A society was founded two years ago in Treves, which is fast spreading all over the country, for giving financial assistance to clever but indigent young men during their University studies. The aid is granted, not as a gift, but as a loan to save their self-respect. Then, little by little, the inferiority into which the German Catholics have been forced and which they resent as a crying injustice, will gradually disappear. We may rest assured that the men who, by their genius, their indomitable patience and perseverance have created, in the midst of the most adverse conditions, the most perfect political party of modern times—a party not built up on the hope of material profit, but on the purest and loftiest ideals—and who have simultaneously created a press, equal and in many respects superior, to the best productions of their adversaries, will not fail in this great work but will, in the ranks of science and scholarship take the place which, in proportion to their number and ability, is due to them. All the more must they succeed because they are Catholics; for the Church has always been the foster-mother of true science.

THE WAR ON THE RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS IN FRANCE.

WHAT IS A RELIGIOUS?

By the Rev. H. Prétot, S.J.

RELIGIOUS, say their enemies, are individuals whose natural faculties have deteriorated, who are dishonored by the abdication of their inherent rights, who are degraded by a blind submission of their will to the will of another, and who are enslaved by the perpetuity of their obligations.

Let us take these reproaches one by one. *They are individuals whose natural faculties have deteriorated.* In the same fashion, the reproach is made of Faith oppressing reason, and orthodoxy science. Both charges have the same foundation. But how is it possible, we ask, that a struggle which is renewed with each returning day, against what degrades and enervates, that the constant effort of a will aiming at the attainment of virtue, that a perpetual aspiration towards everything that is above the mean interests of the earth, that a noble flight of the soul into the higher regions of human activity where it finds its true and immortal grandeur, how is it possible, we repeat that all these things (and they are the conditions and duties of religious life) result only in causing man to deteriorate and in making his best faculties wither and decay? It is clear that for those who do not admit original sin, and the two-fold necessity of human effort and Divine grace in order to rise above the lamentable consequences of our fallen nature, religious life is only a great and deplorable aberration; but, on the other hand, for one who believes in the fall of man and his rehabilitation through Christ, there is an absolute necessity of admitting that it is the noblest effort that has ever been made to lift man out of his native corruption and to ennoble his soul by a transfiguration through chastity, obedience, self-immolation and humility. Is

it not true that in proportion as the soul breaks the degrading bonds which keep him captive, in proportion as he frees himself from the claims of flesh and blood, etc., he experiences a renovation and a rejuvenation of the highest faculties he possesses? His sensibility becomes more delicate, his intelligence grows broader and more elevated, his æsthetic sense more refined, his heart expands in greater generosity and devotedness, and his will becomes more docile and is rendered capable of greater power. That is what takes place in a religious life.

We might enumerate all the literary, scientific and oratorical glories of which it has been the source; the statesmen that it has produced; the heroes and the saints who have been formed by its teachings. The ordinary religious may not be called to ascend to these heights, but the humblest among them, far from being arrested in his normal development by his religious profession, is, on the contrary, continually urged by it to make the level of his moral worth higher, to force the natural gifts which he received at his birth to fructify, in a word to become more of a man, a *Vir* in the true sense of the word, a man of heart, a man of soul, a man of reason and of character.

He has not abdicated the rights which are inherent in his human personality. The rights which are inherent in a human personality are manifold, and on account of their variety, they conflict sometimes with each other, both in cases where the renunciations are imposed upon us, and in the renunciations which we impose upon ourselves. Everywhere a man ought to enjoy the freedom to use or to not use a right which he possesses. But, the first and the most fundamental of the

rights of man, is to be able to *choose*, and especially to choose what is better, to relinquish what is less honorable for what is more so. Thus, he may abandon his position as judge advocate to become a minister of state, of a deputy to become a senator, of a senator to become president of the Republic. He renounces one because the accumulation of offices is forbidden by law; he adopts the other because a man may prefer what appears to him to be more advantageous. In the same way the right to engage in business is legitimate, but there can be something better; the right to marry is respectable, but there can be something better, and if this better is incompatible with commerce or with marriage, is it not among the very first of my rights to abandon commerce or refuse to marry in order to assure myself of something greater than either?

A religious is not a being degraded by a blind obedience to the will of another. This is the eternal objection forever refuted and forever recurring. No! it is not true that obedience in religious congregations is an odious, an abject servitude which makes of the subject the blind instrument of a mysterious and dangerous power. We can defy our detractors to point out any group or any association of men where submission is more intelligent, and the command that is received more in keeping with man's honor. No one can fail to recognize the necessity of obedience in every organization. Authority and subordination are social necessities. What is essential is to preserve obedience from baseness or injustice. But only in religious associations has any success been achieved in this respect. There, obedience is not degraded; because it is paid to a man who represents God, and because he represents God there is no injustice, for the obedience demanded and accorded is always within the bounds of the divine law and the statutes of the order which have been approved by the highest and most venerable authority on earth.

When the accusation of blind obedience is flung at religious, it is clear that there is a misunderstanding. If they mean to say that a religious promises to obey everything that comes into the head of his Superior, even what is wrong, it is a most ridiculous error of fact; because a command contrary to the law of God is null, and if we suppose it to occur it would instantly cancel the engagements which the religious has taken. But if this accusation implies that a religious obeys with perfect acquiescence of intelligence and will in what is right, then we say that it is precisely this which takes from their submission every mark of shameful and passive subjection.

We maintain that there does not exist in any society such impassable barriers against the abuse of power, or such splendid guarantees in favor of the man who obeys. As regards those midnight machinations against public tranquility and the security of nations where the wires extending everywhere are in the hands of some masked conspirators while thousands of arms are ready to put those plans into execution, we know and protest that it is elsewhere than in convents that such things occur.

They are not degraded by the very perpetuity of their engagements. Behold, our enemies say, you make a vow, you perform an irrevocable act, the act of a moment which weighs on the whole future, even to the hour of death. The same ridiculous objection might be made against the Divine law with regard to the indissolubility of marriage. One day a man falls in love, and that day binds him forever. The religious family, just like the natural family, is subject to the law of perpetuity and to the control of the past over the future.

What past is there that does not control the future? What moment is there in a man's life which can ever be recalled? He may imagine that he escapes its consequences, and that it is gone forever; but no matter how free he may be to repent of it, he is never free

from its consequence and from the inexorable and sometimes perpetual and galling duties which result from it. Repentance may come to consecrate and alleviate, but it can never revoke.

The vow of a religious binds him indeed forever, but that law is of his own making. It exists only because he has sought it and consented to it with full knowledge and perfect liberty. That law of his own framing he continues to submit to only because he wishes it. Only his will and his adhesion to his promise which he renews as each day dawns, only his persevering love for God keep him under the self-imposed yoke. This was true even when the secular arm lent its authority to the indissolubility of monastic engagements. With still greater reason is it true now that government protection has nothing to do with it. To make a law and to obey it voluntarily and never to falter is liberty in its highest expression. Shifting and changing is not the essence of liberty, does not constitute perfection, but, on the contrary, is weakness and a defect. Man is never freer than when he is fixed in what is good by a will that does not change. Such is the case of the religious.

Religious, we are told, are men who are weary of life, who quit the field of battle and come to heal their wounds in the recesses of the cloister; dreamers who leave the realities of life to give themselves up to chimeras of the imagination; soft and indolent natures, who instead of acting and fighting let the days go by in the listless expectation of eternity.

They are not men who are weary of life, and who come to heal their wounds in the recesses of the cloister. Unhappily, not only are our detractors making these assertions, but the clumsy apologists of religious life also, who sometimes represent convents as the asylums of weary souls discontented with their lot here below, angry at their mistakes, or broken down by sorrow and grief. "If," says Chateaubriand, "there are places for restoring the health of the body, ah! per-

mit religion to have them also for the health of the soul, which is more subject to sickness and oppressed with infirmities that are more grievous and more difficult to cure." This idea is poetic and touching, but it is not true. Monasteries and convents were never intended to gather in those who are sick of the world. Such vocations are an exception. The truth is, that ordinarily those who quit the world bring to the foot of the altar the flower of radiant youth, and give God His right of choosing first. They do it out of love for His infinite beauty and not from disgust for the hideousness of a life which the deceits of the world have ruined. It will be always the privilege of Christ to receive, everywhere and always, from the human race, the tribute of those lives which are as bright and as fresh as the spring time; whose beauty nothing has tarnished, and whose strength nothing has taken away. They are not dreamers who abandon the reality of things to lose themselves in the region of dreams and chimeras. No, the religious knows perfectly well what he wishes and what he does. With a mind that is perfectly sound, with the free control of a spirit that is not sick or discontented, he has taken the magnanimous resolution to give himself to God as a recognition of the gift which God has made of Himself to the human race. Self-sacrifice and immolation is the response which his human love gives to the love of a crucified God. Enrolled under the banner of Christ his life is not given up to humors and caprice. It is not lost in vagaries and uncertainty. He has the Gospel for his guide, and his religious profession is the normal and perfect development of what the Holy Book contains. In the sacrifices which he imposes on himself and in the virtues which he endeavors to practice, he has before his eyes the examples and the lessons of the Incarnate God brought down to his capacity, transposed for his use, and adapted to his temperament by the constitutions which the Church has approved

and stamped with her benediction. His way is guided by order and rule, and hence it is that no matter how high he may ascend in the spiritual atmosphere of religious life he is never lost in the clouds. His feet are on the eternal mountains of truth.

They are not sluggish and indolent souls who contemplate the skies instead of endeavoring to scale the heights of greatness by vigorous and manly efforts. Nothing is more contrary to the truth. The religious life, far from being a shelter for the sluggish is, on the contrary, the arena of the strong. Its distinctive characteristic is strength, not that brutal strength which man has in common with the brute, not that material strength whose contemptible triumphs demoralize the world, but a strength that consists in exercising control over self, in conquering rebellious nature, and in elevating the soul above itself and the weakness which nature gave it—that strength which is a cardinal virtue and which dominates the world by its daring and its power of sacrifice. If it costs much to subject a soul to the law of what is honorable and right, if it costs still more for a man to bend his will beneath the yoke of a Christian life, how much more true is it of the long journey that the religious makes on the hard road that leads to perfection. It is in this kind of life above all that a man must struggle most against the awful weight that tends to drag him down. To become a religious is to devote oneself to efforts which are greater and more sustained and which demand a greater strain on every power that is in human nature than any worldly career exacts. It is to make one's life a long series of glorious but mighty conflicts.

Religious, they tell us, are egotists and useless men, who, because of their absorption in the pursuit of personal perfection, forget the debt which they owe to the social body of which they are members.

Egotists and useless men! It is a singular egotism, forsooth, which consists in a constant and complete immolation of

oneself. We admit that the service of the neighbor is not the first object formulated in the scheme and purpose of certain religious bodies. The underlying and deciding motive of every religious vocation is the love of God. Before everything else, the religious seeks to glorify and serve God, by the immolation and consecration of self, but by the very fact of doing so, is making himself most useful to his fellow-men. Is it nothing to show to the world how to triumph through the love of God, over the concupiscences which rivet us to the earth? Is it nothing to show how to despise the deceitful things for which men commit such enormities? Nothing to scorn the pleasures of the senses, for which men give over their souls to slavery? Nothing to be above that dreadful spirit of independence, which is the source of so much disaster? If to the fierce greed for gold, which torments humanity and which threatens at every moment to enkindle between the rich and the poor the unextinguishable flame of war, we oppose the voluntary detachment of those sublime "paupers," who have nothing which they can call their own; if to that unbridled sensuality which sullies every beauty, enfeebles every strength and makes life a barren waste, we oppose the virginal purity, which is the sister of youth and strength and fecundity; if to that savage impatience of every yoke and of every rule, whose champions write upon their banner the device of Satan, "*non serviam*," we oppose the motto of the humble, of the peaceful and the obedient, namely, "to serve God is to reign"; if we do that, do we not render to modern society the greatest and most important of services and the one of which it stands the most in need at the present time?

Besides the help of example, of prayer and of expiation, is it not true that those places are multiplying over the face of the earth, where prayer has ceased, and where God listens without hearing the voice of thanksgiving or supplication? Is it not true that the lives of many to-day are so full of falsehood, rebellion, insults of

every kind against whatever is holy, that it is a wonder that God does not visit the earth with maledictions to avenge His outraged majesty? It is certainly so. But, on the other hand, how many mysterious compensations are there for the forgetfulness of indifference, and the blasphemies of impiety, in the uninterrupted prayer of the religious, especially of the religious of the contemplative orders? How many safeguards are interposed to forestall the chastisement of Divine Justice, which we have so often merited by individual and social crime, forestalled and prevented, I say, by the self imposed sufferings of the cloister. Is it not from those sanctuaries that a perpetual *miserere* arises, that arrests on its way, the anger of Heaven, that is descending upon us? How else can we explain that the earth, which is drenched and steeped in crime, still enjoys periods of repose, and that societies where evil is triumphing, can live through long years protected from catastrophe, and apparently safe from disaster.

And finally, if we recall the more tangible benefits of religious orders, those namely, which are more in keeping with our utilitarian ideas, the refutation of the charge of their being useless comes out with still greater force. Self-sacrifice is incomprehensible without devotedness to others. By self renunciation, the religious is only the more ready to help his fellow-men. He is ready for anything, the labors of the apostolate, of the school-room and the hospital. Do you know that from France alone (though it is true that in this our country outranks all others), ten thousand religious women have gone beyond the seas to bring to the children of savages tenderness and solicitude, which could not be lavished by the most devoted of mothers? Some are clearing the wilds of ignorance and of childish stupidity, in the schools of barbarous nations; others are bestowing their untiring devotedness upon infirmities, not unfrequently the most disgusting and the most protracted that

poor human nature is afflicted with. The victims of vice and misfortune and abandonment, the sick and the dying, the orphans and the old find loving hearts, and sisterly souls in these religious; fathers and mothers in this immense legion, which includes the Brothers of St. John of God, the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Little Servants of Working People, the Sisters of Goodness and the Sisters of Bon Secours, the nurses in the hospitals and the sisters of the prisons and the slums.

It has been often attempted, in more than one place, to drive them out and bring others in their stead, but it was soon seen that it was easier to counterfeit true charity, than supply its place; that true devotion could not be bought for gold, and that the supposed egotism of the religious was better for the perfect administration of benevolent works than the interested struggles of selfish mercenaries could ever hope to be.

"Monastic bodies," Mr. Taine has said, "are precious instrumentalities in a nation. By their institution great public services have been assured without increasing the expenses of the budget. With less expense and with most remarkable success, one hundred thousand persons, men and women, performed voluntarily and gratuitously the least attractive and the most repulsive of our social tasks."

The government which has drawn up schedules of the fortunes of the religious congregations, ought to put in a parallel column a list of their good works; for after all, these properties of the communities which are continually changing hands, but which have been assessed more heavily than the property of private individuals, and which, if divided up, would assure only some paltry thousand francs to each member—these possessions are much less the patrimony of the religious, than the possessions of the poor, whom they console.—*Études*, December 20, 1900.

THE GRAVE AND RELICS OF FATHER MARQUETTE.

By Rev. H. S. Spalding, S.J.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made by Ann Arbor Railway officials that what are supposed to be the remains of Father Marquette, the intrepid French missionary and explorer, have been exhumed by workmen near Frankfort, Mich. Only the skull and some imperfect bones remained, and experts declare them to be those of a white man. A streak of rust and small remains close to the head are believed to have been the father's beads and cross.

"The find was made at a considerable depth, while excavating for a big summer hotel. The Michigan Historical Society claims to possess the proof that Father Marquette was buried at this point in the year 1675, in the bed of a small stream.

"It was, in changing the course of the stream, that the remains were found. Great interest is being taken in the find by Michigan historians. A thorough investigation is being made."

The above dispatch was printed by the Associated Press throughout the country on the 25th of December last. Since that date the writer has received several communications asking whether the bones found could possibly be those of Father Marquette, and whether Marquette College, Milwaukee, where the genuine relics were supposed to be preserved, would be forced to forego its claims; and incidentally it has been asked, upon what documentary proofs does the college base these claims?

To answer the first of these questions, we must go back to records written two hundred years ago; fortunately, owing to the recent publication of the "Jesuit Relations," these records are accessible to all. In Vol. LIX of the "Relations," we have a detailed account of the death of Father Marquette, and the removal of his bones to the mission at Mackinac. On the 25th of October, 1674, Marquette left the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, near the site of the present city of Green Bay, to visit the Kaskaskias, of Illinois, whom he had met when returning from his voyage of discovery. Owing to his weak constitution and the severe winter storms, which made traveling all but impossi-

ble, he did not reach the village until Easter of the following year. Here he instructed the Indians for three weeks, when, perceiving that his health was rapidly failing him, he set out for the Mission of St. Ignatius, at Mackinac. He died before he reached his destination, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, and was buried there by his two companions.

Father Dablon writes thus of his voyage and death:

"As they sailed along the lake, he perceived the mouth of a river, with an eminence on the bank which he thought suited for his burial, and told his companions that it was the place of his last repose. They wished, however, to pass on, as the weather permitted it and the day was not far advanced; but God raised a contrary wind, which forced them to return and enter the river pointed out by Father Marquette. They then carried him ashore, kindled a little fire and raised for him a wretched bark cabin. As he knew them to be worn out by the toil of the preceding days, he bade them go and take a little rest, assuring them that his hour was not yet so near; that he would wake them when it was time, as in fact he did, two or three hours after, calling them when about to enter his agony. He prayed his companions to remind him, when they saw him about to expire, to pronounce frequently the names of Jesus and Mary. When he could not do it for himself, they did it for him; and when they thought him about to pass, one cried aloud *Jesus, Maria*, which he several times repeated distinctly and then, as if at those sacred names, something had appeared to him, he suddenly raised his eyes above his crucifix, fixing them apparently on some object which he seemed to regard with pleasure, and thus with a countenance all radiant with smiles, he expired without a struggle, as gently as

if he had sunk into a quiet sleep. His two companions, after shedding many tears over his body, and having laid it out as he had directed, carried it devoutly to the grave, ringing the bell according to his injunction, and raised a large cross near it to serve as a mark for passers by."

"God did not choose to suffer so precious a deposit to remain unhonored and forgotten amid the woods. The Kiskakon Indians, who, for the last ten years, publicly professed Christianity, in which they were first instructed by Father Marquette, were hunting last winter on the banks of Lake Illinois; and as they were returning early in the spring, they resolved to pass by the tomb of their good father, whom they tenderly loved; and God even gave them the thought of taking his remains and bringing them to our church at the mission of St. Ignatius, at Missilimakinac, where they reside.

"They accordingly repaired to the spot and, deliberating together, resolved to act with their father, as they usually do with those they respect; they accordingly opened the grave, unrolled the body, and though the flesh and intestines were all dried up, they found it whole without the skin being in any way injured. This did not prevent their dissecting it according to custom; they washed the bones and dried them in the sun, then putting them neatly in a box of birch bark, they set out to bear them to the house of St. Ignatius.

"The convoy, consisting of nearly thirty canoes in excellent order, including even a good number of Iroquois who had joined our Algonquins to honor the ceremony. As they approached our house, Father Nouvel, who is superior, went to meet them with Father Piersoon, accompanied by all the French and Indians of the place, and having caused the convoy to stop, made the ordinary interrogations to verify the fact that the body which they bore was really Father Marquette's. Then before landing he intoned the *De Profundis* in sight of

thirty canoes still on the water, and all the people on the shores; after this the body was carried to the church, observing all that the ritual prescribes for such ceremonies. It was deposited in a little vault in the middle of the church, where he reposes the guardian angel of our Ottawa missions."

Although other authorities, Shea, Parkman, etc., could be quoted, this one letter of Father Dablon is sufficient to prove beyond a doubt that the body of Marquette was not left in its resting place on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. A mistake was scarcely possible; the body was buried near a small stream, close to the lake, on an eminence that was visible from the water, the spot was marked by a cross; the Jesuit missionaries who received the precious remains tell us that they were careful to verify every particular in regard to them. But even if the body had never been exhumed by the Indians, we would not search for it at Frankfort. That town is more than fifty miles north of the place where the missionary was buried. The body found at Frankfort was in the "bed of a small stream"; Marquette's grave was on an eminence. The facts are so evident against the Frankfort claims that we are surprised that so many took the dispatch seriously; it looked like an advertisement for the Ann Arbor Railroad and the "big summer hotel."

Let us turn now to our second question! Are the fragments of bone preserved in the Jesuit College, Milwaukee, a part of the remains of Père Marquette? That they are, we have the opinion of two men who sifted the evidence thoroughly—the historian, Shea, and Father Jacker, who discovered the grave at St. Ignace. It has been objected that Father Jacker was an enthusiast, that he was anxious to make his *find* a success. An enthusiast! Strange would it seem if he had not been, laboring as he did for so many years among the old mission scenes of the 17th century! Where stood his church was once the Christian Vil-

lage of the Ottawas; there had Marquette toiled, there had he met Joliet and prepared for his voyage of discovery, there had the Indians chanted the Litany of the Blessed Virgin as they laid their father to rest beneath the little chapel. Even the idle tourist as he strolls along the beach to-day finds his thoughts borne irresistibly to the history of the past—to a history that has inspired the poet and the artist. Is it strange that years of labor, amidst such scenes, should have inspired the zealous priest who broke the Bread of Life to the Ottawas still clustering around the hallowed spot, where their ancestors first received the light of Faith? Father Jacker was an enthusiast, but, at the same time, he was a careful student. "He was a cautious antiquarian as well as a devoted priest," says Shea; "a loving gatherer of all that related to early heralds of the faith, tracing their footsteps, explaining much that was obscure, leading us to the very spot where Ménard labored and died."

Father Jacker writes from St. Ignace, September 3d, 1877: "The report concerning the discovery of Father Marquette's remains is, I am glad to say, not a fable or an exaggeration. I am now writing within a few paces of the little casket which contains all that is left of the saintly Jesuit's perishable part. But, alas, it is very little! If the fragments of bones gathered from the humble grave were to be given away for their weight in gold, a person of moderate means could easily acquire them. . . ."

Shea's opinion is given to us in language that is equally plain: "The detailed account of the final interment of Father Marquette, the peculiarity of the bones being in a bark box, evidently of small size for convenient transportation, the fact that no other priest died at the mission who could have been similarly interred, leads us irresistibly to the conclusion that Father Jacker is justified in regarding the remains found as portion of those committed to the earth two centuries ago."

Speaking before the Missouri Historical Society on July the 19th, 1878, Mr. Shea briefly summed up the history of the finding of the grave at St. Ignace: "Two years after the missionary's death his Ottawa Indians took up his body, cleansed the bones, and putting them in a box of birch, conveyed them to Point St. Ignace, where they were with solemn rite deposited in a little vault in the middle of the church. This edifice was burned down in 1700, and all trace of the site and of Marquette's tomb was lost, till last year, when the Rev. Edward Jacker discovered and identified both, but only to find that the tomb had been rifled, evidently by some medicine man, who wished the bones of the great priest as a magical power. The remnants of the box and some fragments of bones were gathered to be placed under a monument in his honor."

Against this double testimony of Shea and Father Jacker not a single argument has been given. Some doubted; some who knew Father Jacker said that his enthusiastic love for anything connected with the old missions had outweighed his judgment. But this was a mere assertion; besides, unfounded enthusiasm would not have persuaded Shea to add the weight of his authority.

Father Jacker has left on record two accounts of the discovery of the grave; one appeared in the *Woodstock Letters* (1877), and the second in the *Catholic World*, vol. 26 (1877). The two narratives are models of clearness and simplicity; the priest states just what happened under his own eyes. There seemed but one conclusion. The birch box and the fragments of bone unearthed by him within the foundation of the old church at Mackinac were no other than those buried there two hundred years before. That Father Jacker valued these relics as treasures is seen from his desire to place them where they would be duly appreciated and preserved.

The two letters which he wrote to Marquette College to offer them to

that institution are here published for the first time.

HANCOCK, Mich., Aug. 15th, 1882.

REV. FATHER LALUMIÈRE, S. J.

Milwaukee.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—Considering the uncertainty of life, I would like to place my collection of memorials from Father Marquette's grave in good hands, and knowing of no other place where these articles would be appreciated better than in your college, I offer them, through you, to that institution.

When my successor, Father Kilian, insisted on my delivering up to him what I possessed of Father Marquette's (reputed) remains, I sent him about one-fourth of the fragments of bone, together with a small selection from the diverse articles (pieces of evidence, as we might call them) found in the cellar and in the grave.

Will your Reverence please let me know whether the Rev. Father Rector and the faculty of your college are willing to receive my collection as a sacred deposit to be preserved in that institution?

Should circumstances allow me to go to Milwaukee, I would prefer to bring that treasure thither personally, and might on that occasion, answer any questions about the signification of

the several articles contained in the collection—as far as my ability goes.

Very sincerely,

EDW. JACKER.

HANCOCK, Aug. 25th, 1882.

REV. FATHER LALUMIÈRE, S. J.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—Here are all the bones left in my hands, after sending about seven similar fragments to Fr. Kilian of St. Ignace.

The other articles—pieces of bark, wood, iron, etc., I shall either send or bring you in a short time, *Deo volente*,

Very sincerely,

E. JACKER.

Marquette College would be unfaithful to her trust if she belittled in the least the treasure committed to her keeping. The institution received the treasure direct from the man who discovered it after years of patient research—received it as a sacred deposit; unless further investigation contradicts the data given by Father Jacker we are justified in saying that the bones of Père Marquette are preserved in the college which bears his name.

THE FLIGHT OF THE YEARS.

By J. Kendal, S.J.

SLOWLY the feet of the years
In childhood's flowery time
Move, while fancy anears
Her fullest and palmiest prime.
But now as the years go by
With an ever quickening beat,
Full many a hope must fly
At the sound of their ruthless feet
Yet many a hope shall rise
From the grave of those that are gone—
The thought of a life-won prize
The gleam of a far-off dawn.
In the years that have swiftly sped
Both flowers and thorns we see ;
The flowers of pleasure gone,
The thorns of joy ne'er to be,
While stores of ungarnered gold
Lie lost in a desolate waste
Of works that are dead and cold,
Of tasks that were never faced.
But never our heart condemns
Those labors, alas ! too few
Empearled with the seemly gems
Of toil's ennobling dew.
Now fondly we search the past
Through memory's golden haze
For comrades whose lot was cast
With ours in by-gone days.
And far through the vista'd years
We scan the lives of men
For whom fame no monument rears
Inscribed with chisel or pen.
Yet angels their memory guard
With records of many a deed
Untold by seer or bard,
Unsung upon viol or reed.
For many have lived amid tears
That were but the sowing of joy,
And reaped as the crown of their years
A gladness no grief can destroy.
While some, amid laughter and smiles,
Had joy of the fruits of the earth,
Yet ever remembered, the whiles,
The land of their nobler birth.
And now, as the New Year stands,
In garments unsoiled, at our door,
The gifts he brings in his hands
Are as free and as full as before.
But fleet are the steps of the year,
Unceasing his tireless pace,
And they that lag in the rear
May lose in the heavenward race.

THE CITY OF MONTEZUMA.

By Edith Martin Smith.

WE may question if there is any place in the new world, there is certainly none on the North American continent, enveloped in such a haze of romance or possessing such a wealth of picturesque historical association as the City of Mexico. It is at once the objective point of every foreigner travelling through the Republic, and the Mecca of all patriotic natives ; to the latter, indeed, it has become a Mecca in *transgressed* the laws of the land. For years it has also been the political, commercial and social centre, and it is only within recent years that Guadalajara, Chihuahua, and the ancient City of Puebla have begun to assert themselves as possible rivals.

After leaving the historic village of Tula, noted chiefly in these days for its ruins, we begin to descend, and as every approach to the city of Mexico is a panor-



THE CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO.

the religious acceptance of the word, for the celebrated shrine of Guadalupe, with its splendid church, is not far from the city and pilgrimages to this venerated spot are yearly made by numbers of devout Catholics. The history of the City of Mexico is substantially the history of the country ; for over five hundred years it has been a capital where Cacique, Conqueror, Viceroy, Emperor, Dictator and President successively made, executed or

ama of magnificent, natural scenery, the trip should be made by daylight, even at the risk of some personal inconvenience. The valley of Mexico, as it is commonly called, is larger than the State of Rhode Island, and is divided nearly in half by a low range of mountains. Alexander Humboldt, whose one time residence, a pretentious two-story dwelling on Calle San Augustin still remains an object of interest to tourists, says of this view :

"There can be no richer, no more varied spectacle than that which the valley of Mexico presents, on a beautiful morning, when the heavens are clear, and of that turquoise blue which is so peculiar to the dry, thin atmosphere of high mountains."

Tradition states that this region is the earliest home of man on our continent. It makes one dizzy to think of the races that have fought, bled, and alas! been conquered! Of the kingdoms that have risen and fallen in this comparatively small and unimportant country, whose rich resources have long made it a prey for the rapacity of foreign invaders.

"A thousand years scarce serve to form a state,

An hour may lay it in the dust," sings Byron, and it must strike the observant traveller that the unfortunate Mexicans, from the days of the Chichimecs, A.D. 635, down to the present (it is not safe to say *final*) establishment of their independence, have been warring against the intruding foreigner or torn by civil feuds and dissensions. The legend of how the Aztecs, the race mostly *en evidence* at that period, chose Mexico as their capital, runneth thus: On an island in Lake Texcoco, in the year 1312, the Indians, after wandering for seven hundred years, discovered the prophetic sign by which they were to know where to make their home. There was little of the supernatural in this sign, as viewed through the light of civilization—merely an eagle standing with outstretched wings on a cactus bush, and holding a wriggling serpent in its mouth, but it was symbolic of wonderful meaning to the Aztecs, and it has survived the extinction of their clan and become the emblem of their country. Wherever waves the tri-colored flag of Mexico there is the eagle also! So



A STREET IN MEXICO.

on this spot they laid the foundations of the place which was called Tenochtitlan, in honor of their holy guide, and also México, to reverence Mexitli, their god of war; here they dwelt in comparative peace until 1521, when Hernando Cortez, beaching his ships, marched victoriously onward, made a prisoner of poor, gentle Montezuma and after much bloodshed brought a race of inoffensive semicivilized people under the despotic yoke of Spain. That their own superstition was the most effective weapon in the hands of the enemy every student knows, and this part of their history reads like a fairy tale in which our sympathies shift alternately from one side to the other. Cruel and heartless as Cortez was, we cannot help admiring his dauntless courage and the magnificent recklessness with which, assisted by a very small army, he undertook the conquest of this unexplored country. For Alvarado, his able, ruddy-faced general, whose every victory was the result of treachery, we can have nothing but contempt; yet it is undoubtedly true that the blonde, if somewhat questionable beauty of the noted Alvarado, had much to do with his leader's ease in conquering the guileless Indians. The advent of their "Fair God," was an event long looked for, and even after the lapse of centuries it seems pathetic that his pre-

sumed manifestation should have brought such disaster upon his faithful worshippers.

The average Mexican travelled, or otherwise, can imagine nothing grander than his capital city as it stands to day; the sentiment that there is no place like home is in truth imbedded in every human heart, and one of the greatest advantages of foreign travel is that we return so thoroughly convinced (if indeed any sensible person ever needed conviction) of the immense superiority of our own country. Whenever we expressed the least enthusiasm over the quaintness or beauty of a place or view,

are much higher here than elsewhere, as is only natural. It is exceedingly dirty and very unhealthy, yet, in spite of these drawbacks, it is a most charming place to visit, only it is well to bear in mind that one is still in Mexico and not expect too much. English is heard constantly on the streets which are thronged with Germans, English and Americans; there are many modern houses and some very handsome stores and public buildings; every store of any importance has one or more English-speaking clerks, while French is almost as generally used as Spanish. Fashionable Mexicans now send their children abroad to be educa-



CANAL DE LA VIZA, MEXICO.

we would be told by our Mexican friends, "Muy bonita pero espera Vd. hasta que vea la ciudad de Mexico," which was encouraging so long as we had the city in prospect, but disappointing, as was inevitable, when once realized.

It is the most modern place in the republic and the most wealthy; there are numerous good hotels and some splendid French restaurants, so the question of the "inner man," which appears to prevent many persons from visiting the country, need not be considered so far as this *poblacion* is concerned; prices

ted; the boys to Stonyhurst, the girls to Paris; but notwithstanding these innovations the city still retains its picturesque and foreign air. It is distinctly cosmopolitan. Where else can we see sturdy, chocolate-hued Indian women carrying their babies—such cute little black-eyed mites—on their backs and wearing such a strong resemblance to their rag and wax images sold in the curio stores, that one is almost puzzled to decide which is the original; the pleading pretty flower girls, the odd-looking *aguadores* and fruit sellers, the eternal

burro laden with live turkeys, and, most frequent of all—the bull-fighter! These greatly admired citizens do not wear their gala attire except in the ring or when riding in state through the streets, but their ordinary dress is quite distinctive and entirely unmistakable. It consists of rather loose trousers, a black jacket cut off at the waist line, a flat crowned hat with broad brim, such as the old-time Quakers wore, and a turn-down collar minus necktie. They wear a long plait like the Chinamen, but this is skillfully hidden beneath their hats; the purpose of this custom is to affix a cushion to the pigtail and thereby lessen the danger of contusion when they are thrown or tossed by the infuriated *toro*. Apropos of *torreadores* the biggest bull-fight of the season took place during my stay in the city. Having an inborn distaste to seeing animals tortured, I did not attend the performance, much to the surprise of my compatriots at the hotel who were unanimous in their desire to do, while in Rome, what the Romans did. It was with much surprise that I learned, from both Mexicans and Americans, that the latter speedily overcome any prejudice they may have entertained against this national pastime and become, in time, more enthusiastic on the subject than the natives themselves. Like every other vice

“When seen too oft,
familiar with its face,
We first endure, then
pity, then embrace.”

Two famous *torreadores*, whose names I regret to say I have forgotten, came over from Spain for this gala occasion, and three bulls; the latter, along with three native animals, were butchered to make

a Mexican holiday, while the men received an ovation such as we give to Patti, Bernhardt or the de Reszkes. They stopped at “The Sanz,” the swellest hotel in town, their photographs were in every window, and on the afternoon of the performance the elite of both Mexican and English society assembled in the huge Plaza de Toros to do them honor. But, according to the papers of the following day this long anticipated *corrida de toros* (bull-fight) to which the admission fee alone was twelve dollars, did not prove a complete success; the bulls failed to show the proper amount of fight and there were not enough horses killed and blood shed to make it properly interesting. The day was one of excitement, however, and San Francisco Street presented an artistic medley of gaily dressed, hilarious human beings all bound for the amphitheatre while the strains of the Torreador’s song from “Carmen” lingered in the air for weeks afterwards. Five thousand dollars for each performance was the sum paid to the two Spanish celebrities—five thousand a piece, be



- - - AZTEC IDOL, NATURAL MUSEUM, MEXICO.



SUN-DIAL, NATIONAL MUSEUM, MEXICO.

it understood. Rather a good price, I thought, but not so much, after all, to one who places any value on his life. I was surprised at the mild, rather kindly faces of these men, whom I saw enter a photograph gallery with twenty of their followers, *capeadors*, *picadores*, *bandeilleros* and such lesser lights, to be taken, I daresay, in a pleasant family group. The greatest Mexican bull-fighter is Ponciano Diaz; he is the most popular man in Mexico with the masses, and the object of much more enthusiasm than his illustrious namesake.

Built directly over a lake and surrounded by canals it is not surprising that, at an altitude of eight thousand feet, Mexico's capital is both damp and unhealthy. When the sun shines, and to his credit, be it said, that old Sol usually *does* shine in this land of flowers—and you are walking briskly on the sunny side of the street it is possible to keep warm, but enter your room after the sun has left it and you are in a vault, a chamber of death, to which the Mummy apartment at Guanajuato is cheerful by comparison. For this reason the city appears to best advantage in spring and summer. Then the Alameda and Zocala

are alive with flowers, a perfect jungle of palms and roses and fragrant odors; the warm-blooded inhabitants joyously respond to the languorous air and lovely music of these semi-tropical squares and fill the place with their merry voices and careless laughter, for Mexicans do not like cold weather and in this respect the writer found them *muy simpático*. They wilt like their own bright blossoms at the blighting touch of Jack Frost and yet they make no effort to better their condition by the judicious and timely use of a little fuel. It was amusing to go grumbling to the hotel

office, complaining of the cold and to find there the *Parron* enveloped in a heavy ulster, shivering and pacing back and forth in his six by eight compartment in a vain attempt to keep himself warm. They appear to accept the state of things with Spartan stoicism and they tell you that fires are dangerous in this climate, which may, of course, be true.

The only English-speaking priest in the city, Father D——, whom I had the pleasure of meeting several times, told me of a funny but painful experience he had the Christmas of '98. The weather had been unusually cold for that latitude; he was invited by a very wealthy family to celebrate the Midnight Mass in their private chapel. There is immense wealth among these people, just as there is bitter and degrading poverty—therein lies the pathos that greets you at every turn. Father D—— arrived at the appointed hour, chilled to the bone and shivering so that he could hardly speak; the señoras and señoritas assembled in the chapel wrapped in shawls and blue with cold, and under these agreeable auspices the service was concluded.

The most beautiful church from the exterior, and the most celebrated in all

Mexico, is the Cathedral, which stands on the site of a great Aztec temple destroyed by Cortez. Nearly every one is familiar with the pictures of this once magnificent church which was three hundred years in building and cost nearly two millions of dollars. It is in the form of a Latin cross and over the central arch rises a splendid dome decorated by the locally celebrated artists of that day; it contains five naves, six altars and fourteen chapels and yet we find little to admire in the interior of this edifice, for it is dirty, *muy sucio*, and it was despoiled of its enormous riches during the last revolution. A massive hanging lamp of solid silver, one of the beauties of the church, was melted into coin to pay the soldiers of the Reform party. The immense choir enclosure of the central nave detracts from the grandeur of the structure and the lofty and gaudy main altar is, to put it plainly, hideous. There is a railing leading from this altar to the choir, which is considered something of a curiosity; it is a composition of gold, silver and copper and was made, they say, in China. If kept clean it would be very handsome. The pulpits and holy water fonts are of onyx: here, too, may be seen the font in which the young Mexican saint and martyr, San Felipe, was baptized. In one of the chapels is the tomb of Iturbide, Mexico's last Emperor, and beneath the "Altar of the Kings" are the remains of Jimenez and the three patriots, Hidalgo, Aldama and Allende. The Sagrario adjoins the Cathedral and seems a part of the same building. Its heavily carved doors are worthy of study; in this chapel the Blessed Sacrament is kept and here the baptisms, marriages, funerals, etc., take place.

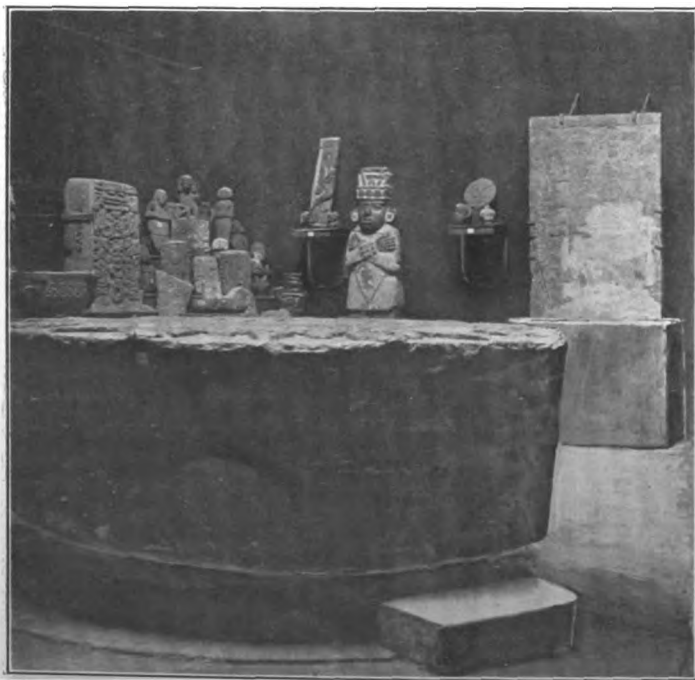
The history of the Zocalo, as the plaza on which the Cathedral faces is called, is very interesting, for where the little garden is now, once stood the rocky island on which the long sought "sign" was discovered by the Aztecs; here they erected their great Teocalli, or place of sacrifice and celebration, and on this ground occurred the final struggle between the

heroic Cuauhtemoczin and the Spanish Conqueror, a scene which General Wallace has vividly described in his "Fair God." The monastery of San Francisco, for over two hundred years, the most celebrated in the new world, once occupied fifteen acres in the heart of the city; it contained eleven chapels, a hospital, nine dormitories and a refectory where five hundred monks could dine at once. But all this is a thing of the past; the Hotel Jardin occupies the hospital of the old monastery and enjoys its garden which at present is by no means a thing of beauty. It was in this hotel that Hopkinson Smith wrote that charming idyl "With a White Umbrella in Mexico." But though the glory of the old monastic order has gone along with its suppression, the memory of the good brothers is perpetuated in the names of some of Mexico's principal streets. At the corner of calles San Francisco and San José de Real stands the church of La Profesa, one of the most aristocratic in the city, and one that has the finest music. El Colegio de Niñas, a most unpretentious edifice has, however, the most fashionable congregation. It is three hundred and fifty years old and in former times was a school for the education of the girls of the lower classes. It is now called the American Church—by Americans—and is under the direction of the Marist Fathers, two of whom are French, the other English. Sermons in the two languages are preached here at the different Masses and here the French and American colonies "most do congregate." La Presidenta, Mrs. Diaz, a charmingly gracious and graceful woman, has a pew here, the Belgian minister and various other notabilities. The church of San Felipe de Jesus, not far from the Iturbide Hotel is generally considered the most beautiful one in the city; it is undoubtedly the cleanest and most modern as regards its appointments. All the churches here have pews except the Cathedral; this, of itself, is sufficient evidence of the influence of a foreign element, for even in a place as important as

Guadalajara the Mexican custom prevails, except at the Cathedral, and one has to perform his devotions on the ground *sans* prie-Dieu, *sans* comfort, *sans* everything except a pleasing sense of mortification. San Felipe was erected by a national subscription of the Catholics of Mexico in reparation for the sacrileges committed during the Reform. It is rarely opened, which possibly explains its air of extreme neatness and only after considerable "red tape" did we succeed in obtaining an entrance. The idea is to make of it a church of Perpetual Adoration, but no order has thus far been found to take it in charge. There is but one community of this kind on our side of the Atlantic, and that is in Canada. It would require too much space to dwell, even casually, upon all the old churches of this City that "have a story to tell"—their name is legion. That of San Augustin has been used since the Liberal party came into power as an annex to the National Library. Adjoining San Felipe de Jesus is a smaller church, with a lovely garden in front, consecrated to the Sacred Heart ;

all the hangings are of scarlet plush and the bas-relief Stations are in frames of the same material. There is a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart back of the Tabernacle beneath a canopy of red and all the decorations are peculiarly appropriate. Opposite the Alameda are two old churches separated by a small plaza, one called San Juan de Dios, the other La Iglesia de la Vera Cruz. That of San Hipólito bears a stone inscription, the letters almost obliterated by age, stating, that in this place, on the night of July 1, 1520, "*La Noche Triste*," so many Spaniards were slaughtered by the Indians that the following year, when they re-entered the city in triumph, the conquerors determined to build here a memorial and call it the Chapel of the Martyrs ; they dedicated it to St. Hipolyte, because on his day the city was recaptured. To speak of Cortez and his bloodthirsty followers as *martyrs* strikes us as the refinement of sarcasm, but it is difficult to judge. In those days as these everything depended on the point of view.

There is but one tomb worthy of note in the Panteon de San Fernando, the Westminster of Mexico, and that is the magnificent memorial erected by his grateful countrymen to the famous patriot Juarez. It represents the Republic holding in her lap the head of the hero over whose dead body she mourns, but its artistic conception is somewhat spoiled by the tawdry tin garlands and porcelain flower wreaths that an appreciative, if not over-tasteful public, keeps constantly at the base of the statue. Not



AZTEC SACRIFICIAL STONE, NATIONAL MUSEUM, MEXICO.

far from this tomb—for such is the irony of fate—repose the unhonored remains of Generals Miramon and Mejia, who were condemned as traitors and shot with Maximilian by order of this very Benito Juarez. Other illustrious dead are in the vicinity, most of whom have departed this life by special request.

There is much to be seen in the city and suburbs of Mexico, but any conscientious tourist could visit every point of interest in three or four days and then find time for idling; however, this brisk cut and dried method of seeing the sights does not appeal to me, for surely the charm of this *dolce far niente* land consists in taking life while there, *à la native*, as leisurely and lazily as possible. I will not now essay a description of the numerous and notable places that environ the city and still retain their outlandish Indian names, the pronunciation of which few Gringos have the hardihood to attempt; as Kipling used to say, “they will make another story.” Of the city sights the Alameda is one of the most satisfying, after the Cathedral. It is beautifully laid out with handsome fountains and statues and gorgeous tropical flowers. There are numerous shady walks and romantic nooks, but when considered as a park the Alameda is very small and does not compare, in my opinion, with the wilder beauty of Chapultepec. On Sunday mornings, after church, the youth, wealth and aristocracy of the town meet here to promenade under the canvas-covered archway, to the strains of their splendid national band. In the afternoon it is *de rigueur* for the four hundred to drive, and then the Paseo becomes the objective point for all those who

“Go to show off their daughters,
Or go to show off themselves.”

Fashionable turnouts and handsome *caballeros* pass in stately procession and it is a subject of regret for the onlooker that the latter should have, almost without exception, discarded their own picturesque costume and adopted that of

the English. The lower classes are not allowed to enter the Alameda on Sundays, the Zocalo being given over to them, and these regulations are strictly enforced by the police, all of whom wear military trappings. The octagonal glass house, near the entrance of this park, which strangers invariably take for an aviary or monkey house, is the Lottery building. La loteria is not a forbidden institution down here, but flourishes like the green bay tree, and ticket selling is the one avocation that almost rivals begging as a means of livelihood. The Art Gallery is disappointing. It is small, badly located, and contains few paintings of merit, although it was described to me by a well-traveled, but partial Mexican señor, as the finest in America. The subjects are mostly religious, and are extremely realistic; torture, either in this world or the next, being the dominant idea. A large canvas, representing Bartolomé de las Casas, the Protector of the Indians, and another showing Cortez standing in a ruminative attitude before the heroic Cuauhtemotzin and his companion, who are pleasantly broiling on a bed of red-hot coals, impressed me as by far the best, although neither is an agreeable picture to hang on the walls of memory, and it is not surprising that *el Gran Conquistador* should have been occasionally troubled with bad dreams,

The National Library is a handsome building, with modern stone front and a pretty plazuela. The reading room, however, is damp, cold, and gloomy, a most unattractive spot in which to spend a cozy half-hour with one's favorite author. The seats are uncomfortable, and the desks look like relics of the Inquisition. Life-size statues of noted men of all ages line the room. St. Paul jostles elbows with Alcacon, and Cuvier smiles blandly at the Prophet Isaias. Rousseau, Origen, Cicero and Descartes are placed without any regard to chronological order, and dozens of others from the realms of history, sacred and profane.

Over the entrance to this room is a large bronze statue of Time with his remorseless scythe, and at the opposite end the ubiquitous Mexican eagle rises in heroic size from a perch of marble cactus. I grew to cherish a feeling of positive affection for that long-enduring bird before I left the country, and in the ornithological recesses of my heart it occupies a place second only to our own patriotic emblem. At the School of Mines there are four enormous meteorites, two weighing, I would not dare say, how many tons. They were discovered in the state of Chihuahua about a century ago. There is a strange fascination about these huge masses of solid iron, the history of which, in spite of scientific conjecture, is so mysterious. By far the most interesting of all the public buildings, and the most pleasing from an architectural stand-point, is the Museum. It is built around a lovely *patio*, in which are growing many curious and beautiful shrubs, orchids, etc. A large bird of a species strange to me stalks majestically up and down the walks, and an ant-eater, picketed in the centre circle, earns an independent, if not highly remunerative subsistence.

The lower floor of the Museum is chiefly devoted to Aztec and other Indian idols and relics; all that pertained to the domestic, religious and war-like life of these pre-historic races are here. The great Sun Stone of the Aztecs, concerning which there has been considerable controversy among archaeologists, was discovered December, 1790, in the plaza fronting the Cathedral, and for many years it was exhibited in that church. The Indian god, Chac-Mool, which at once attracts attention by his size and very uncomfortable attitude, was found by Dr. Le Plongeon in the ruins of Chichen-Itza, Yucatan; the gigantic sacrificial stone, along with many other curious and wonderful things, may be seen here, and fortunately one is not required to pronounce them. Such jaw-breaking names as these ancient divinities pos-

sessed! One gentleman, I think the God of War, rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of Huitzilopochtli—imagine having to invoke Huitzilopochtli every time we said our prayers! On the whole the nation should be thankful to the Spaniards for introducing a more melodious tongue, although their nomenclature is not one to be lightly mastered, and after some valiant struggles in that direction I could not help congratulating myself upon the possession of such a sturdy, practical surname as Smith.

Désiré Charnay, the great French explorer, backed by Mr. Lorillard, of New York, unearthed most of these important pre-historic remains and the Mexican government promptly took the majority of his discoveries into its own safe-keeping. Up-stairs there are various departments devoted to stuffed animals, birds, mummies, Indian armor, etc. One chamber contains relics of Hidalgo, Montezuma, Alvarado, Iturbide and poor Maximilian, who is here deprived of his title of Emperor and ticketed as the "Austrian Archduke." Many of his personal effects are here, and downstairs is his coach of state, which has been used but once since his death, and that was when General Grant visited Mexico. It is a most gorgeous and ungainly affair of gilt and red velvet, with gold eagles and fringe galore. Nearby, in order to mark the contrast between royalty and republicanism, is the ram-shackly old carriage in which Juarez was wont to perform his flights from city to city; between these coaches may be seen a souvenir of still another historical epoch—the anchor saved from Cortez's ship when he destroyed his fleet off the Mexican coast.

No account of the City of Mexico would be complete without some mention of an element unimportant, so far as we can assume, in the scheme of creation, and yet so general that it constitutes one of the "sights" of the metropolis; I refer to the *lagartijo*. Calle San Francisco in the afternoon, bereft of the

lagartijo, would be but a gloomy thoroughfare. The English speak of this particular class of individuals as "swells"; in our own resourceful country we call them "dudes," and in Mexico *lagartijo*, which means a small lizard, is the correct term. It is not inappropriate; like the lizard they are usually found in sunny places—of fashionable paseos—and they have, as a rule, no visible means of support; they are, moreover, perfectly harmless, like our own "dudes," and quite satisfied with their niche in the world. Another equally perverse and far more dangerous type is the *ratero*, or sneak-thief, and if there is another city in the world where the enterprising burglar plies his art with greater craft or success I have not heard of it.

All is fish that comes to the *ratero's* net, but the unsuspecting Americano proves the easiest victim, and the devious ways and means by which he is robbed would furnish material for an entire edition of Sherlock Holmes. Having had some personal experience in this matter I know whereof I speak. Here the "Thieves Market" is called *Plaza Volador*, and is an interesting place to visit if one takes the precaution to leave watch, purse, and all valuables at home; Sunday morning is the time to go. Sousa visited it during his stay in the City and was so charmed with the novelty of the scene that we need not be surprised to see a fair copy of this remarkable corner presented some day in our New York theatres.



THE CHURCH AND LIBERAL CATHOLICISM.

PASTORAL OF THE ENGLISH BISHOPS.

THE Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Westminster, have issued under this title, the following joint pastoral letter to the faithful of England and Wales :—

Rev. and dear Brethren and dear Children in Jesus Christ : The thought of the great and unmerited mercies, so generously poured out by God upon our Fathers and upon ourselves during the century that is ending, fills us with confidence and courage as we enter upon the work of a new century. Among these blessings none have been more consolatory than the peaceful growth and expansion of the Catholic Faith in England. But though the storms of persecution have blown over, other dangers of a more insidious character—such as various forms of rationalism and human pride—at present confront the Church in England as elsewhere. We must look these in the face and deal with them patiently but firmly, under the guidance of the great Prince of Pastors.

1. The evils that afflict modern society formed the subject of the first Encyclical addressed by His Holiness Leo XIII to the Catholic world.

If we look for the source of these evils we shall observe that the Holy Father shows it to consist, either in a habit of belittling and despising, or of utterly rejecting, the authority of the Church, which presides in the name of God over the welfare of mankind, and is the divinely-appointed guardian of those principles of eternal truth and justice on which all human authority ultimately rests.

It is with profound sorrow and regret, dear children in Jesus Christ, that we admit that some of the false maxims, referred to by the Holy Father as afflicting the world at large, have taken a deep root in England. For three hundred years no religious tribunal, capable of teaching with unerring certainty, or of binding the conscience in the name of God, has been recognized by the English people. The result has been to substi-

tute the principle of private judgment for the principle of obedience to religious authority, and to persuade the people that they are the ultimate judge of what is true and proper in conduct and religion.

It has become a dominant principle in England that all power and authority in civic, political, and religious matters are ultimately vested in the people. The people govern ; to the people appeal is made, as to a final tribunal, for guidance on questions often involving the gravest interest.

2. It can hardly be necessary to point out how insidiously a small minority, such as that of Catholics in England, may become affected by an overwhelming majority that continually acts upon a theory so flattering to human pride as the supremacy of the people in religion as in politics. We need not, therefore, wonder if there be occasionally found among our own flock some whose loyalty to the Church is tainted by false principles, insensibly imbibed by too close a contact with the world ; or if there be others, who have come into the Church without having altogether shaken off the critical spirit of private judgment, in which they had been brought up.

3. A small number of men suffice to infect and unsettle the minds of many, not only by license in private speech, but if they are literary, by use of the Press. They take leave to discuss theology and the government of the Church with the same freedom of speech and opinion that they are accustomed to use in launching new theories on social science, political economy, art, literature, or any other subject. Being wanting in filial docility and reverence, they freely dispose of doctrine, practice, and discipline upon their own responsibility and without the least reference to the mind of the Church or to her ministers. This is to be liberal, indeed—with the rights and the property of another—with the sacred prerogatives of Christ and His Church. It is the exercise of liberality of this counterfeit sort

that characterises what is known as "the liberal Catholic." He is like to one who, having received a gracious invitation from his Sovereign to reside in the royal palace, should take advantage of his position to destroy, to dispose of, the royal furniture according to his own caprice or that of friends outside, and to make even structural alterations, without any kind of warrant or authority for so doing.

Or to go back to the lessons of history ; it was against the action of liberal Catholics that St. Thomas of Canterbury vindicated the liberties of the Church in his day ; and it is against liberal Catholics that the rights and liberties of the Church have to be defended again in our own time. The Catholic clergy and laity of England will always need to be strong in the spirit of St. Thomas of Canterbury, if they are always to resist successfully the restless encroachments of liberalism upon the sphere of religion.

Where this strange habit of mind exists among us, we believe that it is generally traceable to ignorance of the true character of the Church of Christ, and of the position and duty of her individual members, or to ignorance of the continuity and indefectibility of Catholic belief. It is a habit of mind, to be found, we trust, in very few English Catholics. But the thought of the possibility of its spreading, if unnoticed, has stirred our pastoral vigilance to sound a note of warning, and to set forth at some length certain doctrines that may be needed for the guidance of the faithful.

WHAT IS MEANT BY THE TEACHING CHURCH.

1. God has not abandoned mankind to the guidance of private judgment in the affairs of salvation, but has guaranteed to them the presence and authority of a Divine Teacher, who shall remain on earth until the end of time. It is obviously of extreme importance to possess precise and accurate knowledge as to where this Divine Teacher is to be found and as to the manner in which He makes known His Will. Vague impressions on such a subject lead inevitably to doubts and errors, whereas honor and obedience are readily rendered to an authority whose claims are clear and definite.

Now God Himself is the Divine Teacher of whom we speak. When our Lord Jesus Christ was upon earth, God spoke through the lips of His Sacred Humanity. After He had ascended into Heaven, the Divine Teacher spoke through the mouth of Peter and the Apostles ; and He now teaches and will continue to teach through their legitimate successors, "until the consummation of the world." (1)

The doctrine of the abiding presence of the Divine Teacher upon earth is proved by the most abundant testimony of Catholic tradition, and by the brief Gospel summary (which we shall now refer to), of the words spoken by our Lord himself.—The purpose of His Mission He stated thus : "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." (2) And as clearly He expressed the purpose for which He sent His Apostles and the power with which He invested them. "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth : going therefore, teach ye all nations," and He defined the subject matter of their teaching thus :—"teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (3) The object, then, of their mission is to continue His teaching : and the power with which He endowed them for that purpose is the same as that which in its fulness He had Himself received from the Father : "All power is given to Me, going therefore teach." And elsewhere He had said, "He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me." (4) They are to teach, to be believed, and to be obeyed. They are sent to all men without exception, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned." (5)

To enable them to fulfil their difficult and superhuman task they were to receive the Spirit of Truth, whom "I will send to you." (6)

"And when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will teach you all truth," (7)—and this not transiently, but

(1) Matt. xxviii. 20. (2) John x. 10.
(3) Matt. xxvii. 18-20. (4) Luke x. 16.
(5) Mark xvi. 15-16. (6) John xvi. 7.
(7) John xvi. 13.

continuously, because He shall so come, that He may "abide with you forever." And as though to prepare His Apostles for the antagonism they were to meet from the world, the Lord warned them that "the Spirit of Truth," whom they were to receive, "the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him : but ye shall know Him, because He shall abide with you, and shall be in you." (1)

"He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I have said to you." (2) "He shall give testimony of Me ; and ye shall give testimony, because ye are with Me from the beginning." (3) In other words, the Holy Ghost was to abide in the teaching Church, in order to perpetuate Christ's teaching and ministry to the end of time. Here then we have the abiding presence of the Divine Teacher promised by Christ to the Church. That Divine Teacher claims unreserved allegiance, love and obedience, whether He speaks through the Sacred Humanity, or through the Vicar of Christ and the Bishops, who are the successors of the Apostles and "Ambassadors for Christ." (4)

Before their death the Apostles handed on their ministry to others, by imparting to them also the Holy Ghost, and ordaining them "Bishops to rule the Church of God." (5) They did more ; they imposed upon them the obligation of selecting suitable persons to carry on their office : "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus ; and the things which thou hast heard of me by many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also." (6)

Two orders of persons, therefore, constitute, by the design of Christ, the visible Church. The small body of chosen men, assisted by the Holy Ghost, who represent the authority of Jesus Christ ; and the large body of the faithful taught, guided and guarded by the Divine Teacher, speaking through the audible voice of the smaller body. Theologians call the one the *Ecclesia docens*, the other the *Ecclesia discens*.

2. The *Ecclesia docens* consisted, in the beginning of Peter and the Apostles, and afterwards of the Pope, successor of St. Peter, and of the Bishops of the Cath-

olic world in communion with him. These descending in a regular succession with the powers originally communicated by Christ, have always discharged the office, imposed by Him, of teaching without interruption the doctrine confided to them—teaching it without loss or damage to its integrity, and of building up in the Faith, to the image of Christ, that multitude of souls who, as docile disciples, obey the word and will of God, as made known to them by their pastors.

The task imposed upon the Shepherds was a heavy one—to take charge and render an account of the flock. Consider how peremptory was the injunction given by St. Paul to the Bishop Timothy. "I charge thee before God and Jesus Christ, who shall judge the living and the dead, by His coming and His Kingdom ; preach the word ; be instant in season and out of season ; reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine. For there shall come a time when they will not endure sound doctrine : but, according to their own desires, they will heap up to themselves teachers having itching ears, and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth, but will be turned into fables." And, lest the Bishop might be deterred from action by the perversity of his flock, the Apostle turns to him again, to stir him up to a becoming state of vigilance and fear, and reminds him that nothing less than the zeal and labor of a true Evangelist will enable him to fulfil the essential duties of his ministry : "Be thou vigilant ; labor in all things ; do the work of an Evangelist, fulfil thy ministry." (7)

Such is the apostolic ideal of a Bishop's duty. It is clear that the obligations laid upon Bishops have been imposed by no less an authority than that of God Himself. It is He who has placed the Sovereign Pontiff with his prerogatives, and the Episcopate in union with him, in supreme command of the flock : "Take heed to yourselves and to the whole flock, wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you Bishops to rule the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own Blood." (8)

It is not, therefore, because specialists in divinity, philosophy, or the natural

(1) John xiv. 17.

(3) John xv. 26-27.

(5) Acts xx. 28.

(7) 2 Tim. iv. 1-5.

(2) John xiv. 26.

(4) 2 Cor. v. 20.

(6) 2 Tim. ii. 1-2.

(8) Acts xx. 28.

sciences have been consulted, or have lent their assistance, that the Church proclaims the doctrines contained in the deposit of faith, confided to her guardianship. It is not because fewer or more schools of thought are represented in the Senate of the Church, in her Councils, or in her Hierarchy, that declarations of doctrine are drawn up and promulgated. Nor can it be conceived for a moment that the fluctuating opinions and fashions of the hour, which flit over the surface of the public mind like shadows over a landscape, could ever be used by the Church of God as a rule by which to fix the cardinal points of revealed truth, or to draw the lines of immutable dogma.

The *Ecclesia docens* is fully conscious of her Divine mission, and needs no dictation from without as to the course she should pursue in the guardianship of truth and the condemnation of error. Her governing rule and law is the rule and the law that brought her into existence, namely, the Authority of God, who has commissioned her to "teach all nations all those things that He has revealed."

3. The *Ecclesia discens*, on the other hand, consists not only of the laity, but also of ecclesiastics, and even Bishops in their individual and private capacity. When these submit their mind and their will to the Church in matters of religion, their submission is given in reality to the Divine Teacher. They are simply disciples, but they are the disciples of Christ and of His Spirit. As disciples they have no right to legislate, to command, or to teach in the Church, be they ever so learned. They are disciples taught and directed without error, in the way of salvation. The mind of the Church on this subject is illustrated by the law which forbids the faithful to publish anything on religion without the "Imprimatur" of the *Ecclesia docens*. All, even the most learned among clergy and laity, are subject to this law, which is without exception. The Church, indeed, may encourage even the faithful laity to write and lecture upon matters relating to religion, when she sees that they are fit to serve her in these ways; not, however, in their own right, but in strict subordination to authority. What they teach must be her doctrine, not their own; and unless they loyally propagate her doctrine, her spirit,

her mind, she regards them as workers of iniquity. "He that gathereth not with Me scattereth." (1)

Nor should this jealous guardianship of the Church over her teaching and pastoral office create surprise or difficulty to the mind of modern society. The civil governments of the world act upon a similar principle. They are wont to confide the highest branches of the public service only to men of proved capacity, and they do not hesitate rigidly to exclude all other persons therefrom, however well-intentioned they may be. The conduct of the Church, in the various measures she adopts for the preservation of the doctrines of Faith, is guided by the assistance of the Holy Ghost. This Divine Spirit can admit of no religious teaching other than His own. And here we may remark incidentally that while He maintains within the Church the sanctity of Truth, He at the same time inculcates another great virtue, specially distinctive of the Life of Jesus Christ, the virtue of humility—a virtue acquired with extreme difficulty by man, whose bane has been pride from the beginning. Now to be docile and obedient to teachers is to practise Christian humility—the very foundation of faith and holiness of life.

Some there are whose pride chafes under the restrictions imposed by religion. Not content with the vast fields of profane science and speculation open to them, and with the civil government of the world, which is theirs, they itch to have their hand in the government of the Church and in her teaching; or, if this cannot be, they vainly strive to enforce their views by appeals to the Press and to public opinion. This restlessness and independence of the Gospel have shown themselves more or less in all times. In his own day St. Paul noted disloyalty and disobedience to the *Ecclesia docens*, and expressed "his wonder" at converts being "so soon removed unto another Gospel, which is not another, only there are some that trouble you and would pervert the Gospel of Christ." But against any one "that troubles you" the Apostle does not hesitate to say, "Let him be anathema." (2)

4. What this "other Gospel" is to—

(1) Matt. xii. 30.

(2) Gal. i. 6-8.

day may be learnt by the bare enumeration of some of the theories advanced in the name of science, criticism, and modern progress. For instance, that in the past, the Episcopate, or *Ecclesia docens*, was not competent to define doctrinal truths with accuracy, because recent discoveries were then unknown ; that the dogmas of Catholic Faith are not immutable but tentative efforts after truth, to be reformed under the inspiration of modern science ; that the Church's teaching should be limited to the articles or definitions of Catholic Faith ; that it is permissible to reject her other decisions ; to set aside her censures ; to criticise her devotions ; to belittle her authority, and especially that of the Roman Congregations ; to distrust her ability in dealing with intellectual and scientific objections ; to place her character as nearly as possible on the level of that of a human institution ;—that the constitution as well as the teaching of the Church ought to be brought into harmony with what is styled modern thought and the progress of the world ; that the government of the Church should be largely shared by the laity, as a right ; and that men of science and broad-minded culture should employ themselves in devising means to bring this about ; that the distinctions of Shepherd and Sheep should be blended by entitling the more learned among the laity to rank no longer as disciples, but as teachers and masters in Israel ; that the growth of popular interest in ecclesiastical affairs and the spread of education render it right and expedient to appeal from ecclesiastical authority to public opinion ; and that it is permissible to the faithful to correct abuses and scandals by recourse to the people and to the powers of the world, rather than to the Authorities of the Church ; that as the Pontiff has been deprived of his temporal power, so ecclesiastical property should be held and administered no longer by ecclesiastics, but by laymen with business capacity ; that Catholics are free to read and discuss matters, however dangerous to faith or morals, if they are inclined to do so ; that they may retain the name of Catholic, and receive the Sacraments, while disbelieving one, or more of the truths of Faith ; and that they are in

these respects subject to no ecclesiastical authority, or Episcopal correction. One or other of these and such like errors, which are attacks, more or less thinly veiled, upon the rights and liberties of the Church, is to be met with among ill-instructed and liberal Catholics. They are opinions generated in the national atmosphere of free thought and public criticism, of which we have spoken. It would not be possible to discuss them all within the limits of a letter—nor is it in the least necessary to do so—though we shall say a word about two or three of them. The best antidote to all such poisonous opinions is to be found in a clear and intelligent belief in the abiding presence within the Church of the Divine Teacher.

WHAT CONFORMITY OF MIND WITH THE MIND OF THE CHURCH IS REQUIRED.

1. From the words of Scripture referred to above it is clear that Jesus Christ constituted His Church a living, authoritative, and perpetual Teacher of His doctrine ; that he invested her with His own power ; that he informed and invigorated her with the Spirit of Truth ; and that He declared that the doctrines proclaimed by her were to be received as though proclaimed by His own voice. Hence arises the obligation upon everyone to think as the Church thinks, in order to think aright ; and therefore to yield a firm assent to whatever she presents for acceptance. Two kinds of assent may be given by the mind, in the matters on which we are speaking. One is the "assent of Faith," in the exercise of the virtue called Divine Faith. It is given when the subject matter is a truth revealed by God, or else closely connected with the deposit of Revelation ; and, as such, is either defined, or universally held by the Church. In both cases, the assent rests ultimately on the authority of God, revealing either the truth itself or the infallibility of the Church that teaches it. No one, calling himself a Catholic, can doubt the obligation of giving a firm assent to all revealed doctrines that are defined or universally held by the Church as of "Catholic Faith ;" and this under pain of heresy and of being cut off from the Church and salvation. Upon this elementary doc-

trine we need do no more in this place than refer to the Third Session of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican.⁽¹⁾ But it may be well to insist, with the same Council, on the former truth, namely, that Catholics are bound to give their assent also to the decisions of the Church concerning matters appertaining to or affecting revelation, though these matters be not found, strictly speaking, within the deposit of Faith.⁽²⁾ Such matters are, for instance, the interpretation of Scripture; the canonisation of Saints; the matter and form of the Sacraments in a given case, in which a dogmatic fact is under consideration; other facts which are called dogmatic; and the condemnation of false doctrines by the Holy See.

2. The second kind of assent is that elicited by virtue of "religious obedience." It is given to that teaching of the Church which does not fall under the head of revealed truth nor even under the endowment of her infallibility, but under the exercise of her ordinary authority to feed, teach, and govern the flock of Christ. To think as the Church thinks, to be of one mind with her, to obey her voice, is not a matter of duty in those cases only when the subject matter is one of Divine revelation or is connected therewith. It is an obligation, also, whenever the subject matter of the Church's teaching falls within the range of her authority. And that range, as we have said, comprises all that is necessary

for feeding, teaching, and governing the flock. Under this ordinary authority, or *magisterium*, come the Pastoral Letters of Bishops, diocesan and provincial decrees; and (though standing respectively on higher ground, as being of a superior order and covering the whole Church), many acts of the Supreme Pontiff, and all the decisions of the Roman Congregations. It is by virtue of ordinary ecclesiastical authority, not of infallibility, that the larger number of the hortative, directive and preceptive acts of the Church are issued. As points of discipline may be decreed at one time and modified or set aside at another, so may novel theories and opinions, advanced even by learned men, be at one time censured by the Roman Congregations, and at a later time tolerated and even accepted. For instance, the Holy Office in a case of a disputed text of Scripture or any similar point, after careful consideration—customary in matters of this importance—may declare, that the arguments brought forward do not warrant the conclusion claimed for them by certain students. Such a decision is not immutable, and does not prevent Catholic students continuing their research, and respectfully laying before the Holy See any fresh or more convincing arguments they may discover against the authenticity of the text. And thus it becomes possible that, in time, the tribunals of the Holy See may decide in the sense which the earlier students had suggested, but could not at first establish by satisfactory arguments as a safe conclusion. Meanwhile the Church exercises her authority, as she judges best, so that no child of hers "shall add to" or "shall take away from the words of the Book," of which she is the sole guardian. In such a case loyal Catholics should accept her decision, by virtue of "religious obedience," as the one to be followed for the present. But while they gratefully accept such guidance in a matter that concerns religion, they will be careful to distinguish between this guidance and the Church's definitions of faith. It stands to reason that if individuals had the right, in virtue of their own private reason or opinions, to withhold the "religious assent" demanded of them in virtue of "religious obedience," their assent would never be "religious," for it cannot be

(1) Fide divina et Catholica ea omnia credenda sunt quae in Verbo Dei scripto vel tradito continentur, et ab Ecclesia sive solemnī iudicio sive ordinario et universali magisterio tanquam divinitus revelata proponuntur. *Sess. iii. c. 3.*

(2) Quonian satis non est haeticam pravitatem devitare, nisi ii quoque errores diligenter fugiantur, qui ad illam plus minusve accedunt; omnes officii monemus servandi etiam Constitutiones et decreta, quibus pravae ejusmodi opiniones, quae isthic diserte non enumerantur, ab hac Sancta Sede proscripae et prohibita sunt. *Ibid. c. 4.*

Hence, Leo XIII has declared that "De utroque genere, nimirum et quid credere oportet et quid agere, ab Ecclesia jure divino praecipitur, atque in Ecclesia a Pontifice maximo. Quamobrem judicare posse Pontifex pro auctoritate debet quid eloquia divina contineant, quae cum eis doctrinae concordent, quae discrepent: eademque ratione ostendere quae honesta sint, quae turpia; quid agere, quid fugere, salutis adipiscendae causa, necesse sit: aliter enim nec eloquiorum Dei certus interpret nec dux ad vivendum tutus ille esse homini posset." (*Encyc. Sapientia Christiana*, January 10th, 1890.)

religious assent unless based upon the principle of obedience to a religious authority. Unless so based, conformity of mind with the mind of the Church would simply be the result of private judgment and a mere coincidence. Conformity of this kind might even cover doctrines which the Church teaches as Articles of Faith; and may be found in persons who have never entered the Church. Indeed such accidental conformity is compatible with a total absence of all faith. Such assent would then stand on no higher ground than that of a coincidence of private opinion with the teaching of the Church. Speaking of the assent which the children of the Church owe to her guidance, Pope Pius IX, declared, in his Apostolic letter of December 2nd, 1862, that;—"The Church, in virtue of the power entrusted to her by her Divine Founder, has not only the right but a special duty not to tolerate—has even the duty to brand and condemn—any kind of error, in the interests of the soundness of Faith and of the salvation of souls. And it is the duty of every philosopher who wishes to be a son of the Church, and of every Catholic school of philosophy, never to advance anything in opposition to the Church's teaching, and to retract any statements which have drawn on them the censure of the Church. The opinion which teaches the contrary we declare to be altogether erroneous and in the highest degree harmful to the very Faith of the Church and to her authority." Here it is to be observed that the Pope speaks not only of the body of the faithful, but expressly, and in a special manner, of those who are learned.—But still more explicit are the following weighty words used by His Holiness Leo XIII, happily reigning:—"In settling how far the limits of obedience extend, let no one imagine that the authority of the sacred Pastors, and above all of the Roman Pontiff, need be obeyed only in so far as it is concerned with dogmas, the obstinate denial of which entails the guilt of heresy. Again, it is not enough even to give a frank and firm assent to doctrines which are put forward in the ordinary and universal teaching of the Church as divinely revealed, although they have never been solemnly defined. Another point still must be reckoned

among the duties of Christian men, and that is, they must be willing to be ruled and governed by the authority and direction of their Bishops, and, in the first place, of the Apostolic See." (1) Such has always been the firm persuasion and the loyal practice of Catholic England. Let it suffice to recall the teaching of the First Provincial Synod of Westminster, held in the year 1852:—"Look unto the rock, whence ye are hewn. Look unto Abraham your Father." (2) It is right that we, who have received our Faith, our Priesthood, and the true religion immediately from the Apostolic See, should beyond others be bound to it by the bonds of love and veneration. Wherefore, the foundation of true and orthodox Faith, we rest on the same basis on which Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was pleased to place it, namely, on the immovable Chair of Peter, the Holy Roman Church, the mistress and mother of the whole world. Whatever has been defined by her we, on that account, hold to be certain and sure; her traditions, rites, pious uses, and all apostolic constitutions regarding discipline, with our whole heart we welcome and venerate. Finally, with all sincerity we profess obedience and reverence to the Supreme Pontiff, as the Vicar of Christ, and cling to him in the closest bonds of Catholic communion." —(*Decree VII.*)

3. Far removed from this spirit of faith, from this conformity of mind with the mind of the Church, is another spirit which has begun to manifest itself amongst us. It is a spirit which strips itself of all the instincts of faith and religious obedience, till scarcely any sentiment survives beyond a desire to avoid actual heresy. In place of those noble Christian instincts which constitute the franchise of the Catholic soul, reposing trustfully in the care and guidance of a Divine Teacher, the intellect becomes a victim to fears and apprehensions. There are cases in which theories, criticisms, and assertions advanced in the name of intellect or science, seem to exercise an almost irresistible control over the mind, while it often happens that those who were loud-

(1) *Sapientie Christianae*, January 10, 1890.

(2) Is. li. 1.

est in claiming liberty and independence of thought in religious matters, become themselves slaves to human respect, trembling with fear in the presence of the bitter criticisms and worthless theories, which are often launched against the Church by her enemies. It is not so much that the liberal Catholic has formed independently for himself a scientific opinion, as that he has practically surrendered his own independence, by taking for granted, and as venerable and true, the halting and disputable judgments of some man of letters or of science, which may represent no more than the wave of some popular feeling or the views of some fashionable or dogmatising school. The bold assertions of men of science are received with awe and bated breath; the criticisms of an intellectual group of *Savants* are quoted as though they were rules for a good life, while the mind of the Church and her guidance are barely spoken of with ordinary patience. The liberal Catholic appears to be nervously apprehensive lest the Church should in some way commit herself and err. He doubts her wisdom, her patience, her ability in dealing with mankind. And he flatters himself that his own opinions are the outcome of a strong-minded, impartial, and philosophical spirit. It is from germs such as these that the most noxious liberalism has infected the Catholic Church in other lands. It is from seeds such as these that schisms and heresies arise, take shape and form. It is from the spread of such opinions by persons who have won a position in literature or in science, that the faithful begin to lose their holy dread of erroneous doctrines, and false principles. Thus faith becomes tainted, moral virtue becomes relaxed, and, in process of time, liberalism in religion invades the whole mind until, like their leaders, many of the faithful are thought to be alive, and they are dead. From what has been said it will be seen, that it is always a characteristic of a faithful and docile disciple of Christ to conform his mind and judgment in matters of religion to the mind and judgment of the Divine Teacher. This should become a moral habit moving the will, whose wish and inclination is so often the father of the thought and belief of the mind. In all matters of

faith, whether positively defined or only felt to be the general mind, or the approved sentiment of the Church, the ground on which a Catholic stands is plain and solid—the authority of God speaking to him through His Church. He knows that the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ and the spirit of the Church, His Bride, are one and the same. By the Divine Teacher, through the voice of His Church, we are ruled and directed unto salvation. One and the same is the Lord and Teacher, who gave the Ten Commandments to Moses on Mount Sinai and who now instructs and rules the hierarchy of the Church unto the well-being and sanctification of the faithful.

4. And here we cannot refrain from pointing out to the clergy the absolute necessity of thoroughly instructing converts on the ground and motive of Faith before receiving them into the Church. Unless they believe that they have found in the Catholic Church the Divine Teacher, they must not be admitted into her pale, no matter how many of the Articles of Catholic Faith they may assent to. In other words, they must believe in the authority and infallibility of the Divine Teacher in matters of faith and morals as an essential and fundamental condition for reception into the Church. All the Articles of Catholic Faith, all the verities of religion must be accepted on the authority and claim of the teacher, not on the taste, will, or judgment of the individual. Our Lord when upon the earth exacted this kind of submission from His disciples; and if men would be His disciples now, they must submit in like manner to the authority of the Divine Teacher, speaking in the Church. When this fundamental principle has been thoroughly grasped, there will be no logical or reasonable difficulty in accepting whatever doctrines the Church teaches.

5. Before concluding this portion of our subject, we must say a word on the devotional practises of the Church.

It is a "reasonable service," to use the Apostle's phrase, to obey on being commanded. And it is a "reasonable" instinct or inclination of the mind to approve the rites, customs and devotions practised in the Church, even where there is no precept. Numberless are

the forms of Catholic piety. There are special devotions to each of the three Divine Persons of the Trinity, to the name of Jesus, to His Infancy, and to His Passion, to the Sacred Heart, the Precious Blood, the Five Bleeding Wounds: to each of His Mysteries: to His Immaculate Mother: to His Foster-Father, to St. Peter His Vicar, and to His Apostles and Saints. There are pilgrimages to shrines, indulgences, jubilees, relics, images, medals, and scapulars, chants, hymns, vocal prayers, processions, and many other practices of devotion and of penance, blessed and approved, and some of them instituted by the Church. The range of devotional acts is wide and long—reaching from the sublime elevation of the soul and its seraphic communion with God on the heights of Thabor or of Calvary—from the perfect and permanent consecration of mind, will, life, and person to God's love and service—through an infinite variety of national vibrations of feeling and public manifestations of faith and piety, down to the simple and spontaneous expression of a personal devotion. Provided there be nothing inconsistent with the doctrines of faith, provided religious dignity and the proprieties of person, time and place be decorously observed, these various manifestations of religious sentiment are not alien to the mind of the Church, and they are not to be despised and condemned as out of harmony with modern thought; nor is the expression of feeling and temper of one nation to be censured, because not in accord with that of another. Man's religious life is like his person, which is not simply a skeleton, but is built up in form and round figure, and endowed with subtle feelings and with the graces of feature, color, and complexion. His religious life is not as the bare fibre of a tree without foliage to adorn it, to protect its fruit and to assist the essential functions of nutrition. But in man the external growth of religious practices corresponds and co-operates with his inner life, helping, protecting, and embellishing it in manifold ways. God in His wisdom has constituted all organic life upon earth complex, with interdependent parts; and most of all is this true of man's intellectual, moral, and physical being. In addition to what is essential, he is enriched

with a thousand accidental gifts and properties; there are internal and hidden as well as external and visible functions; and no form of beauty worthy of contemplation, no integrity of life worthy of admiration, can ever be attained, without the contribution of each and every part to the perfection and beauty of the whole. It is, therefore, "reasonable" to praise the Church for large-minded and affectionate care of her disciples, when, in addition to the great acts of Religion and the Sacraments, she opens out so wide a field of devotional exercises, to be used according to the taste and attraction of her children, who are of all races and tribes. These devotions are calculated to contribute in their place and measure to the perfection of Christian life, which, in its simplest expression, consists in the knowledge of God and in the knowledge of oneself—in the love of God and in the love of our neighbor for God's sake.

THE THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT AND THE DEPOSIT OF FAITH.

1. One of the errors current in England is the belief that the Catholic Church of to-day is not the same as the primitive Church—that she has departed from the original doctrines of Christianity. And another error is that the Church possessed more authority at one time than at another,—that she possessed a Divine claim to obedience in the early centuries, which she does not possess in the present day. We, on the other hand, hold that the Church as the Divine Teacher is identical with herself in every age. The Divine Teacher speaks through His chosen organs, the Pope and the Bishops, in union with Him. He speaks with the same wisdom, the same authority, the same infallibility to-day as during the infancy of the Church in the first three centuries of persecution or in the subsequent centuries of General Councils. The Church is continuous and indefectible in her existence and constitution; so also in her doctrine. But her continuity and indefectibility is that of a living organic being, animated by the Holy Ghost. It is not the changeless continuity of the dead letter of a book, or the indefectibility of a lifeless statue.

2. Living beings are never stationary, they grow while they maintain their iden-

tity. The Church also grows. She has a progress, an evolution of her own. Not only do the faithful grow in the Faith, but faith itself may be said to grow as a child grows in its own form and character, or as a tree in its own unmistakable properties. Such development implies no essential change. Essential change is—not development, progress, or evolution,—but the destruction of what was, and substitution for it of something else. As St. Vincent of Lerins wrote fifteen centuries ago: “It is the property of progress that a thing be developed in itself; it is the property of change that a thing be altered from what it was into something else.”⁽¹⁾ It was thus that a Father of the Church in the fifth century understood the unity of doctrine, which constitutes the internal and substantial continuity of the Church, a unity always fixed and determinate in its principles and in harmony with its original, in the deposit of truth; but, at the same time, progressive in the inferences, definitions, and applications to which the original doctrine is rightly and logically extended. Answering the question “Whether there shall be no progress of religion in the Church of Christ?” St. Vincent of Lerins replies: “Certainly, let there be progress and as much as may be, . . . but so that there be really a progress in the faith, not an alteration of it.”⁽²⁾ Then he explains what this true progress or development really consists in, and continues: “The Church of Christ, being a vigilant and careful Guardian of the doctrines committed to her, makes no change in these at any time, subtracts nothing, adds nothing, does not curtail what is essential nor tack on what is not needed. She does not let slip what is her own, she does not pilfer what is another’s; her whole endeavour, her one aim by her treatment of all questions, at once faithful and wise, is to bring out into clearness what was once vague and incomplete, to strengthen and secure what is already developed and distinct, to keep watch and ward over doctrine already established and defined.”⁽³⁾ In other words, the doctrines of faith have not been cast into the world to be torn to pieces, or to be

discussed by mankind generally, and elaborated at pleasure into a system of philosophy. They have been entrusted, as a Divine deposit, to the teaching Church and to her alone—to guard faithfully, and to develop and explain, with Divine and infallible authority. Truths, therefore, at one time held implicitly, by degrees become explicitly realized and defined, as one or other of those truths becomes a more special object of attention on the part of theologians or of the Holy See, in the face of existing controversies or of attacks upon her teaching from those who are hostile to her. It is difficult, therefore, to understand the intellectual state of those friends of knowledge and progress, who argue that the modern Church is unfaithful to the primitive Church, because it teaches some truths explicitly which were formerly held implicitly, unless they are prepared to defend the paradoxical position that implicit knowledge is in itself preferable to knowledge that is explicit and clearly defined.

3. The words of Leo XIII, in his recent letter to Cardinal Gibbons, may be quoted here for the benefit of those “who would limit the exercise of the power of the Church, so that each one of the faithful may act more freely in pursuance of his own natural bent or capacity, as men do in civil society.” The Holy Father points out the wisdom and providence of God in the definition of the Vatican Council, “whereby the authority and teaching office of the Apostolic See was affirmed, in order the more effectually to guard the minds of Catholics from the dangers of the present times. The license which is commonly confounded with liberty—the passion for criticising and finding fault with everything, the habit of throwing into print whatever men think or feel—have so confused and darkened men’s minds that the Church’s office as a Teacher has now become more than ever useful and necessary, to save Christians from being drawn away from conscience or duty.”

4. And then, he adds: “Nothing can be further from our thoughts than to reject indiscriminately the intellectual gains and progress of our own day. On the contrary, we gladly welcome as an addition to the heritage of knowledge,

(1) *Commonitorium* n. 23.

(2) *Ibid.* (3) *Ibid.*

and as a widening of the borders of the world's prosperity, every victory of research in the pursuit of truth, every effort of man for the attainment of good. But if all this progress is to bear lasting fruit and to continue to go forward, assuredly it must not set at defiance the authority and the wisdom of the Church." (1) And here we may echo the noble desire, expressed by the Vatican Council in the Dogmatic Consitution *de Fide Catholica*, for the continued progress and development of all knowledge, of all science, within their own proper sphere. (2)

5. Very different from this is the theory of progress or development exco-
 gitated in recent times, and approved by certain writers on the Continent, and even in England. They make the progress of Christian doctrine to consist in real change. They argue that certain truths of revelation may become obsolete and die out; that having served their time, higher truths will supplant them, in accordance with some real or fancied progress of natural science. They even suggest that higher perceptions in natural science will reduce mysteries to the level of natural phenomena; and that the development of Christian doctrine really means the reception into the deposit of faith of a number of extraneous truths, which will in course of time bring the church into perfect conformity with modern ideas. There are even Catholics who imagine that they can save their orthodoxy by holding the creeds and definitions of faith, not according to the Church's constant understanding of them, but according to their own. They profess to believe that the Church's teaching may receive new light to illuminate it, so that the traditional sense, given by the Church to her formularies, shall give way to other meanings partial, or wholly, different. Against errors of this kind, the Church, in the Vatican Council, has launched her for-

mal anathema: "If any one shall say that it may ever be possible, with the progress of science, for a sense to be given to the doctrines proposed by the Church, other than that which the Church has understood and understands, let him be anathema." (3)

6. We are well aware that one cause of this error, which is to be found in England as elsewhere, is the mistaken belief that the way to commend the Catholic Religion to non-Catholics is to pare down supernatural doctrines of Faith, and to hold out a hope and a prospect that the dogmas, they object to, may by degrees be explained away, or brought into conformity with their opinions. But it is not lawful to tamper with Divine Truth, or to treat the deposit of Faith as though it were a human treasury, to be dealt with and disposed of at the will of man. Leo XIII has recently spoken as follows. He says that—
 "There are persons who think, that in order to bring over to Catholic doctrine those who dissent from it, the Church ought to adapt herself somewhat to our advanced civilization, and, relaxing her ancient rigor, to show some indulgence to modern theories and methods. Many think that this is to be understood not only with regard to the rule of life, but also to the doctrines in which the deposit of faith is contained. For they contend that it is opportune—in order to work in a more attractive way upon the wills of those who are not in accord with us—to pass over certain heads of doctrine, as of lesser moment, or so to soften them that they may not convey the same meaning which the Church has invariably held. Now, few words are needed to show how reprehensible is the plan that is thus conceived, if we only consider the character and origin of the doctrine, which the Church hands down to us. On that point the Vatican Council says: 'The doctrine of faith which God has revealed is not proposed like a theory of philosophy, which is to be elaborated by the human understanding, but as a Divine deposit delivered to the Spouse of Christ to be faithfully and infallibly declared. . . . That sense of the sacred dogmas is to be faithfully kept which Holy

(1) Leo XIII. *Epistola. Testem benevolentiae*. January 22nd, 1899.

(2) *Crescat igitur et multum vehementerque proficiat, tam singulorum, quam omnium, tam unius hominis, quam totius Ecclesiae, ætatum ac sæculorum gradibus, intelligentia, scientia, sapientia: sed in suo dumtaxat genere, in eodem scilicet dogmate, eodem sensu, eademque sententia.*—Vatican Council, Const. *Dei Filius*; C. iv.

(3) *De Fide et Ratione*, IV. CANONES, n. 3.

Mother Church has once declared, and is not to be departed from under the specious pretext of a more profound understanding.' (1) Nor is the suppression to be considered altogether free from blame, which designedly omits certain principles of Catholic doctrine, and buries them, as it were, in oblivion. For one and the same is the Author and Mother of all the truths that Christian teaching comprises—the *Only Begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father* (Jo. i. 18). . . . Far be it then from any one to bate, or, for any reason whatever, to pass over one tittle of the doctrine delivered from above; whoever would do so, would rather wish to detach Catholics from the Church, than to bring over to her those who are outside her pale. As for those who are wandering far away from the Fold of Christ, let them retrace their steps. Nothing could more rejoice our heart. Let them retrace their steps, one and all, along no other path than that which Christ Himself has traced out." (2)

7. If it be a pernicious error to say that science and progress can read a new meaning into the Creeds and Definitions of faith, it is no less a pernicious and revolutionary error to assert that decrees emanating from the Holy See are an encumbrance on the field of science, an obstacle in the path of progress. (3) But even should it happen—and the Roman Congregations do not claim infallibility—that the decree of a Roman Congregation were issued under a misunderstanding, it would be well to remember how frequently miscarriages of justice take place in our own civil and criminal

courts; yet that their authority is always strictly upheld while their erroneous judgments can be rectified only by a legal tribunal.

8. But if these be days in which fullest liberty is claimed for science and literature to teach and write as they please, why not gladly accord the same liberty to the Church to define the truths of religion and to point out errors and dangers to the Faith? Indeed, ought not the impartial observer to acknowledge that careful definitions of truth and condemnations of error in matters of religion, far from inflicting an injury upon science, are calculated to render the greatest service to the cause of truth and progress? In a state of society in which truths, and half-truths, and errors without number, are confounded together—in which there are at least as many teachers of error as of truth, no more signal benefit could be conferred upon searchers after the true and the good than the occasional promulgation by the Holy See of calm and well-weighed judgments concerning truth and error. In cases in which the decisions of the Holy See, or of her tribunals have hit the dangerous speculations and rash assertions of science, it has been often admitted, by learned and scientific thinkers, that such decisions have been an important contribution to the cause of truth. They often compel students to pause and to retrace their steps, to weigh further, and above all things to avoid the danger of regarding their hypothesis as established laws or well-ascertained facts. But whatever incidental advantages may accrue from the action of the Holy See and the Roman Congregations, the primary and essential end they have in view is the protection of faith and morals. Let these be impugned, denied, misrepresented, or exposed to loss, by false, rash, or scandalous theories, or assertions, and the Church will step in to warn her faithful disciples against danger.

9. It has been a fashion to decry the Roman Congregations by persons who have little or no knowledge of their careful and elaborate methods, of their system of sifting and testing evidence, and of the pains taken by the Holy See to summon experts, even from distant parts of the Church, to take part in their

(1) *Constitut de Fide Cath.*, C. iv.

(2) *Epistola*. Leonis XIII, *Testem benevolentiae*. January 22nd, 1899.

(3) We refer here especially to the decrees prohibiting certain books and stigmatizing certain erroneous doctrines—decrees published sometimes by the Apostolic See itself and sometimes by the Roman Congregations, which are the legitimate tribunals and organs of the Holy See.

The assumption involved in the above assertion has already been condemned in the Apostolic Letters of Pius IX. (December 21st, 1863), and in the Syllabus of condemned errors, where this proposition (n. xii.) is proscribed: "The decree of the Apostolic See and of the Roman Congregations are a hindrance to the free progress of science."

proceedings. Take, for instance, the Congregation of the Index of prohibited Books, of which so much has been said of late. It is governed by a code of rules and instructions drawn up by Clement VIII, revised by Alexander VII, Benedict XIV, and recently by his Holiness Leo XIII in his Constitution *Officiorum*. No work is condemned without a previous rigorous examination of its contents; no Catholic writer of eminence is censured without being allowed opportunity for defence, either personally or by proxy. The considerateness of the Holy See is further illustrated by the way in which she grants special facilities for dispensation in regard to one or other rule of the Index, thus making it just as easy for Catholics in this country to be guided by the authoritative direction of the Congregation as for Catholics elsewhere.

10. But no dispensation from rules of the Index can leave Catholics at liberty to read whatever they please. By the natural law a man is bound to avoid reading anything that he knows may undermine his faith, his religion or his morality; and this law of nature is emphasized by the highest sanctions in the law of grace. Divine faith is a supernatural gift which may be lost through our own fault. It may be forfeited—indirectly by neglect of prayer and the Sacraments, and by the deadening effect upon the mind of an immoral life; and directly by habitual indulgence in thoughts and speculations against faith. Temptations against faith are generated and wonderfully strengthened and disseminated by sneering and profane conversation and carping criticisms, in which mind stimulates mind in an unholy rivalry of unbelief. "The tongue is a fire—a world of iniquity—an unquiet evil, full of deadly poison." (1)

11. But indiscriminate reading is, perhaps, the most insidious form under which the poison of rationalism and unbelief is injected into the soul. Without attracting attention men, and women too, take up books or magazines that lie about, and, as it were casually, turn to the cleverly written and highly spiced articles against their faith,

which they find therein. Their minds have no tincture of philosophical or theological training; they possess no antidote to the poisonous draught. But they read on without excuse or necessity, allured by fashion, curiosity, or a desire to taste of forbidden fruit. A common result eventually produced by indulgence of this sort is, either distrust of the Church, doubts of revelation and of the existence of God himself, ending in secret or open unbelief; or a general loosening of the spiritual ties and bonds, that hold the religious structure of life together. Hence loss of the instincts of faith, and a liberal Catholicism, in which semi-rationalism has secured a permanent lodgment. Feeding the mind and imagination upon arguments and pictures against the virtue of faith must end as fatally to the soul, as feeding them upon lascivious suggestions and forbidden images. Faith and chastity are equally gifts of God, that need careful guardianship; for they that love the danger shall perish in it. To say that it is impossible to get away from the literature of the day is only to say that in the choice of what to read and what to avoid, the exercise of a wise discretion and of a strong will are absolutely necessary. To read, without necessity, matter calculated to create doubt or to sap faith, is a sin against religion and the first commandment.

12. Finally, dear children in Christ, to sum up the argument and instruction contained in this Pastoral Letter, There is but one fitting attitude for a Catholic towards the Church, namely, that of unswerving loyalty. Mark the loyalty which men of the world exhibit towards societies they join for the pursuit of some common object; mark their hearty allegiance to a temporal sovereign, their deep patriotism for the land of their birth. But the claims to loyalty of institutions that must perish with time are not to be compared with those of the Church of God. The Church stands forth, on the one hand, as the Spouse of Christ, dyed with His blood, animated by His Spirit, while, on the other, she walks the earth as a defenceless lamb in the midst of wolves, exposed and abandoned like Christ Himself to the hatred of persecutors. The noblest and most

(1) James iii. 5.

generous sentiments of which the human breast is capable, fall short of the homage and fidelity that are due to this, our incomparable Mother, who has borne us, and who still carries us at her breasts. Remember also that, while we are pilgrims, in exile, upon earth, we must live in the midst of mysteries. Mysteries of the natural order are all around us, so also mysteries of the supernatural order. Men reconcile themselves to the former: they rebel against the latter. Be it not so with you. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith." (1) This Catholic Faith, if pure and simple, is "mighty to God unto the pulling down . . . every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ." (2) Remember, too, that you are messengers for God to those who in this country are called to the knowledge of the faith. Beginning a new century, each one may well ask himself: What must be characteristic of my service, if I am to glorify God? Is greater self-restraint, a more docile spirit demanded of me, that I may save my own soul and help to win back my neighbor to the Fold? Surely, it is needful that we should be all of one mind with the Church, and that we should all bear common witness to the Faith, in order to glorify God and our Lord Jesus Christ. In return for this we are promised the divine gifts of hope, of joy, and of peace, such as the world cannot give. This is the teaching of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who has written: "Let every one of you please his neighbor unto good, to edification, for Christ did not please himself. . . . Now the God of patience and of comfort grant you to be of one mind one towards another according to Jesus Christ; that with one mind and one mouth you may glorify God and the

Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope and the peace of the Holy Ghost." "I have written to you, brethren, more boldly in some sort, as it were putting you in mind; because of the grace which is given to me from God that I should be a minister of Christ Jesus." (3) And now, reverend Brethren and dear Children in Christ, that we are entering upon the twentieth century, we pray most earnestly to the Faithful Virgin, the Glorious Mother of God, to intercede for the children of her dowry; to blessed Peter, to show himself once more throughout this realm of England, so loyal and faithful to his See during a thousand years. And we pray thus, that Mary and Peter, Thomas of Canterbury, and all the other Saints of God may unite with us in imploring Our Lord Jesus Christ to come again, and reign in the mind and heart of the people of this country, and lead us all, in His own good time, into life everlasting. Amen.

Given at Westminster, this 29th day of December, being the Feast of the glorious Martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury, to be read, on consecutive Sundays to the faithful in all the churches of the Province of Westminster.

HERBERT CARDINAL VAUGHAN,
Archbishop of Westminster.

✠ WILLIAM, Bishop of Plymouth.
✠ JOHN CUTHBERT, Bishop of Newport.
✠ EDWARD, Bishop of Nottingham.
✠ EDWARD, Bishop of Birmingham.
✠ RICHARD, Bishop of Middlesborough.
✠ ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton.
✠ THOMAS, Bishop of Hexham & Newcastle.
✠ WILLIAM, Bishop of Leeds.
✠ JOHN, Bishop of Salford.
✠ WILLIAM, Bishop of Clifton.
✠ THOMAS, Bishop of Liverpool.
✠ FRANCIS, Bishop of Menevia.
✠ FRANCIS, Bishop of Southwark.
✠ SAMUEL, Bishop of Shrewsbury.
✠ JOHN BAPTIST, Bishop of Portsmouth.

(1) I. John v. 4.

(2) II. Cor. x. 5.

(3) Rom. xv.

THE FRENCH CONGREGATIONS.

LETTER FROM THE POPE TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

To Our Dear Son François, Cardinal Priest of Santa Maria in Via, Archbishop of Paris.

DEAR SON, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING.—Amid the consolations afforded us during the Holy Year by the pious eagerness of the pilgrims who have flocked to Rome from all parts of the world, We have been struck with sadness at the news of the dangers which threaten the religious congregations in France. By dint of misunderstanding and prejudice it has come to be thought that it will be necessary for the good of the State to put restraints upon their liberty, and perhaps to proceed against them with even greater rigor. The duty of our supreme ministry, and the deep affection which we bear for France, lead us to address you on this grave and important subject in the hope that, on being better enlightened, upright and fair-minded men will hark back to more equitable counsels. And in addressing you we address also our venerable brethren—your colleagues in the French episcopate.

In the name of the heavy cares which you share with us it is for you to dissipate the prejudice which exists among your countrymen, and to prevent, as far as possible, any irreparable misfortunes befalling the Church and France.

ORIGIN AND OBJECT.

The religious orders; as every one knows, have their origin and the reason of their existence in those sublime evangelical counsels which our Divine Redeemer gave to those who, in every succeeding age, would attain to Christian perfection—to those brave and generous souls who by prayer and contemplation, by pious austerities and the observance of certain rules, endeavor to climb to the highest summits of the spiritual life.

Born and cradled under the action of the Church, whose authority gives sanction to their government and administration, the religious orders form a chosen portion of the flock of Jesus Christ. They are, according to the expression of St. Chrysostom, “the honour and ornament of spiritual grace,” whilst, at the same time, they are witnesses to the sacred fecundity of the Church.

Their vows, made freely and spontaneously, after ripening in the meditations of the novitiate, have ever been regarded and respected by people in every age as sacred things and the sources of the rarest virtue. Their object is twofold: first, the raising of those who take them to a higher degree of perfection; and secondly, by purifying and strengthening their souls, to prepare them for a ministry which is exercised for the everlasting salvation of their neighbor and for the alleviation of the numberless miseries of humanity. Thus, working under the supreme direction of the Apostolic See for the realization of the ideal of perfection traced by Our Lord, and living under rules which have nothing in contradiction of any form of civil government, the religious congregations co-operate on a large scale in the mission of the Church, which consists essentially in the sanctification of souls and in doing good to men.

This is why wherever the Church is in possession of her liberty, wherever the natural right of a citizen to choose the sort of life he considers best suited to his taste and his moral advancement is respected, there, too, the religious orders have arisen as a spontaneous product of Catholic soil, and the bishops have rightly regarded them as valuable auxiliaries in the sacred ministry and in works of Christian charity.

SERVICES TO CIVIL SOCIETY.

But it is not to the Church alone that the religious orders have from their first appearance rendered immense services: they have benefited also civil society itself. They have had the merit of preaching virtue to the multitude by the apostolate of good example, as well as by that of word of mouth, of forming and adorning men's minds by the teaching of sacred and profane knowledge, and of enlarging the heritage of the fine arts by splendid works that will live.

Whilst their doctors shed renown on the universities by the depth and breadth of their learning, and their houses became the refuge of divine and human knowledge, and in the shipwreck of civilization saved from certain destruction the masterpieces of ancient wisdom, other religious have penetrated inhospitable regions, swamps or tangled forests, and there, braving every danger in draining and clearing and cultivating the land by the sweat of their brow, they founded round their monasteries and beneath the shadow of the cross centres of population which grew into villages and flourishing towns, whence, under a kindly rule, agriculture and industry began to spread abroad.

When the small number of priests or the needs of the day demanded it, legions of apostles, eminent for their piety and learning, were seen issuing forth from the cloisters, who, by their valiant co-operation with the bishops, exerted the happiest influence on society, by putting an end to feuds, stifling enmity, bringing people back to the thought of duty, and by setting up again in honor the principles of religion and Christian civilization.

Such, briefly indicated, are the merits of the religious orders in the past. They have been registered by the hand of impartial history, and it is superfluous to dwell on them at any greater length. Nor is their activity, their zeal, or their love of their fellow-men diminished in our own day. The good that they do strikes every eye, and their virtues shine

with a brilliance which no accusation, no attack can tarnish.

In this noble arena in which the religious congregations vie with each other in beneficent activity, those of France, we say it again with joy, occupy a foremost and honorable place. Some devoted to teaching instruct the young in secular knowledge and the principles of religious virtue and duty, upon which public peace and the welfare of states absolutely depend. Others, consecrated to various works of charity, afford effective aid to every physical and moral misery in the numberless houses wherein they tend the sick, the infirm and the aged, the orphan, the deranged, and the incurable, without allowing the danger or unpleasantness of their work or the ingratitude they may meet with to dampen their courage or check their ardor. These meritorious services, recognized again and again by men above any suspicion of favoritism, and time after time, rewarded by public honors, make these congregations the glory of the Church at large, and the particular and shining glory of France, which they have ever nobly served, and which they love, as we have many times seen, with a patriotism that feared not to face death itself with joy.

The disappearance of these champions of Christian charity would, it is evident, bring on the country an irreparable loss. By the drying up of such an abundant source of voluntary aid, public misery would be notably increased and, at the same time, an eloquent preaching of brotherhood and concord would be silenced. A society in which so many elements of trouble and enmity are fermenting needs assuredly great examples of self-sacrifice, love and disinterestedness. And what is better fitted to raise and pacify men's minds than the sight of these men and women, who, giving up a happy, distinguished and, oftentimes, an illustrious position, voluntarily make themselves the brothers and sisters of the children of the people, practising in their

regard true equality by utterly devoting themselves to the disinherited, the abandoned, and the suffering?

So admirable is the activity of the French congregations that it could not be kept within the frontiers of the country, but has gone forth to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth, and with the Gospel the name, the language, and the prestige of France. Exiles of their own free will, the French missionaries go out across stormy sea and sandy desert in search of souls to gain for Christ in the most distant and often unexplored regions. They are seen settling amongst savage tribes in order to civilize them by teaching the elements of Christianity, the love of God and their neighbors, work, regard for the weak, and cleanly living; and they devote themselves to this without looking for any earthly reward even till death, which is often hastened by fatigue, the difficulties of the Church, or the sword of the executioner. Respecting the laws and submissive to the civil authorities they bring with them, wherever they come, civilization and peace; their only ambition is to enlighten the less fortunate people to whom they devote themselves, and to lead them to Christian morality, and to a knowledge of their dignity as men. Nor is it an uncommon thing for them to make important contribution to science by the help they give to the researches which are being made in such different domains as the study of the differences of race and tongue, of history, the nature and products of the soil, and other questions.

It is, moreover, precisely upon the laborious, patient and tireless action of these admirable missionaries that the Protectorate of France is founded, which government after government has always been jealous to preserve, and which We Ourselves have publicly acknowledged. The inviolable attachment of the French missionaries to their country, the eminent services which they render her, the great influence which they secure for her especially in the East, all these are facts

recognized by men of the most varied opinions, and only lately solemnly proclaimed by the voice of the highest authority.

Under these circumstances, to deprive the religious congregations at home of the freedom and peace which alone can ensure the recruiting of their members and the long and laborious task of their training would not only be to require so many great services with inexplicable ingratitude, but would also, at the same time, be a clear renunciation of the benefits that flow from them. Other nations have already had sorry experience of such a policy. After having checked the expansion of the religious congregations at home, and so gradually dried up their seed they have seen their own influence and prestige abroad proportionally decline; for it is useless to seek fruit of a tree from which you lop the branches.

It is easy to see that all the great interests at stake in this question would be seriously compromised, even if the missionary orders were spared that the others might be struck, for careful consideration shows that the existence and action of the one are bound up with the existence and action of the others. As a matter of fact the vocation of the missionary religious germinates and develops under the word of the preacher religious, under the pious direction of the teaching religious and even under the supernatural influence of the contemplative religious. One can imagine, too, the difficult situation in which the missionaries would be placed, and the decline of their authority and prestige which would follow on the people whom they are seeking to evangelise, learning that the religious congregations, far from meeting with protection and respect in their own country, were there treated with hostility and harshness.

But, looking at the question from a higher standpoint, we may point out that the religious congregations, as we have already said, represent the public

practice of Christian perfection ; and, if it be certain that there are in the Church, and always will be, elect souls aspiring to it under the influence of grace, it would be unjust to hinder their designs. It would, moreover, be an assault on the liberty of the Church which is in France guaranteed by a solemn treaty, for everything that hinders her from leading souls to perfection injures the free exercise of her divine mission.

To strike at the religious orders would be to deprive the Church of devoted co-operators : at home where they are the necessary auxiliaries of the bishops and clergy in the exercise of the sacred ministry and the function of Catholic teaching and preaching which the Church has the right and the duty of dispensing, and which is demanded by the conscience of the faithful ; and abroad where the general interests of the apostolate and its chief power in all parts of the world are for the greater part represented by the French congregations. The blow which struck them would be felt everywhere, and the Holy See, bound by a divine command to provide for the spread of the Gospel, would find itself under the necessity of offering no opposition to the occupation of the vacancies left by French missionaries by the missionaries of other nations.

Lastly, We should point out that to strike the religious congregations would be to forsake to one's own undoing those democratic principles of liberty and equality which form the very foundation of constitutional right in France and guarantee the individual and collective liberty of every citizen so long as his actions and manner of living have an honest aim which in no way injures the rights and legitimate interests of any one.

Now, in a state of such advanced civilization as that of France, We refuse to think that there is neither protection nor respect for a class of citizens who are honest, peaceable, and devoted to their country, who possessing all the rights and fulfilling all the duties of their fellow-country-

men, have, either in the vows they make or the life they lead, no other end in view but to work for the perfection of their own souls and the good of their neighbor. They only ask for liberty, and the measures taken against them would appear to be all the more unjust and odious since societies of quite another sort receive at the same time a treatment altogether different.

Of course We are not unaware that as a justification for these rigors there are people who go about declaring that the religious congregations encroach upon the jurisdiction of the bishops and interfere with the rights of the secular clergy. This assertion cannot be sustained if one cares to consult the wise laws published on this point by the Church, and which We have recently re-enacted. In perfect harmony with the decrees and spirit of the Council of Trent they regulate on the one hand the conditions of existence of persons vowed to the practice of the evangelical counsels and to the apostolate, and on the other they respect as far as is necessary the authority of the bishops in their respective dioceses. Whilst they safeguard the dependence due to the head of the Church, they also in a majority of cases give to the bishop supreme authority over the congregations by way of delegation apostolic. As for the attempt to make out that the episcopate and clergy of France are disposed to give a favorable welcome to the ostracism with which it is desired to strike the religious orders, it is an insult which the bishops and priests can only repel with all the energy of their priestly soul.

There is no need to give any more importance to the other reproach that is made against the congregations, of being too rich. Even if we admit that the value set upon their property is not exaggerated there is no contesting that they are in honorable and legal possession, and consequently to despoil them would be an attack upon the rights of property. It is, moreover, necessary to remark that they possess nothing for their personal inter-

est or for the good of their individual members, but for works of religion, charity, and beneficence, which turn to the profit of the French nation at home and abroad, whither they go to increase its prestige by contributing to the mission of civilization which Providence has entrusted to it.

Passing over in silence other considerations which are made on the subject of the religious congregations, We confine Ourselves to this important remark: France maintains amicable relations with the Holy See founded upon a solemn treaty. If then, the inconveniences indicated have upon given points any reality the way is open to bring them to the notice of the Holy See, which is ready to make them the subject of a serious investigation, and if need be to apply suitable remedies. We desire, however, to reckon upon the equitable impartiality of the men who guide the destinies of France and upon the fairmindedness and good sense which distinguish the French people. We feel confident that they will not wish to lose the precious moral and social heritage of which the religious congregations are the representatives; that they have no desire, in seeking to secure general liberty by laws of exception, to wound the feelings of Catholics, and to aggravate to its own great detriment their country's internal discords. A nation is truly great and strong, and can regard the future with any assurance of security, only if its people are closely united in working for the common good in full regard for the rights of all, and with consciences free and undisturbed. From the beginning of Our pontificate We have never omitted to make any effort to further this work of pacification in France which would have brought her

incalculable benefits, not only in the religious, but also in the civil and political order. Undeterred by any difficulties, We have not ceased to give France particular proofs of Our respect, solicitude and affection, always feeling sure that she would respond to them as a great and generous nation should.

We should be overwhelmed with the deepest sorrow if, in the evening of Our days, We should discover that We had been deceived in these hopes, deprived of the price of Our fatherly solicitude, and condemned to watch in the country which We love a rancorous struggle between party passions, with no power to know how far their excesses would extend or to ward off the misfortunes which We have done all We could to prevent, and for which We decline, in advance, to be held in any way responsible.

In any case the duty which is at present incumbent on the French bishops is to labor in perfect harmony of thought and action to prevail upon the people to save the rights and interests of the religious congregations, which We love with all Our fatherly heart, and whose existence, liberty and prosperity concern the Catholic Church, France and humanity.

May the Lord vouchsafe to hear Our ardent prayers and to grant success to the efforts which We have now for so long made in this noble cause. And as a token of our benevolence and of divine favors We grant you, dear Son, and to the whole episcopate, clergy and people of France the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 23d day of December, in the year 1900, and in the twenty-third of Our pontificate.

LEO XIII, POPE.

THE FAMILY FOR CHRIST.*

THE ideal and model of every Christian home is that of the Holy House of Nazareth. Galilee, in which Nazareth was situated, was that part of Palestine where the home life of the ordinary people was admitted to be purest and best. The choice of that place was not a matter of accident. According to a writer, who is not a Catholic, the little town nestled among the hills which closed it round and made it like a sanctuary. Most of the great events of the Old and of the New Testament occurred near it. On the west was Mt. Carmel, where the prophet Elias fought against the idolatry that had invaded and desolated his country. North of it were the hills and glens, which form the scene of that Song of Solomon whose subject is the marriage of the soul with God. Beyond that again is the giant of the far-off mountain chain, snow-tipped Hermon, whose fertility and beauty the psalms were continually singing. To the east, the eye is arrested by the wooded height of Mt. Tabor, where the Lord was to be transfigured. Below it is the harp-shaped Lake of Genesareth, upon whose waters Christ was to walk and on whose borders he was to work so many miracles. There was Capharnaum, where he was first to reveal the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament. Past the little town went the great highway for the caravans that led to the Holy City, and Nazareth itself was one of those great "priest centres" where, in due course, the ministers of the altar went up to Jerusalem to offer sacrifice, while those who were unable to go spent the week in fasting and prayer. The great traffic of the world, coming from east and west, passed by without disturbing the peace of the town, which, at the time when the Holy Family dwelt there, was a scene of tranquil homely beauty.

To borrow again the words of the writer, "it stood out against the clear sky and was almost embowered in its watered and terraced garden, its gnarled, wide-spreading fig-trees, its graceful, feathery palms, scented oranges, silvery olives, thick hedges and rich pasture lands, with the bounding hills to the south and, beyond, the seemingly unbounded expanse of the wide plain of Esdraelon."

By similar holy visions of beauty should every Christian home be surrounded. Under the influence of the great mysteries which God has revealed to mankind, the Creation, the Redemption, with all of the radiant and inspiring scenes of Christ's life on earth; on the highway that leads to the temple of God and to the holy city of heaven, bathed in the glory and light of the sacraments, amid the incense of prayer and the dim mysteries of the holy sacrifice of the altar, the dwellers in every Christian home are to abide, making it, though as poor as that in which Jesus and Mary and Joseph dwelt, a centre of happiness of which the natural beauties which surrounded Nazareth are but the figure and the type.

The one who is the centre of that home, though not the greatest in dignity, was that Blessed One whose maternity was so glorious and so sublime, that it did not take from her the marvellous privilege of her immaculate virginity. Next to her, was the patient, faithful and holy Joseph, whom the Scriptures, in order to declare that in him was every virtue, describe as the Just Man. His labor brought him in contact with the world outside, but did not unfit him for the associations with Mary and Jesus in the Holy Home, for which it was his duty and his joy to provide, and in which, though the least favored of God, his word was law. But the care and love and devotion of this holy couple centred in one object; the Child, who, under their guidance, was growing in wisdom and age and grace

* The object of our prayers designated by the Holy Father for February.

before God and men, and was preparing for His work of redeeming the world.

Such is the home as God would have it for all His children. It is in order to realize that ideal in every Christian family that He has made the natural love of husband and wife a sacramental channel, by which divine life is to enter their souls, rendering their love for each other deeper and more intense ; converting the trials and hardships of life into occasions of stronger and more tender affection and enabling the married couple to see the wondrous privilege of being His associates and co-workers in providing for the temporal and spiritual wants of the children whom he sends them, or we might say, whom he lends them, in order to make the earthly home a preparation for the eternal home, which our Father, who is in heaven, is preparing, and in which the great family of the Children of God shall be gathered together.

That is why Christian Marriage is modeled on the mystic union of Christ with His Church ; a union where the husband is to love his wife as Christ did the Church, to whom He imparted every spiritual beauty, and for whom He died ; a union in which the wife is to love her husband as the Church loves Christ, gladly dying for him, if so the beauty and the power of those virtues which are Christ's be developed in him, to exert their influence upon the family and upon the world. That is why the first marriage took place in the Garden of Eden, when these two lovers stood before him in all their purity, and amid the throngs of the angelic hosts heard God pronounce them one. That is why, in the Christian Dispensation, when marriage is celebrated, as it should be, with all its beautiful rites and ceremonies, the pure virgin who is to be a wife enters within the sanctuary enclosure at a time where even a consecrated nun is excluded, and amid the awful mysteries of the Sacrifice of the New Law, where angels unseen are bowed in adoration, the blood of Jesus Christ seals her marriage bond, and

makes it so strong and so holy that only the Angel of Death, when he comes to separate soul from body can sever her from him to whom she is then united. That finally is the reason why the Church will face any danger, and be overwhelmed by any disaster, rather than consent to the breaking of that nuptial bond. It matters not whether the woman be the highest or the lowest, a slave or a queen, the Church will suffer any persecution, nay, as she has done already, will permit whole races of men to be torn from her and be plunged into schism and heresy rather than say that what God has joined together any man can put asunder.

We can well imagine that if married and family life were such as God intended it to be, and such as Christ has said it was in the beginning, the condition of the world would not be as it is to-day.

For any one who has even a superficial knowledge of the history of the world, this fact stands out in very startling prominence, viz. : that where laxity of the marriage bond was permitted, and the practice of divorce introduced, corruption of morals had been eating out the heart of the nation, and the decay and destruction of the state were sure to follow. What then are we to think of our own country and of what the future has in store for it, when we are confronted with the grim and hideous fact that within twenty years there were no less than 484,683 applications for divorce in the United States ? A half a million families in which sin has trampled on the sacredness of this union ; more than a million of people driven apart from each other with hatred and other sins in their hearts ; and their children flung upon the world to be brought up not only with disbelief in the permanency and the holiness of that contract, upon which we may say all morality and all natural stability depend, but, as almost commonly happens, left with no moral training at all to shape their lives and save them from ruin. Well may we say, with the Protestant minister who, struck with horror at

this condition of things nowadays, exclaimed that "Marriage is abolished." The "divorce mills" are grinding our country to powder; for if you destroy the family you destroy the State. One depends on the other. If one rots the other falls to the ground.

Catholics are, thank God, conspicuous for their attitude of opposition to this assault upon the commonwealth. But there is a thing for which some among us may incur bitter and well-deserved reproach, and that is the increasing number of "mixed marriages," which are unhappily noted especially among some of those who have achieved worldly prominence, or who are anxious to do so, and whose education should have led them to know and do better.

We understand perfectly that there are some marriages of this kind which have been almost unavoidable on account of attendant circumstances; that there are some of them where all the evils that commonly ensue do not, perhaps, take place, and we have no intention of being harsh and censorious, especially where there is question of one party converted to the faith, the other not yet having received or accepted the grace; but it is merely to fulfil the obligation of stating the attitude of the Church with regard to such unions, and which even, in spite of herself, she is compelled to admit, that we now advert to it.

The Church is not the first or the only one to condemn "mixed marriages." We read, in Genes. ii, 12, "that after men began to be multiplied on the earth, and daughters were born to them, the sons of God, seeing the daughters of men that they were fair, took to themselves wives of all which they chose." The sons of God were of the holy race of Seth and Enos; the daughters of men were of the unholy race of Cain. What was the consequence? "All flesh," says Holy Scripture, "corrupted its way" and the deluge came and destroyed the human race. That was God's promulgation of his hatred of such unions.

On Mt. Sinai, God commanded the Hebrews not to intermarry with the idolatrous nations around them. "Neither shalt thou make marriage with them; nor shalt thou give thy daughters to their sons, nor take their daughters for thy sons, for she will turn away thy son from following me, that he may rather serve strange gods and the wrath of the Lord will be kindled and quickly destroy thee."

St. Paul, 2 Cor. 6, commanded the early Christians "not to bear the yoke with the unbeliever," and from the earliest times Popes and Councils have reiterated that command.

The reason of it is so clear, almost certain, viz.: that of perversion. It is so clear that during all the times of persecution in England the government forbade Protestants, under heavy penalties, to marry Catholics, and to this day the Jews detest any union with Gentiles for the same reason.

When a Catholic is united with a non-Catholic the very first thought of the heart and the one that is necessarily deepest there, viz: religion or the bond which unites a man to his Maker, instead of being a strong link of affection and love is a subject of dissension; commonly it grows to be a subject that is detested by the family because of the strife it engenders, or if the question is never brought up, the conviction that it is of little or no importance, fastens itself on the child's mind and can with difficulty be dislodged. The division of the family in different churches, or their complete abandonment of church attendance, the restraint of the Catholic party even if faithful, in receiving a priest, let us say in time of sickness, for Confession, Communion and Extreme Unction, and the almost unavoidable apostasy of all if removed from Catholic centres, all these things explain how the Church deplores such unions because of the impending peril of being compelled to count her losses by millions in consequence.

It must be so. They are not the marriages that God intended and there is little left in them of the beauty, the holiness and the peace of the holy Home of Nazareth. God's blessing is not on them, and at best they are tolerated and wept over.

But the main object and intent of Christian marriage is the child, whose generation makes the parent co-operator with the Infinite Power that has breathed into human flesh an immortal soul, that has entrusted to his creatures not only the care of the marvellous body which they have procreated, but makes them responsible for the immortal soul that came directly from the divine hands.

In the Holy House of Nazareth, Jesus Christ was preparing for the great work of the Redemption of the world. During those thirty years He was growing in age and wisdom and grace before God and men. The long period which He assigned for that formation, and the fact that He chose for the work the two greatest human beings upon the earth, show us the importance that He attaches to the education of the Christian child whom He has designed from all eternity to co-operate with Him in the world's redemption. Hence the awful responsibility upon the parents of training that child's soul by the example of virtue which ought to shine resplendent in themselves, and by their sedulous care to obtain for him in his education all the helps which are available, so that while he is acquiring secular knowledge he may grow also in heavenly grace and wisdom. If there is anything that is necessary at the present time, and especially in our own country, it is the inculcation of morality. The impossibility of achieving this without religion is beginning to dawn even on the enemies of the Church, who look with dismay upon the absence of restraint and

the corruption of morals in the growing generation. For parents to reject deliberately the help which can be obtained from Catholic schools, and to do so merely or mainly for social reasons is assuming an awful responsibility, or rather it is doing an awful wrong to the helpless child whom God has entrusted to them, not to have him shine in frivolous or bad society, or accumulate money, or win honor, but to be a great instrument in the moral uplifting and the eternal salvation of himself and others. The child of a Christian household is another Christ, with his work to do in the world, no matter what occupation he may be engaged in, and the father and mother are to watch over him with something of the solicitude which Joseph and Mary had for the Divine Child.

That fathers and mothers may understand this sacred duty; that the children, both by the education they receive at home and the instruction that is imparted in school, may develop first of all into good Christian men and women; that marriages with those who are not of the household of the Church may be regarded as God regards and hates them; that the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage bond may be a standing reproach to the iniquity that is desolating the world in that respect at the present moment and be, at the same time, an abiding promise of stability to the country's institutions; and that all Christian homes, may to some extent, reflect the beauty and enjoy the peace of the Holy Family over which the Blessed Mother presided, and which the authority and virtue of St. Joseph directed, is the object for which we are to pray in the month which succeeds the one that has celebrated the Espousals of the Blessed Mother and devoted its last Sunday to the honor of the Holy Family.

EDITORIAL.

THE EXTENSION OF THE JUBILEE.

The Jubilee has been extended to the entire Catholic world. For six months after its announcement by the Bishop in any Diocese, the faithful may partake of its spiritual advantages and privileges by performing the various acts of piety and penance assigned. Among these are the pilgrimages to the churches designated by the Bishop, with prayers for the Church and for the welfare of the Sovereign Pontiff. His independence, the restoration of his temporal possessions, and the free exercise of his sovereignty are indispensable to this welfare. How much prayer may effect to this end is clear from the change which is gradually coming over public opinion on this point; and public opinion properly formed, will be no small factor in righting the greatest act of injustice in the nineteenth century.

THE FRENCH ASSOCIATIONS' BILL.

The intention of the parties at present in power in France to destroy the Church, or, what is the same thing, to subject it to the state, is clear from their endeavor to please for a time the bishops and priests who depend on them for support, but to destroy the religious congregations which are at least that far independent of the State, that they do not derive their support from it. It is true they have abolished the Red Mass, just as they forbade last year, the time-honored Good Friday observance in the navy; but they have made the extraordinary concession that seminarists may serve their time in the army by working in the hospitals instead of the barracks, and they have resisted the movement of the Socialists against the employment of chaplains in the military hospitals. They give every assurance that they wish to stand by the terms of the Concordat; but plainly, they mean ultimately to force the Church into sub-

jection and to deprive her of every reason for existence in France. Close up the orphanages, foundling asylums, reformatories for young boys, refuges for girls and young women, the hospitals and homes for the aged, or, as the bill for association contemplates, transfer them to the civil authorities; next drive out from France the men and women who have been forming the élite of French youth, secularize every school in the land, what will be left for a hierarchy or clergy? What will become of their parishes, of vocations? How long will it be before the government can claim that the Concordat is no longer operative, for the reason that the Church will perform, for the very want of subjects, have ceased to fulfil its contracts, or, as the State views it, will have ceased to render the services for which it is paid, even though the payment be made from revenues unjustly sequestered from the Church? It is no wonder that the Holy Father has deemed it necessary to remind the Bishops and clergy of the Church in France, and through them, the conservative members of the Chamber, that the passage of this bill means for France the loss of the prestige, which the nation had acquired abroad, chiefly through the influence of its missionaries, the majority of whom are religious, and gradually, but surely, the loss of unity, liberty and of personal safety at home, since it is but a step from confiscating the property of the Congregations, to confiscate all private property, as the Socialists in the government aim at doing.

"LIBERAL CATHOLICISM."

The pastoral letter of the English Bishops leaves no doubt about the doctrine taught by the properly constituted teaching body in that country and commonly accepted there as Catholic. For the past five years we have had to bear

patiently with "Romanus," "Verax," "Fidelis," and others writing under similar anonyms in the *Contemporary*, *Nineteenth Century* and *Fortnightly Reviews*, and too frequently with petulant correspondents of the British daily newspapers, bent upon finding fault with everything said and done by ecclesiastical authorities, whether in Rome or in England. A year ago we were amazed at the aberration of Mivart, who, it is said, when already in a state of decline was misled by these agitators to imagine he was called upon to lead in an intellectual reform of the Church. The Church must forsooth accept the conclusions of modern science, to adapt her government and discipline to the peculiar views of a handful of conceited Englishmen, most of them converts admitted to Baptism without due instruction. Patiently those to whom it is given to govern the Church of God looked out from their watch-towers, alarmed not so much for the safety of the little ones of their flocks as for those still without the fold; and studying how they might at one blow check, if not entirely undo, the evil caused by these wolves in sheep's clothing; for wolves in sheep's clothing they were who would, under the guise of Catholics, profess to teach un-Catholic doctrines. As a result of the solicitude of the English Bishops for all their churches we have the pastoral on "Liberal Catholicism," which we publish entire in this number. It is of peculiar interest to Catholics in the United States because of its quotations from the Pope's Encyclical Letter on "Americanism," which letter the Bishops incidentally justify by reminding the faithful that it is not the great number, but the great outcry of those who teach dangerous doctrines which renders necessary letters of this kind.

RELIGION AND DOGMA.

In the Dark Ages, the old monks used to revel in what are called scholastic disputations; the intellectual tournaments on disputed points, theological and philo-

sophical, where the much maligned syllogism cut such a figure. Singularly enough the Nineteenth Century Club, whose name already suggests the antique, has recently lapsed into that particular species of medievalism, and has called for a public scholastic tourney. The monks were two Protestant parsons, one well known for his tendency to deal out literary husks instead of gospel food, with the effect of starving his flock and obtaining his own discharge as shepherd; the other a Princeton professor, who decidedly had the best of this monkish joust.

"We want no dogma in religion," said the literateur, and he forthwith proceeded, as we read in the *Sun*, to pour them out by the score. They literally rained upon his audience, each one enunciated with an assurance that no Pope, with all antiquity behind him, would ever dare to assume. This is so and that is so, and that is not so. They came as from a mitrailleuse. Like the *Bourgeois*, who talked prose unconsciously, so did he utter dogma. Of course he did not know that dogma was only the expression of a truth, a form or a formula in which it is enunciated. We do not wish to insinuate that he uttered truths, but he thought he did, and the form in which he uttered them was dogmatic in the extreme. He was more than pontifical in his manner, even though the facts he alleged were baseless, for the difference between the Pope and these little ministers is, that the Pope speaks only of the truths which the Spirit of Truth has commissioned him to deliver to mankind. These self-ordained preachers dogmatize about everything and are usually most emphatic where they should doubt most.

When the literary parson's time had expired, the professor from Princeton quietly ran him through with the observation that the only Church which was of any account in the world was the Catholic Church, which was built on dogma. We congratulate the Club on its revival of this feature of monasticism.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

ROME.

The *Osservatore Romano* announces the near issue of an encyclical on Social Democracy from the "The Working-man's Pope," pointing out what is wise and what dangerous in the movement for bettering the condition of the working classes.

One of the touching incidents of the Holy Year was the reception by Pope Leo in St. Peter's of 15,000 children from the Catholic schools of Rome towards the last days of November. As the Holy Father passed along he stopped, from time to time, to lay his hand on the heads of the little ones that pressed eagerly towards him.

The Holy Father pursuing his plan of strengthening his Catholic cohorts, has invited the superiors of the Ursuline convents to meet in Rome in order to adopt a plan of unification. In the Ursuline Order there are many communities under independent superiors, without any common head. The Chapter General of the Order agreed to the plan or union, the new Superior General being Mother St. Julien, of Rome. Mother Angelia, the Second Assistant General, is an American. An American province will be formed, consisting of the nine communities, which have accepted the plan.

At the closing of the Holy Door by Pope Leo, on Christmas Eve, 60,000 people were present in St. Peter's, and about 100,000 in the square in front of the Basilica. Meanwhile, the church bells were ringing over the city. This ceremony marked the ending of the Holy Year.

The majestic and pathetic letter of His Holiness, condemning the government persecution of the religious orders in France, has made a profound impression far beyond the limits of the French Republic. The Roman Committee of Homage to the Divine Redeemer arranged a solemn funeral service for the

dead of the 19th century, on December 14th, at the Basilica of the Twelve Apostles. Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Ceperelli, Viceregent of Rome, and absolution was given by the Cardinal Vicar Vespighi. An immense crowd was present.

At 3 P.M., on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 20,000 Romans took part in the closing visits to the Basilicas.

A Freak of the Tiber.—The walls by which the Italian government sought to restrain old Father Tiber have tumbled into the tawny waters, which, enraged by the restraint, overflowed their banks, and did all the more mischief to the city of Rome. The trouble was foretold when Garibaldi's bridge was made to overspan the Tiber. The restraining walls were ten years in building and cost 75,000,000 francs. A few days before they were finished, the Minister of Public Works boasted that the daring enterprise had been completed with *extreme solidity* of execution, that it had stood the test and was triumphant. A few hours before the fall, an epigraph, which turned out to be an epitaph, destined for the walls, was published in the *Popolo Romano*.

OTHER ITALIAN NEWS.

Following up the idea of the Catholic Congress in Rome, the Eucharistic League of Milan, has sent to the twenty thousand parish-priests of Italy a manual and circular in order to spread over the country a league against blasphemy, corrupt conversation, and profanation of festivals.

A colossal statue of the Lord will be erected on a peak of the Sabine mountains at a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The point on which it will be placed commands the Sabine region, and can be seen from Rome and the Mediterranean. This spot is the

scene of the miraculous conversion of St. Eustachius. There is a very ancient and still venerated sanctuary near, attended by Fathers of the Resurrection.

On the summit of Mount Tiberio, in the Island of Capri, at the mouth of the bay of Naples, will soon stand a large bronze statue of the Immaculate Conception, which will be visible for thirty miles at sea. This Island was the retreat of Tiberius and Garibaldi. The statue will be erected where stood the ruins of the pagan emperor's palace dedicated to Jupiter, and is intended to commemorate the twentieth century.

TROUBLES IN FRANCE.

The Religious Associations. — The Premier, M. Waldeck Rousseau, has announced more clearly his intention of destroying the religious associations in France by his project of a mortmain law. He was interrupted during his speech in the Chamber of Deputies and told plainly he was simply aiming at confiscation or theft.

It is said, and no doubt it is quite true, that if many of the religious houses in France sold all they possess, the proceeds would not pay their debts.

M. Paul Deschanel has been re-elected President of the Chamber over the anti-clerical Brisson, by two hundred and ninety-six votes to two hundred and seventeen. Fortunately the "Progressive Republicans," under M. Méline, are tolerant. The "Moderate Republican" Centre, while not Catholic in policy, advocates "an honest and liberal" line of action.

Meanwhile, Catholic France is goaded by the anti-religious act of those in power. The Seminarians, who have to serve in the army, were formerly allowed to return occasionally to their seminaries during the period of military service. Lately, by orders from headquarters, this is made impossible. Fourteen from the one diocese of Seez have been sent to Paris.

The Minister of War, General André,

has forbidden the gendarmes to send their children to Catholic schools. The Conseil d'Etat, corresponding to our Supreme Court, declares the publication of papal decrees in France without the consent of the government to be an abuse and *subversive of the rights of the Gallican Church (!)*, and Mgr. Isoard, Bishop of Annecy, has been fined for forbidding non-Catholic banners in the Catholic churches. The Minister of Worship claims the right to settle matters of that kind.

The "Red Mass" (of the Holy Ghost) hitherto said at the opening of the law courts, and which dated from the time of St. Louis, has been abolished by a majority of two votes.

The Amnesty Bill in favor of all those concerned in the Dreyfus case, and generally in favor of those guilty of acts or expressions against the present government has been extended to the pillagers of the church of St. Joseph (Paris), but not to priests deprived of their stipends. The *unauthorized* religious congregations have been expressly excluded from its benefits.

The Affairs of Melun and Fontainebleau. — At Melun, three-fourths of the officers of the 18th Hussars have been scattered over France and Algiers, with loss of position and pay, because their wives refused to receive a divorced woman married to a Captain Coblenz, alleging that if divorce was in the French code of laws it was not in French social customs and morals. At Fontainebleau, Captain Gillot got thirty days imprisonment for a quarrel over the same matter. Meantime the important Russian *Novoie Vremia* bitterly attacks General André for disorganizing the army.

FROM ENGLAND.

An Indulgence for Everything. — L. C. Morant — said to be a woman — who promised to prove in the *Nineteenth Century* (and after), that the Pope gave to Josef Mayr of Oberammergau, a pardon for his sins not yet committed, and

even for those of his children, has been unable to get her proofs together. She is waiting for the mail from Oberammergau. But there is no need; the form is in the ordinary Catholic ritual. There was question only of an indulgence *in articulo mortis*, which all of us, good simple Catholics, hope to get.

Bishop Hedley has stated the true Catholic doctrine in the January number of the *Century*. Meanwhile, we are informed by the *Weekly Register*, that the aforesaid Herr Mayr, has sent the following reply to Miss Edith Milner, of Heworth Moor House, York, England, in reference to the allegations of the *Nineteenth Century*: "The document in question, with a portrait of the Holy Father, has been hanging in my sitting-room since the year 1890, when I received it. It is there for anybody to see who cares to do so, and who understands Latin. It is nothing but a special blessing by the Holy Father, which blessing, I believe, also confers what we call an 'Abliss' (Indulgence), but a pardon for sins to be committed is simply inconceivable."

Catholic Associations.—A new charitable organization, exclusively for ladies, has been begun by Cardinal Vaughan, in London. It is similar to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Its object is, amongst other things, to seek out the poor who are actually in want and help them and to rescue children in danger of being lost to the Church. Many a ray of heaven will penetrate the houses visited by those devoted ladies.

At a meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Marquis of Ripon handed in the sum of one thousand pounds, which, he said, was given by "an anonymous contributor."

The Guild for the dissemination of Catholic periodical literature—the Catholic Newspaper Guild—has advanced into a new stage of expansion. Cardinal Vaughan has accepted the presidency of the whole Guild, while a separate branch with its own council and circulars is being formed in South Africa. Amongst

the officers of the Guild, are Judge Bowen Rowlands, Q. C., Father Gretton, S. J., and Mr. Dudley Baxter.

The Duke of Norfolk's Address to the Pope.—Quite a stir seems to have been created in Italy by the Duke of Norfolk's address to the Holy Father, in which the Duke expressed his desire and trust that the temporal power would soon be restored to the Holy See. In his manly defence of his words, the English nobleman afterwards said that "the calm dignity and friendliness of the Roman people in face of the incident was in contrast to the hysteria of some persons." He had condemned Protestant proselytism in Rome amongst "the children of the poor" as "an abuse of liberty." He was assured that the English Protestants in Rome stood aloof from it, and that the funds to support it came from across the Atlantic. "Every statesman," he added, "favorable to United Italy must echo his prayer, for the great danger of United Italy is in the opposition of the Holy See. The true policy for unity would be for Italy's rulers to emancipate themselves from the subjection of the anti-Christian sects and come to terms with the Pope. Papal independence is a claim that no Catholic in the world can afford to let go."

THE CHINESE MISSIONS.

Mgr. Scarella, Vicar-Apostolic of Hunan, reports that two hundred young girls in the mission-house chose martyrdom before apostacy. *La Croix*, of Dec. 11, announced new massacres of Christians in northwestern China. The Procurator of the Belgian Catholic Missions, has had notice of the slaughter of eighteen missionaries in Mongolia. Telegrams of Dec. 24, tell of the massacre of twenty Catholics at a distance of thirty-five miles from Peking.

A Catholic Scientist Honored.—Professor M. Lerch, of the Catholic University of Fribourg (Switzerland), has received from the French Academy, the "Grand Prix des Sciences Mathématiques," consisting of a gold medal and

the sum of three thousand francs, for his researches in the theory of numbers.

While the government is persecuting priests and religious at home in France, it is a noteworthy coincidence, that it has conferred the distinction of the Legion of Honor on Mgr. Favier, Bishop of Pekin and his coadjutor, Mgr. Jarlin, on Mgr. Brugniere, Bishop Tcheng-Tin-Fou, on Father Becker and Laveisiere, missionaries, and on Sister Lientier, the Superior of the hospital at Pei-Tang.

The degree of Doctor of Literature has been conferred on Father Michael Maher, S. J., for his treatise on Psychology, by the London University. No more than seven persons have ever been admitted to this degree, and not one for the last seven years.

Armenian Massacres.—The newspapers reported, at the end of December, that hundreds of Christians, men and women, had been massacred in Macedonia. The French papers of the same time announced new massacres of Armenians by the Kurds. An Armenian Catholic Bishop, writing from the scene, says, that the Christian Armenians are scattered, their flocks driven away, their homes pillaged, and that not one young woman has escaped insult.

CATHOLIC NOTES FROM GERMANY.

The bill brought in by the Centre Party in the Reichstag, to establish individual as well as corporate religious liberty throughout the empire, was read the first time on Dec. 5. Before the opening of the debate Chancellor von Bülow took the unusual step of declaring the views of the Confederated Government, on the merits of the bill. He said that, while he sympathized with the sentiment that has prompted Dr. Lieber to bring in the bill, he was obliged to announce that the Confederated Government could not assent to it, as it would curtail the autonomy of the several States in matters with which their legislatures were competent to deal. He personally was in favor of complete religious equality, and if in some States antiquated laws

still existed oppressive of religious liberty, he expressed the hope that they would soon disappear. Dr. Lieber, in the very effective speech with which the debate was opened first clearly distinguished between *dogmatic* toleration with which the bill was not concerned and which did not belong to the form of the Reichstag, and *civil* or *political* toleration which the bill demanded. Traversing the Chancellor's statement he demonstrated the constitutionality of the bill. He was followed by Dr. Pichler, who enumerated the objectionable laws existing in several States and the intolerable facts growing out of the application of the laws. The Catholic speakers placed the government in a very embarrassing dilemma. If the law banishing the Jesuits and expatriating priests was not beyond the competence of the Reichstag, how can this law be beyond it? And on the other hand, if this proposed law is unconstitutional, then the anti-Jesuit law is; let the government then acknowledge its error and recall the Jesuits at once. Dr. Lieber's motion that the bill should go to a committee of twenty-eight members was accepted by the house, all the speakers recognizing that something must be done in the way of legislation to satisfy Catholics. Some even declared that Dr. Lieber's bill did not go far enough. "The bill," says the *Germania*, "will come back till it becomes a law. We stand on the platform enunciated by Prince Ludwig of Bavaria: 'Perfect equality for us Catholics from the empire, in the empire, in each state of the empire.' What a change since the days of the Kulturkampf when the Catholic speakers used to be howled down with insults and derision." The bill and its public discussion have already had a good effect. Several of the intolerant states have promised to take steps to rescind the oppressive laws.

The elections for the legislature of the Kingdom of Würtemberg took place in December. The Centre party of Würtemberg returns in its old strength. It holds the balance of power and is thus enabled to prevent objectionable legislation.

THE READER

Education in California.—Rev. P. C. York—San Francisco Text Book Publishing Co.

Father York has done a good service to the cause of education by putting into pamphlet form the three vigorous and trenchant letters which appeared first in the San Francisco papers.

The first dwells mostly upon the nature of education as distinguished from the multiple cramming practiced in what are called the "great" colleges and universities. If the measure of greatness, he says, is to be taken from the number of subjects which the unhappy scholar is compelled to attack, he is willing to admit the claim. But if the right to be considered great is to be decided by the power of shaping and developing the intellect and the character of the students, then what are contemptuously called the "smaller colleges," should occupy the first place in the public esteem. The second letter maintains the rights of Catholics to have something to say about the government of the State University. It is unanswerable.

The third is a strong plea against the attempt to exclude from the position of State teachers, all but public school students. The pretence of "taking the schools out of politics" is cleverly shown to be a trick to make the schools the exclusive property of a set of teacher politicians. Father York very strikingly and in a very original fashion brings out the truth that to remove any popular institution from politics, is to take it out of public control, which in a democracy no one has a right to do. Reform politics and politicians if you can, make them both pure if possible, but let the people have something or rather much to say about what they are taxed to support.

We trust Father York has not laid

down his pen on the subject of education.

Stringtown on the Pike.—John Uri Lloyd. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.

"Stringtown on the Pike" is the unattractive title of a book which is well worth reading. Possibly the title itself, in its careless oddity, is a bit of intentional word painting to portray the unconcern about surroundings which give to so many Southern settlements such a rundown appearance. Toodlestown or Stringtown, what does it matter?

There are characters in "Stringtown" which are genuine creations. Cupe and Dinah, perhaps, are the most marked; two faithful old slaves dealing with the devil in their incantations, but at the same time displaying almost every natural virtue. Is that conceivable? We doubt it. "Red Head," the evil genius of the story, who suggests a sort of human untaught and almost unteachable animal, always ready to drop on his prey, like the cat of his own mountains, is probably next in the force and vividness with which he is described. The individualities of Susie and especially of Sammy, the two principal characters, though good will not we think leave as deep an impression on the memory as those of some of the minor personages, as for instance the Judge, Col. Luridson, the "Pahson" and even the disreputable "Corn Bug." The scene is in "God's own country" Kentucky, and deals with the fierce feuds that are perpetuated there from generation to generation. Susie is a child who was found in her dying mother's arms in Bloody Hollow, a haunted spot over which mysterious shadows are forever flitting. The suspicions about the child's birth are subsequently cleared up. She is cared for in a negro's cabin by old Cupe and his wife Dinah, slaves of an

ignorant and dissolute Kentucky gentleman, who is disrespectfully designated as "Corn Bug." Upon "Corn Bug's" family rests a curse whose signs are studiously and anxiously watched by the two slaves. The spell of the curse is broken only with the deaths of most of the persons concerned in the events; all of which are narrated with great dramatic force. The story ends with Susie becoming a nun in the convent of Nazareth at Bardstown, where poor old Cupe with a devotion that is very touching, comes to gaze at her as she passes in her religious habit and then goes away to mourn until he dies, because she will not return to the cabin of her childhood, in spite of the fact that she has since become a cultivated woman, or permit him to live near the convent. The last concession, one would think, might have been granted to the poor old slave.

With all its literary merit, the book gives a startling picture of conditions which our love of country should make us hope are overdrawn. They certainly suggest the need of much missionary work. There are no family scenes; no women appear except the old witch, Dinah, and Susie; there is no church influence whatever, and the minister is concerned only in things that make one shudder. Even when poor old "Corn Bug" is dying, there is no mention of God; there is only an apology to the parson for cursing at him, but no plea for forgiveness for his life of crime. The scene of the parson resigning the ministry and the next moment fastening his fingers in Luridson's throat, leaving him a livid corpse at his feet; the weird incantations of the negroes; the horrible murders in open court; the poisoning of Susie's father; the suicide of Sammy, who has become a professor; and, above all, the utter absence of all religion, except in the two negroes, who combine it with their devil worship, all this makes us hope that the limits where these dreadful things happen are restricted. Mr. Lloyd has set

himself the task of describing accumulated and awful tragedies in this short story and he has done it with a masterly hand.

The Transformation of Mexico. Chas. F. Lummis, N. Y. Evening Post.

Mr. Lummis contributed a short article on this subject to the symposium of great authors on great subjects in the pages of the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 13, 1901. Mr. Lummis is not a Catholic, though his frankness and honesty in dealing with Catholic matters exposed him more than once to that reproach.

In the article in question he makes the assertion which will astonish many whose knowledge about Mexico, past and present, is received from what he calls "uninspired travelling bats," that the country in question was "the most consummate colony in history." For those who are accustomed to be asked by great Church dignitaries to imagine what the Philippines would have been if only England had colonized those islands, it will come in the nature of a shock to hear that the "vice-royal capital in old times was not only the greatest, wealthiest and most magnificent city in the New World, but that it actually out-ranked Madrid." What is more surprising still is that "the religious, political, social, economic and personal destinies of New Spain were administered with so much conscientiousness, humanity and wisdom as perhaps imperialism has not since shown. Mexico had 'good government,' as we venture to use the word now. Spain kept her American colonies contented and loyal about twice as long as England kept hers. And for 50 years after the *Independence* of 1821, life and property were never again so safe in Mexico, nor scholarship so alert, nor development so normal, as they were under the worst Viceroy of the sixty-two who administered the colony for Spain through 280 years."

So that the disorders began only when Spain's hold was relaxed. "It is signifi-

cant," says Lummis, "that the 'Washington of Mexico' was a priest, as was the next highest hero of the eleven years war for freedom." Perhaps that is the reason why the Church has suffered so much in consequence. The priest should have been engaged in something more apostolic than heading revolutions.

Mr. Lummis tells us that Mexico had sixty-two Viceroyalties in two hundred and eighty-six years which is not very tumultuous; whereas she had fifty-two presidencies in fifty-nine years of this century. The reckoning is decidedly in favor of old Spanish rule. During the reigns of the Viceroyalties the most magnificent works were projected and carried to completion. Think of a tunnel to drain the City of Mexico in 1607; seven years before the Dutch sailed up the Hudson; a tunnel which was a dozen miles long, a hundred feet deep, three hundred in width and costing six million dollars—all that two hundred and ninety years ago and made by the unprogressive Spaniards when we were shooting Indians on Manhattan Island. A hundred years before that in 1527 they built the splendid hospital of the Conception of Jesus and the Royal Hospital in 1553, which, with many others, have been doing their splendid work during these three hundred and fifty years. We omit all the magnificent churches, schools of art, printing-houses, trade schools, etc., which they built everywhere in those colonial days. One cannot list, says Lummis, all the philanthropic institutions which were established. No other nation has founded so extensively such beneficences in its colonies, with its schools, hospitals, asylums and churches for the Indians. That is what "infamous" Spain did three hundred years ago up and down a space which measures over one hundred and three New Englands.

We are glad to see that the *Month*, in its article on Huxley, agrees with us in its estimate of his character. It is especially gratifying, because most of the

secular magazines are full of the most fulsome flatteries of this bitter hater of Christianity. He was a man, as Father Rickaby notes, who wanted to make *science pay*, who was despondent when the returns were slim, and who regretted that he had not a brewery in order to make money; who professed that he loved his friends and hated his enemies, and that his object in life was to crush parsondom; who was offensive in his polemics and who usually executed something like the war dance of a savage gloating over his prostrate foe; whose "philosophy was fundamentally and inevitably bad and led to infidel results, and who died fighting religious belief." With bad philosophy, the manners of a savage, greed of money and hatred of Christ there is not much left in Huxley to be proud of.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* calls Huxley "*The Victim of Darwinism*." Huxley at first was frightened at Darwin's theory, and wrote, in 1857, that "he did not trust it." Darwin was in despair, and declared, in 1859, that he would not rest until he had converted him. He did so a month later, and from that out Huxley became, as he said himself, "Darwin's agent." "With all his fine qualities as a savant," says the *Revue*, he had the fighting traits of a London bully." He used Darwinism as a bludgeon against the parsons and went everywhere preaching the doctrine in spite of Darwin's and Hooker's entreaties to stop and study some natural history. His investigations had been for some time of a very desultory character, but when the ridiculous "Bathybius" had brought the laughter of the world upon him, all study was abandoned, and he gave the world nothing but his "Lay Sermons," his questions "Have Frogs Souls," etc. As a scientist his career was over, and he was nothing but a preacher of false doctrine. In 1859, "Darwin," according to Huxley, "was going to revolutionize the world; in 1892 Huxley wrote to Romanes that

"Buffon and Lamark were much greater men than Darwin," and otherwise belittled him. Darwin had spoiled a scientist and lost a worshipper. In 1860 this Darwinian Apostle declared that "Nature was better than the best of men." In 1892 he was incessantly telling his friends that "Satan was the Prince of the Earth." "I hear a good deal," he wrote, "about evolutionist morality. That is a chimera. Evolution cannot be the basis of morality." "Nevertheless, he remained the true knight of Evolution," says the *Reviewer*, "but the doctrine had no longer the weight it had for him thirty years before."

Possibly the most striking evidence of how utterly his life was a disappointment and a failure is shown by an incident that occurred in connection with Carlyle. Huxley had openly proclaimed that *Sartor Resartus* had been the chief instrument of his moral resurrection by teaching him that religion was distinct from theology. When Huxley, in the height of his fame, met Carlyle and accosted him on the street, the old philosopher roughly said, "Are you the fellow who says that men come from monkeys?" and turning on his heel left the discomfited Huxley alone. The teacher had spurned the disciple.

The *Reviewer* makes him out as a man who might have been a great scientific authority, but who is not; as one who spent his life in teaching a doctrine accepted on others' authority, which from the very first was questionable, and which he declared at the end of his life was unworthy of belief. He was in very truth "A Victim of Darwinism."

The Christian Brothers have published a memorial of the Triduum which was celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, Nov. 13, 14 and 15, 1900, in honor of their illustrious founder, who has just been raised to the honors of the altar. The celebration was a great event in New York, and the throngs which filled the vast edifice at all of the ceremonies during those three days gave evidence of the deep affection with which these devoted teachers in the schools are regarded.

The Souvenir volume contains all the sermons which were preached, as well as detailed accounts of the various functions. It is beautifully and profusely illustrated with portraits of the various dignitaries, and what we are especially pleased to see, with views of the splendid altar which the Brothers have erected in the Cathedral, right under the magnificent illuminated window which they had given some years ago. The figure of the great teacher, as represented in marble, is a noble one, and in the panels which enrich it with fine relief, various scenes of the life of the Saint are executed in a fashion worthy of the theme.

The full text of Father Pardow's sermon, on this occasion, directs our attention to a misleading statement in our *Chronicle* for January. In consecrating their lives to the education of youth, the Brothers do not exclude from their province the children of the wealthy, nor limit their work to primary education; but simply bind themselves by vow to live and die in the class-room.

THE SUPPLEMENT

OF THE

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THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN FRANCE.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1901.

THE French government has begun an open war upon the Church by striving to suppress the congregations of Religious men and women in that country. Its Chamber of Deputies is actually engaged passing clause by clause a "Bill of Associations," as it is termed, which is really a measure to deprive every religious community in the land of its existence. Under penalty of fines and imprisonment—not only for those who attempt to establish such communities but also for those who help them or rent them a house—it is proposed to forbid "associations between French citizens and foreigners"; "associations of French citizens with headquarters abroad or in the hands of foreigners"; "associations whose members live together in community"; without due authorization granted by a law which will specify the conditions of their functions, such associations are null and void.

Before the introduction of this bill attempts were made to conceal its animus against the religious congregations. Its name, a "Bill of Associations," made it seem intended to regulate associations of every description except business partnerships and corporations. A phrase which seemed to indicate too plainly an aversion to religious vows, viz., "the renunciation of inalienable rights" was stricken out. This may account for the apparent apathy of French Catholics, who did not conceive it possible either that the destruction of their cherished congregations was contemplated or that a majority of their Deputies would vote for it. The speech of the French Premier Waldeck-Rousseau

last October in Toulouse adroitly diverted their attention from the Trouillot bill, as this measure is often termed, and led them to think that the chief point of attack was the preeminence of the religious over the State schools. The discussion in the Chambers, the declarations of the Socialist Deputies and the admission of the Premier himself no longer leave room for doubt that the bill is the beginning of a war on the Church in France. "An assault on the liberty of the Church," the Pope has called it; a struggle in which we are "face to face, not only with the congregations but with the Catholic Church," as M. René Viviani, Socialist Deputy, has declared . . . "only a skirmish in the series of battles of the past and the future! An engagement, in fact, between the society founded by the will of man and the society founded by the will of God"; "not only the first blow of the pick in the structure of the concordat, but the first step in the radical extirpation of the religious spirit, or, as it is said, in the de-christianization of France," says the *Temps* of January 14; even M. Waldeck-Rousseau evaded this charge, when made by the illustrious Comte de Mun, by asserting that the bill is against the Religious Congregations only because they interfere with the ministrations of the secular clergy, as if the 130,000 religious women in France were not the auxiliaries of the secular clergy, or the 40,000 secular priests could administer to all the needs—spiritual, charitable and educational—of nearly 38,000,000 Catholics, without the aid of the 35,000 religious men who work in harmony with them!

There are in France, 100 different congregations of religious men, with a total of about 35,000 living in 874 communities, and about 373 congregations of women, numbering about 135,000, residing in 2,883 communities. They are engaged for the most part in the works of mercy and education. They maintain 60,000 orphans, 110,000 sick, infirm and old people, 12,000 wayward girls, 68,000 deaf and dumb or blind persons, and close to 2,000,000 pupils in the primary schools. There is no form or phase of human misery which they do not attempt to succor. All this is done without one cent of expense to the State. The spirit of mercy which inspires it the State could never supply; the money the State would have to spend for similar services would amount annually to 250,000,000 francs at least, or \$50,000,000. This does not include the cost of the numberless private charities under the direction of these congregations, nor of the secondary and collegiate

education given at nominal cost to 100,000 young people; nor does it include the services of 9,000 priests, 4,000 brothers and 34,000 sisters, and the outlay of 7,500,000 francs, *i.e.*, \$1,500,000, in foreign missions which France protects so jealously as a means of extending her national influence. Yet not one penny does all this cost the State. On the contrary, strange as it may seem to us, every one of these communities pays the regular direct and indirect taxes like other citizens; every one of them is taxed for its share of mortmain property; every member must pay an income tax of 4% on a hypothetical revenue of 5% of a share in the community's possessions, and an additional annual tribute (*abonnement*) of 30 or 40 centimes to every hundred francs of the supposed share of each member as a sort of inheritance tax.

Still the outcry is raised that the French religious congregations are growing too wealthy and that their vast property remaining always in the same hands is of no public benefit—*mortmain*, as it is termed, as if the term could be justly applied to property subject to the taxes we have just described. To give a concrete instance: a congregation of men which cares gratuitously for 3,000 sick and indigent persons has paid the State in twelve years taxes to the amount of 400,000 francs, \$80,000—nearly \$7,000 a year. Such property is surely not mortmain in the true sense of the word, or of no public benefit.

In his letter to Cardinal Richard and the French Bishops, Pope Leo XIII dismisses the accusation that the congregations have grown excessively rich in these terms: "Even if we admit that the value set upon their property is not exaggerated there is no contesting that they are in honorable and legal possession, and consequently to despoil them would be an attack upon the rights of property. It is, moreover, necessary to remark that they possess nothing for their personal interest or for the good of their individual members, but for works of religion, charity and beneficence, which turn to the profit of the French nation at home and abroad, whither they go to increase its prestige by contributing to the mission of civilization which Providence has entrusted to it."

To the hypocritical insinuations of Waldeck-Rousseau that the congregations usurp the functions of the secular clergy, the Holy Father answers: "Of course, We are not unaware that, as a justification for these rigors, there are people who go about declaring that the religious

congregations encroach upon the jurisdiction of the bishops and interfere with the rights of the secular clergy. This assertion cannot be sustained if one cares to consult the wise laws published on this point by the Church, and which We have recently re-enacted. In perfect harmony with the degrees and spirit of the Council of Trent they regulate on the one hand the conditions of existence of persons vowed to the practice of the evangelical counsels and to the apostolate, and on the other they respect as far as is necessary the authority of the bishops in their respective dioceses. Whilst they safeguard the dependence due to the head of the Church, they also in a majority of cases give to the bishops supreme authority over the congregations by way of delegation apostolic. As for the attempt to make out that the episcopate and clergy of France are disposed to give a favorable welcome to the ostracism with which it is desired to strike the religious orders, it is an insult which the bishops and priests can only repel with all the energy of their priestly souls."

The following passages from the same letter enumerate the services of the French Religious Congregations at home and abroad, and tell the real nature and extent of the attack now made on their liberties :

"In the noble arena in which the religious congregations vie with each other in beneficent activity, those of France, we say it again with joy, occupy a foremost and honorable place. Some devoted to teaching instruct the young in secular knowledge and the principles of religious virtue and duty, upon which public peace and the welfare of states absolutely depend. Others, consecrated to various works of charity, afford effective aid to every physical and moral misery in the numberless houses wherein they tend the sick, the infirm and the aged, the orphan, the deranged and the incurable, without allowing the danger or unpleasantness of their work or the ingratitude they may meet with to dampen their courage or check their ardor. These meritorious services recognized again and again by men above any suspicion of favoritism, and time after time rewarded by public honors, make these congregations the glory of the Church at large, and the particular and shining glory of France, which they have ever nobly served, and which they love, as we have many times seen, with a patriotism that feared not to face death itself with joy."

"So admirable is the activity of the French congregations that it could not be kept within the frontiers of the country, but has gone

forth to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth, and with the Gospel the name, the language and the prestige of France. Exiles of their own free will, the French missionaries go out across stormy sea and sandy desert in search of souls to gain for Christ in the most distant and often unexplored regions. They are seen settling among savage tribes in order to civilize them by teaching the elements of Christianity, the love of God and their neighbors, work, regard for the weak and good morals ; and they devote themselves to this without looking for any earthly reward even till death, which is often hastened by fatigue, the difficulties of the climate or the sword of the executioner. Respecting the laws and submissive to the civil authorities they bring with them, wherever they come, civilization and peace ; their only ambition is to enlighten the less fortunate people to whom they devote themselves, and to lead them to Christian morality, and to a knowledge of their dignity as men. Nor is it an uncommon thing for them to make important contributions to science by the help they give to the researches which are being made in such different domains as the study of the differences of race and tongue, of history, the nature and products of the soil and other questions. . . ."

"But, looking at the question from a higher standpoint, we may point out that the religious congregations, as we have already said, represent the public practice of Christian perfection ; and, if it be certain that there are in the Church, and always will be, elect souls aspiring to it under the influence of grace, it would be unjust to hinder their designs. It would, moreover, be an assault on the liberty of the Church which is in France guaranteed by a solemn treaty, for everything that hinders her from leading souls to perfection injures the free exercise of her divine mission.

"To strike at the religious orders would be to deprive the Church of devoted co-operators—at home, where they are the necessary auxiliaries of the bishops and clergy in [the [exercise of the sacred ministry and the functions of Catholic teaching and preaching which the Church has the right and the duty of dispensing, and which is demanded by the conscience of the faithful ; and abroad, where the general interests of the apostolate and its chief power in all parts of the world are for the greater part represented by the French congregations. The blow which strikes them would be felt everywhere, and the Holy See, bound by a divine command to provide for the spread

of the Gospel, would find itself under the necessity of offering no opposition to the occupation of the vacancies left by French missionaries by the missionaries of other nations."

We need add nothing more to these noble words. It is futile to ask, why do the Catholics of France submit to such oppression, or to speculate about the passage of the Bill, the extent to which its hostile clauses may be modified or applied should the law, as is likely, be passed. It is futile, also, to suggest that the French Religious are, even as it is, so badly persecuted, that this Bill can scarcely reduce them to worse conditions. It is enough to know that a majority of the French Deputies have begun open war on the Church, and that nothing but fear of losing their power and place will deter them from carrying out their evil designs. Our duty is to pray for peace between the Church and State in France, as the Sovereign Pontiff advises—to pray that the good work of the Religious be permitted to go on unimpeded; or, if it be God's will that they should have to go elsewhere to carry on their labors in spreading the Gospel, teaching the young and ministering to the needs of the poor, the sick and the aged, that God may facilitate and bless their enterprise, and that the bishops, clergy and faithful of France, deprived of their aid, may, like their brethren in Germany since the days of the *Kulturkampf*, reassert their rights and labor to liberate the Church from the handful of Socialist and Masonic politicians who are doing their utmost to dechristianize this Catholic nation.

A STORY OF THE MORNING OFFERING.

By Isabel A. Mundy.

ON this last feast of the Sacred Heart, Miss Joy recited the Morning Offering three times. First, upon rising, as was her custom ; a second time before Mass, and a third time during her thanksgiving after Holy Communion. Miss Joy was a practical Promoter ; her recitation of this beautiful prayer was not a mere repetition of words ; it was rather the "Amen" to the fervent prayer of her daily life. Her thoughts, words and actions were faithfully offered to the Sacred Heart.

Hundreds of Associates knelt with her that morning in prayer, but anyone who knew Miss Joy would have told you that before she retired that night she would have *done* something for the glory of the Sacred Heart. To her the day was not a matter of hearing Mass, receiving Holy Communion and assisting at Benediction in the evening, only. There must be something accomplished in word or deed which would show the Sacred Heart how much she was in earnest.

The opportunity came that afternoon. Miss Joy was obliged to go some distance out of the city, on the New York and Harlem Division. She took with her a spiritual book, as she always read when traveling. A busy woman, her leisure moments were filled with charity rather than literature, but while waiting for trains, when on them or during short trips across the city, she accomplished a great deal.

Miss Joy was a pleasant-faced little woman of thirty-nine or forty, her hair was slightly gray, but her light step and cheerful manner carried off ten years of life's burden. Everyone took her for a young lady, unless they happened to notice the half dozen silvery threads, which she took no pains to conceal, and then they were slightly surprised.

It was an hour's ride to her destination, and she became immersed in her book. It was solid reading and demanded all her attention, but she had not been thus engaged for more than ten minutes when her guardian angel drew her attention to a matter of greater importance. Perhaps he had brought her there on purpose.

Glancing down the aisle of the car, she saw, a few seats in front of her, quite a pretty girl of sixteen, also reading. Her attire was cheap

and in bad taste, but her face was simple and childlike, and Miss Joy liked her profile. When *she* approved of anyone's profile it was a foregone conclusion that they were good for something. She often said a full face might be deceptive, a profile—never !

The book in the girl's hand at once riveted the older lady's attention. It was clad in a yellow cover, and the title, printed in large, bold type across the back, was a still further index to its character. Miss Joy never touched such books with her little finger, unless she could burn them. This one she had heard talked about as a specimen of its class. The author had made a fortune out of his work, while accomplishing the moral ruin of a juvenile public. Miss Joy felt her fingers burn with the desire to seize the book and toss it out of the car window. Her next thought was to try what a little tact could do. Her manner was at all times winning and she knew how to make it irresistible when it was for the glory of God. By means of her gentleness, people never suspected her.

When the train stopped at the next station she rose and moved down the aisle as though she had just boarded the car. She stopped at the seat where the girl was, and said in the sweetest tone, " May I come in here ? " The reader was buried alive in her story, and she had to repeat her question. Then she looked up quickly, and with a bright smile said, " Oh, yes, indeed ! " moving closer to the window to make room for her. Strangers intuitively treated her with courtesy. She seated herself with a pleasant " Thank you ! " and a smile of satisfaction at the success of her little ruse. She had flung her line ; the next thing was to bait her hook before presenting it to the little fish.

" She may be a gold-fish after all, and they are timid and easily scared away. I want to catch her if I can. "

The girl read on for a moment, then she glanced up furtively, with the curiosity of her age, to examine her travelling companion. Certainly she was not like the heroine of a novel, but Madeline liked her face. There was a sympathetic smile about the quiet lips, and the firm chin commanded respect. Miss Joy knew the girl was looking at her, but she appeared totally unconscious. Without knowing it, she dropped her handkerchief. The girl bent quickly, picked it up and handed it to her. Their eyes met, and while Miss Joy's smiled cordially into the pretty blue pair, something caused them to droop, while a hot blush mounted to the intelligent forehead. Madeline felt

uncomfortable—she knew not why. Miss Joy took advantage of her involuntary confession, and moving a little nearer to her she said, in her pleasantest manner :

“ May I look at the book you are reading ? ”

“ Cer—certainly,” stammered the girl, not knowing where to look, but she did not hand her the volume.

“ I don't think you would care for it—it's only a dime novel,” she said, after an awkward pause and a glance at the title of the book in the lady's lap. Its scholarly name quite frightened her, but she was not afraid of Miss Joy.

“ She doesn't look a bit like a teacher or a missionary, either,” Maddy thought, as she noticed the little cross pinned to the shirt waist.

“ *Only* a dime novel ! ” thought Miss Joy, but she resumed the attack, very gently and firmly.

“ I do wish you would make me a present of it, my dear,” she said persuasively. The blue eyes opened wide.

“ Do you really want it ? You are welcome to it, although I have not finished reading it, but I can get another. Here—” and she held it out, title-side down, as Miss Joy noted with amusement.

“ She thinks I do not know what it is.”

She took the book and said cordially :

“ Oh, thank you so much ! I will show you what I want it for,” and she tossed it dexterously out of the window into a little pond over which they were passing.

“ There's that much harm avoided,” she said to herself gleefully, “ Now I must get her to promise not to buy another copy.”

“ Well I never ! ” ejaculated the schoolgirl in open-eyed astonishment, and gazed at Miss Joy to see whether she was “ mad ” or “ just fooling.” She seemed perfectly serious but thoroughly amiable, and the combination impressed Madeline not unfavorably.

“ I hope you are not angry ? ” said Miss Joy in such a gentle tone, that even had she been, Maddy would have denied it. Now her own thought was the same, so she laughed and said :

“ It's *you* that's angry. I'm sure I'm not.”

“ Books like that always make me angry,” said Miss Joy, and she spoke so energetically that Madeline flushed again.

“ I am sure you did not know, dear, what sort of a book it was ? ”

Her tone was conciliatory. She wanted to keep the quarrel between herself and the book, and make friends with Madeline. Now the girl was too truthful to plead ignorance, and she felt drawn to confide in this "queer lady," so she answered simply:

"O, I read lots of 'em! They're only dime novels, you know."

"Does your mother like you to read them?"

"My mother is dead and auntie doesn't care!"

Her tone was careless, but she was touched by the ready sympathy of the eyes that sought hers. They were full of tears. How pitiful it seemed to Miss Joy! She had ten years' experience, and knew it was an epitome of dozens of similar cases—"Mother is dead and auntie doesn't care!" This girl was well fed and well clothed, though not well dressed, but still a specimen of gross neglect.

She said in a low sympathetic tone:

"Do you think your mother wouldn't care, if she were alive?"

"Perhaps she would," admitted Maddy, and her eyes drooped.

"I think she would too, dear. Mothers are generally very particular about what their daughters read—or they ought to be. Auntie means well, no doubt, but perhaps she is too busy to notice your little doings."

"That's just it," assented Madeline, glad of an excuse for her aunt, whom she loved. An attack upon *her* would have insured a defiant return to her course of literature.

"Then don't you think it is rather taking advantage of her, if you know she too, would object to books like those?"

"I never thought of that."

"I'm sure not. And I'm sure you do not know how bad those books are; probably you do not understand them. Why don't you read *nice* books? They are plentiful."

"I have no one to pick 'em out."

Another cause of the widespread corruption of mind and manners she so often deplored—parents or guardians who "didn't care," or would not take the trouble to select good material for the bright mind and precocious intelligence of the average young American.

"I will gladly write you a little list of some beautiful books," she said, in her most winning manner, at the same time drawing out a pad and pencil she carried to make annotations from her reading. Who could refuse an offer so graciously given?

"I wish you would," said Madeline, though she cared very little about it, but she wanted to seem polite. Her aunt had said "she was always a little lady when she was with a lady," and whatever she might be when with her particular "set"—patronizers of the yellow-backs—or whatever, alas, she was not, when at home with her aunt, she now acted up to her schoolgirl notion of etiquette.

Miss Joy paused. A difficulty presented itself. Was the girl a Protestant? If so, she knew many pure, wholesome story-books for girls, of a non-sectarian character—that is, they were moral, and preferable to the trash the child was accustomed to. Miss Joy was a convert, and had been brought up on Sunday-school books, so she had a thorough acquaintance with those that might be offered to a Protestant, though she longed to give her wine instead of water. She had also, as she could have told Maddy with sorrow of heart, occasionally dipped into the sort of literature she was now inveighing against. That was in her very early days, and the occasions had been rare. Her naturally pure mind rejected such food, even before her conversion, but she, too, had tasted the dark stream of popular sensational literature, and very bitter drops she found it to contain. Since she became a Catholic, she had spent years in weeding out libraries, public and private, until she had well cleaned many a shelf that would hardly bear inspection.

If Madeline were only a Catholic! It was just possible. It was sometimes so hard to tell, especially when "mother was dead and aunt didn't care." *That* extended to everything.

"What church do you go to?" she inquired, using the set Protestant formula. In all things she avoided giving offence. If the child was a Protestant, she would follow in the steps of St. Paul, and be "all things" to her for the time being.

"I am a Roman Catholic," said Maddy, without the least hesitation. It was strange, but she had taken Miss Joy for a Protestant. It would have roused her opposition any other time, for though careless, Maddy was not by any means wanting in faith.

"O, *are* you?" said Miss Joy. She was indeed glad. All she had to do now was to land her prize.

"I am a Catholic, too," she said, pointing to her Promoter's Cross.

"O, I see! You are a member of the League?"

"I am a Promoter. Are you an associate, my dear?"

"No, I never joined. I've read about it, though, You see, I'm not much of a churchgoer. I go Sundays, of course."

That was the extent of it—to Mass on Sunday, and yellow-backs in her pocket every day of the week! But Miss Joy smiled encouragingly, and said:

"Well, Maddy, if you are a Catholic I really ought to scold you." She said it so gently, the girl laughed.

"Why?" she said, with all the familiarity of a child who knows it will not be slapped.

"Because, my dear," and Miss Joy's face became grave and her tone was serious now, "you know that such reading is matter for confession. Do you not?"

"I—I suppose so. That is, I never stopped to think about it," replied Maddy, in confusion. She looked troubled. Evidently her heart and conscience were sound, if her poor little brain had been partially undermined.

"Well, I think you had better tell your confessor all about it next time. You will find he will not scold very hard," she said, assuringly, for the girl looked sensitive. She had not become hardened—one of the first effects of such reading—and she had shown herself amenable to reproof. Miss Joy felt a deep interest in her, and longed to take her under her wing.

"I don't go *every* month," said Maddy, as if she had been asked the question. She was unbosoming herself in a way that would have astonished her aunt, who could never elicit more than an unwilling, though truthful "yes" or "no" when she inquired into her doings. It surprised the girl herself.

"Next time I go, I *will* tell him," she said, bravely, though with an inward shudder.

Miss Joy smiled, and went on writing her list.

"Here are some lovely Catholic stories," she said at last, handing Madeline a well-filled sheet. "I am sure you will enjoy them. I have read some of them many times."

"I will read every one," said Maddy gratefully, surprised at the trouble her new friend had taken for her, and anxious to respond. She was also anxious to alter any unfavorable opinion Miss Joy might have formed of her on account of the dime novel.

"Do, my dear. And if you are sometimes tempted to re-

turn to those dime novels, just tell yourself it is matter for confession."

Miss Joy now felt she could preach a little without danger.

"Why, if you saw a child in the street with a loaded pistol in its dear little innocent hand, wouldn't you run to snatch it away?"

"Of course, I would," said Maddy, promptly. "My own little brother used to play with a toy pistol, and he half killed himself with it, once. After that I used to grab it away from him, no matter how he cried."

"Exactly. If some one would only 'grab' all the dime novels!"

"I think *you* did," said Maddy laughing, as she remembered how the book went flying through the window.

"Perhaps you will cry for your pistol again, though. Don't be surprised if you are tempted to. You will read nice books for awhile with much pleasure, just as a change of diet is agreeable because of its novelty. Then the longing for excitement will return, and it will seem to you as if no book without a yellow cover is worth reading. O, I know how it is! I was a girl too, a long time ago!" and she laughed pleasantly.

"But you never read dime novels, I'm sure?" said Maddy earnestly. The thought was repugnant to her ideal, already formed, of her new friend's character. Girl-like, she was ready to worship at the shrine of friendship, and no rude touch must jar the pedestal. But the idol smiled affectionately down upon her, and said in a tone of regret:

"My poor child, I did! Just such books. Many were the tears I shed when I saw what harm they had done me. I found I could not say my prayers or control my thoughts when I wanted to. Do you say your prayers every day, Maddy?"

Maddy hung her head. "I usually say some at night," she murmured.

"Why at night and not in the morning?"

"I'm afraid to go to sleep without one Our Father and Hail Mary."

"And aren't you afraid to wake up and go through the day all alone? But I know how it is, dear. People are very brave in the daylight, and then when it gets dark they think they will be on the safe side and say their prayers. For my part, I think the morning prayers are the most important. I know they are for me, because when I am asleep I am not in any danger, but through the day who knows what temptation will arise?"

"That's so," said Maddy with girlish brevity. But Miss Joy could see she grasped the idea.

"I'll tell you what to do," she said. "I don't believe in long prayers, myself. For a girl of your age, the shorter the better, if they are sincere. Say an Our Father and Hail Mary at night, if you are too tired to say more, and I will give you a little prayer to say in the morning. I call it *my* prayer."

She drew from her book her book-mark, a small printed leaflet of the Morning Offering.

"It is my favorite prayer," she said. "If you will say it, and mean it and *live* it, you will never want to read any more bad books. Read it now, dear, and see if you like it."

Maddy obeyed. Her head drooped over the little leaflet. How long was it since she had opened her prayer-book? She felt unworthy of the bit of paper, made sacred not only by the words printed thereon, but the friendliness which prompted the gift.

"It is lovely!" she said. Schoolgirls say everything is "lovely," but Maddy's tone was reverent.

"I would love to have it, but——"

"But what, dear child!"

The girl blushed. She meant she was not worthy. She had perhaps never read St. Peter's words, "Depart from me for I am sinful," but they came into Miss Joy's mind as she observed the modest, hesitating manner. Her eyes filled. Why *didn't* auntie care for this precious little soul? Perhaps she, too, needed a helping hand.

Maddy answered at length.

"I'm not a member of the League, you see."

"Oh that doesn't make any difference! Or rather, you can use the prayer just the same; but if you choose to join the League, then by reciting that little formula you would become an apostle and gain great indulgences."

"*Me* an apostle!" Maddy stared. She, the wildest girl in her class, an indifferent Catholic, the torment of the good pastor who was fairly worried to death by her escapades—*she* a member of the Apostleship indeed! How the Sodality girls would laugh at her! She had secretly yearned to be a Child of Mary, but had never breathed the desire. Would the Sacred Heart take her in, as this dear lady had opened her heart to her, although a perfect stranger? She was a

stranger to the Sacred Heart, too—almost. Not quite, for her mother, before she died, had implanted a tiny little seed of devotion in Maddy's baby heart, and there it had lain dormant for fifteen years.

The girl's eyes filled. Miss Joy did not want her to cry on the train, so she said very briskly and in a matter-of-fact tone :

"I will take your name and the date on which you would like to join. You must go to confession and receive Holy Communion on that day. I will send you a badge through the mail. Then you will be an associate, and some day perhaps, you will be a Promoter like me."

"Like *her* !" Maddy smiled for joy. What a compliment to pay her !

"I would like to join," she said simply.

Miss Joy took her name, age and address, and gave hers in return.

"I live in the city," she said, "but you must consider me one of your correspondents. You can write as often as you please, and I will always answer. Here are my name and address," handing her a card.

"Oh what a lovely name—Constance Joy !"

"It *is* a pretty name, but do you know, all my friends *will* call me Pansy? It is a remnant of my childhood and I cannot get rid of it."

As Maddy looked into the warm brown eyes she understood the application.

„But I make the best of it," said Miss Joy brightly, "and as pansies are supposed to possess healing properties, I consider it my duty to impart hearts-ease wherever I can, and try to *give* constant joy to those who need it. I have a little picture of the Sacred Heart with a wreath of pansies hand-painted, around it, that a friend gave me, and if you would like to have it, I will send it to you."

"Oh please do ! But I don't like to take it !"

"But I would like to give it to you. Now here is my station and I must go." She leaned over and kissed the girl softly on the cheek.

"Good-bye, my dear little friend. Keep your promises to me, and I will send you Nine Promises."

"Nine ?" said Maddy with a laugh.

"Yes, the Promises of the Sacred Heart. And I will send you your badge and the pansy-picture, and a little pair of beads to remember me by."

"Indeed, I will not forget you !"

As Miss Joy lingered for a moment on the platform of the station as

the train went by, the window with Maddy's face smiling brightly made a pretty picture. It was a different face from the one that had bent with breathless interest over the trashy novel.

With a prayer for Madeline, Miss Joy wended her way rejoicing—planning the loving letters she would write her, and if possible, the little visits they would exchange, until she had made of her a fervent Associate of the League and a Child of Mary.

THE DIRECTOR'S REVIEW.

The interests of the Religious Congregations of France are made the subject of the General Intention for March, because the French government is actually attempting their destruction. The letter of Leo XIII to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and the French Bishops in behalf of these Congregations is the best presentation possible of this subject, and for this reason we published it in the *Messenger* for February. Every Associate should read this letter, not merely because it was written for the benefit of the Church in France, but because it is calculated to awaken in us a true Catholic spirit and solicitude for the interests of our religion everywhere. It is for want of this spirit and solicitude that 37,500,000 Catholics in a nation which numbers 38,400,000 are and have been for most of this century the victims of masonic and socialistic politicians. Nor is this the case with French Catholics only ;

for want of this same spirit and solicitude we Catholics in the United States are, at this very moment passively submitting to the victimization of more than 6,000,000 Catholics in the Philippine Islands, for whose welfare we, with our fellow citizens, have lately become responsible, submitting to the secularization of their schools and to the expatriation of many of their religious priests. The noble letter of the Pope impresses on us the truth that the persecution of any element or part of the Church in any part of the world means persecution of the entire Church everywhere.

The subject is so important that we shall devote special attention to it in the *Messenger* for March, commenting on the arguments of the Holy Father by giving statistics and details gathered from the speeches *pro* and *con* in reference to this Bill in the French Chamber of Deputies.

INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

The Banner of the Sacred Heart. This is a new emblem and a very significant one in devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is becoming very popular in France, where its form is simply the national flag with the figure of the Sacred Heart embroidered on the central band of white. The banner has been adopted by many associations, by corporate bodies and by congresses. It has been attacked also in the press and elsewhere. In his pamphlet, *Le Drapeau National du S. Cœur*, Father René du Bouays de La Bégassière, gives the history of the banner. The revelations of Blessed Margaret Mary are quite clear on this point. Our Lord desired that the image of His Heart should be on the national standard to signify that Catholic France acknowledged Him as its founder and ruler. In return He promised France victory. He wished distinctly that devotion to His adorable Heart should be a social and national devotion, and hence that it should be practised in the palaces of the kings of France. Thus the Sacred Heart would have been a new sign for the Christian monarch as the Cross was to Constantine, with a similar promise of victory, "In this sign thou shalt conquer!"

The first time the banner was carried in war was at the famous charge of Loigny, Dec. 2, 1870,

by the "Volunteers of the West," mostly Papal Zouaves under Charrette and De Sonis. The day will never be forgotten by Frenchmen. De Sonis advanced hurriedly to relieve General Chanzy's army corps engaged since morning. The armies were quite unequal, the French being fewer. Before throwing forward his own brigade, General de Sonis watched two regiments on the field waver and finally break. Then he hurried forward his zouaves, with their white silken banner, embroidered by the Visitation nuns of Paray. The general pointed to the banner and began to speak; but the men rushed headlong, with the cry, "Vive la France! Vive Pie IX!" They were met by a furious fusillade; but they pressed on. Their general fell at the head of the line, the men dropped in the ranks; but the banner, its snowy folds already blood-stained, was passed from hand to hand. They were mown down by cannon, but at last they reached Loigny, and the first houses were taken by storm. The position was almost gained, when the enemy perceiving how few the volunteers were, increased their withering fire. The bursting of the shells set the houses aflame, and the little band of heroes had to fall back. Out of three hundred, one hundred and ninety-eight had fallen, and ten out of the fourteen

officers. Disaster was turned away although the day was lost.

The banner of Loigny was white, and it advanced in favor. As one political party after another accepted the tri-color for the national flag of France, the figure of the Sacred Heart was embroidered upon it, and it became so popular that it was commonly displayed in Catholic assemblies and processions. It was in the Catholic schools, it was borne by groups of Catholic university students, by workingmen's guilds, by French pioneers in Africa; it was seen amongst the soldiers, as for instance, during the military Mass before one of the battles in Madagascar. The idea having been ardently taken up by the Catholic press, a banner of the Sacred Heart was presented to the basilica of Montmartre by each of seventy departments of France. The anticlericals condemned it as an audacious capturing of the national colors and a marking of them with the sign of subjection to the Papacy. In some places the banner was forbidden.

The object of thus putting the sacred symbol on the flag is to bring back, if may be, something of the spirit of faith of the old days when Genoa named Our Lord as her first "magistrate," and He was chosen "King of Florence" by a decree of the senate and people. When the government of France becomes thoroughly Christian again it will not be improbable that we may see

a national banner of the Sacred Heart. It has been noticed that a wonderful renewal of Christian ideas and works during the last thirty years has gone hand in hand with the growth of social and national honor of the Sacred Heart. French Catholics seem to have been inspired by the word of Cardinal Pie, "Christianity can be identified with no other devotion so well as with that of the Sacred Heart."

A New Plenary Indulgence for the First Friday.—At the instance of Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, the Holy Father grants a plenary indulgence to all who receive Holy Communion on the first Friday of each month of this year, prayer for the intentions of the Pope being added. Also a plenary indulgence for those who receive Holy Communion during a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Question of Vocation.—The French *Messenger* excellently points out that the Providence of God involves as a consequence a special vocation for each one. Having made us from nothing, He could not be indifferent as to our path in life. It is one of the most striking lessons of our Lord: His one rule was to do the will of His Father in everything; and His Father had traced out every step for Him from cradle to cross. He teaches us the same in the choice and training of His Apostles. The loving care of

God destines each of us for a certain path in life, and has prepared His graces and providence in accordance with our personal weaknesses and dangers. Not to follow one's vocation, then, is to wander from the safer and destined way. Hence it is there are so many blighted lives. A large number of young people never consult God in prayer as to their vocation; but, on the contrary, by sinful attachments are drawn, as in a net, into the place where God never intended they should be. Out of sheer recklessness, therefore, with regard to eternal salvation, many neglect the question of vocation. A vocation is rarely made known with startling clearness. It is discovered by consultation, reflection in the presence of God, and by persevering prayer. How can one expect to know the Divine Will, or to receive a higher vocation, when we give the Holy Ghost no place in our lives by our self-indulgence, cowardice, thoughtlessness? Sometimes, too, we refuse to follow our known vocation, or we lose it by our folly; we allow the weeds of earth to choke the most precious plant.

All who are devout to the Sacred Heart should learn from it the lesson of vocation and fidelity to vocation; and should, moreover, make this a special object, long continued, in their prayers to the all-loving Heart, that they may know and follow the vocation, whatever it is, that God has traced out for them.

The *Bulletin* of the Apostleship in the Church of Gesu Nuovo, at Naples, is prettily printed with red border-lines. It contains a summary of the monthly intention, and a monthly Calendar, in which there are explanations of principal feasts, intentions recommended, church services and maxims of the saints. It is an attractive and useful publication.

The Cause of Blessed Margaret Mary.—Official permission has been granted to Cardinal Prisco to investigate a reported miracle at Naples. It is said that a person has been immediately cured of a fatal illness by invoking Blessed Margaret Mary. If this miracle be proved, we may hope to witness the canonization in 1904.

An Apostle of the Sacred Heart.—The Canadian *Messenger* gives a most interesting account of Father Dominic Du Ranquet, who died on Manitoulin Island, the 12th of last December, at the age of eighty-eight. His brother, the "Apostle of prisoners," who had been the teacher of the celebrated "Father Prout," was long known in New York. Father Dominic belonged to the old French nobility, and was followed into the Society of Jesus by four of his brothers. He died after "a marvelous apostleship of fifty-eight years amongst the Ojibways along Lakes Huron and Superior." He had many hair-breadth escapes in his long and lonely journeys in his

canoe, and was visibly protected by heaven. Once he was lost in a fog on Lake Superior and was three days without food and out of sight of land. A wild bird came and perched on his canoe. He killed it with his paddle and ate it raw. Speaking their language perfectly, he had a remarkable influence over the Ojibways, who called him "one who enlightens." He was nearly always travelling in his bark canoe or on snow shoes, carrying his vestments on his back.

A Shrine of the Sacred Heart.—A beautiful Shrine, in the form of a dome, is about to be erected at Paray-le-Monial, on the spot where the long venerated statue of Our Lady of Romay was crowned, where the solemn consecration to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament took place at the close of the Eucharistic Congress of 1897, where, finally, at the instance of Pope Leo, Cardinal Perraud, at the head of 10,000 pilgrims, repeated the Act of Consecration of mankind to the Redeemer.

The Good Done by the Little Messenger.—The *Little Messenger*, published at Cracow in Poland, is a

monthly of thirty-six pages. There are one hundred and fifty thousand copies distributed each month, and with such good results that the Socialists determined to imitate it. They issued a publication, called "Socialist Missions," similar to the *Little Messenger* in size and color. The people however indignantly rejected the counterfeit, and the last numbers of it were taken up by the police.

Priests' Eucharistic League. *Emmanuel*, the official monthly of the League, announces that its direction is now transferred to the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament now established in New York, pending whose arrival the Benedictine Fathers of St. Meinrad had charge of it. The next Eucharistic Congress will be held at St. Louis, this year.

Cathedral Centre, Philadelphia. Since the organization of this centre in 1895, 10,632 members have been enrolled. Over 2,000 of these entered the League in 1900, the present number of members being 12,664. There are 3,481 monthly Communicants. There are 512 Promoters.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 276,996.

"In all things give thanks." (1 Thes. v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.—N. B.—Thanksgivings should be neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper, and as briefly as possible, with the name of the person sending them—but not for publication—and the name of the place from which they come.

BROOKLYN.—A person ailing for twelve years, and under surgical and medical treatment for three, astonishes her physician and friends by her recovery. All those years she was recommended to the prayers of the League.

SUPREME COURT, NEW YORK.—“Heartfelt thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the successful passing of the Regents’ examination. I prayed to the Sacred Heart through the souls in purgatory, promising to have a mass said if successful.”

SINGAPORE, INDIA.—“I, one of the Chinese members of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, promised to show my gratitude to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by writing an account of a favor to the *Messenger*.”

GONZAGA COLLEGE, SPOKANE, WASH.—“I had in my class an Indian boy who had four ulcers in his eye. We made a novena to our Lady of Good Counsel, placed a

badge of the Sacred Heart in the bandage, and made a promise of publication if cured. Our blessed Lord has cured the boy. An Indian very devout to the Sacred Heart, and who had the holy custom of receiving holy communion every First Friday, came to the Mission in excellent health. After a short stay at the Mission, he became quite sick, and died within a few hours. He received the last sacraments. Had the man been at his home, the priest could not have reached the place in time. Last Thanksgiving eve, a young man was thawing out some giant-powder in his mine, when suddenly fifteen sticks of the powder exploded. His eyes were blown out and his body horribly mangled. His moans attracted a passer-by, who had the young man dug out of the mass of fallen rocks and dirt. The poor sufferer was removed to the hospital, where our Divine Lord had so planned that a priest was at the time sick. The priest gave the last sacraments to the young man, whose last words were, ‘I thank God for allowing me to live so long.’ He had also made the Nine First Fridays.”

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—“My brother fell, breaking both legs and his right arm at the wrist, and

fractured his skull at the base of the brain; his right eye was bruised, and at first they thought his jaw was broken, but it proved to be a bad cut. A doctor said he wouldn't live to get to the hospital, but he was sent there, and became conscious long enough to give his name and ask for a priest. He remained at the point of death and perfectly delirious. We began a novena to the Sacred Heart, and he became conscious long enough to go to confession and receive holy communion, and became delirious again. We made another novena to the Sacred Heart, and as he still continued so delirious that the doctors believed if he did get well he would never regain the use of his reason, we commenced another. During this novena he suddenly became perfectly conscious, and looked so much better in every way that he was allowed to sit up in bed next day. We made a fourth novena to the Sacred Heart, my brother making it with us, and not long after he walked by himself, holding to the back of a chair. One week from that day he left the hospital, and except for a slight lameness, is as well as ever."

RACINE, WIS.—"For the repentance and happy death of a member of the family. The novena of nine Fridays was commenced, several Masses for the Poor Souls and publication in the *Messenger* were promised. After a few days' ill-

ness, during which time the person prayed for received the grace to return to our dear Lord, his death occurred! He received all of the Sacraments of our Holy Church, and his death was a most peaceful and happy one, all of which we feel confident was granted through devotion to the Sacred Heart."

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, THE DALLES, ORE.—"For being preserved from scarlet fever which raged all around our academy; all our boarders remained well, and out of a hundred day pupils, only the four children of one family had it, although there were as many as sixty cases at once, a great number in a small town like ours."

"I thank the Sacred Heart for the return to the Sacraments of a friend who had not practiced his religion for many years and who refused for a long time, though nigh unto death, to go to confession; and for the cure of a sick mother who was pronounced by her physicians as incurable. Both these favors were obtained after a novena and the promise to have them published if they were granted."

"After promise of publication, Masses for the Holy Souls, and a contribution to St. Anthony's Bread, I received an offer which exceeded my greatest expectations."

"After long prayer for the conversion of a non-Catholic father, he received a badge and repeated a

prayer to Our Lord. The doctors said recovery was impossible and death was daily expected, when suddenly all symptoms of the disease disappeared, and the sick man began to improve. Hearing of the Masses offered, he said that he felt the cure was due to the power of prayer, and he felt proud to wear the Sacred Heart Badge, and a medal of the Blessed Virgin. A few months later, he asked to be admitted into the Catholic Church."

WINFIELD, KAN.—"Her husband voluntarily sent for a priest and died a most happy death. The Sacred Heart Badge which you gave her for him, she will bury with him."

YORK, NEB.—"For more Catholic boarders, preservation in epidemics, recovery of sick teachers, material aids to pay debts."

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—"A little more than a month ago I began a novena, in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a sister who had been out of position as teacher for over a year. Now she has a nice school near home and a certificate. So encouraged by this, I began to pray to the Sacred Heart for the return home of a brother who had been from home over two years and a half and from whom we seldom heard. The night after Christmas, much to our and everybody's surprise, he returned. Another brother was married to a strong Protestant lady over four years ago by a Protes-

tant minister. He was always surrounded by infidels and strong Protestants and haters of our Holy Faith. He returned to the Catholic Church last spring. This was the greatest surprise we have ever experienced. The Heavenly Father alone knows our deep gratitude."

ST. MARY'S INDIAN SCHOOL, WIS.—"A few months ago we feared we would be obliged to close our schools on account of diphtheria and small-pox. We pinned a badge of the Sacred Heart in our classrooms and promised if preserved from these diseases to publish the favor in the *Messenger*.

"The agents sent out to collect Indian children for the various government schools, seemed to think that our school was no longer to exist after the government aid was withdrawn. They did all in their power to break up our school, spread false reports and even threatened to take our children, which they did in a few cases, and compel them to attend the government schools. But in spite of all, our attendance is larger than ever before."

Spiritual Favors.—*Baltimore.*—The return of a person to religious duties after eight years; a great favor and a conversion to the faith.

Milwaukee.—A brother's long-delayed repentance. *Concord, N. H.*—A great spiritual favor several times received. *Dallas, Ore.*—Assistance in spiritual danger. *New*

York.—A religious returns thanks for many favors. A brother's return to the Sacraments after eighteen years. Also, the holy and happy death of a brother after years of neglect. *Utica, N. Y.*—A happy death after years of religious indifference. *Youngstown, O.*—A great favor: a Mass of thanksgiving was said. Another great favor through the Sacred Heart. *New York*.—Two spiritual favors. *Traverse City, Mich.*—A son's conversion after seven years: a novena was made and five Masses promised with publication. *San Francisco*.—Sale of property after novena to the Sacred Heart. *Adams, Mass.*—A spiritual favor: Masses were offered and novenas to the Sacred Heart.

Temporal Favors.—*Cape May, N. J.*—Deliverance from small-pox. *Rochester, N. Y.*—Relief in bodily affliction on application of the badge. *Chicago*.—Cure of sore throat in a similar manner. *Boston Mass.*—A mother's life spared after a promise to the Sacred Heart. *Albany, N. Y.*—Three persons cured. *St. Louis*.—A favor: a novena of Masses for the Holy Souls was promised. *Milwaukee*.—Cure of inflammatory rheumatism. *Bakersfield, Cal.*—"I owe all my success to the Sacred Heart." *Phila.*—Two favors; a speedy recovery. *Holley, N. J.*—A favor; a cure: the badge was used. "It is not the first time our prayers to the Sacred Heart have been answered." *Scranton Pa.*—Success in teaching. A sister getting well:

"We are very happy and grateful." *Baltimore*.—Relief in financial difficulty. *Centre Moriches, L. I.*—Success in a dangerous operation and other favors. *Denver, Col.*—Withdrawal of lawsuit: "Nothing appeared to change the minds of the prosecutors till the Sacred Heart was begged to change hearts." *Minneapolis*.—Help in a crisis: a monthly Mass was promised for a year. Relief in heart trouble: the badge was applied. *Racine, Wis.*—A position quickly obtained. *Cleveland*.—A valuable article found: "I promised to do all in my power to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart." *Osborne, N. Y.*—Cure of convulsions. *Brooklyn*.—Safety from foreclosure and other favors. *St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Dayton, O.*—Immediate relief from headache. *New York*.—Relief in illness. *South Boston*.—Improvement in position: twelve Masses were promised. *New Orleans*.—Success in long litigation. *New York*.—A desired employment in the city. *Brooklyn*.—Aid in financial distress. Immediate renunciation of intemperance. Recovery from pneumonia; the Promoter's Cross was used. *Phila.*—A very great favor: Mass was promised for the Holy Souls and the *Magnificat* for thirty days. *Carlisle, Pa.*—Money received contrary to all hope. A prayer fully heard after three months. *Texas*.—An almost miraculous escape from losing an eye; publication was promised. *New York*.—Relief in palpitation of the

heart. *New Orleans*.—Relief from excruciating pain owing to abscess in the ear, in promising a spiritual work and publication. *N. Y.*—A young man obtained permanent employment on promising a novena to the Sacred Heart. Recovery from very serious illness; the Promoter's Cross was applied. *Huntingdon, W. Va*.—Success in examination and recovery from nervous attack. *Milwaukee*.—A very sore hand, soon was better after applying the Badge. Success in business. *Jersey City*.—Recovery from asphyxiation after three hours' unconsciousness, the doctors laboring in vain; the Badge was applied an hour before. *Chicago*.—A better position and increase of salary. *Portland, Ore.*.—Success and other benefits. *Charlestown, Mass.*.—Relief from pain: two Masses were promised for the Holy Souls. *Baton Rouge*.—A great favor. A cure and relief from pain. *Cleveland*.—Cure of pneumonia. *Westwood, Md.*.—Cure of child. *N. Y.*—Two great favors when two persons were in danger of death. Cure of a child. *Defiance, O.*.—Special favors. *N. Y.*—Relief from toothache and peace in family. *Rosebank, S. I.*.—A favor: Mass of thanksgiving was said. *Denver, Col.*.—"The recovery from dangerous illness of a beloved sister, mother of a family. *Minneapolis*.—Finding of a valuable article. Recovery

of parents; Promoter's Cross was used.

N. Y.—"A law suit gained; Mass of Sacred Heart was said, and one in thanksgiving promised. *N. Y.*—A remarkable cure through the intercession of St. Anne. *N. Y.*—A special favor; a subscription to the *Messenger* for five years was promised. *St. Paul, Minn.*.—The day a promise was made to contribute to St. Anthony's Bread, a business transaction, bringing \$1,000 was begun. The circumstances were very noteworthy. *Lawrence Co., Pa.*.—Recovery from mental malady. Cure of a wound; the badge was applied. *N. Y.*—Recovery after a series of painful and dangerous operations.

Thanksgivings have been also received from *Louisville (O.)*, *Sacramento*, *St. Mary's School, Odanah, Wis.*, *Adams, Mass.*, *Spokane, Wash.*, and from other places not named.

OBITUARY.

Sister M. Maude, St. Ignatius Loyola, Dubuque, Ia. Miss Kate Scanlon, St. Rose, San Francisco. Mr. Michael Bourke, St. Mary's School Centre, Buffalo. Margaret Guthrie and Ella McCune, St. Mary, Hudson, N. Y. E. S. Sanquinelle, St. Francis Xavier, St. Louis. Miss Josephine Wise and Mrs. Hannah Mahony, Immaculate Conception, Boston.

BOOK REVIEW.

A TALE OF PAGAN ROME. By Rixford J. Lincoln.

This is a short story of the martyrdom of some Christians in the reign of Nero. The opening scene of the baptism of Lydia in the Catacombs is imaginary. Baptism was not conferred in the off-hand fashion which is there described, nor were pagans admitted to the Christian assemblies. The style of the book needs chastening. The concluding sentence of the first chapter will serve as an example: "A solitary star rested like a diamond on the soft violet breast of the night and a mellow moon was shooting forth brilliant darts of light from her crystal mouth," etc. There is plenty of action in the story.

TRUE PEDAGOGICS AND FALSE ETHICS. By the Rev. Wm. Poland, S. J. B. Herder, St. Louis.

The active pen of Father Poland puts in clear vigorous language the urgent necessity of morality in education. He shows that without morality, education has proven to be a source of criminality to a very dreadful extent, especially in France where the scheme of separation of the two was carried out remorselessly and he draws from that example a lesson for our own country. Non-Catholics are awakening from the dream which has almost wrecked our whole educational system "from the scissors and dumb-bells of the kindergarten to the wild athletics and intangible philosophy of the university." The National Educational Association, however, which met in Milwaukee in 1897, still clings to the fetish of independent morality, while on the other hand even an atheist like Frederick Harrison says that "morality apart from religion is a rattling of dry bones."

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE. A Play for Young Children, by Mary T. Robertson. R. & T. Washbourne, London.

In this little pamphlet of forty-six pages, the writer has accumulated enough dramatic matter for one of Shakespeare's tragedies. The readiness with which her heroine, Berthe, keeps on sacrificing herself for her enemies until she calmly walks to the guillotine, is quite inconceivable in the fashion in which it is presented in the play. The character of her lover, a bloody-minded revolutionist, who becomes as meek as a sucking dove at the slightest provocation is likewise *invraisemblable*. The play needs elaboration even if it be for children, or rather because it is for children. The scope is too wide for a child's drama.

THE ROSE OF SLEAT. A Historical Drama, by S. M. Lyne. R. & T. Washbourne, London.

The Rose is Flora Macdonald who helps Prince Charlie to escape from his enemies. The prince cuts a sorry figure and the brogue and boorishness which he adopts when disguised as *Betty* Burke makes him as ridiculous as

his whimpering shows him to be cowardly. For a Briton to write thus of a king is *lèse majesté*. Is there any warrant for the expression "I ken of," or is it the Irishman's unhappy "offer" at "I donna ken"? And would a soldier who talks in blank verse even if his name is O'Neal, lapse into "Indade." There are dances and songs in plenty; but the play if diverting is not educational.

BLESSED MARY MAGDALEN OF BARCO. RULES FOR CHILD TRAINING. Jos. Schaeffer, N. Y.

Blessed Mary was canonized last year. Hence the reason of this little pamphlet. It is quite well written and possibly may be of use to pious souls who are tormented when going to Holy Communion. The saint's troubles with her four aunts are almost amusing. The two who were in the world were a help to her; the two who were nuns—cranky and ill-natured persecutors.

The Rules for Child Training are printed on one broad sheet for the purpose of framing. They are excellent and ecclesiastically endorsed.

THE NEW RACCOLTA, or Collection of Prayers and Good Works to which Indulgences are attached is just out from the publishing house of P. J. Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia. It is fully authorized and of course is to be recommended.

ILLUSTRATED EXPLANATION OF THE CREED. By the Rev. H. Rolfus. Benziger Bros.

This book is well printed and well illustrated, but its merit lies chiefly in the fact that it furnishes a compendious theology of the subject which it treats. Take for example its discussion of the difference between Bishops and Priests; the Rights of Bishops; the Power of the Keys, etc. It ought to be a serviceable book for priests in preparing instructions and perhaps will recall much that has been studied in larger dogmatic treatises.

FUN AND FROLIC. Fourteen New Plays by Frances Isabelle Kershaw. Burns and Oats, London.

There is certainly plenty of fun and lots of frolic in these fourteen plays for children. *Scrooge's Christmas* is well adapted from Dickens. *Rather Deaf* is full of humor and *George Washington's Hatchet* is a good example of the stupidity of an alleged precocious child to whom the story is told. The little book is dedicated by Mother Isabelle to the Children of the Apostolic School. Mother Isabelle ought to be able to keep her charges in good humor, with fun and frolic of this description.

LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. By the Rev. J. Pusieux. Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio.

This *Life* is intended for the instruction of the young. It is a compendium, and follows the chronological order of Fouard's beautiful book. The author modestly says, "It was easy to compile the foot-notes from Guerin, de Vogué and many travellers of the day." But besides, the foot-

notes he gives us many valuable references as we go along and tells us where more detailed accounts or more elaborate discussions may be found with regard to the questions touched upon. This feature of the little book makes it quite a treasure. The author has made us a present, so to say, of his private note-book. Thus for example when giving us some historical information about the Pool of Bethesda he refers us to Baron de Vaux on the same subject; when speaking of the Sermon on the Mount he suggests the reading of Bossuet on the Beatitudes, which the printer by the way has made *Beautitudes*. Possibly they are spiritual beautitudes. It is an excellent little book.

THE PAGE OF JAMES THE FIFTH. Translated from the French by S. A. C. R. & T. Washbourne, London.

The *Page* is a well-told story. It is a historical novel built upon the struggles of the Douglas and Hamilton Clans to get possession of King James during his minority. We are not told who is the author but S. A. C. has "with the author's permission" done it into English so well that not a trace of its Gallic origin is visible. Even the horses when tired are "dead beat"—an expression which has not risen above the colloquial in America but is well regarded in England. Dickens said he was "dead sleepy," but of that and "dead beat" and other locutions of the kind we are still a "trifle shy."

Boys ought to take very kindly to the book. The salmon fishing incident with its subsequent fight, the dreadful murder of the page's father after his brave but foolish encounter with Wedderburne, Angus' game of "bones" (which is probably our "jackstones") with the little king, all the scenes in which Cardinal Beaton figures—which are well described and with sympathy for that statesman—the growing friendship of the young king and the page, the conspiracy in the cave of the mountains, the battles, the rescues—all with the substantial basis of history—make up a very readable book. Perhaps the tragedy of the sack comes once too often. When the page is tied up in it once or supposed to be, and then supposedly drowned, it is scarcely artistic to repeat the same process again at the end of the book. Some other method of attempted murder might have been imagined. Nevertheless the story is extremely well told and considerable dramatic force is displayed throughout. It would be a very easy task to "stage" it and make it a college play. There is but one woman in it, the weird old Peggy who is a sort of a modified Meg Merrilies, and her surroundings are not so feminine as to make it absolute that she must be debarred. At all events she could easily be modified so as to fit in with the requirements. We should like to know the name of the author.

A THREEFOLD TRIUMPH OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS was the subject of an impressive discourse pronounced by Father Stanislaus de Bonis, S. J., at Naples on the occasion of the centenary of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. The triple triumph over the French revolution was gained

by the spirit, the object, and the rapid extension of the institute of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. The most terrible event of modern history was the French revolution. It proclaimed reason as the supreme rule, instead of revelation. But it could not stop there. It proclaimed the worship of woman—that is, her utter and nameless degradation; and the result was the furies of the guillotine. What a fall for France, which used to lead the way in Christian greatness! Social atheism came from the supremacy of reason, and social corruption from the new goddess seated amid pagan orgies on the high altar of Notre Dame. Because the mother is the source—physical and moral—of human society, the church watched over woman and elevated her. She was made to *help* man; she remained by the cross when men had fled. Therefore, particularly in France, the Church quickly raised her up as the fury of the revolution died under the frown of Napoleon. St. Vincent de Paul introduced woman into Christian social action, and Our Lord gave to Mother Barat and her daughters the mild spirit of His Heart, against the revolt of the revolution; the mission to give to woman an education as solid as elevated, and therefore Apostolic, against the revolution's corruption; and He spread the new institute over the world, beyond where the principles of the revolution had gone.

AN HOUR BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, by the Rev. James Conway, S. J. Price 10 cents. League of the Sacred Heart. Church of St. Ignatius Layola, 980 Park Avenue, New York.

We need not introduce Father Conway to *Messenger* readers. The *Hour* which he gives us in this little brochure of twenty-three pages is the *Holy Hour*, and is intended to be an example of the matter and manner of performing that devotion of the League.

Very interesting is the *Annual Report* of the Apostolic College of Turnhout (Belgium), founded and directed by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Besides obituary notices of the founder, Father Boefman and Father Janssens, one of the first superiors, it contains a number of most interesting letters from former students, now dispersed over the wide mission field, in many different religious associations.

STELLA MARIS.

We have received the first number of this interesting little monthly, issued from the office of the English *Messenger*. It is written for Catholic seamen, who, so often, amongst a majority of non-Catholic companions, and in non-Catholic seamen's homes, are left without Catholic literature or influence. We warmly welcome *Stella Maris*, and congratulate its editor. "You have undertaken a noble mission, and one which will certainly bear good fruit," writes Cardinal Vaughan, on the opening page. Besides its entertaining and valuable matter, *Stella Maris* contains very useful notices and reminders to our Catholic seamen, indicating the means of procuring Catholic literature, the residences of priests at seaports, etc.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of January 1901, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Baltimore	Washington, D. C.	St. Augustine's Church	8
Belleville	Waterloo, Ill.	Ss. Peter and Paul's "	4
Boston	St. Lawrence, Mass.	St. Patrick's "	25
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Mary Star of the Sea "	6
"	Kings Park, N. Y.	St. Joseph's "	6
"	Winfield Junction, N. Y.	Help of Christians "	12
Brownsville	Goliad, Texas	St. Mary's "	5
Buffalo	Batavia, N. Y.	Mercy Convent	4
Charleston	Charleston, S. C.	St. Patrick's Church	6
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Benedict's Convent	3
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Francis de Sales Church	12
Cleveland	Nelsonville, "	St. Anthony's "	1
"	Ottawa, Ohio	Ss. Peter and Paul's "	12
Davenport	Keokuk, Iowa	St. Peter's "	2
Dubuque	Sioux City, Iowa	St. Mary's School	3
Duluth	Red Lake Falls, Minn.	Immaculate Conception Church	10
Hartford	Bridgeport, Conn.	St. Mary's "	22
"	Greenwich, "	" "	31
"	Hartford, "	Our Lady of Sorrows "	12
"	Waterbury, "	St. Joseph's "	3
Leavenworth	Atchison, Kans.	Sacred Heart "	5
"	Kansas City, Kans.	St. Margaret's Hospital	1
"	St. Mary's, Kans.	Immaculate Conception Church	6
Marquette	Ironwood, Mich.	St. Ambrose's "	22
Milwaukee	Columbus, Wis.	St. Jerome's "	1
Nesqually	Seattle, Wash.	Sacred Heart "	6
"	Spokane, Wash.	Our Lady of Lourdes "	2
Newark	Jersey City, N. J.	St. Peter's "	11
"	W. Hoboken, N. J.	St. Michael's "	2
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Joseph's "	2
New York	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Our Lady of Victory "	8
"	New York, "	Holy Rosary "	5
"	"	St. Ignatius Loyola "	1
"	"	St. Paul the Apostle "	15
Peoria	Rock Island, Ill.	Sacred Heart "	41
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Joseph's "	14
"	"	St. Thomas Aquinas "	2
Pittsburg	Irwin, Pa.	Immaculate Conception "	8
"	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Laurence's "	6
Providence	Providence, R. I.	Sacred Heart Academy	1
Rochester	Brockport, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Convent	7
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Agnes' Church	8
"	"	St. John Nepomuk's "	1
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal.	Sacred Heart Academy	6
Tucson	Las Cruces, N. Mex.	Visitation "	3

Total Number of Receptions, 45.
Omitted from December list: Brooklyn, N. Y.

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 371.
St. Ambrose's Church, 5.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, January 1 to 31, 1901.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Finbar's Church	Jan. 1
*Cleveland	Lorain, Ohio	Nativity B.V.M.	Jan. 2
"	"	St. John the Baptist	Jan. 22
Davenport	Centreville, Iowa	St. Mary's	Jan. 7
Detroit	Bad Axe, Mich.	Sacred Heart	Jan. 31
Dubuque	Salix, Iowa	St. Joseph's	Jan. 7
Fargo	Fargo, N. D.	St. Mary's Cathedral	Jan. 7
Hartford	East Hampton, Conn.	St. Patrick's Church	Jan. 12
Leavenworth	Baldwin, Kans.	Annunciation B.V.M.	Jan. 22
Milwaukee	Elk Horn, Wis.	St. Patrick's	Jan. 7
Ogdensburg	Alexandria Bay, N. Y.	St. Cyril's	Jan. 31
*St. Paul	Chanhausen, Minn.	St. Hubert's	Jan. 21
San Antonio	San Antonio, Tex.	Our Lady of Charity Monastery	Jan. 22
Savannah	Augusta, Ga.	St. Patrick's Church	Jan. 7
Tucson	Solomonville, Ariz.	Our Lady of Guadalupe	Jan. 22
Winona	Iona, Minn.	St. Columba's	Jan. 22

Aggregations, 16; cathedral, 1; churches, 14; monastery, 1.

* Aggregated at office of *Der Sendbote*, Cincinnati.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.	
1. Acts of Charity	6,638,820	11. Masses heard	277,652
2. Beads	478,450	12. Mortifications	323,144
3. Way of the Cross	64,280	13. Works of Mercy	390,607
4. Holy Communions	100,586	14. Works of Zeal	266,087
5. Spiritual Communions	1,681,923	15. Prayers	13,076,946
6. Examen of Conscience	470,053	16. Kindly Conversation	1,732,432
7. Hours of Labor	973,199	17. Suffering, afflictions	92,921
8. Hours of Silence	579,680	18. Self-conquest	380,255
9. Pious Reading	213,072	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	318,900
10. Masses read	6,807	20. Various Good Works	1,706,20
Total, 29,782,020			

Intentions or Good Works put in the box or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, *Messenger*, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse and Lourdes.

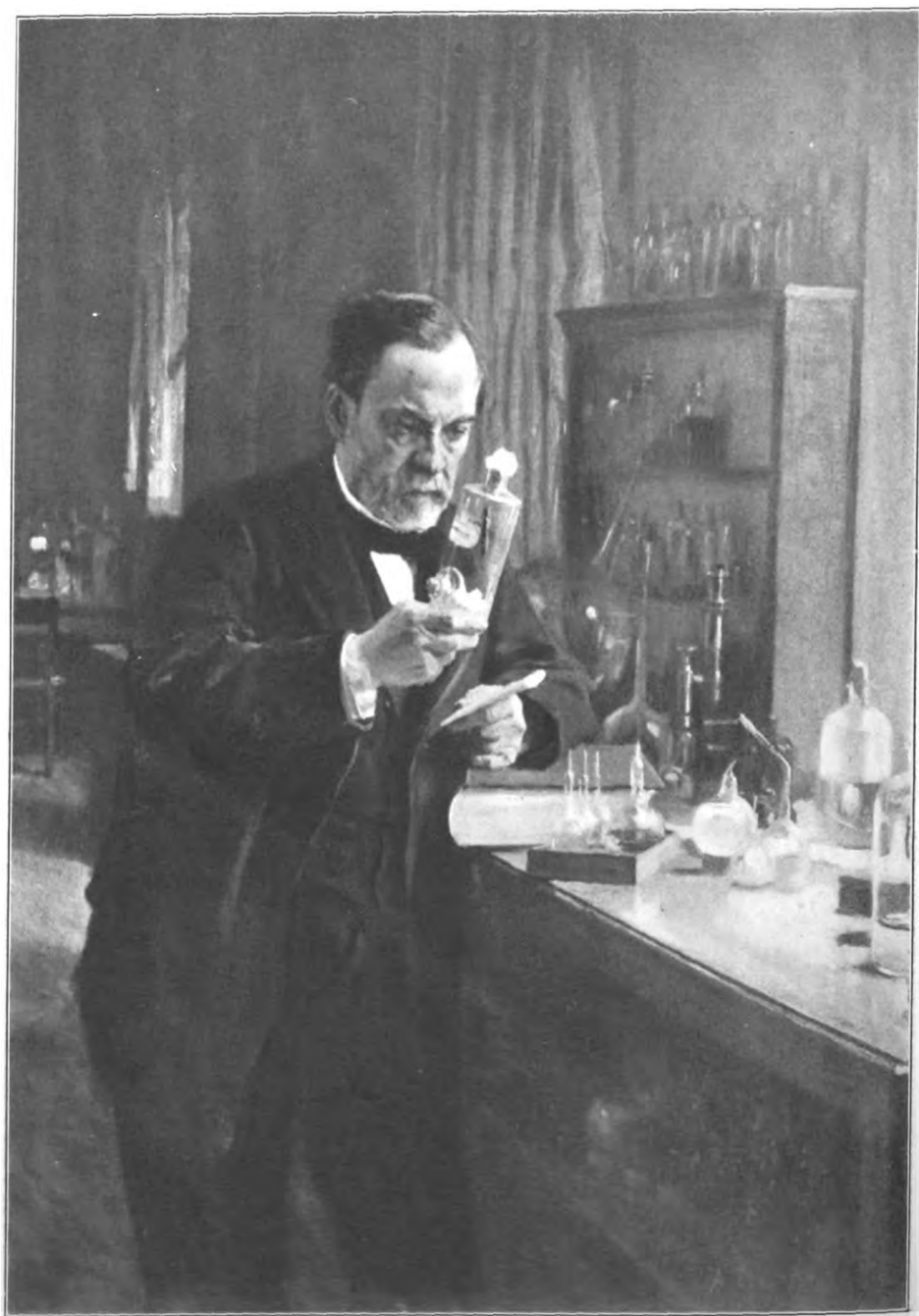
CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, MARCH, 1901

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for The Religious Orders in France.

DAYS.	FEASTS AND PATRONS.	VIRTUES.	PETITIONS.
1 F.	Ember Day.— First Friday .—Holy Lance and Nails.—St. Albinus (549).—1st D., A.C. ∞	Charity.	276,596 for thanksgivings.
2 S.	Ember Day.—Blessed Charles of Flanders (1127) ∞	Almsgiving.	162,141 for the afflicted.
3 S.	2d in Lent .—St. Cunegundes (1048).	Detachment.	122,412 for the sick, infirm.
4 M.	St. Casimir, Prince of Poland (1484).	Love of chastity.	132,073 for dead Associates.
5 T.	St. John Joseph of the Cross, C. (O. F. M., 1734).—St. Adrian (308).	Fortitude.	32,552 for Local Centres.
6 W.	St. Colette, V. (O. F. M., 1447) ∞	True reform.	44,305 for Directors.
7 Th.	St. Thomas Aquinas, C. D. (O. P., 1274).—SS. Perpetua and Felicitas (203)—H.H.	Understanding.	111,594 for Promoters.
8 F.	Holy Winding Sheet.—St. John of God, C. (1550). ∞	Mercy.	665,331 for the departed.
9 S.	St. Frances of Rome, W. (1440).—Pr.	Devotion to the [angels].	398,256 for perseverance.
10 S.	3d in Lent .—The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste (220).	Endurance.	212,063 for the young.
11 M.	St. Eulogius, M. (859).	Spirit of martyr-	99,264 for 1st Communions.
12 T.	St. Gregory the Great, P. C. D. (604).—A.C.	Zeal. [dom.]	122,725 for parents.
13 W.	St. Euphrasia, V. (410). ∞	Self-sacrifice.	117,650 for families.
14 Th.	St. Mathilda, W. (Empress of Germany, 968).—H.H.	Patience.	69,754 for reconciliations.
15 F.	Five Holy Wounds.—St. Longinus, M. (I. Century). ∞	Repentance.	105,758 for work, means.
16 S.	St. Abraham, C. (VI. Century).	Pity for sinners.	207,740 for the clergy.
17 S.	4th in Lent .—St. Patrick, Bp. C. (Apostle of Ireland, 464).—C.R.	Spirit of faith.	587,768 for religious.
18 M.	St. Gabriel, Archangel.	Reverence.	65,028 for seminarists, novices
19 T.	St. Joseph, C., Spouse B.V.M.—Pr. A.I., A.C.	Justice.	78,166 for vocations.
20 W.	St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp. C. (386). ∞	Hatred of Arian-	52,353 for parishes.
21 Th.	St. Benedict, Ab. F. (O. S. B., 543).—H.H.	Peace. [ism.]	70,211 for schools.
22 F.	Most Precious Blood.—St. Catharine of Sweden, V. (1381). ∞	Chastity.	60,480 for superiors.
23 S.	St. Victorians and Companions, M.M. (484).	Confessing Christ.	42,297 for missions, retreats.
24 S.	Passion Sunday .—St. Simon, Child Martyr (1472).	Innocence.	38,011 for societies, works.
25 M.	Annunciation, B.V.M.—A.I., A.C.	Humility.	686,340 for conversions.
26 T.	St. Ludger, Bp. C. (809).	Liberty of spirit.	397,665 for sinners.
27 W.	St. John Damascene, C.D. (780).—St. John of Egypt, H. (394). ∞	Retirement.	126,249 for the intemperate.
28 Th.	St. John Capistran, C. (Minorite, 1456)—St. Gontran (593).—H.H.	Gentleness.	600,993 for spiritual favors.
29 F.	Seven Dolours B.V.M.—SS. Jonas and Barachisus, M.M. (337). ∞	Fidelity.	131,970 for temporal favors.
30 S.	St. John Climacus, Ab. (605).	Silence.	327,849 for special, various.
31 S.	Palm Sunday .—St. Balbina, V. (132).	Purity.	For Messenger readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship. (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C. R.—Communion of Reparation. H.H.—Holy Hour); A. I.,—Apostolic; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.



PASTEUR IN HIS LABORATORY.
(Edelfelt.)

A glance at the Table of Contents of this sample copy of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart will satisfy you that it is a Magazine specially suitable for Communities of Religious, and the schools or institutions under their charge.

The Editors try to keep it always interesting, instructive, entertaining, thoroughly Catholic in the tone of its articles, and select as well as comprehensive in its chronicle, religious news, editorials and book reviews. It is a complete religious magazine for the more intelligent among the laity, and the official organ of the Apostleship of Prayer in League with the Sacred Heart, containing every month a complete explanation of the Intention, which is always some leading Catholic interest, along with timely articles, illustrated sketches, stories, editorials, book reviews and chronicle of events of interest to Catholics, leaving to its Supplement, issued separately, all that pertains to the working of the Association, and brief articles on prayer, devotion to the Sacred Heart and other pious topics. In short, its contents are such as every religious likes to read and recommend to others.

Subscription, the Messenger alone \$1.50; or Clubs of three \$4.00. The Messenger with Supplement, \$2.00; or Clubs of three, \$5.00.

Subscriptions may be sent to our office, 27-29 West 16th St., New York, or through the leading publishers or magazine agencies.

John J. Wynne, S. J.,
Editor.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXVI.

APRIL, 1901.

No. 4.

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

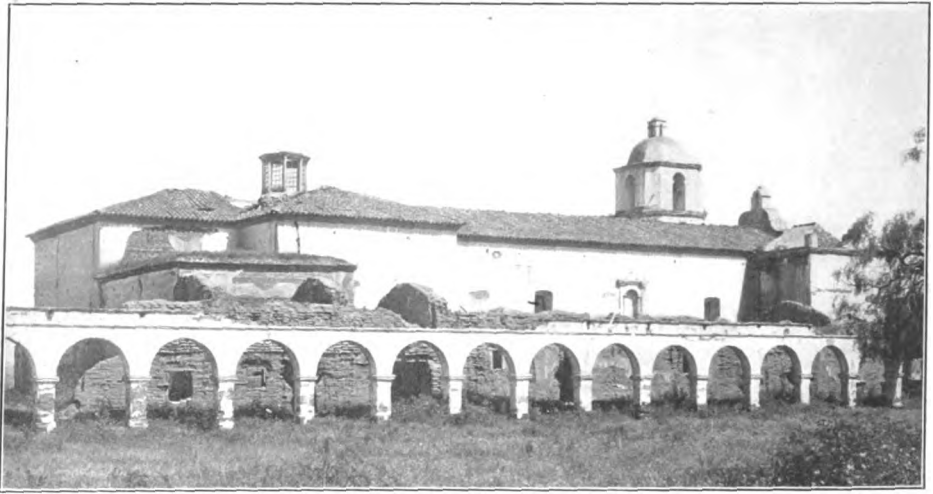
By Edith Martin Smith.

"In happy climes where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue;
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true."

WHETHER we are created for the sole purpose of working out our own salvation and allowing our neighbor to do the same, is a question which theologians must decide; but we certainly are not put here to solve the problem of other people's daily actions nor to determine why, under certain conditions, our fellow-beings comport themselves in a manner quite contrary to that which we expect of them. It requires, indeed, greater self-knowledge than the most of us possess to foretell what we, ourselves, would do or say when brought face to face with an unexpected crisis, and, hence, it is in a spirit of laudable inquiry rather than one of carping criticism that the writer ventures to ask why so many intelligent, and apparently well educated Americans persist in frittering away summer after summer in the oppressive and uncomfortable atmosphere of gossipy watering-places, while others satisfy their thirst for the sea by investing in a fashionably cut bathing suit and lounging along the sandy shores of New Jersey—and kindred coast resorts—when there is so much of interest to be seen in the accessible parts of our western states.

Wherever the Rocky Mountain system marks the continent with its Titanic vertebrae there are vistas of strange, and in some regions of magnificent beauty, much of which must remain, for some years to come, unknown to the majority of travellers in spite of the wonderful feats of railroad engineering and the thin bands of glittering steel that are gradually abridging time and welding the distant states together.

Since, however, the westernmost of these states is, because of its importance, more easily reached than many of the intermediate ones, California has in recent years come to be an objective point for hosts of tourists who go there to see California and not merely to take passage for Japan, China or Hawaii, and when we consider the varied allurements that this bountifully endowed region holds out to nature lovers, we can readily pardon her people their childishly ingenuous pride in her superior attractions. It is to be doubted if any other part of the union equals this "Golden State" in variety of resources, mildness of climate and semitropical luxuriance of vegetation or surpasses her in beauty of marine and mountain scenery. One simply can't escape



SAN LUIS REY MISSION—INSIDE COURT FROM NORTHWEST.

scenery in California. It envelopes and permeates us in the manner of a mid-summer fog in San Francisco ; but, during several decades of periodical and systematic "booming" California has been so thoroughly written up by abler and more *interested* pens than mine, that it would be redundant to dwell upon her charms. For this reason I will resist the temptation and speak only of her missions the founding and developing of which constitute an episode altogether unique in American history. Even a tersely detailed recital of the mission fathers' early labors would fill a volume. Interesting reading it makes, for most of their story is still preserved in manuscript at San Luis Rey, which has now become a seminary for the education of priests whose field of labor will lie in Mexico, all such religious institutions being prohibited under the present régime of our neighboring republic. Unfortunately, space forbids more than the briefest account of these missions the establishment of which heralded the dawn of Christianity among the Indians of that section. In the past America has owed much to Spain ; in the present, one of her most advanced and enlightened states points with pride to the picturesque architecture of these crumbling ruins as her

legacy from that once powerful country, for Father Junipero Serra and the three priests who aided him in his arduous undertaking were all of Spanish birth. They were Franciscans who had been sent long after their youth was past to the college of San Fernando in the city of Mexico and it was there they conceived the idea of extending a chain of missions northward through Alta California. After some difficulty permission was obtained from the mother country and the pious zeal of one man, already past the prime of life and afflicted with a painful sore on one of his legs, accomplished the stupendous work of converting and civilizing thousands of Indians and establishing in their midst a paternal government that was as kindly as it was successful.

The history of California is written in the deeds of but three full generations of men! Lives of action theirs were in every sense of the word for there was no place in these ecclesiastical communities for such as "only stand and wait." In 1769 the initial movement was made and an overland expedition left Mexico with Father Serra, driving before them the horses and stock necessary for their undertaking ; at the same time, two vessels sailed up the coast, but before they met to join forces at San Diego one

ship was lost and many of the crew of the other died soon after landing. A discouraging beginning had they been men of weaker character, but, nothing dismayed, the remainder of the little force set about carrying out their zealous Padre's commands, and, thus, the first of the California missions was started and Father Serra's life work begun. Surely, the approving heavens never smiled on a fairer spot than the one where stands to-day the dilapidated remains of these time-stained buildings whose only present claim to notice lies in the memories and associations that link them to the past. From Mission Heights the country is spread out before us like a verdant map; the winding highway, a *via dolorosa* over which poor Father Serra walked with painful steps to Monterey, threads the mountains as of old, and flower-starred hills bound the narrow valley on either side as it slopes westward to the great blue ocean. Peaceful enough to merit the name its discoverer

gave it the ocean seemed on that clear afternoon when, standing on the Heights, we could distinctly see the white caps breaking on its distant shore and the hazy outlines of San Clementina Island melting into sea and sky over sixty miles away. To the south lies the bay of San Diego separated from the Pacific by shining reefs of sand, so narrow and flat that they strike one as an altogether insufficient barrier against the mighty surf that beats unceasingly upon them; and, yet, from time immemorial those waves have boomed in tempestuous anger or broken in smiling billows upon this reef and it has never been submerged. It would seem that God had given His command at the creation—thus far shalt thou go and no farther, “and the winds and the sea obeyed him.” It was not, however, to gratify their love of the beautiful in nature that the fathers were guided in their choice of situation, though one might well be pardoned for thinking so; eternal vig-



SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

ilance was the price of safety, and, for this reason, the site usually selected was a commanding point in a valley not far from the ocean where the surrounding country was in view to guard against the approach of hostile Indians and where water for irrigation and household purposes could be easily obtained.

It is all peace and beauty now, but, in 1769, California was an unexplored wilderness, and, in this age of scepticism, it is hard for the multitude to conceive the mental attitude of these mission-priests who braved the perils of an uncivilized country, the attacks of warlike savages and lifelong exile from home and friends for the purpose of carrying the gospel to the untutored redman. Starvation and dangers from every source beset them ; martyrs there were among them as a matter of necessity, but their martyrdom was accompanied by no fanfare of trumpets ; no national monuments have been erected to their memory nor were allied armies sent to avenge their death. The first Mass was celebrated in a rude enclosure of reeds, *the church bells hanging from adjacent trees* ; but, in time, a suitable church and cloister were erected. Considering the material at hand it is almost impossible to realize how these sturdy, stately buildings ever grew to be an accom-

plished fact, for, as a matter of course, only unskilled workmen and the most primitive tools could be had and timber had to be brought from forests high up in the mountains—sometimes at a distance of fifty miles and more. It is said—though I would not vouch for the truth of this tradition—that after a tree was felled and ready for transportation, it was blessed by the directing padre and from that time on it never touched the ground being carried by successive relays of Indians over rugged and precipitous trails, until it reached its ultimate destination. The stone used in the construction was quarried from the nearest hills while the sunbaked tiles and adobe bricks were made on the spot. With such paucity of appliances one would naturally expect but meagre results in the way of architectural finish ; on the contrary, we have a beauty of design that has outlasted the century, and, even in their ruined condition, the old California mission presents to-day the most picturesque examples of architecture on the American continent. As some writer has feelingly remarked “it is the spirit of absolute sincerity and immediate contact with nature, as well as of loving interest, that characterizes the work ; they were literally hewn out of the surrounding land by the pious



SAN DIEGO MISSION.



GARDEN AT SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

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zeal of their builders. There are a softness and harmony about the lines that show the work of hands rather than machines, and the soft buff walls and dull red tiles are in perfect harmony."

Six years after the completion of the San Diego mission, the Indians, resenting the conversion of so many of their number, fell upon the struggling settlement killing three of its inhabitants, wounding many others and burning several buildings; it was not the first attack, nor the last, but patient Father Serra continued his proselyting methods of kindness and love and, fifty years from the establishment of the first mission, a chain of twenty similar ones dotted the valleys of the Pacific coast, each within a day's journey of the next. It is to be regretted that the pious sower could not have lived to see this encouraging realization of his dearest hopes, but he had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that the seed he planted with such toil and hardship had taken root in good soil.

At the height of these missions' success and when the Indians were living useful, happy lives—under an ecclesiastical supervision, it is true, but one en-

tirely conducive to their temporal welfare—there came an order from Mexico abolishing the Franciscans and causing a general upheaval. Shortly afterwards Fremont and Stockton appeared on the scene, the cry of "gold" was echoed to far eastern states and the old order of things passed away forever! Much that was idyllic passed away with it for these were the times of simple pleasures and of easily acquired plenty, of cool, thick-walled adobes and sunny *patios* where laughing children played among the flowers during the day and at night the soft guitars tinkled a serenade; the times when gaily costumed *caballeros* called several thousand acres a *rancho* and where countless numbers of sheep and cattle pastured on one domain. The relentless years have changed all that. The childish simplicity is gone and the open-handed hospitality; instead of Indian voices singing their hymn the clanging of electric cars and the shrill whistle of locomotives are heard. Time has dealt harshly, too, with most of these mission buildings and the silent cloisters have become the

home of bats, the nesting place of owls : but of late a club for the preservation of California's ancient landmarks has taken the work of their restoration in hand, and, since Charles F. Lummis, a western writer of note and an enthusiast on all such subjects, is an energetic member of this club, we may rest assured that the results will be successful. Already San Juan Capistrano, the most picturesque ruin in the country, has been partially restored and San Fernando, it is said, will be next attempted. It must not be understood that the

unique belfry overlooking the quiet cemetery and its interior decorations are startling ; but the situation is superb and Pala quite repays one his efforts to reach it. San Luis Rey and Santa Barbara have been restored and are again under the jurisdiction of the Franciscans ; the latter because of its proximity to the pretty little town of the same name is, I presume, the best known of all the missions. It is built, as are all the more pretentious establishments, around a large court which serves as *patio* ; the rooms open on a



VERANDA OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRAN MISSION.

club is endeavoring to modernize or build up these old cloisters ; the idea is merely to preserve them from total decay. Seen by daylight, San Juan Capistrano is a delightful subject for a photograph or sketch, but, viewed by moonlight (and no well-regulated mind ever pictures a ruin under any other condition), it is perfect.

Pala is a fascinating little place, somewhat remote and difficult of access ; it never became a mission settlement but old associations still cling to it and Indians for miles around come to the little church to worship. It has a most

long corridor which is strengthened and beautified by massive arches and roofed with tiles ; at one end of the quadrangle stands the chapel with its thick walls and small, high windows. There was nothing especially attractive about this church which is quite *à la Mexicana*, but it is devotional in spite of a certain crudity of taste. A Franciscan father escorted our party through the quaint old garden that serves also as burying-ground, and placed candles on the wide stone stairway that led to the belfry. The bells came from Spain and are one hundred and thirteen years old—an an-

tiquity that seems venerable in a place like California where everything is so recent. From the tower we looked down into the monks' garden which it is forbidden to enter, and saw a brown-robed friar strolling beneath the orange trees and oleanders reading his office, and, somehow, because of the humanness of human nature, this garden appeared infinitely more alluring than the one we had just visited.

There is no doubt but that much of the enchantment of these old missions is due to the perennial mildness of the California climate. The ever-changing greens and misty purples of the surrounding hills make a background that is in absolute harmony, and there are vines in plenty to hide with gentle fingers the ravages of Father Time. One cannot fail to remark how artistically these venerable ruins accord with the landscape of the Pacific coast, and many handsome homes in Los Angeles and its suburbs show that this influence has not been without effect.

From their very inception the missions were intended as a kind of preparatory school for the Indians, one in which they could be taught and trained in the duties of useful citizenship and then left to their own devices. That this idea was not carried out was certainly no fault of its enthusiastic originators. Subsequent events have proven beyond question that it would have been much better for the unfortunate Indian had he been permitted to remain under this kindly régime, but it is now too late to discuss the subject from that standpoint. Gone forever is the power of the early missions and the poetry that enveloped them; but the memory of a good deed can never die.

"No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its
strife
And all life not be purer and nobler there-
by,"

and, surely, the number of Catholics throughout California gives ample testimony that the heroic struggles of poor

Father Serra and his brother priests were not in vain.

MIDNIGHT MASS IN THE MISSIONS.

. * * * * *

There is one experience that I've saved to tell you especially. I am still hoping that there may be a chance of your getting to this part of the world. I started out on the 31st at about eleven o'clock to go up to the Mission for the solemn high mass—the birth hour of a new century. And such old-world surroundings—I shall never forget it and will try to make you have some idea of it. The night was clear and one of the most brilliant I've ever seen. A jet-black, velvety sky, with countless little points of gold all over it, and a moon that seemed in such high relief that it was as if one could see behind it. Our familiar, never-changing dipper stood on its tail, apparently balancing on the tallest mountain top, in a most undignified fashion and could not possibly have held a cup full of moisture. Looking to the sea there was that silver path leading straight out to Ana Cape, the so-called Magical Island. The Mission, as we neared it, seemed more and more beautiful, its grayness looking without spot or flaw in the moonlight; the deep shadows of the cloister wing and the tall towers where we could just see the swing of the bell; the fountain, repeating the moon and shining like melted silver, where the water dripped down; the high steps up to the narrow doors; there a bar of light shone out and the perfectly silent, black, silhouetted figures moving up and vanishing into the light. The first impression of the old church was startling and we slid back to the days when no progressive Yankees were in the land. A long and very narrow nave, enormously high; the clear stony windows, and the only ones, thrown into black pits by the candle lights from the altars beneath, showing how well they builded in those old days. These church walls were over three feet thick at that

height. The dark, high wainscot and the cream-colored walls and ceiling with ornaments in rosettes of dull reddish brown; four private chapels decorated with tall palm branches and lighted by four candles in each; the altar with the cradle where there were ten candles and the other two with four again, showing the devotion of a people bitterly poor. The only other light was from two queer, gilt chandeliers having only ten lights between them. The choir was in a gallery running across the end over the entrance. The people crowded in, Mexicans, half breeds and Spaniards, with their dark faces and unkempt hair. Several women of the old blue-blood with the black mantillas over their shiny black hair, elbow to elbow with very up-to-date easterners. The candles on the high altar were lighted one by one, throwing the old carved reredos into view, until there were forty-six lights. Exactly as the first stroke of twelve struck the choir began to sing and Father Peter, followed by the priests, lay-brothers and altar boys came in. I was too far back to see the exact order but it was a very solemn moment and instinctively made one kneel.

When I shut my eyes I was carried back to St. Roche in Paris, for I always associate that service and the incense with that historic place. There were several beautiful voices among the brothers in the choir and when the double sermon had been preached, one in Spanish and one in English, and both by a German (in all these Franciscans are Germans), the people who came out of curiosity went and only those who stayed to pray were left for the Mass. It was an uplifting time and I felt more near to all at home than at any time so far. It was nearly two when we got home. It would have thoroughly suited you, for it made one feel how much these fathers have done for the community at large and in what good condition this special mission is. The large building for the college of St. Anthony, back of the mission grounds proper, is just being finished and is for the education of the Spanish and Mexican boys, and means that the large half-breed population here will have a fair chance of becoming as good citizens as this southern blood permits, instead of growing up into thieves and cut-throats.

A. E. ALSOP.

PASTEUR SINCERE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

By James J. Walsh, Ph. D., M.D.

LOUIS PASTEUR is the most striking figure in nineteenth century science. In biology, in chemistry, in physics, in medicine and surgery and in the important practical subjects of fermentation, spontaneous generation and sanitation he has left landmarks that represent great advances in science and starting-points for new explorations into the as yet unmapped domain of scientific knowledge. His was a typically scientific mind. His intuitions were marvelous in their prophetic accuracy, yet were surpassed by his wonderful faculty for evolving methods of experimental demonstrations of his theories. His work has changed the whole aspect of biology and medicine, and especially the valuable branches of it that refer to the cure and treatment of disease.

To such a man our generation owes a fitting monument. It has been given him. He was modest in life with the sincere modesty of the true man of science, who knows in the midst of great discoveries that he is only on the edge of truth, who realizes that "abyss calls to abyss" in the world of knowledge that lies beyond his grasp. Pasteur's monument, very appropriately for a man of his practical bent, is no idle ornamental memorial. It is a great institution for the perpetual prosecution of his favorite studies and for the care of patients suffering from the diseases to whose investigation the best part of his life was devoted.

In this Institut Pasteur repose his ashes. They find a suitable resting place in a beautiful Catholic chapel. Situate just below the main entrance a little lower than the ground floor of the institute proper this chapel seems to form the main part of the foundation of the building. It is symbolic of the life

of the man in whose honor it was erected. He who said, "The more I know the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant. Could I but know it all my faith would doubtless equal even that of the Breton peasant woman." On a firm foundation of imperturbable faith this greatest scientific genius of the century raised up an edifice of acquisitions to science such as it had never before been given to man to make.

Above the entrance to this chapel tomb and immediately beneath the words "Here lies Pasteur" is very fittingly placed his famous confession of faith.

"Happy the man who bears within him a divinity, an ideal of beauty and obeys it; an ideal of art, an ideal of science, an ideal of country, an ideal of the virtues of the Gospel."

Heureux celui qui porte en soi un dieu, un idéal de beauté et qui lui obéit; idéal de l'art, idéal de la science, idéal de la patrie, idéal des vertus de l'Evangile.

When we turn to the panegyric of Littré in which the words occur we find two further sentences worth noting here. "These are the living springs of great thoughts and great actions. Everything grows clear in the reflections from the infinite."

Ce sont les sources vives des grandes pensées et des grandes actions. Toutes s'éclairent des reflets de l'infini.

These words are all the more striking from the circumstances in which they were uttered. When a vacant chair (*fauteuil*) in the French academy is filled by the election of a new member of the Forty Immortals, the incoming academicien must give the panegyric of his predecessor in the same chair. Pasteur was elected to the chair that had been occupied by Littré. Littré, who by forty years of unceasing toil made a

greater dictionary of the French language than the academy has made in the nearly 200 years devoted to the task, was the greatest living positivist of his day. He and Pasteur had been on terms of the greatest intimacy. Pasteur's appreciation of his dead friend is at once sincere and hearty but also just and impartial. Littré had been a model of the human virtues. Suffering had touched him deeply and found him ever ready with compassionate response. His fellowman had been the subject of his deepest thoughts, though his relationship to other men appealed to him only because of the bonds of human brotherhood. Pasteur called him a "laic" saint. He died a Christian.

But Pasteur himself rises above the merely positive. The spiritual side of things appeals to him and other-worldliness steps in to strengthen the merely human motives that meant so much for Littré. Higher motives dominate the life and actions of Pasteur himself. In the midst of his panegyric of the great positivist the greatest scientist of his age makes his confession of faith in the things that are above and beyond the domain of the senses—his ideals and his God.

There is said to exist a constant, unappeasable warfare between science and religion. Perhaps it does exist, but surely only in the narrow minds of the lesser lights. In no century has science developed as in the one that has just closed. Faraday, the great scientific mind of the beginning of the century, said, at one of his lectures before the Royal Academy of Sciences of England, when the century was scarcely a decade old: "I do not name God here because I am lecturing on experimental science. But the notion of respect for God comes to my mind by ways as sure as those which lead us to physical truth." At the end of the century the monument of a great man of science is a chapel with an altar on which the sacrifice of Him that died for men is

commemorated on Pasteur anniversaries.

The walls of the chapel are inscribed with the scientific triumphs of the master whose ashes repose here. It is a striking catalogue. Each heading represents a great step forward in science—1848, Molecular Dissymmetry; 1857, Fermentations; 1862, So-called Spontaneous Generation; 1863, Studies in Wine; 1865, Diseases of Silk Worms; 1871, Studies in Beer; 1877, Virulent Microbic Diseases; 1880, Vaccinating Viruses; 1885, Prophylaxis of Rabies.

Apparently these various subjects are widely separated from one another. It might seem that Pasteur was an erratic genius. As a matter of fact, each successive subject follows its predecessor by a rigid logic. Pasteur's life work can be best studied by a consideration of these various topics and an appreciation of the advance made in each one.

MOLECULAR DISSYMMETRY.

Pasteur was first of all and always a chemist. He was interested in chemistry from his early years. In the decade from 1840 to 1850 organic chemistry—or as we prefer to call it now, the chemistry of the carbon compounds—was just opening up. Great discoveries were possible as they were not before or since. Pasteur with a devotion to experimental work that amounted to a passion was a pupil at the École Normale, in Paris. Bruited about he heard all the suggestive questions that were insoluble problems even to the great men around him. He was especially interested in the burning question of the day, the internal constitution of molecules and the arrangement of atoms in substances which, though they are composed of exactly the same constituents, exhibit very different physical and chemical qualities. The subject is, needless to say, a basic problem in chemistry and remains to our own day the most attractive of scientific mysteries.

Mitscherlich, one of the greatest chemists of the time, had just announced that certain salts—the tartrates and paratartrates of soda and ammonia—“had the same chemical composition, the same crystalline form, the same angles in the crystalline condition, the same specific weight, the same double refraction and, consequently, the same inclination of the optic axes. Notwithstanding all these points of similarity, if the tartrate is dissolved in water it causes the plane of polarized light to rotate while the paratartrate exerts no such action.” Pasteur could not believe that all the chemical and physical qualities of two substances could be so identical and their action to polarized light be so different. Mitscherlich was known, however, as an extremely careful observer. For several years Pasteur revolved all the possibilities in Mitscherlich’s observations and, finally, came to the conclusion that there perhaps existed in the paratartrates, as prepared by Mitscherlich, two different groups of crystals the members of one of which turned the plane of polarization to the right, the other to the left. These two effects neutralized each other and apparently the paratartrates had no influence on the polarized beam of light.

Pasteur found that the paratartrates were composed of crystals that were dissymmetrical—that is, whose image reflected in a mirror could not be superposed on the crystal itself. This idea Pasteur makes clear by reference to the mirrored image of a hand. The image of the right hand as seen in a mirror is a left hand. It cannot be superposed on the hand of which it is the reflection any more than the left hand can be superposed on the right and have corresponding parts occupy corresponding places. Pasteur found that the paratartrates were not only dissymmetrical, but that they possessed two forms of dissymmetry. The mirrored image of some of the crystals could be super-

posed on certain of the other crystals just as the mirrored image of the right hand can be superposed on the actual left hand. He concluded that if he separated these two groups from each other he would have two very different substances, and so the mystery propounded by Mitscherlich would be solved.

With Pasteur to conceive an idea was to think out its experimental demonstration. He manufactured the paratartrates according to the directions given by Mitscherlich and then proceeded to sort the two varieties of crystals by hand. It was slow, patient work and for hours Pasteur worked feverishly on alone in the laboratory. At length, the crystals were ready for solution and examination as to their effect upon polarized light. If Pasteur’s idea as to the dissymmetry of crystals were confirmed a great scientific advance was assured. Tremblingly the young enthusiast adjusted his polariscope. He tells the story himself of his first hesitant glance. But hesitation was changed to triumph. His prevision was correct. There were two forms of crystals with different effects on polarized light in Mitscherlich’s supposed simple substance. Pasteur could not stay to put his instrument away. The air of the laboratory had become oppressive to him. Drunk with the wine of discovery, as a French biographer remarks, he rushed into the open air and almost staggered into the arms of a friend who was passing. “Ah!” he said, “I have just made a great discovery. Come to the Luxembourg gardens and I will tell you about it.” It was characteristic of the man all through life to have no doubt of the true significance of his work. He was sure of each step in the demonstration and his conclusions were beyond doubt.

Pasteur’s discovery made a profound sensation. The French Academy of Sciences at once proceeded to its investigation. Among the members who

were intensely interested, some bore names that belong to universal science—Arago, Biot, Dumas, De Senarmont. Pasteur told long years afterwards of Biot's emotion when the facts were visibly demonstrated to him. Greatly moved, the distinguished old man took the young man's arm and, trembling, said: "My dear child, I have loved science so well that this makes my heart beat." How deeply these men were bound up in their work! How richly they were rewarded for their devotion to science! There were giants in those days!

Pasteur's discovery was much more than a new fact in chemistry and physics. It was the foundation-stone that was to support the new science of stereochemistry—the study of the physicochemical arrangement of atoms within the molecule—that took its rise a few years later. Much more, it was a great landmark in biology. Pasteur pointed out that all mineral substances—that is, all the natural products not due to living energy—have a superposable image and are, therefore, not dissymmetrical. All the products of vegetable and animal life are dissymmetrical. All of these latter substances turn the plane of polarization. This is the great fundamental distinction between organic and inorganic substances—the only one that has endured thus far in the advance of science. Dissymmetry probably represents some essential manifestation of vital force. Often there seem to be exceptions to this law; but careful analysis of the conditions of the problem shows that they are not real.

An apparent contradiction, for instance, to this law of demarcation between artificial products and the results of animal and vegetable life is presented by the existence in living creatures of substances like oxalic acid, formic acid, urea, uric acid, creatine, creatinine and the like. None of these substances, however, have any effect on polarized light or show any dissymmetry

in the form of their crystals. These substances, it must be remembered, are the result of secondary action. Their formation is evidently governed by the laws which determine the composition of the artificial products of our laboratory or of the mineral kingdom properly so-called. In living beings they are the results of excretion rather than substances essential to life. The essential fundamental components of vegetables and animals are always found to possess the power of acting on polarized light. Such substances as cellulose, fecula, albumin, fibrin and the like, never fail to have this power. This is sufficient to establish their internal dissymmetry, even when, through the absence of characteristic crystallization, they fail to manifest this dissymmetry outwardly.

It would scarcely be possible to indicate a more profound distinction between the respective products of living and of mineral nature than the existence of the dissymmetry among living beings and its absence in all merely dead matter. It is strange that not one of the thousands of artificial products of the laboratory, the number of which is each day growing greater and greater, should manifest either the power of turning the plane of polarization or non-superposable dissymmetry. Natural dissymmetric substances—gum, sugar, tartaric and malic acid, quinine, strychnine, essence of turpentine and the like—may be and are employed in forming new compounds which remain dissymmetric though they are artificially prepared. It is evident, however, that all these new products only inherit the original dissymmetry of the substances from which they are derived. When chemical action becomes more profound—that is, becomes absolutely analytic or loosening of the original bonds imposed by nature—all dissymmetry disappears. It never afterwards reappears in any of these successive ulterior products.

"What can be the causes of so great a difference?" We quote from Pasteur's life by his son-in-law. "Pasteur often expressed to me the conviction," says M. Radot, "that it must be attributed to the circumstance that the molecular forces which operate in the mineral kingdom and which are brought into play every day in our laboratory are forces of the symmetrical order, while the forces which are present and active at the moment when the grain sprouts, when the egg develops and when under the influence of the sun the green matter of the leaves decomposes the carbonic acid of the air and utilizes in diverse ways the carbon of this acid, the hydrogen of the water and the oxygen of these two products are of the dissymmetric order, probably depending on some of the grand dissymmetric cosmic phenomena of our universe."

For the first few years after this discovery Pasteur endeavored by every possible means to secure experimental modifications of some of these phenomena of dissymmetry. He hoped thus to learn more fully their true nature. Magnetic influences especially would, he hoped, enable him to pierce, at least, to some degree this fundamental mystery of nature. While acting as professor at Strasburg he procured powerful magnets with the view of comparing the actions of their poles and, if possible, of introducing by their aid among the forms of crystals a manifestation of dissymmetry. At Lille, where he was for several years dean of the scientific faculty, he contrived a piece of clockwork intended to keep a plant in continual rotary motion, first in one direction and then in the other. "All this was crude," he says himself, "but further than this I had proposed with the view of influencing the vegetation of certain plants to invert, by means of a heliostat and a reflecting mirror, the motion of the solar rays which should strike them from the birth of their ear-

liest shoots. In this direction there was more to be hoped for."

He did not have time, however, to follow out these ingenious experiments. He became involved, as we shall see, in labors more than sufficient to take up all his time and all his energy. These labors were of great practical importance for France and for her people. Pasteur always insisted, however, that great discoveries will yet be made in following out this order of ideas and that there is in this subject magnificent opportunity for young men possessed of the genius of discovery and the power of persistent work.

When, only a few years ago, Professor Duclaux, Pasteur's successor as the head of the Pasteur Institute and himself one of the greatest living authorities on biological chemistry, wrote the story of the mind of the Master,* he said, of this subject of dissymmetry: "A living cell appears to us then as a laboratory of dissymmetric forces, a bit of dissymmetric protoplasm acting under the influence of the sun—that is to say, under the influence of exterior dissymmetric forces. It presides over actions of very different kinds. It can manufacture, in its turn, new dissymmetric substances which add to or take away from its energy. It can, for instance, utilize one of the elements of a paratartrate without touching another. It can manufacture crystalline sugar at one moment and consume it at another, laying by stores for itself to-day, using them up to-morrow. In a word, the living cell presents a marvelous plasticity which exerts itself without the slightest disturbance by minimal deviations of forces due to dissymmetric influence. Ah, if spontaneous generation were only possible! If we could only create living matter, raise up in the midst of inactive mineral material a living cell, then it would be easy for us to understand something more of

* *L'Histoire d'un Esprit* par M. Duclaux, Paris, 1896.

vital manifestations and to comprehend better the mystery of dissymmetry."

But spontaneous generation is as far off as ever. Pasteur's discoveries in dissymmetry have brought us closer than ever before to the mystery of life. Scientists still hope, but it is with ever waning, waning confidence that they may pluck out the heart of the mystery. Pasteur's own thoughts with regard to dissymmetry rose above even the lofty heights of mere earthly biology. He saw in it the great force that links the universe together. On one occasion, at the Academy of Sciences, he expressed himself as follows:

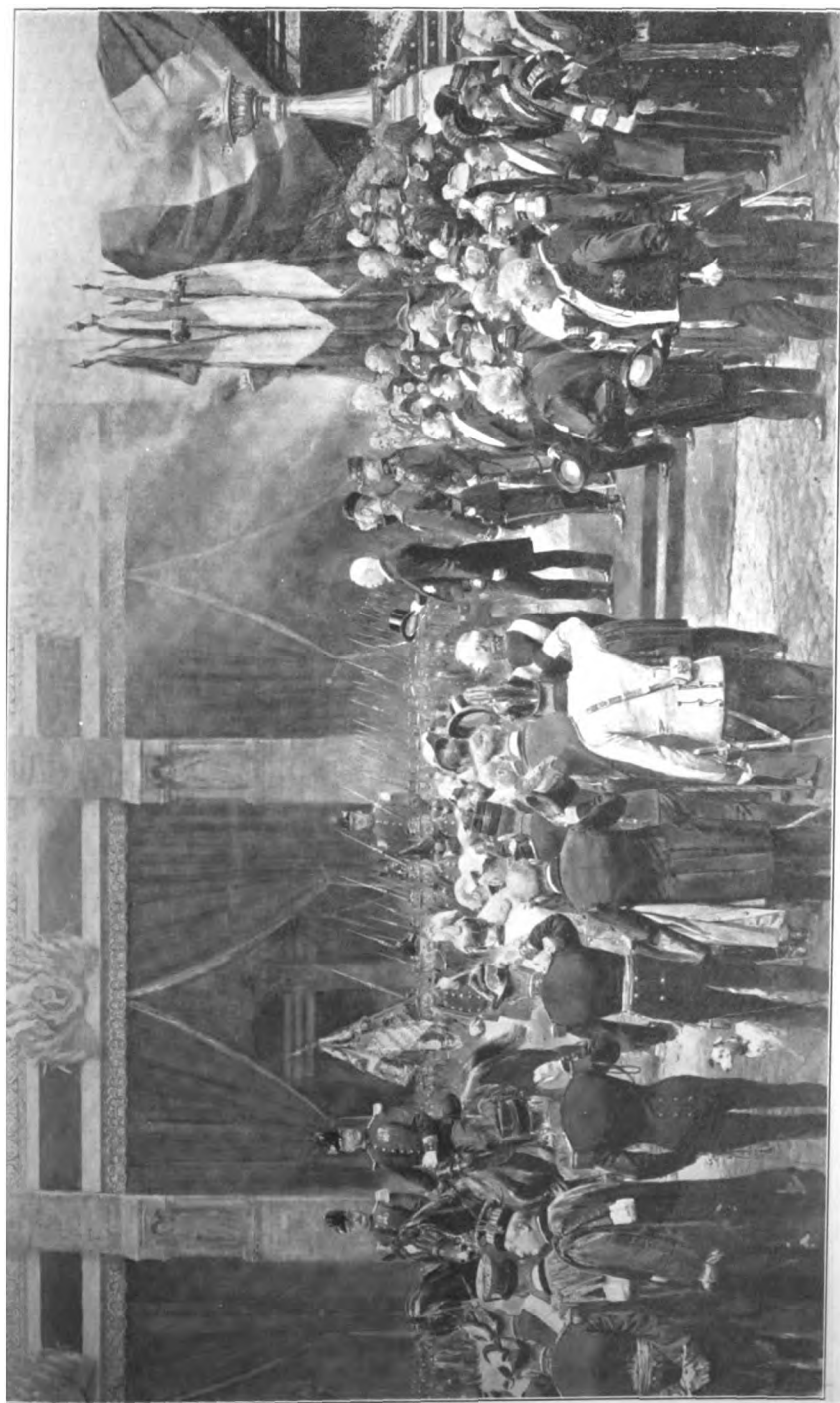
"The universe is a dissymmetrical whole. I am inclined to think that life, as manifested to us, must be a function of the dissymmetry of the universe or of the consequences that follow in its train. The universe is dissymmetrical; for, placing before a mirror the group of bodies which compose the solar system with their proper movement, we obtain in the mirror an image not superposable on the reality. Even the motion of solar light is dissymmetrical. A luminous ray never strikes in a straight line. Terrestrial magnetism, the opposition which exists between the north and the south poles of a magnet, the opposition presented to us by positive and negative electricity, are all the resultants of dissymmetrical actions and motions."

This raising of his thoughts far above the sordid realities he is concerned with into the realms of suggestive theory is typical of Pasteur. His was a true creative mind—poetic in its highest sense. The imagination properly controlled is of as great value to the scientist as to the poet. Pasteur's theories were ever pregnant with truth to be. All his life he kept this question of dissymmetry before his mind and hoped to get back to work at it. But opportunity failed. Other and more practical work was destined to occupy the busy half century of investigation that followed.

FERMENTATIONS AND SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

Most of Pasteur's work, after this first thrilling discovery and its possible significance, is very well known. His meditations on the distinction between material derived from living and non-living sources led him to investigate certain processes called fermentations—before his time considered merely chemical. It is well known that if a dilute solution of sugar be exposed to the air anywhere in the world it will ferment—that is, certain changes will take place in the liquid, some gas will escape from its surface and alcohol will be found to have formed. There are changes that take place in other organic substances—milk, meat solutions, butter, etc.—that resemble quite closely alcoholic fermentations, though the end product of the process is not alcohol. Pasteur showed that all these supposed chemical changes were really due to the presence of minute living cells called ferments. During the growth of these cells they split up the substances contained in the material in which they occurred using parts of them for their nutrition. Pasteur showed this very clearly for the lactic acid and butyric acid fermentations. Milk was supposed to become sour and butter rancid because they were unstable organic compounds liable to change in the presence of the oxygen of the air. These changes were now shown to be due to minute living things that grew in the milk and the butter.

When Pasteur offered the same explanation of the origin of vinegar he found a strenuous opponent in Liebig, the great chemist. Liebig admitted the existence of specific substances, called ferments, but said that they were nitrogenous compounds in unstable equilibrium as regards their composition, and with a marked tendency to undergo alteration when exposed to the air or free oxygen. These alterations, once begun, affect also the liquids in which the ferments are contained—



OBSEQUES OF PASTEUR.
(Detail.)

milk, blood, sugar solutions and the like. Theodor Schwann had shown the existence of certain yeastlike bodies in fermenting liquids, but these were considered to be effects, not causes, of the fermentation, and even Schwann, himself, believed that they originated in the liquids in which they were found. It remained for Pasteur to demonstrate, as he did, by a brilliant series of ingenious and conclusive experiments, that ferments were living cells, that they never originated except from previous cells of the same species, and that no fermentation took place unless they were present.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

The changes that took place in organic liquids when exposed to the air and the frequent development in such liquids of moving bodies evidently possessed of life, constituted before Pasteur's time the principal reason for believing that life might originate from some special combination of chemical forces and without the necessity for preceding life of the same species as its efficient cause. The new explanation of fermentation greatly weakened the position of those who believed in spontaneous generation—the origin, that is, of life from dead matter under certain specially favorable circumstances. Pasteur proceeded to show, by rigid demonstration, that if all life were destroyed in organic substances, living beings never originated in them unless living seeds from the air gained access to them. After a meat solution was thoroughly boiled nothing living developed in it, even though the air were allowed free access, if the air admitted were previously filtered through cotton. He showed that even the bending of the entrance to the tube into the shape of an "S," so as to prevent the entrance of dust particles, sufficed to protect the most changeable organic material from the growth of microorganisms in it. His teaching was not accepted at once.

Details of his experiments were impugned. Apparently complete counter-demonstrations were made, but Pasteur knew how, by his marvelous intuition, to detect the fallacy of supposed demonstration and invent new crucial tests of the proof of biologic succession.

STUDIES IN DISEASE.

These studies in minute life and in fermentation led him almost naturally to the study of disease. Two centuries before, Robert Boyle, of whom his notorious descendant the great bullster, Sir Boyle Roche, had said that he was the father of chemistry and the brother of the Earl of Cork, made use of an expression wonderfully prophetic in its accurate penetration of the future. "He that thoroughly understands the nature of ferments and fermentations," said Boyle, "shall probably be much better able than he that ignores them to give a fair account of divers phenomena of certain diseases (as well fevers as others) which will perhaps be never properly understood without an insight into the doctrine of fermentations." The marvel is that the very first man who understood the nature of fermentation proved to be the one destined to unlock the mystery of contagious disease and its origin.

Pasteur's first investigations in the field of disease concerned a mysterious malady that affected the silk worm and was ruining the silk industry of France. This disease was first noted seriously about 1850. When a colony of silk worms was attacked it was useless to hope to do anything with them. The only resource for the silk farmers was to get the eggs of an unaffected race of worms from some distant country. These became infected after several generations and untainted eggs had to be brought from a distance once more. Soon the silk-worm plague invaded most of the silk-growing countries of Europe. In 1864, only the races of silk worms in China and Japan were surely

not infected. Great suffering had been entailed on many departments of France by the failure of the silk industry. The most careful investigation failed to reveal any method of combatting the disease. Acute observers had been at work and some very suggestive observations on the affected worms had been made, but the solution of the problem of the prevention of the disease seemed as far off as ever. In 1863, the French minister of agriculture formally agreed to pay 500,000 francs* (\$100,000) to an Italian investigator who claimed to have found a remedy for the disease, if his remedy proved efficient. The offer was to no purpose. In 1865, the weight of cocoons of silk had fallen to 4,000,000 kilos. It had formerly been nearly 30,000,000 kilos. This involved a yearly loss of 100,000,000 francs (\$20,000,000).

Pasteur showed that the failure of the silk worm was not due to one disease, but to two diseases—pebrine and flacherie. These diseases are communicated to the eggs of the worms, so that the young begin life handicapped by the maladies. The crawling of the worms over leaves and stems makes these liable to communicate the diseases. The prevention of the diseases is accomplished by procuring absolutely healthy eggs and then never letting them come in contact with anything that may have been touched by diseased worms. If, at the egg-laying period, worms show any signs of disease their eggs are to be rejected. These simple suggestions were the result of rigid experimental demonstration of the spread of the diseases from worm to worm, including the demonstration of the microbic causes of the two diseases. These precautions proved effective, but their introduction met with opposition. The strain of the work and the worry of controversy brought Pasteur to the brink of the grave by a paralytic stroke. From this he never entirely recovered and was always after-

wards somewhat lame. After the severest symptoms had passed off he was given the opportunity to make a crucial test of preventing the silk-worm diseases at the villa of the French prince imperial. The products obtained from the silk worms on the estate had, for years, not sufficed to pay for the fresh supplies of eggs obtained from a distance. Pasteur was given full charge of the silk industry on the estate. The sale of the cocoons at the end of the year gave a net profit of 26,000,000 francs (over \$5,000,000). This decisive test effectually ended all opposition.

VIRULENT DISEASES.

Pasteur's attention was next naturally directed to the diseases of animals and human beings. His studies in fermentations and in silk-worm diseases had taught him the use of the microscope for such investigations. Splenic fever—known also as anthrax, a disease that attacks most species of domestic animals and may also prove fatal to man—was the first to yield the secret of its origin. The cause proved to be a bacterium—that is, a small, rod-shaped plant. This was but the first of a series of similar discoveries, until now the science of bacteriology has become one of the most important branches of knowledge. Pasteur's investigations included much more, however, than the mere discovery of the germ of the disease. He showed that a series of diseases that passed under different names in different animals were all due to the same cause. Further, he discovered one of the methods of distributing the disease. When the carcasses of animals that have died from the disease are not buried deeply below the surface of the ground animals that graze above may become infected with the disease. The germs of the disease can be shown to occur in the grass above the graves. It is carried to the surface in the bodies of earth worms. This important observation was the first

hint of the methods of disease distribution by some living intermediary. Modern medicine has come to realize that these biological distributing agents are far more important than the fabled transmission through the air.

Pasteur overturned the notion of spontaneous generation of life. Then his work eradicated the idea of the spontaneous generation of disease. It opened up a new era by showing that the origin of disease was not due to changes in the atmosphere nor to some morbid productivity of soil or water under favoring circumstances, but to minute living organisms whose multiplication was encouraged by the conditions that were supposed to produce disease. Finally, came the precious suggestion that it was always living things that conveyed and distributed disease ; man to man, for epidemics travel not with the velocity of the wind but only as fast as the means of communication between distant points ; animal to man, as is well known, for many diseases now, and, lastly, the mediation of lower life, insects, worms and the like.

PREVENTION AND CURE OF DISEASE.

In investigating chicken cholera Pasteur discovered another great basic principle in the knowledge of disease, especially of its treatment and cure. After considerable difficulty Pasteur succeeded, in finding the germ of this disease which was causing great losses in the poultry industry of France and other European countries. This germ was cultivated for a number of generations on artificial media and never failed to produce the disease when inoculated into fowl. During the course of his studies in the disease Pasteur was called away to a distant part of France in connection with his investigation of anthrax. He was away from his laboratory for several months. When he returned he inoculated some fowls with the cultures of chicken cholera that he had left behind. To his surprise and annoyance

the inoculations failed to produce the typical symptoms of the disease. The fowl suffered from some slight symptoms and then recovered. When he left his laboratory inoculations were invariably fatal. It took considerable time and trouble to procure fresh cultures of the chicken cholera microbe. Meantime, the fowl that had been only slightly affected by the old cultures were carefully preserved. When these fowls were inoculated with the fresh virulent cultures they failed to take the disease. Other fowl promptly died exhibiting all the characteristic symptoms of chicken cholera. Those that had suffered from the mild form of the disease produced by the old cultures were protected from further attacks of the disease.

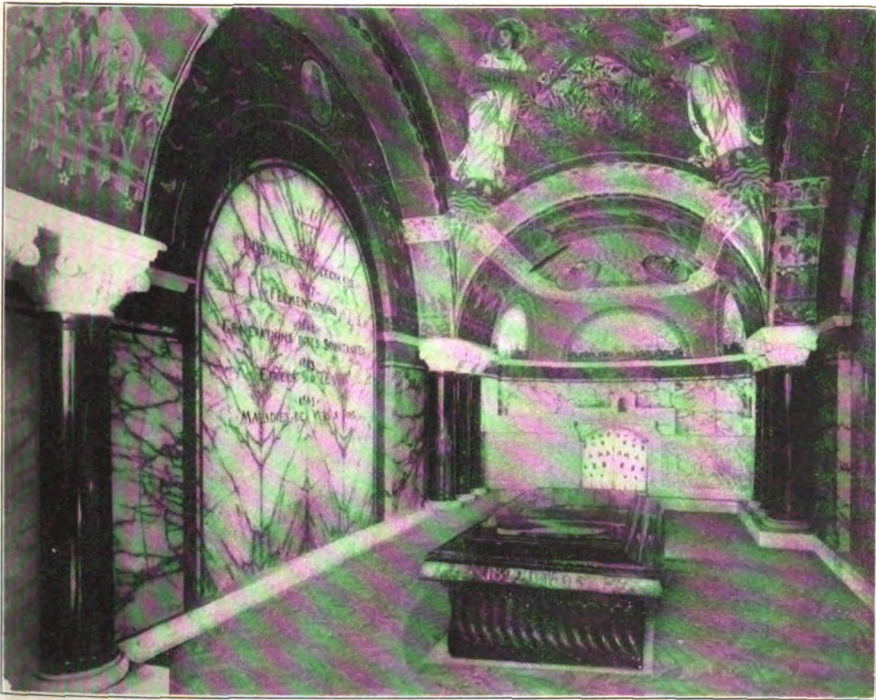
One of the great mysteries of medicine, the varying virulence of disease, had been thus solved by what seemed an accident. There are no accidents in the lives of great investigators. There are surprises, but genius knows how to reconcile their occurrence with the principles they are working out. Pasteur realized at once the wonderful utility there might be in this discovery for the protection of men and animals from disease. He proceeded to practical applications of the new theory by providing old cultures for the inoculation of fowl in districts where chicken cholera produced serious ravages. Then, working on the same lines as for chicken cholera he proceeded to elaborate a vaccine material for anthrax.

Vaccine was the name deliberately selected for the inoculating substance in order to honor the genius of the English physician Jenner, who had discovered the power of vaccination to protect from small-pox. The weakening of the germs of anthrax, so as to produce only a mild form of the disease, was a much more intricate problem than for chicken cholera, because the anthrax bacillus does not weaken with age, but enters a resting or spore stage, resembling the seed stage in large

plants. After a patient series of investigations Pasteur accomplished his object by some most ingenious methods.

Later on, Pasteur took up a similar therapeutic problem for hydrophobia, or, as it is more properly called, rabies. Here the mystery was deeper. The germ of rabies was unknown. It has remained unknown down to our own day. Pasteur succeeded, nevertheless, in producing material that will protect those bitten by rabid dogs from devel-

off. In Russia, where the mad wolves of the Steppes so often inflict fatal bites, the power of the new treatment was soon recognized. In Hungary its value was appreciated without delay. Then the British government, after a most careful investigation, introduced it into the Indian army. Then Austria took it up officially. At the International Medical Congress at Moscow, in 1897, Americans, who expressed doubts as to the efficiency of the Pasteur treat-



THE PASTEUR MORTUARY CHAPEL.

oping rabies. Long and bitter was the opposition to the introduction of Pasteur's method of treatment. The greatest living German bacteriologist said that it was idle to provide "remedies of which we knew nothing for diseases of which we knew less." The reference was to the failure to find the germ of the disease and the claim nevertheless of having discovered a cure. Wherever the Pasteur treatment for rabies was introduced, however, the number of deaths following the bites of mad animals fell

ment for rabies, were laughed at by the medical representatives of nations who have the most opportunities for studying the disease. Shortly after the Moscow congress the German government officially announced its intention of treating all persons bitten by rabid animals by the Pasteur method. A Pasteur institute for the treatment was opened in connection with the University of Berlin. With this the last serious opposition disappeared. The Germans are now enthusiastic advocates

of the value of the Pasteur treatment. The statistics of the Berlin Pasteur institute are pointed to with pride, as demonstrating the possession of power to cope with one of the most fatal diseases man is liable to. Alas, that this should not have come during the master's lifetime ! It would have been the happiest moment of Pasteur's life to have had his ideas triumphant in Germany. Unlike the generality of great men, however, Pasteur enjoyed the meed of almost unstinted appreciation during life.

APPRECIATION OF PASTEUR.

Geniuses are often said to be neglected by their contemporaries. The expression is exemplified much less frequently in our time than was formerly the case. The rapid diffusion of ideas and the consequent control and confirmation of scientific claims by many minds enables the present generation to recognize merit before its possessor has starved. Pasteur's career was certainly an exemplification of the fact that true genius, though it may meet with opposition, will be well rewarded. The son of the poor tanner of Dole, by the mere force of his intellectual energy, lifted himself to the level of earth's great ones. His funeral obsequies were a pageant in which French officialdom felt itself honored to take part. The president of the French republic, the members of both houses of the legislative department, the officials of the city of Paris, the members of the faculty of the university of the French academy and of the various scientific societies of the French capital gathered to honor their mighty dead. Never has it been given to any one without family prestige or political or ecclesiastical influence to have a great world-capital and a great nation accord such glorious obsequies, while all the world extended its sympathy and added pæans of praise.

Nor was it only at the moment of death that the expression of sincere respect and merited honor was paid. When there was question of erecting a Pasteur institute, in which the master's great work could be carried on more effectually, contributions poured in from every part of France and from all over the civilized world. Two of the world's greatest hereditary rulers made it a point to visit the humble laboratory of the great scientist whenever they came to Paris. Alexander II, the czar of the Russias, was the intimate friend of the tanner's son, who became the world's benefactor. Dom Pedro II, the late emperor of Brazil, was another royal visitor to Pasteur. In the library of the *Institut Pasteur* at Paris, the busts of these two and of two other great friends of his, scarcely less in worldly importance and greater in their beneficence, keep watch above the ashes of the dead scientist. They are Baroness Hirsch, the world benefactress, and Baron Albert Rothschild, the head of the French branch of the great banking family.

All united in honoring the marvelous genius whose work has proved of such practical utility for mankind, and whose discoveries are as yet only beginning their career of pregnant suggestiveness to scientific men. His genius has brought the great ones of earth to his level or raised him to theirs. His own thought on the equality of man is a confession of the faith that was in him. It was expressed in his discourse of reception into the French Academy in the midst of a panegyric on Littré. "Where are the true sources of human dignity, of liberty and of modern democracy, if not in the infinite, before which all men are equal? The notion of the infinite finds everywhere its inevitable expression. By it the supernatural is at the bottom of every heart."

ST. SERVULUS IN THE PORCH OF ST. CLEMENT.

By Mary Macalpine.

IN the porch of old St. Clement, ancient Church of ancient Rome,
Long ago a palsied beggar, lying there, had found a home.
Sick and wretched, wan and feeble, could not turn from side to side.
Strangers gazing, said in pity, "It were better he had died!"
But the Lord, Who knoweth all things, let him live and suffer thus
That his virtues, through the ages, should shine brightly down to us.

Servulus was rich in merits, though he lacked all this world's wealth,
Strong and steadfast was his spirit, feeble though his body's health.
Tended by his pious mother, by his faithful brethren there,
All his time was spent in blessings, in devotion and in prayer.
Of the alms they brought him daily, kept he little, only save
What sufficed his humble table; to the other beggars gave
All the rest. But one great sorrow filled his soul to trouble it,
Not a page could he decipher in the Book of Holy Writ.
So, at last, he bought a copy, laid it near him on his bed,
Begged some holy men to read it. Line by line he heard it read,
Fixed and stamped it word and sentence, on his memory part by part.
Till he knew the Blessed Scriptures every chapter off by heart!
Marvelled all men, saying "Surely this sick beggar Servulus
Hath but little to rejoice at; yet he singeth praises thus
In the porch of old St. Clement." Holy awe their hearts did swell,
Seeing how so strong a spirit in so frail a home did dwell;
Seeing how a man unlettered, strove the Word of Life to teach,
Preaching them a finer sermon than their learned lips could preach.

When at length a sharper anguish struck his heart and filled his breast,
And he knew the Lord was willing he should enter into rest,
Calling all the beggars to him; calling all the passers-by,
Bade them sing with him their praises that the time was drawing nigh.
Then, with one hand pointing upward, "List," he cried "do ye not hear
Music wonderful in Heaven—those angelic voices clear?"
As he spoke sweet sounds of singing floated down from Heaven's dome
To the porch of old St. Clement, ancient Church of ancient Rome.
Came and passed. And seemed to bear his spirit in its upward flight
On celestial pinions—dying in the silence of the night!
All the beggars, all the strangers, standing round with bated breath
Saw the pointing hand had fallen; saw the eyelids fixed in death;
Knew that God had sent His angels to St. Clement's porch in Rome,
On their wings to bring His servant to his rest and Heavenly Home.

July 2, 1900.

THE SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

By the Rev. C. Coppens, S.J.

THE late encyclical of our Holy Father Leo XIII, "On Christian Democracy," deals directly with one of the most vital problems of the present day. It throws a flood of light on the respective rights and interests of capitalists and laborers. These two classes of men seem to stand forth to-day on the battlefield of the industrial world like giant foes, armed and prepared to settle their irreconcilable claims by the arbitrament of brute force.

If the interests of the laboring man were indeed such as socialists pretend—and these are unfortunately too readily believed in Germany, Belgium and other lands, and even by many wage-earners in the United States—then it were hard to see how a struggle unto the bitter end could long be avoided between the two parties which seem daily more and more to divide modern society into two hostile camps. The outcome of the struggle would be the enslaving of the masses by the classes, if capital prevailed; or, if labor triumphed, the establishment of a so-called social but really tyrannous system of government, which might indeed give to all enough to eat and drink and wear, but would leave little to man that is worth toiling or living for.

But, happily, the cause of the laboring man is not that of the socialist. His rights in respect to the capitalist can be defended and secured without uniting with socialists or adopting any of their false views of civil society or political economy. This important truth is clearly laid down and irrefutably demonstrated in the late papal encyclical. In this present article the writer wishes to go a step further and to point out some signs of the times which appear to indicate the approach of a proper solu-

tion of the labor troubles along the lines of reason and morality traced by the Supreme Pontiff. His further purpose is to suggest to Catholics their duty in the present circumstances.

The favorable signs referred to have been increasing in number and significance for several years back in various regions of the world. They clearly show that the opposing classes of industrial society, the capitalists and the wage-earners, are beginning to understand one another better than before, that they are gradually ridding themselves of passions and prejudices, that they have commenced to realize the fact that their interests are, to a great extent, identical; the conviction is gaining ground among employers and employes alike that more solid advantages are to be secured by conciliation than by mutual hatred and distrust.

One of the most striking of these signs of the times was lately described in various periodicals, Catholic and non-Catholic, American and European. It consists in the presence on the map of the modern industrial world of what has been called "a country without strikes"—namely, New Zealand—where capital and labor have joined hands and now stand side by side as allies and friends pledged to secure for each other protection and prosperity. As we have accepted in our country the plan of the Australian ballot with general satisfaction and evident benefit to our people, so may we not learn from an eastern island, and adopt the best features of its enlightened policy?

Another sign of the times is referred to in the *Literary Digest* for December last, under the heading "Capital and Labor Coming Together." The editor writes: "An important new departure

in the relations between capital and labor is chronicled in England in the form of an alliance between workmen's unions and employers' associations." And he quotes as follows from the *Koelnische Zeitung* (Cologne): "The battle of industrialism—the fight between labor and capital—is still raging in the world; but in the home of modern industry, England, the arms are being grounded and the two forces have combined. The new combination—called by its originator, E. J. Smith, of Birmingham, "The Alliance"—has already taken root in many places in Scotland and England. The labor unions belonging to it require their members to work for none but members of the employers' associations, and the latter agree to employ only union members, at the same time guaranteeing that wages shall be increased in accordance with prices. This is a far-reaching attempt to end the struggle between labor and capital."

In Germany the advocacy of the rights of labor appears to be too much in the hands of socialistic leaders who claim more than is just—who aim, in fact, at a radical revolution of society, and who thus make conciliation between capital and labor for the present impossible in that country. Yet, even in Germany, practical statesmen of moderate views have been at work for many years with very marked success in striving to benefit the working classes. By enabling them to share in some of the advantages of capital they have partly bridged over the abyss between the wealthier and the poorer classes. "The gigantic insurance system is making itself felt more and more, and strikes are neither as numerous nor as bitter as elsewhere," says the *Digest*.

And the *Echo*, of Berlin, gives these details: "The German insurance system is among the best institutions of the empire. For insurance against illness, the cost of which is paid two-thirds by the workmen and one-third by the em-

ployers, \$350,000,000 was paid between 1885 and 1900. For accident insurance, the cost of which rests on the employers alone, \$5,000,000 was paid. For invalid and old-age pensions, the amount paid out is \$125,000,000, of which \$31,500,000 was paid by the workmen, a like sum by the employers and the balance by the state. Altogether \$187,500,000 more has been received by the workmen than they have paid into the common fund."

It is certainly to the highest interest of every country that a good understanding and a kindly spirit should prevail between all classes of the people. Without this concord general happiness is impossible of attainment; and yet the general happiness of the people is the principal purpose which civil society is instituted to secure. There need be no antagonism; there should be no war between those who invest their money in any productive business and those who furnish the labor by which the investment is made productive. These two classes of men are virtually the co-partners to a lucrative contract, from which both should obtain fair compensation. Certainly union and not strife between partners is necessary for common success. If once this matter is properly understood by the American people generally, with their ordinary shrewdness and common sense, with their well-known spirit of initiative, there is no reason why they should not be the first to hit upon terms of mutual protection which the rest of the world will be glad to applaud and copy for their own benefit.

But to attain this success both our capitalists and our labor unions must, above all things, in the occasional differences that will arise between them, avoid any measure or the advocacy of any action of which the other party will have any right to complain. It is especially necessary that the side of labor should always be unmistakably moderate and just in all its demands,

for it is evidently the weaker side in the contest. Might is almost always on the side of capital ; and unless right be clearly on the side of labor the struggle becomes one of brute force and can only be settled by the crushing of the weaker party.

The writer of this paper saw this truth clearly exemplified last summer while on a visit to the city of St. Louis, during the protracted strike of the street-car employés. The sympathies of the people generally were with the strikers and might have made their efforts a remarkable success if it had not been that one or two of the claims advanced by the street-car employés were felt to be excessive and unjustifiable. The moral power of public opinion was needed to enforce the boycott of the car lines, thus compelling the companies to come to terms ; but this moral force was much weakened by the unfortunate mistakes committed by the employés. At least, this was the view of the matter taken by many of the warmest friends of the labor unions.

There is still a more recent occurrence which illustrates my contention. On the 17th of last December, a remarkable meeting took place in Chicago, at which men who, in the past, had bitterly opposed each other in industrial contests, filled Steinway Hall, at a session of a conference of employers and employés. That such a conference should be held in the centre of this land is another sign of the times showing, like those quoted above, that the drift of thought to-day is in favor of fair play and a better mutual understanding between the masses and the classes. It was evidently most important that, on such an occasion, both sides of the contest should be as conciliatory to each other as was consistent with a manly defense of their mutual rights. Much was said and done in this proper spirit. In particular, the president of the American Federation of Labor remarked that he was not unmind-

ful of the fact that there was a growing disposition on the part of employers toward a more conciliatory policy. This condition, he believed, was owing to the growing strength of organized labor. He maintained, however, in his usual manly way that there are some evils more dreadful than strikes. So far, he could only elicit, and did elicit, universal tokens of approbation. But, unfortunately, he thought it well, if he is correctly reported in the daily press, to make, at the conclusion of his speech, the following emphatic statement : "We shall insist," he said, "upon the right to quit work whenever the work becomes irksome to us, and we shall always insist on *our right to strike for any reason and for no reason at all.*"

The gentleman had an undoubted right to speak in the name of the vast federation of labor of which he had lately been again elected as the head. Therefore, much importance was attached to this pronouncement of his, especially when the peculiar circumstances were considered under which his words were spoken. They expressed what might be called an ultimatum laid down by labor for capital. And yet they unfortunately contain a very unjust claim. Suppose a hot-headed representative of associated capital had arisen on the spot and said, by way of retaliation, "We employers shall always insist on our right to order a lockout and discharge all our employés *for any reason and for no reason at all*"—would laboring men, would the community at large applaud such a declaration? It appears to the present writer that employers have no right to order a lock-out and discharge all their employés "*for any reason and for no reason at all.*" Nor have employés a right to strike without a good and very grave reason. In matters of such practical and serious bearing there is no question of abstract right which an individual might claim for himself to work

or rest when he pleases. The good of multitudes is concerned in them, and no man or body of men has a right to cause public calamities "*for any or no reason at all.*"

No offense to the distinguished president of the great federation of labor is intended in all this ; nor is it supposed that he would really carry into effect the principle enounced in his ill-considered words. The purpose of the present article is to promote union between labor and capital by suggesting to each party the importance for their common welfare of carefully avoiding all unjust measures and claims in the prosecution of its rights.

Catholic employers and employés should be especially enlightened with regard to the teachings of common sense and of their holy Church in matters of such importance. While membership in unions of laborers or capitalists has usually nothing to do with their faith, their moral conduct must ever be guided, publicly as well as privately, by the doctrines of their holy religion. If they are thus guided our Catholics, rich and poor, become a power for good, in this land particularly, more efficient than is usually understood.

An example will explain the matter. Some years ago there was much more bitterness felt and exhibited by the masses against the classes than there is to-day. As a consequence, popular uprisings against capitalists were more violent, and on such occasions destruction of property was more common and extensive than has lately been the case. At the time referred to the financial condition of the whole country was bad and getting worse every day. Lock-outs were frequent, strikes were multiplying and becoming daily more unmanageable.

Under those distressing circumstances much anxiety was generally felt at the approach of evils which appeared to be inevitable. In one large city in particular a discussion arose among its leading

men concerning the dangers ahead. On that occasion a gentleman universally respected and trusted for his strong good sense and wide experience made a well-considered statement that went far to allay the public anxiety. He said he saw no danger ahead in that particular city ; he anticipated no violent outbreaks there of the masses against the classes, and that for a very clear reason. Among the many thousands of wage-earners employed in the extensive factories of the place a large proportion, he remarked, was composed of Catholics ; and he knew them to be ever amenable to reason and justice ; and, besides, most of the capitalists who owned and managed those factories were also Catholics, enlightened and practical religious men, who were in constant touch with their employés, and ever disposed to treat them fairly and kindly as fellow-men and brothers.

The events proved that the gentleman was right. Though the employers had an overstock of manufactured articles on hand they kept their factories running at least half of each week for the benefit of the laborers rather than their own. And when, later on, the finances of the owners themselves thus became embarrassed their employés, of their own accord, offered to work on partial credit. This mutual, good understanding between bosses and men averted all catastrophe from that city. The financial stringency passed away without having caused much suffering or any failures, and its marked result was to have tightened the bonds of mutual love and confidence among the various classes of the community.

There were other ways in which those same conscientious capitalists were accustomed to provide for the good of their employés. For instance, they often paid the weekly wages not on Saturday night or on Saturday at noon when the temptation for the men is strongest to frequent the saloons and

there often spend most of their earnings before reaching their disconsolate homes, but they made the payments on Mondays or Tuesdays, when interruption of work was usually out of the question.

The consequence of their wise conduct was that, in that city, the labor problem ceased to be a problem at all, the operatives were fairly compensated for their toil and the employers got good and faithful work from their men.

These facts are not mentioned as exceptional and very remarkable. Wherever the parties, rich and poor, are practical and well-instructed Catholics, such conduct may be expected from them. It is the natural outcome of their religious and moral training ; it is Catholicity in the concrete. For, the wise measures of legislation in Germany, to which we referred above, as favorable signs of the times, are to a great extent, owing to the active influence of the Catholic centre party which, on all occasions, faithfully carries out the teachings of the Supreme Pontiff in the various departments of its enlightened statesmanship, and has done so in particular in defending the respective rights of capitalists and wage-earners.

The Catholic party now so many years in power in Belgium, has likewise displayed uncommon wisdom and attained exceptional success in securing the general prosperity of its people ; and success would certainly be far more conspicuous still if it were not for the opposition constantly made to all its just measures by the irreligious portion of the population. How far the influence of at least individual Catholics has been instrumental in promoting the conciliatory spirit manifested between rich and poor in England and New Zealand we have no means to ascertain. The Catholic people of Ireland need never fear the evils of socialism or the tyranny of capital among themselves ; nor could the misery witnessed there ever have existed if the land-owners had

been Catholic. In France the Catholic circles, rapidly multiplied there of late years, have brought employers and employés into touch with one another ; there, too, the dangers ahead are exclusively due to the anti-religious elements of the population.

In all these statements it is not intended to insinuate that the hope of conciliation between capital and labor rests solely on the members of the Catholic Church. There are intelligent minds, acknowledged leaders of men, scattered throughout all denominations, and outside of all Christian affiliations, who have enough of strong good sense and religious principles left to defend the claims of justice, which are, at the same time, those of true expediency, in reconciling the two contending factions of the industrial world. With this powerful element for good, we Catholics, must unite in harmonious views and action. We must beware of being led any longer by designing, often merely political leaders, into the support of half measures, or compromises, in which present expediency is alone regarded, and principles of justice and religion are surrendered. We must be, and show ourselves to be, the leaven of virtue in the American people.

For though individual non-Catholics, as remarked above, may be sound and correct in convictions and practice, still it is certain that no religious body nor any institution on earth except the Catholic Church can always be relied upon to proclaim and enforce the true principles of morality and religion that are needed to secure at all times the foundation of human society and of true happiness even for this earth.

The clear-headed and far-sighted Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, emphatically declared and maintained this truth over fifty years ago. As early as 1845, he published in his review a masterly article entitled "Catholicity Necessary to Sustain Popular Liberty." In it he clearly proves : 1. That the liberty of

a people cannot be maintained without true moral principles and proper conduct. 2. That these cannot be secured without a religion that has true authority to teach. "It must be a religion that is above the people and controls them." 3. That any Protestant sect or all those sects taken together have no such authority. "It cannot be Protestantism in all or any of its forms. It makes religion the ward of the people. It leaves religion entirely to the control of the individual, who selects his own creed, or makes a creed to suit himself, and submits to no restraints but such as are self-imposed. So this will not answer. The individual takes care of his religion; but who or what takes care of the individual? The state? But who takes care of the state? The people? But who takes care of the people?" He shows that neither government nor institutions, nor traditions, without the true religion, suffice to maintain popular liberty and justice. "In this land," he says, "the government must obey the people—that is, it must follow the passions and interests of the people, and, of course, the strongest passions and interests. These with us are material, such as pertain solely to this life and this world. What our people demand of the government is that it adopt and sustain such measures as tend most directly to the acquisition of wealth. It must then (that is, it always will) "follow the passion for wealth and labor especially to promote worldly interests. But among these worldly interests some are stronger than others and can command the government. These will take possession of the government, and wield it for their own especial advantage. They will make it the instrument of taxing all the other interests of the country for the special advantage of themselves. This leads to inequality and injustice which are incompatible with the free, orderly and wholesome working of the government.

Now what is wanting is some power to prevent this, to moderate the passion for wealth and to inspire the people with such a true and firm sense of justice as will prevent any one interest from struggling to advance itself at the expense of another. Without this the stronger material interests predominate, make the government the means of securing this predominance and of extending it by the burdens which, through the government, they are able to impose on the weaker interests of the country."

He shows that there is no power on earth except Catholicity that can apply the necessary restraint to such passions and defend this country, its people and its government against their own tendency to self-destruction. That Catholicity may do so, we Catholics must come to the front and take the lead for the defense of right and justice, of virtue and religion generally. In particular, if our Catholics will throw their influence intelligently and efficiently into the task of conciliating labor and capital, which is a very especial need of the day, there is much hope that the movement will succeed. The result will be that the threatening war between the masses and the classes will be averted, that on the one hand labor will not be enslaved and on the other that socialism will not succeed in establishing its own species of a galling tyranny.

Such happy results may confidently be expected from the prevalence, which we have to procure, of the sound principles of society so wisely proclaimed by the holy Father in his timely documents. But to make these prevail it will not suffice that Catholics simply make a pious act of faith in the teachings of Rome without paying further attention to them. Nor is it enough, though that is very desirable, to pray much for the success of the right cause. The time calls for energetic, enlightened, united and persevering efforts in

the advocacy of whatever principles and measures are right and just, and in bold and open opposition to all false and dangerous theories.

The clergy can bestir themselves in giving volume and distinctness to the voice from distant Rome ; and, if they are to speak convincingly, no half-hearted utterances will do. But the laity will have to contribute their share, and, we think, the larger share, in carrying those saving principles into practice. They will have to carry those principles into their trade unions and laboring men's federations, on the one hand, and into the clubs and capitalists' associations on the other. In doing so, they need not, they cannot stand aloof from non-Catholics, in this country at least ; but, as we said before, they must be the wholesome leaven of sound, virtuous and common-sense humanity.

To achieve this important result, the active co-operation of the Catholic press is absolutely necessary. It must proclaim, far and wide, and keep constantly ringing in the ears of the whole country, the teachings of the Sovereign Pontiff, in particular those contained in his present encyclical "On Christian Democracy," and in that published in 1891, "On the Condition of Labor." These documents may be confidently asserted to contain all the important principles needed to secure the rights and procure the happiness of the industrial classes of the community. Nowhere else are these truths so clearly, correctly and wisely, and yet compendiously explained as in these invaluable productions. May the gentle radiance of their teachings soon dispel the darkness of modern errors and light the way to complete success.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CISTERCIANS.

By J. Arthur Floyd.

THE eleventh century had nearly sped its course, but two of its years remained to be told, when the mother-house of the Cistercian order was founded at Cîteaux. It was, however, at Molesme, in a neighboring part of what is now France, that, at a little earlier date, the movement had its origin of which the establishment of the Cistercian order was the sequel. The founders of the monastery at Molesme were a few devout men who had abandoned all their possessions and retired into the depths of a vast forest in order that they might be enabled to serve God with the least possible distraction.

Thinking it best to regulate their lives according to the rule of St. Benedict they persuaded Robert, abbot of St. Michel-de-Tonnerre, to become their abbot, and, having constructed a number of mere huts to serve as a monastery and a log church, they commenced their conventual life some twenty or more years before the founding of Cîteaux.

By the eloquent pleading of lives that were the very negation of the spirit of self these fathers of the Cistercian order led others to desire to cultivate their virtues and to live for heaven even as they were doing. Among those thus influenced was Stephen Harding, an Englishman. He was received into the community and afterward became the legislator of the Cistercian order and the preceptor of its most distinguished son, the great St. Bernard.

St. Stephen's earlier days had been spent in the monastery attached to the cathedral of Sherborne, in England, where he had been educated by the monks. At that time his true vocation does not appear to have made itself ap-

parent. He left Sherborne and travelled in Scotland and France. "After some years exercised in the liberal arts, he became awakened to the love of God," and went on a pilgrimage to Rome. On the return journey he made his first acquaintance with the monks of Molesme in those happy days when the rude monastery and humble log church satisfied all the requirements of a community as humble as themselves. The lowly spirit of the brethren, their entire freedom from the spirit of the world, and their poverty in all things save the graces which adorn holy lives, awoke in his heart desires which had remained dormant in the noble priory and church at Sherborne. True, the monastery there lacked little that was necessary to enable its brethren to fight the good fight; but the grandeur of its monastic services and the beauty of its vestments and adornments—although to most men most serviceable in promoting devotion—were deemed superfluous at Molesme. It was the aim of the latter community to cultivate a spirit of devotion so entirely absorbed in its object that it should be quite independent of those external aids necessary to fix the wandering minds of less spiritually minded men. It is this spirit of perfect devotion and the real carrying out to the very letter by the monks of Molesme of our Lord's counsel to forsake all and follow Him which appealed to St. Stephen. He became convinced that the rule of the brethren would afford him the surest means to achieve that complete victory over himself that he desired; that there he should find the surest way to heaven.

So long as Molesme remained lowly and meek it continued to be a nursery of virtues. Its extreme poverty dis-

couraged those who had no true vocation for the austere life of its inmates, whilst to those who longed to give up all and follow Christ, the privations it involved were a most efficient aid in subduing passions and in subjecting body to soul. But in spite of the seclusion of Molesme, the holy lives of the brethren began to be noised abroad beyond the confines of the surrounding woods, and, as their resources were increased by alms and benefactions, the fervor of a newer generation of the monks began to abate. Doubtless the process of this change was slow, but, as years sped on, they tired of hard, manual work, short rest and scanty fare. The lowly monastery and church, too, became a source of humiliation to those who had, probably, never really entered into the spirit of their founders, and who had already given evidence of this by procuring relaxations of the rigor of their rule. At length the (in the case of Molesme) evil day came when the rude monastery and log church made way for the new and splendid monastery spoken of by William of Malmesbury.

This deterioration did not pass unnoticed by St. Alberic, the prior, and by St. Stephen and the minority of the brethren who remained true to their first principles. They determined to make an effort to restore their original discipline, and in this purpose they were supported by Abbot Robert. The subject was discussed in frequent chapters of the brethren, and two of the fraternity were elected "to discover the true meaning of the founders' rule," which, having been done, the result of their research was laid before the rest, for new rules could not be adopted till their approval had been secured. This approval, the majority would not give, for they were unwilling to submit to austerities which had long since become obsolete in other religious houses.

Out-numbered and out-voted in the chapter the minority felt they could not

remain at Molesme and yet be true to their principles. "Eighteen only"—amongst the number being St. Alberic and St. Stephen—"persevering in their holy determination, together with their abbot left the monastery, declaring that the purity of the institution could not be preserved in a place where riches and gluttony warred against even the heart that was well inclined." St. Stephen's idea of what monastic life should be was a very severe one, much, indeed, too severe to be adopted as a general test of monastic virtue; in the case of the monks of Molesme, evidence has been preserved to show that at the period of which we are writing they were not unfaithful to their duties. Carrying with them nothing but a breviary and the vestments and necessities for saying Mass, the party of zealous monks migrated to Cîteaux, "a situation formerly covered with woods but now so conspicuous for the abundant piety of its monks, that it is not undeservedly esteemed conscious of the Divinity itself. Here, by the countenance of the archbishop of Vienne, afterwards Pope Calixtus II, they entered on a labor worthy to be remembered and venerated to the end of time."

With the permission of the viscount of Beaume the community placed their new monastery on that noble's estates, and on St. Benedict's day, 1098,—it was also Palm Sunday of that year—"the new minster" was dedicated by the bishop of the diocese, and St. Robert was invested with the pastoral staff. In speaking of the early church of Cîteaux as the "minster" the chroniclers of the period scarcely prepare us to find that it was merely such another log church as had been built at Molesme. Humble it certainly was, but had the brethren thought it needed, they could have built no better, since they had given up all their possessions, and with no means to buy more suitable materials, they had to content themselves with

logs of wood felled by their own hands. We can picture their joy when all was ready for the consecration of the church, and how, on that Palm Sunday—as, with palms in their hands, they walked in procession into its walls, their faces telling of that peace which passeth understanding—there would be unison of hearts as of tongues as they joined in singing “Gloria, laus, et honor, tibi sit Rex Christe Redemptor.” Soon after settling at Citeaux it became necessary

type in the lowly home of Nazareth. There the Holy Child sought protection in the arms of the Virgin Mother and at Citeaux the infant community placed itself under her special invocation. In her honor the brethren adopted their characteristic white habit being led to do this, so tradition says, by a vision in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to St. Alberic, second abbot of Citeaux, and consoled him in his difficulties by placing upon his shoulders a similar



GENERAL VIEW OF ST. BERNARD'S ABBEY.

The only Cistercian Abbey now in England, consecrated in 1837.

to move the monastery to a higher level above the neighboring stream, which frequently overflowed, and a plain but more durable church of stone was then built. It “was but fifteen feet wide, having only three windows in the sanctuary and two in the nave,” and within it St. Alberic and St. Stephen were subsequently buried.

So far as poverty, humility and obedience are concerned, both early Molesme and Citeaux had their proto-

white garment. So pronounced, indeed, was the devotion of the Cistercians to our Blessed Lady that it became their invariable custom to dedicate all their churches to God under her invocation.

Naturally, one is led to contrast the simple monasteries of the early Cistercians with the splendor of the abbeys and churches of their successors. In their pathetic desolation and decay the latter are still so beautiful that artists and poets vie with each other in in-

effectual attempts to portray them. As at Cîteaux these monasteries were usually planted on wild, waste lands that, to any but the monks, would have been considered unprofitable, if not quite unfit for cultivation. That those monasteries or the sites on which they formerly stood are now centers of fertility and beauty is a consequence of the persevering and judicious methods made use of by the Cistercians to bring them under cultivation. The elaborate architecture of the later monasteries might usually be taken as unmistakable evidence of the fervor and zeal of their founders; with the Cistercians it is rather evidence that other views than those of St. Robert, St. Alberic, and St. Stephen were invading their chapters, and of a falling away from the principles of the days which gave to the world the great saints of the order. It was not in churches and monasteries replete with gems of the artist's and sculptor's skill that those saints had battled with temptations, and enfeebled and starved to death the base passions of human nature.

St. Robert's pastorate at Cîteaux was short. At the expiration of a year he, by the wish of the pope, returned to his old charge at Molesme. St. Alberic succeeded him at Cîteaux and St. Stephen was made prior. In 1109, St. Stephen completed an entire revision of the Bible in four volumes, the original manuscript of which is still in existence at Dijon. The same year St. Alberic passed to heaven in peace and the monks unanimously elected St. Stephen to fill his place.

As already indicated, it is to St. Stephen that the Cistercians are indebted for their rule. "Its regulations," says William, of Malmesbury, "seem severe, and more particularly these." The brethren "wear nothing made with furs or linen They have two tunics with cowls but no additional garment in winter; though, if they think fit, in summer they may

lighten their garb. They sleep clad and girded and never after matins returned to their beds"—about two o'clock in the morning—"so intent are they on their rule that they think no jot or tittle of it should be disregarded." At dawn they sing lauds and directly afterward prime, "after which they go out to work at stated hours. They complete whatever labor or service they have to perform by day without any other light. No one is ever absent from daily services or from compline except the sick. The cellarer and hospitaller, after compline, wait upon the guests, yet observing the strictest silence. The abbot allows himself no indulgences beyond the others; everywhere present, everywhere attending to his flock, except that he does not eat with the rest, because his table is with the strangers and the poor. Nevertheless, be he where he may, he is equally sparing of food and speech; for, never more than two dishes are served, either to him or to his company—lard and meat never but to the sick." From September to Easter "they do not take more than one meal a day except on Sunday; nor do they ever speak, either there or elsewhere, save only to the abbot or prior. . . . While they bestow care on the stranger and the sick they inflict intolerable mortifications on their own bodies for the health of their souls." In fine, "the Cistercian monks," says the same writer, "are a model for all monks, a mirror for the diligent, a spur to the indolent."

Such were some of the features of the Cistercian rule. Harsh and severe they do seem to be, yet a contemporary monastic writer assures us that its author was a man "affable in speech, pleasant in look, and with a mind always rejoicing in the Lord," and "beloved by all, for God graciously imparts to the minds of other men a love for that man whom he loves." In Stephen the poor found a constant friend, for

the wealth given by the rich became in his hands the "treasury of the indigent." Both he and the brethren loved pure minds and holy lives more than splendid vestments and costly altar furniture. In the earliest and best days of the order, jewels, precious metals and costly vestments were banished and forbidden in their churches; copes, dalmatics and tunics were looked upon as superfluous, whilst chasubles were to be made of common material of one color

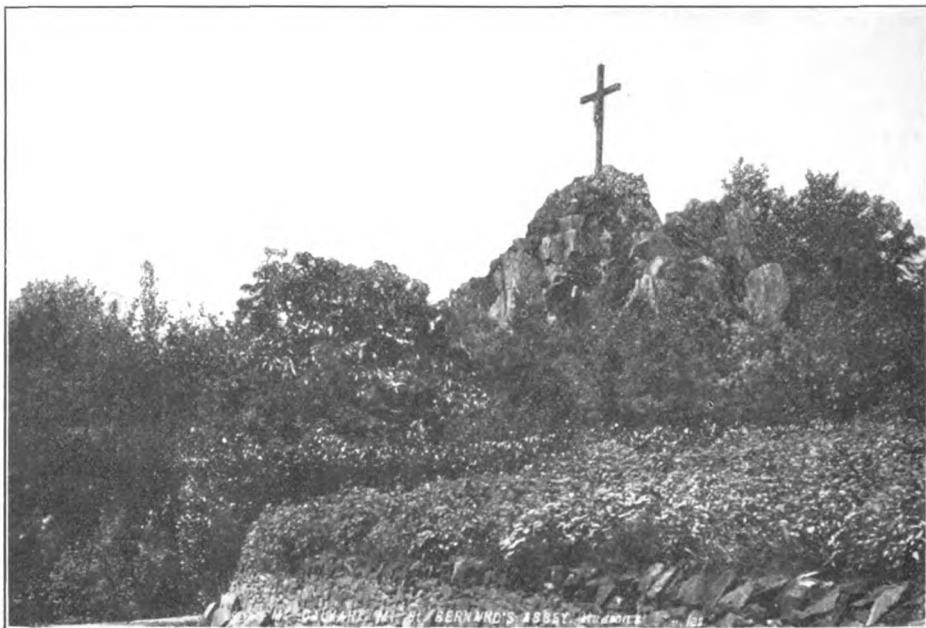
adorned with paintings, sculpture, curtains and columns surmounted with angels, was ordered to destroy all within a month." The Cistercians were the Puritans of their day, but Puritans above suspicion of self and ever obedient sons of the church. Though so austere in the exclusion of embellishments in their own conventional churches they yet recognized the usefulness of such aids to devotion in parochial churches. In a letter of St. Bernard's that saint



ST. BERNARD'S ABBEY.

only and without orphreys. Crucifixes might be painted over the altar, otherwise painting also was prohibited. So strictly were these regulations at first enforced that, in 1182, the general chapter ordered the demolition of certain stained windows which had been set up in some Cistercian churches; and, in 1235, an abbot of Gard was condemned to break up an ornamental pavement he had made, whilst an abbot of Royeaumont, who had caused "an altar to be

commends bishops who, "not being able to stir up the devotion of a carnal people by spiritual exercises they excite it by these exterior ornaments." It was the same in regard to food. A pound of bread and a few vegetables or fruits was the daily bill of fare on which they sustained life; but they were hosts who always welcomed the poor, the strangers and the pilgrims, who daily betook of the more ample table prepared for their benefit.



THE CALVARY, MT. ST. BERNARD'S ABBEY.

To St. Stephen's care for the government of the monasteries of the white monks the church is indebted for the institution of those assemblies for the administration of monastic affairs known as annual chapters. So beneficial was this form of administration found to be that it was adopted by Cluniacs, Carthusians, Franciscans and Dominicans, and in the Fourth Lateran Council, under Pope Innocent III, it was enjoined that abbots and priors should hold similar chapters every three years.

In the Second Chapter General, held in 1119, St. Stephen laid before that assembly the body of regulations known as the Chart of Charity. As finally accepted by the order it provided that "Cîteaux was to be the mother-house and its abbot the father of the whole order. He could visit any house he pleased and wherever he went the resident abbot gave up his place to him but had a right to be consulted in all things. On the other hand, Cîteaux itself was to be visited by the abbot of the first four filiations." By the year 1115 Cîteaux had given birth to four dependent monasteries, or filiations as they were

called — namely, those at La Ferté, Pontigny, Morimond and Clairvaux. These filiations, in their turn, gave rise to other abbeys each of which was subject to an annual visitation by the abbot of the filiation from which it had itself sprung. "Every year a Chapter General was to be held at Cîteaux which all the abbots, without exception, were bound under heavy penalties to attend. The chief abbot of each filiation could, with the advice of other abbots, depose any of his subordinate abbots who, after admonition, continued to violate the rule. Even the head of the whole order might be deposed by the four abbots, though not without a General Chapter, or, in case of urgent necessity, in an assembly of abbots of the filiation of Cîteaux. If, in the General Chapter, any discord should arise the abbot of Cîteaux might, with the help of other abbots, settle the matter in dispute."

At the time of the first settlement at Cîteaux the community found a friend in Hugo, duke of Burgundy. On all great festivals he attended their conventual church accompanied by his court. St. Stephen viewed such dis-

play with apprehension. He and the community of which he was the head had sought the seclusion in which their monastery was situated in order to cut themselves off from allurements which would hamper the soul in the struggle to keep down mere earthly ambition and desires, and he could but see that the presence in their midst, from time to time, of a semi-royal court would tend to frustrate the object of their seclusion. Fearless of the duke's displeasure he told him that only when he had laid aside the surroundings of state would he be welcomed at the church of Cîteaux. As a consequence, the duke's assistance was for a time withdrawn. Soon after the crops sown by the brethren failed, and on one occasion they "were reduced so low as to have only enough for one day's provision. Worse still, a deadly mortality broke out and threatened to carry off the brethren who remained ; for, first one died, and then another," and no new postulants appeared to fill the gaps. Years of want and barrenness passed ; new brethren did not seek admission ; the old were passing to their reward and, for a time, it seemed as though the order would cease to exist with the death of its founders. Still, St. Stephen's faith did not fail, and it received a part of its reward when, in 1113, the first harbinger of the multitudes who, in all lands, should soon be seeking the Cistercian habit, appeared in the person of St. Bernard.

Not alone did he come. "He had six brothers many relations, and many friends, some of whom were established in the world and all of whom had a fair prospect before them of fortune and

distinction. To draw such men as these to the cells of Cîteaux would be a noble triumph. Bernard made the attempt and succeeded." Even his aged father took the vows and died a monk of Clairvaux. Bernard's resolution was no ill-considered freak. For some time he had resolved to abandon secular pursuits in order to make a better preparation for eternity, and to him and the thirty others who accompanied him the attractions of Cîteaux were those very austerities which had appalled others.

It was in the year 1113 that he and his companions passed from the world into the seclusion of Cîteaux. Two years after he was sent, with his brothers and some others of the community, to found the famous monastery of Clairvaux over which he was to pre-



TINTERN ABBEY, MONMOUTHSHIRE, FOUNDED IN 1131.

side as abbot. A plot of ground to supply the vegetables on which the monks largely subsisted was, as a chronicler quaintly writes, "grubbed up," and, with the assistance of the country folk and the aid of the Bishop of Challons the monastery was built. It was truly Cistercian in its austere simplicity. Pope Innocent II visited it in 1131—about sixteen years after its foundation—and said "he could see in the church nothing but the four bare walls;" but of the brethren of Clairvaux he "could not satiate his eyes sufficiently with gazing on the ravishing beauty of holiness which so sweetly beamed forth from the faces of the monks."

An appreciative writer has rolled back the curtain of time and, in a few telling words, has reproduced mediæval Clairvaux. "As you descended the hill towards the convent its simple and lowly buildings seemed at once to say that they were the dwelling of God. The vale, indeed, was peopled, but each inhabitant was employed on his allotted portion of labor and, with the exception of the sounds which this might produce, the deep silence of night prevailed throughout the day only broken at stated intervals by songs of gratitude addressed to their heavenly Father. Among these the abbot was also seen to labor with the rest. At other times, filled with sublime

contemplations, his mind ruminated on celestial truths, or else, issuing from his cell, in a language which seemed more than human, he imparted to his pupils those truths the depths of which they could not fathom, or inculcated lessons of moral excellence which were too exalted for their attainment."

As St. Bernard's moral influence grew and spread throughout the world we can believe with what reluctance he recognized that its exercise for the good of the church would often necessitate his personal labors in places far beyond the walls of Clairvaux. His opinion swayed the deci-



CLAIRVAUX ABBEY, NEAR REIMS.



ST. MARY'S ABBEY, KIRKSTALL, NEAR LEEDS.

sions of synods, whilst his voice decided the controversy as to the election of Innocent II to the papacy. At one time he is found sending out communities of Cistercians to found abbeys in England and other countries; at another, he is advising or exhorting abbots, bishops, kings and even the pope. France, Italy and Germany were, at times, blessed by his footsteps, and, in the pale, emaciated abbot of Clairvaux, the Moslem foes of Europe found an antagonist whose very weakness was the source of his strength—who wielded a power that kings and crowned emperors could not command—for the beck of the abbot of Clairvaux was sufficient to array the armies of united christendom in their path.

Like those of St. Stephen Harding, whose revision of the Bible we have already referred to, St. Bernard's writings teem with Biblical quotations. "A striking characteristic of his sermons," says Dr. Eales, Protestant editor of an edition of his writings, "is their scriptural character." Of his devotion to our Blessed Lady it may truly be said that it is unsurpassed in its warmth, as may be seen from the following gem

culled from his homilies. "The ray," he remarks, "does not diminish the clearness of the star nor the Son of the Virgin her virginity. She is even that noble star risen out of Jacob whose ray enlightens the whole world, whose splendor both shines in the heavens and penetrates into hell; and, as it traverses the lands, it causes minds to glow with virtues more than bodies with heat, while vice it burns up and consumes. . . . If the winds of temptation arise, if you are driven upon the rocks of tribulation, look to the star—invoke Mary. If you are tossed upon the waves of pride, of ambition, of envy, of rivalry, look to the star—invoke Mary. If wrath, avarice, temptations of the flesh assail the frail skiff of our mind, look to Mary. If you are troubled by the greatness of your crimes, confused by the foulness of your conscience and desperate with the horror of judgment you feel yourself drawn into the depths of sorrow and into the abyss of despair; in dangers, in difficulties, in perplexities, invoke and think of Mary."

His beautiful hymn, "Jesu Dulcis Memoria," speaks, as only tongues and hearts like his can speak, of his love

for the Virgin Son of the Virgin Mother. As we read it some of the intensity of his passionate love is communicated to our own souls, and we are filled with a determination that, by God's help and the assistance of Bernard's intercession, Bernard's prize shall be ours, too, and that with him and his Cistercian brethren it shall be our joy through eternity.

The Cistercian order has now been in existence for eight centuries and its life has been divided into four periods: its early days, from 1098 to the death

Winchester, and was first peopled by twelve monks and an abbot sent from Eleemosyna Abbey, in Normandy, through which house it was a filiation of Citeaux. Tintern Abbey was founded in 1131, and two years afterwards the Abbey of Garendon had its beginning. In the same, or following year, monks, sent for the purpose from Clairvaux by St. Bernard, took possession of Rievaulx Abbey in Yorkshire. Rievaulx, in its turn, colonized "fair Melrose," the great borderland home of the Cistercians, founded by that "sore



ST. MARY'S ABBEY, RIEVAUX, YORKSHIRE.

of St. Stephen, in 1134; the golden age of the order, 1134 to 1342; its decline extending to 1790; and the age of its restoration, 1790 to the present day. At the end of the first period Citeaux, directly or through filiations, had established upwards of ninety subordinate abbeys and these by the middle of the fourteenth century had increased to seven hundred. Even before St. Stephen's death the new order had taken root in the saint's native land. Waverley Abbey in Surrey was founded, in 1124, by Wm. Giffard, bishop of

saint to the crown" of Scotland, King David I. In Ireland, also, the Cistercians found an early home and, at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, there were seventy houses of the order in that land and one hundred in England.

To-day, there are about seventy-seven Cistercian abbeys in existence most of which are in France. In England, there is Mount St. Bernard's, established in 1844, whilst Ireland has the abbeys of Roscrea and Mount Melleray in the county of Waterford.

A CHAMPION OF LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

By the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J.

THE most conspicuous man in the parliamentary struggle going on in France to-day, is confessedly the Count de Mun. In the eternal fitness of things it ought to be so. It is a case of atavism, for if the reports about him be true, his family runs back to Clovis through the ancient kings of Navarre. Given that, he outranks all the Bourbons for centuries and is more of a Frenchman than any one in France to-day. He ought to be a Russophile, also, for he is the grandson of Rostopchin, the governor of Moscow, who gave such a cold reception to Napoleon and helped to realize Pope Pius' anathema. But possibly the bad treatment of the French soldiers on that occasion may somewhat affect his attitude towards the Bear. Independently of his blood, however, he has a kingship all his own. For thirty years he has devoted his splendid powers to the uplifting of the workingman, and his noble oratory has won praise even from his foes, in the many political battles in which he has been engaged.

In the present contest, which the devil himself seems to have started for the destruction of Christianity in France, de Mun has inspired his followers with enthusiasm, and even with confidence, although the overwhelming numbers of his Socialist, Hebrew and Freemason enemies (for Rousseau has a clear majority of forty), make his defeat seem a foregone conclusion.

We used to be told that it was difficult even for Demosthenes to hold the attention of the fickle, unpatriotic and quarrelsome mob that thronged the old Athenian agora. From what M. Gaston Deschamps says of the audience in the Palais Bourbon, where a certain number of the French legislators hold daily

antemortems on their country, even the great old Greek would look forward to any patriotic effort there as doomed to dismal failure. The conditions are appalling, and if anyone but a Frenchman dared to describe the scene which is given in *Le Malaise de la Democratie*, the artist would be regarded as an enemy of France and a Prussian; but M. Deschamps is an ardent lover of his country and has rights not accorded to foreigners. For those who do not know him, it may be permitted to say that he is a collaborator of one of the great Parisian newspapers, and is so much esteemed for his literary ability, which any one must admit who reads a page of him, that he has been asked by the great American universities to enlighten them on the glories of French literature and incidentally to give them an example of his own inimitable style.

He tells the story of home affairs sadly and all lovers of France will share in his sorrow. The fact that there are similar scenes elsewhere will not detract from the regret at witnessing such occurrences in a country once so remarkable for its dignity and refinement. It is a consolation, however, to know that the rioters are anti-Christian.

Here is what Deschamps says:

"If one has any sense left he will never enter the place where such a hubbub is the order of the day. But yet, every honest citizen has a right to look at the show which he pays for so heavily. I was there when Brisson was overthrown in the Dreyfus *affaire*, and I transcribe my notes without changing a word.

"There is not a place in this world where there is a more vitiated atmosphere (I am not speaking metaphorically) than in the halls of the *Palais*

Bourbon. The outside air has to filter through corridors which are saturated with microbes. You are literally intoxicated as soon as you are seated on the red benches of that suffocating rotunda. A particular kind of madness rushes to your head. You want to break something, to strike some one. You are caught by the contagion of parliamentary language and you have to keep a close grip on yourself so as not to say to your neighbor 'Sir, you are a black-guard.'

"What a curious spectacle. Bumping, elbowing, kicking, twisting, leaping, striking with the fist, thumping, slapping, banging of desks, rapping of paper cutters, stamping of feet, waving of arms, grimacing, yelling, such is (and I omit many other features) the customary whirligig of this deafening concert. Nowhere in a fair or a street show would you meet with such a hurly burly. And for all this fun, such as it is, we are taxed to the tune of 7,000,000 francs a year.

"The lighting of this amphitheatre is peculiar and false, as if some diabolical architect had wished to make of our chamber of deputies a tremendous optical illusion. The light which falls from the windows of the lofty ceiling is hard and brutal, as in a photographic gallery. The pitiless glare brings out every relief, exaggerates every feature, magnifies every blemish with a frightful intensity. If, besides, you look through a glass at the polls of our representatives, you are startled. All those heads, by some strange effect of light, seem misshapen, swollen, overheated and congested.

"Some physicians pretend that this horrible vision is not an illusion. Alienists assert that, while our deputies are in session, they really are subject to a peculiar kind of frenzy which disappears when they are outside on the asphalt.

"Good God! what a sight! Never did I witness the like of it; stamping,

gesticulating and struggling with an infernal fury like, or nearly like, the toads, and adders, and snakes, and frogs, and other reptiles of the caldron of Macbeth's witches. I give up trying to say what I saw or to repeat what I heard. Besides, what can you see or hear in such an uproar? Every now and then a man in a long coat or a short coat climbs into the tribune, makes a sign that he wants to speak, drinks a mouthful of water and unfolds a paper. Immediately the yellings begin, the groans redouble, the roarings resound through the hall, fisticuffs are in order and the desks bang. The unhappy speaker in the tribune howls out some inarticulate exclamations, beats his breast and at last, weary of the war, hoarse or speechless, he hobbles like a foundered animal to his place.

"Of all those whom I saw make for that platform not one, not even the prime minister ever reached the end of a sentence. Talent, authority, rank, age, nothing availed. The meanest ward-heeler would interrupt M. Ribot, abuse M. de Mun, insult M. Deschanel, and cut short even the president of the council."

This, of course, describes a great crisis in the cabinet, but lesser events call out similar demonstrations. Thus, for example, during this debate on the *Associations Bill*, when the majority saw defeat ahead of them, after all other tactics failed, they rushed out of the chambers, and left the minority helpless to proceed. Of course, it had been all prearranged. Later on, when a vociferous member had refused to withdraw, a squad of infantry was summoned to drag him out. The old aphorism of *silent togæ inter arma* is evidently forgotten and possibly larger bodies of troops may soon take possession of legislative halls. There are plenty of willing Cromwells lying about.

In fact, riot seems to be the usual method of parliamentary procedure nowadays; and the draconian fashion

in which England suppresses it, only accentuates the tendency. Fights enliven the monotony in Spain, Italy and elsewhere ; constant verbal dissensions make serious legislation extremely difficult ; and a still newer phase presents itself now, that of case-hardened politicians settling their moral scruples by discussing the theology of the church while the country is in misery and danger threatens from without. It all looks like a great farce, for which the public is being heavily mulcted in increased taxes and diminished self respect.

But the serious aspect of it is that because legislation runs more smoothly in less excitable nations, the phrase is constantly repeated with a most offensive iteration that the Latin races are unfit for self-government. The formula has been already used as an apology for conquest near home. Is the intrusion of the military in the French chambers a prognostic, and is there a danger of the organized Northmen occupying the lands of the Latins again? It was a punishment in the time of Alaric and Attila. Has the future any similar issue in store?

We have dwelt upon this only because it formed the burden of M. Lasie's splendid speech on the bill. He thinks he sees a foreign influence urging it, and in the Anglo-Saxon alliance with liberal Protestantism and the universal Israelitic union, he scents a national danger. At all events, while Frenchmen, Spaniards and Italians are tearing each other to pieces in their respective countries, there are formidable alliances outside from which they are excluded. "The very best men in France," says Deschamps, whose gloomy picture of his country we have already referred to, "have to swear by all the saints in Paradise that they love their country and have a right to live in it." But, as the politicians in power have little regard for the saints of Paradise or any other locality, the fact re-

mains that while outside nations are arming themselves for offense and defense, the noblest and best people of France, those who would sacrifice most for their country's welfare, are calumniated and robbed and may soon be on the highways of the world in beggary and exile. Meanwhile, the enemies of France are laughing at it all.

The laugh must have been very loud when this new bone of contention was thrown into the arena of French politics. Unfortunately, the enemies who laugh are French, but French Freemasons, who are resolved to rule their country or ruin it. For it must be remembered that all this anti-Catholic legislation had been prearranged and carefully formulated in the masonic lodges of France before it was proposed in the legislative chambers. For a complete understanding of this plot, by which the deputies are made the simple tools to carry out what this government in a government predetermines, we refer our readers to the pages of the *Etudes*, 1893. Omitting all the other projects that have been urged on the French assembly to paganize France, and which have emanated from the same source, but taking only what concerns our present subject of the Congregations, we find in the *Moniteur Universel*, as far back as 1880, this formal announcement :

"The plan of the lodges is now known. We shall go step by step, slowly but surely. The non-authorized Congregations will be condemned first, then the authorized."

In 1880, decrees were issued by Brisson, who was premier, to that effect. Later on, in the general assembly of French Freemasonry, September, 1891, the *Bulletin of the Grand Orient of France*, informs us that it was formally decreed and *solemnly* voted that the delegates should, in their respective orients, institute a vigorous campaign for the suppression of religious Congregations, and the brethren who form part of the parliament are invited to

force the government to apply the law of 1792, which interdicts absolutely all congregations of men or women. The Toulouse Lodge was ordered to draw up a law consisting of nine articles relative to this suppression. It was at Toulouse that Waldeck-Rousseau shortly afterwards uttered his famous pronouncement, and three months afterward he proposed his Associations Bill.

It is more than suspected that he does not want the bill to succeed, but he has the collar on his neck and has to father the measure and take the consequences. As de Mun reminded him the time will come when he will be cast aside by his present associates as too slow for them ; he will turn in vain for help to those whom he is persecuting and will feel the greatest curse that can come on a public man—that of never again being able to be what he once was.

Against this bill and in this dreadful arena de Mun stands forth. Opposed to him are Waldeck-Rousseau, "the man of the red face and eyes projecting oddly," as the *Evening Post* describes him, but who, in spite of these physical peculiarities, is no mean orator. As Jules Lemaitre says, he is an apostate and will fight with an apostate's animosity. There is besides him the famous Socialist, Millerand, whose oratory, to use an expression of his own, is "decorative" in its character and scarcely befitting a Socialist ; and who so unconcernedly, or rather so sardonically, defies public decency that he remains a member of the ministry while directing the great strikes of the country. Prominent in pushing the bill, also, is George Trouillot, whose infamy has brought him out of his normal obscurity. After receiving a free education at the College of Dôle—a charity which his brother shared with him—he asked while deputy, to have his nephew taken on the same easy conditions. This man now betrays the benefactors who fed him, as Cassagnac put it : "he gnaws the hand

that gave him bread." A study of the protracted debates that are now going on reveals Trouillot as a man of a singularly obtuse or hardened soul ; for it apparently does not matter how often he is accused of deliberate falsification, or how frequently he is put in the most ridiculous or embarrassing positions he keeps doggedly at his bad work, regardless of sneers, contempt and infamy. He is the Judas Iscariot of the plot. As his request for educational help for his family was made when he was a deputy he is probably in need of money. He is nicknamed "the bird" from some piously silly verses he wrote when at college. Here they are almost literally translated, though infinitely better in rhyme and rhythm than the original.

THE SPARROW.

I am told, that in their life,
Many days with sorrow rife
Little birds must know.
Ah ! if e'er my heart should fear
Guard thy sparrow, Virgin dear
When the storm winds blow.
Let his plumes be never touched,
Nor by cruel hawk be clutched,
Never let the piercing dart
Stop his song or flight or heart,
Under thy sweet guardianship,
Happy be his airy trip,
As when in his crib he lay ;
And if perchance I die some day
Then in heaven's eternal rest
Make thy little sparrow nest.

He made an open profession of his apostasy the other day when taunted with his Catholic education. "I am no more responsible for that," he said, "than for my baptism or first communion," implying that all three were offensive to him. Brisson is, of course, to the fore, the dechristianizer par excellence as he is called, and who is supposed, on great occasions, to make the masonic sign of distress.

The most pronounced and most redoubtable exponent, however, is Viviani, the young leader of the Socialists. "We are not attacking the associations" he exclaimed, "nor are we assailing Catholicity, but we mean to destroy all

religion." He is a man of remarkable oratorical powers and the one who is chiefly pitted against de Mun. The two champions are diffuse at times in their praise of each other's prowess.

In the group on the left, which is mainly that of the Socialists, sits a figure who seems like a mourner over the grave of Catholic liberalism, "a movement," says a correspondent of the *Post*, "which has been lost—he might have said which has died—in a mental and moral morass." It is the figure of Abbé Lemire, who dishonors the soutane by taking his place among the enemies of God, with whom he foolishly fraternizes in the vain hope of being able by compromises to save the Church which they are vowed to destroy.

"You need not expect me to attack the government," said the misguided man. "I believe in the loyalty of the ministers, and if they have to repress some noisy monks they have a right to do so"—a sentiment which drew from de Mun the angry reproach: "You have no right, sir, to use such words in the present circumstances." According to Cornely, of the *Figaro*, the promasonic correspondent of the New York *Herald* of February 3, "he is a real disciple of Jesus Christ"—a judgment for which the correspondent is scarcely competent and which implies the accusation that the devoted men on the other side of the house are not. "The abbé," says the gushing contributor, "is a model of evangelical gentleness, adored by his electors, and loved in the chambers even by the most determined republicans." It must be a rapturous sight when the abbé falls into the arms of the atheist—who has Jesuits on the brain—Ives Guyot, and they kiss as only Frenchman can, while the anarchist informs the priest that he would like to send all Catholics, especially the clergy, to the guillotine and confiscate their property for the benefit of the Workingmen's Pension Fund. Lemire apparently persuades

himself that he is going to be the sole saviour of the Church, and so, when Gayraud, another abbé who is in the legislature, concluded a magnificent discourse in defense of the right, not a word of commendation or support could be wrung from Lemire, though he was repeatedly asked to give them, and, in the most Oscar Wildish way, he said "he was wearied listening to so much history and theology, but consented to bring *les restes de ses forces*, to explain his own counter-project, and he trusted that the members would not find it too hard though it was a trifle much to give the whole session to two abbés." The conceit and mawkishness of his attitude remind one of the lapwing courtier of Shakespeare. So proud is he of his liberalism that he boasted that a lady once wrote to an editor "that abbé ought to be a Freeman." "You are right, madame," was the reply, "he is." He cuts a distressing and sorry figure in the midst of the enemies of religion and morality who are using him for their own purposes and laughing at his simplicity.

On the other side, grouped around de Mun we see, in the first place, the Abbé Gayraud, an ecclesiastic and an orator quite the reverse of Abbé Lemire. He is evidently a man of very varied learning, a fine logician, with a quick wit that welcomes an interruption and a power of repartee that invariably leaves him more solidly intrenched in his position. During the greater part of a protracted session he was badgered and beset by all the left with questions of moral theology, history, canon law, and he came out of the battle not only victorious but with the reputation, if he did not have it before, of a very formidable antagonist in the give and take of an excited parliamentary debate. The *Theology of Clermont* was under discussion. It was fiercely attacked for its immoral teachings by a group of politicians who make light of morality and whose remarks even in the cham-

bers are such, at times, that the ladies in the galleries are compelled to withdraw. Gayraud led them on step by step and when they were fiercest in their denunciations he quietly said: "Why, gentlemen, this isn't Jesuit theology at all; it is the theology of a congregation which you approve—the Sulpicians." The Inquisition, of course, had to come up. "Llorente says there were thirty-one thousand victims." "Well, isn't that enough, M. l'Abbé?" he was asked sneeringly. "Certainly," he replied, "too much; but it doesn't justify your chairman, M. Trouillot, for inserting another figure in what is already a falsification and making it three hundred and sixty-five thousand." Trouillot only seemed to enjoy this revelation of his mendacity. Before they had done with him the abbé had actually forced upon his audience a splendid defense of the famous tribunal. One shaft he turned with great deftness. "The Inquisition crushed out liberty, you say. Of course, it did, because precisely in your words, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, it maintained, 'there could be no liberty against public safety.'" And so on for all the other points that were dragged into the debate, the abbé never losing his temper or self-possession never missing a chance to hit back and, at times, breaking out into genuine eloquence. His defense of the three vows was a particularly brilliant piece of work and he carried the house by storm when he quoted the Freemason oath of obedience and made it known that the one who received this profession on the eighth of September, 1900, was no less a personage than the Secretary of the Navy who had forbidden the French sailors to drape their ships in black on Good Friday.

The fine speech of Lasie was an answer to the declaration made by both Viviani and Bourgeois that the real purpose aimed at by the bill was not to kill the Congregations but to do away with Catholicity and put in its

place the spirit of the Reformation, the spirit of the Revolution and the spirit of Reason. It would look as if the three R's were making the round of the globe, and it is just possible that, as Rum, Romanism and Rebellion defeated a great candidate for the presidency, Revolution, Reformation and Reason may bury Rousseau. May the omen be fulfilled! It was in this speech that Lasie insisted that there was a coalition between the liberal Protestants of France, the universal Israelite alliance and the Freemasons, all of which associations were directed and supplied with money from abroad. It was anti-French in its chiefs and, consequently, should be resisted by patriots of every color and every creed. As was to be expected the discourse was punctuated with angry recriminations and invectives.

To the great delight of the Catholics the former minister, Ribot, appeared in the tribune on their side in spite of the fact that he was fiercely denounced as "traitor" by the left. "The right of association," M. Ribot reminded them, "was not denied even by Goblet or Floquet, nor by Gambetta himself, nor even by the mighty Bismarck. Nay, only two years ago, Viviani and Millerand themselves were the ardent champions of this right—one that every freeman must claim." "The project of confiscation which you propose," he continued, "would not be listened to in any civilized country; the 'man of blood and iron' in the height of the Kulturkampf did not dare to advocate it; it is not French and will never be accepted by the conscience of the nation, and, if you carry it out, in two years the Congregations will be stronger than they are to-day." Rousseau must have winced when his own words were quoted against him. "We want to pacify the country." "You, the chief representative of the government," said Ribot, "have flung the torch of civil war into the nation, and you have

done it in that very part of the country whose history is black with the record of the civil and religious strifes by which it has been desolated."

A distinguished speaker of our own country once said that the universality of the press had usurped the domain of the great orators and that the influence exerted upon a nation started from the editor's room and not from the orator's platform. We do not think so. If the orations are as they ought to be—viz., finished and classic in their structure—the press only extends the limits of the domain over which the speaker rules. The orations of Demosthenes and Cicero will never cease to thrill the souls of men; and the reason is that, while being the expression of great minds, they are at the same time perfect works of art. On these masterpieces many of the discourses of the French chambers are modelled and, thanks to the press, the splendid utterances of the speakers are heard beyond the restricted limits of the halls of legislature, and may possibly produce an effect in arousing the people, although the living word apparently fails to influence, in the least, the minds of the fanatical politicians who listen.

Many of the French speeches are of such a character, and M. Piou—who, after M. de Mun, has pronounced the most brilliant one in this struggle—is a notable example of the power which discourses of this kind produce. His oration, for such it is, is the work of a classically trained speaker. He addresses himself directly to his task. He thanks Viviani for having torn aside the veil revealing thus the true character of the law which, in spite of its harmless appearance, proposes to wrest the consciences of men from the control of religion and subject them to that of reason. One by one, but with true oratorical rapidity, he discusses the objections against religious orders, which are considered to be the special instruments of spiritual propagandism and, like, a flash, turns on

the aggressors with: "Do not Freemasonry and Socialism pursue exactly the same tactics? Does not Masonry, particularly, cover France with a network of lodges and workshops? Does it not unite its adepts in associations and subject them to the most dramatic tests? Does it not make them pass by successive initiations through all the degrees of a complicated and mysterious hierarchy, and exact from them devotedness and absolute secrecy? Does it not seek to a greater extent than any religious order to promulgate its doctrines, to increase its riches and to extend its political influence?"

The skill with which he avails himself of the demand of Vergniaud and Danton, the wild revolutionists of '89, for liberty of worship is worthy of a great orator, clinching the conclusion, as he does, by Napoleon's understanding of it in the Concordat, and showing that in modern legislation, religious Congregations were to have a liberty not accorded them even under the Catholic kings of France. After a long discussion of this point in his speech he again rapidly disposes of all the objections and notably of the one against the vow which insists on obedience even to death *perinde ac cadaver*. "Do we not find that in the army?" he asks. "Don't we find it in public life?" "Do we not find it?" wittily interjected De Cassagnac, "on the bench of the ministers?" And, finally, skillfully availing himself of republican prejudices, he puts his adversaries in the odious position of being associated with Frederick the Great and Louis XIV—one a Prussian and the other the greatest of autocrats. There are splendid bursts of eloquence here and there and a masterly way of keeping his balance amid the constant attacks made on him from all sides during the course of his speech.

Towering above all these great men on either side of the house stands de Mun, the Catholic leader, no longer, indeed, in the vigor and flush of youth,

but with the old fire burning fiercely yet and with the added dignity and skill which experience bestows. His discourse of the twenty-first of January, 1901, which we trust is the forerunner of others, ought to rank high among the masterpieces of parliamentary eloquence. Considered rhetorically, it is well worth the analysis of the student as an example of how consummate art can conceal itself under the appearance of spontaneity. Its style is mostly periodic, working up invariably to a climax that always swept the house with applause. Every now and again there are quick rapierlike thrusts transfixing his interrupters, no matter how coarse, or irritating, or offensive their remarks might be, but never departing from the dignity, nobility and refinement which are inseparable from the distinguished speaker's personality.

He brushes aside all exordium. It is uncalled for in the circumstances. He will not even deign to discuss the pretense of the bill as to the right of association, but assails immediately the legislation and the legislator whose covert purpose is to abolish religious communities altogether. Almost his first words are a fierce invective directed against the prime minister personally. "You have no right, M. Waldeck-Rousseau," he thundered, though the left ineffectually strove to shout him down. "You have no right, as leader of the government, to play upon susceptibilities which are so easily aroused, to awaken the terrors of a past that has disappeared and to run the risk, as you have done, of misleading public opinion. We, in the legislature, know what mortmain means, what the dead-hand signifies, but the masses of the people do not, and relying on the persistency of the passions and prejudices of the past, you call up by that word all the spectres of governments that are dead and represent them as stretching their skeleton grasp over half of our national domain. That is not your right nor your rôle as prime minister."

Addressing himself then to the mendacious figures which had been cooked up by the government to demonstrate what Rousseau had designated as an "economic peril," he reveals, in a way that would be crushing to everyone except those who had made up their minds to perpetrate the crime, how utterly void of truth the figures are about the wealth of the Congregations and how scandalously tyrannical are the methods of computing values and determining ownership.

As for the economic danger of associated property he reminds his hearers that organization is the very essence of business as it is understood at the present time, and that it presents infinitely less peril in religious corporations than in any of the thousands that are being everywhere formed. "You, yourselves," he said, turning to the left, "if, tomorrow, you seize this entailed property of the religious Congregations, will entail it in turn for the benefit of your famous Workingmen's Pension Fund."

Then follows a splendid panorama of the works of charity to which these religious corporations are devoted and which, if destroyed, the government would never be able to replace. "Will you dare," he asks, turning to Rousseau again, "plunge to the hilt this sword of confiscation whose point you now make us feel? Beware!" he says, "you, yourself, will be the first to feel the consequences."

"Why are you attacking these communities? Do you forget what all your political leaders and foreign ministers of the past and present, even such men as Paul Bert and Gambetta, himself, have told us of the influence these religious Congregations exert abroad for the benefit of France?"

The brilliant picture he then sketches of the patriotism of French missionaries shows how powerfully de Mun can appeal to popular enthusiasm while preserving, nevertheless, all the dignity and elevation of a statesman.

"Let me ask you," he says, "what

kind of a game is this you are playing in the face of the country and in the face of Europe which has its eyes fixed upon you? Only yesterday, when the great drama of Pekin was ended and the curtain rose on that tragic story, a figure appeared, that of a man in perfect accord with the minister of France, bound to him in the peril of the fight as he had been on its eve in the negotiations for peace—the figure of Bishop Favier. No one either within or without these walls can forget that day of the 16th of August of last year—while the tricolor was floating on the towers of the cathedral and the martial music of Père Bougeaud was played on the trumpets of those Chinese Christians, the bishop himself taking part—there came back on the breeze the answering shouts of our boys in blue, the sailors of our fleet with Darté their commandant; and, as the last words of the bishop tell us, we fell in each other's arms and wept. We were delivered, and delivered by French sailors, when all hope was gone. It was the happiness and the joy of a patriotism that was unexpectedly rewarded. And yet this man," he continues, "was met by calumnies when he returned to his native country." Over and over again, through this splendid description, the chambers rang with applause as well they might.

"What these missionaries are doing abroad their brethren are doing at home. Will you dare suppress the Sisters of Charity who are among your poor in your hospitals and on your battlefields? Will you dare to come in conflict with all your countrymen who have sons and daughters in those Congregations? Will you dare to stifle in the hearts of Frenchmen the ambition for sacrifice which prompts this eagerness for religious life?"

Upon this outburst follows a superb passage which may serve here as an example not only of the eloquence but of the lofty character of the distinguished speaker.

"No, it is not discouragement, or weariness, or disappointed love, or dread of the world that peoples our convents. It is the insatiable, the inextinguishable attraction of self-sacrifice; it is the mysterious need that faith puts in the hearts of believers to accomplish by the gift of themselves the fundamental law of Christianity. From those depths which governments and laws can never reach, from those fountains whose waters never fail to flow, up towards the world tormented as it is by ambition, passion and rebellion, chilled by egotism, and ploughed deep by misery and suffering, there arise in ever-increasing multitudes those men and women who have refused to ask the world for its pleasures, that they might the better give it examples of a poverty that is loved, of a chastity that is heroic, of an obedience that is deliberate and of a devotedness to suffering that not only receives no human recompense but is often repayed with outrage and contempt, and that makes in this sacrifice of their own liberty, the last, the most magnificent and the most positive use that liberty is capable of conceiving."

And, yet, after this sublime eloquence, what did he hear from the radical and socialist left: "Let them give up their money."

"Suppress these Congregations!" he continued. "They will live in spite of your legislation. Have you not seen them in all the fury of the Reign of Terror rise again from the dead and stand with their feet in the blood that was pouring from the scaffold, two steps away?"

"Why, after all, do you want to suppress them? All your nonsense about their mortmain and their millions, their unlawful vows and their alienation of their natural rights is but a play to the galleries—it is the show to attract and to keep the crowd. Behind all these words and all this hubbub we see plainly your eternal desire to direct

men's thoughts, to impose your own teachings and to control human souls. You want the education of youth."

This opens for him the whole subject of education which he treats at great length and with a master's power ; but he first says :

"I wanted to hear you explain, M. Trouillot, when you were on this platform, how it was that these religious teachers corrupted the minds of their scholars and destroyed their love for their native land. You did not dare to say it for you were educated by them; but, though you failed to do so, there are men in this assembly who will lead you to those rolls of honor in our schools where the names of their pupils are inscribed who died fighting for the flag—no matter in whose hand it was carried from Mexico to Tonquin, on the battlefields of the East, or the Loire, in Madagascar or the Soudan—and they have won triumphs in the battles of peace as well as war. We find them everywhere, even on the benches of the ministry"—a phrase which convulsed the house with laughter, while it fixed forever on the guilty men the brand of a traitor.

"When you come with your accusations against the pupils of Catholic schools, do not answer as Marbé Barbois did in the revolution: 'Proofs? I need no proofs. I have my convictions.' Such an answer will not do in these days."

The discourse ends with a touching appeal for peace and unity of all true Frenchmen who love their country.

These are a few examples taken from this masterly oration. It must have

required some hours in its delivery, but its line of thought was adhered to undeviatingly from beginning to end. Crowded as it is with illustration, drawn aside continually by irrelevant attacks, it keeps persistently driving forward to the object aimed at from the beginning, viz.: That there is not only no *economic* peril in the possessions of the Congregations, but that more than all other associations of organized capital these religious communities contribute to the welfare of the country at home and abroad, that the alleged purpose of the law is a fraud and a delusion and that its object is to get possession of the youth of the nation to tear it away from Christianity. But he warns them that the attempt is to precipitate what is equivalent to a civil war.

What a pity it is that a country that can produce men like de Mun—a country with such a glorious Catholic past, and which to-day counts 35,000,000 Catholics—will permit the little clique of Freemasons, Jews and that particular class of French Protestants who have ceased to believe in Jesus Christ, to control its destinies and to hurry it on to ruin! If a crushed and insignificant minority, as the Catholics of Germany were only a short time ago, could, by their splendid organization, obtain such influence as to be to-day the controlling power in the great Protestant empire, why should Frenchmen, who are at heart Catholic and who have the same truth to battle for, tolerate the condition of things which obtains with them at the present day. What is lacking?

HOW FATHER PACIFICUS FINISHED THE CATHEDRAL.

By John J. O'Shea.



FROM time immemorial the work of building the cathedral had been going on. The grandfathers did not recollect the beginning thereof, nor had they heard of it from the generation who had gone before. At some nebulous period toward the end of the preceding century it was commonly believed, some splendid dreamer, beholding in his mind's eye a time when the church could emerge from the alley and the *cul-de-sac* in the purlieus, laid the stone and began to build. It was only a dream. Nothing but a few feet of wall rose, in his day, above the ground. Grass had grown over the topmost stones, and the street urchins had made a playground of the enclosed space, ere another step forward was taken. About ten feet of masonry, with opes for doors and windows, was added to the first stratum and then the work came to a sudden stop.

Then again grew the grass on the upper courses of the stone work and the "abomination of desolation" reigned once more over the littered, untidy and potsherd-strewn enclosure where the boys played leap-frog, bait-the-bear and peg-in-the-ring. The fond dream of the founder, that a noble shrine for the hidden Lord would one day rise there, appeared to all who looked upon the abortive pile as the fantasy of a fool, and so they called the place the "Vocheen's Folly." (1)

(1) "Vocheen," Irish for a devout or over-devout person.

It was when things looked darkest for the "Folly" that a redeemer arose and a band of white light suddenly streaked the horizon. Catholic emancipation shot from the heavens like a flash, and no longer need the church cower in the alley and behind the screen of lopsided old houses and dingy factories, as in the penal days. At the same time, by one of those phenomenal shiftings of the commercial gravity-centre which affect big cities, the trade of the town took a sudden turn toward the end where lay the outline of the cathedral and residences of wealthy merchants soon began to adorn the suburb lying immediately on the border. Old houses were swept away, streets were widened and the hum of activity was heard on every side. A new life had come into the place. A new parish priest came with it, a zealous and energetic pastor, to whom the stunted circumvallation of the cathedral was an eyesore. He at once began a movement to carry the work to completion, but the task was too much for one man's life in those days. Building was slow work then and the magnitude of the cathedral made the task tardy and the expense too great for one generation. The priest grew old and died before the fabric, now growing into a thing of beauty, could be considered nearly finished. So the legacy descended to his successor—a retiring and placid gentleman, renowned for piety and learning, but little fitted to go on with any such work, because it necessitated a quest for money. But, fortunately, there came to his service, at this crisis, a youthful, active, joyous young curate, known in his order as Father Pacificus.

Whatever was wanting in the psychology of Father Noble, the parish priest, to make a successful mendicant for heaven was amply made up in the qualifications of Father Pacificus. He was a sturdy beggar by nature—an Ulster Celt, with all the push, the steadfastness, and the racy wit that belong to this portion of the human family. In private life his name was the somewhat unmanageable one of Loughlin McGillicuddy, but his religious cognomen completely atoned for this want of euphony.

The fact that Father Pacificus was an Ulsterman, might suggest the picture of a tall, raw-boned, black-avised cleric, dour of look somewhat, or, at least, very hard and practical in lineament and suggestion. No impression could be more erroneous. Short, rotund, rosy-cheeked, with eyes constantly lit up with a mischievously humorous twinkle in their subtle blue depths, and a large, full mouth, always ready to curve in the upward direction where laughter leads, Father Pacificus seemed to be the incarnation of all drollery and mischief—a laughing philosopher in a clerical habit. No care seemed to weigh upon his boyish spirits; he was a living proof of the absurdity that the religion of the Christian is a system of sadness. He was always on the watch for the racy side of things and never a day passed but he had some new illustration of the comical aspect of life to set the table in the presbytery in a roar and so make digestion wait on appetite. Some might mistake this tendency for a disqualification for the religious state. But no greater error could be imbibed. For all this fun arose from the guilelessness of a truly innocent spirit, and there was in very truth no saintlier man in heart and act than the jolly little Ulster friar who seemed born rather for a court jester than for the Catholic priesthood.

Instinctively Father Noble recognized in this new auxiliary the man of destiny. Here he perceived the very instrument

needed for the occasion—a man whom nobody could refuse anything in his power to bestow. An examination of the local position showed that all the well-to-do Catholic population had already given—some far beyond their actual ability—toward the completion of the cathedral. The work was, indeed, too ambitious for the locality, and it had drained the place dry. But Father Pacificus was a man of ideas. He found that the poor had not been called upon; the small traders and the dealers who came to market every Thursday and Saturday had never been appealed to for a contribution. Of course, there was a residuum from whom nothing whatever could ever be expected; but, he argued, the wage-earner and the small vender in the market might fairly be asked to do something for the church which was always at their service, night and day, weekday and Sunday. “The pennies of the thousands,” he said to Father Noble, “are just as good in the long run as the pounds of the tens. All that you need to do is to get them regularly and systematically.”

“But who will undertake to get them? I could not ask people to go out into the market-places and go round to every one taking up pennies and marking them down in a book, day after day, and calling upon the working people at their homes every week. This would take time and labor, and I could not afford to pay for such work.”

“Oh, leave that to me, Father Noble!” laughingly replied the proposer. “Someone must take off his coat to the work, if the church is ever to be finished; so here goes, in the name of God.”

A perfect democrat was Father Pacificus. He was a veritable Miller of the Dee in his indifference to what people might think of him, so long as he was able to effect his purposes. If one met with an accident in the street and surgery were necessary, he would tear up

his shirt to make a bandage, or break his cane to furnish a *tourniquet*, if no other help were within immediate reach. He would tell the first passer-by to run for the doctor while he was administering the sacraments, or start himself for that purpose as soon as the function was over. He would not hesitate to give his coat or his watch to one whom he thought really stood in need of help, if he had no money to hand. More than once had he been found making toward the presbytery in his shirt sleeves, by reason of his readiness to outdo St. Martin in the matter of sharing sartorial belongings with the needy.

Therefore, when the swarming crowd in the market enclosures beheld the sudden apparition of Father Pacificus with a large green-baize bag suspended from his shoulder, in the early morning hours, and saw him go gravely around each stall, taking a penny or two from each buyer or seller, dropping the money into the satchel, and making an entry in a note-book, there was nothing in their comments to show that their sense of the clerical proprieties was in any degree shocked. "Troth, that's his riverence all over," was the general comment. "Sure the fox never sent out a better messenger than himself," remarked one of the women hucksters, when it was learned that the green bag was intended for contributions for the cathedral. "Well, Father Pacificus knows that he'd get a shillin' where a hired man wouldn't get a penny—good luck to him!"

The markets, in those days, were more numerous in the large cities than at present. They were situated in different quarters, for the convenience of the population. Large enclosures for the most part, with an open space in the centre for the farmers' carts where the produce was bought at first hand, and a shed running all around for the convenience of the buyers by retail or protection from the elements. Several of these buildings were devoted to particu-

lar purposes, others to multifarious. In one, potatoes might be exclusively sold; in another, milk and butter; while again, every kind of agricultural produce and even toys and trifles could be picked up in some of the rest.

In the milk and butter market at the cathedral end of the city, Father Pacificus encountered his only knotty problem. There, in awful majesty seated behind a huge churn, was to be found, week in, week out, Lady Kitty Hayes, the mistress of the market. Each market had its own *genius loci* or ruling spirit, who kept buyers and sellers in order—whose word or blackthorn was potent to quell all disorder or settle angry disputes between emptor and vender. Mrs. Hayes, or "Lady Kitty," as she was generally styled, without demur from herself was, by general assent, the recognized ruler of the milk and butter mart. She was never known to be missing from her post, since the market was first thrown open for public service, at five o'clock in the morning, winter and summer; and there she sat until noon, when business was practically over for the day, dispensing new milk from an immense main churn and skim milk from a smaller side one, by the quart or pint or bottle, according to requirement. As she kept the purest article in the market, and never was known to be challenged by the lacteal inspector, she did the best business of all the dealers, and was reputed to be immensely wealthy for a person in her position. Whatever doubt might be entertained on this score, there was none about her stinginess. On no occasion was she ever known to contribute anything toward a charitable or religious object or to give an alms to a beggar. But the severity of her moral code in this respect was counterbalanced by her rigid mercantile ethics. She was known as the "best pay" in the market, never deviating one iota from her business engagements, and never being an hour behind the time in the

payment of her bills to dairymen and others. Hence, Lady Kitty was a moral power all over the market, and her wishes were respected by inspectors and subordinates in a way that the Queen of Sheba herself might have envied.

Mrs. Hayes' claim to aristocratic distinction were by no means so empiric as some thought, from the fact that the title "Lady Kitty" seemed to be usually applied in derision. She was, in fact, one of the portionless daughters of a fast living and consequently ruined baronet, named Triston, who had been compelled to liquidate his debts by a long sojourn in the king's marshalsea and died there in the attempt. There were two other sisters who, from their rare beauty, had made splendid matches, but Kitty Triston, having neither face nor fortune to boast of, was fain to take the first favorable offer of matrimony she could get. She became the wife of a comfortable dairy farmer named Hayes but soon proceeded to make him uncomfortable by reason of her shrewish temper and her penurious proclivities. Hayes was an easy-going man if left to his own way, but, like many other placid men, he had a strong temper if persistently thwarted. His domestic life proved too great a strain upon his patience, so one fine day he brought in an auctioneer, sold off his farm and his dairy stock, handed over half the proceeds to his unmanageable partner and, taking his baby daughter with him, bade Mrs. Hayes good-bye forever. He made his way to California and began farming life there anew. He prospered wonderfully, being a man of skill and energy in his business, and his daughter, Delia Hayes, grew up betimes into a woman of surpassing grace and beauty.

Now what this brief history could have to do with the plan of Father Pacificus for the completion of the cathedral may seem incapable of satisfactory explanation. But who can tell

the destiny of the thread that Arachne spins—whether it shall be woven into the raiment of a queen or the clout of a beggar? The parsimony which prompted Mrs. Kitty Hayes' refusal to contribute a sixpence toward the cathedral proved in its effect to be the unlooked-for agency by which the great desideratum was at length realized.

Delia Hayes had been reared in one of the most famous convents of the many great ones that the New World boasts. Her religious character had been moulded as carefully as her intellectual gifts. Not indeed that any artificial cultivation was needed in this direction; intuitively, as with most women of the Irish race, the great spiritual truths sank into the most receptive soil, and became interwoven with the hidden fibres of her sentiment and emotional being. When she emerged from conventual life to take her place in her father's now luxurious house her appearance created quite a flutter. The fame of a beauty so exquisite as she developed spread rapidly; but it was soon discovered that there was an unusual quality accompanying the glorious gift. Its possessor was as shrinking and seemingly unconscious of it as though no trace of it had ever been hers. Stephen Hayes had suffered too much from the effects of an ill-considered alliance to let his daughter ever be the victim of another, if he could by prevision avert such a calamity. He had a numerous circle of friends, and among the lot there were men young enough to aspire to his daughter's hand as well as elderly ones like himself. Hint how they might, however, and beat about the bush however cleverly, Stephen Hayes could never be got to hold out any encouragement, giving it decidedly to be understood that he considered such questions best left to the party most immediately concerned, and that his daughter's happiness must be the sole consideration on which the decision as to her future rested.

Speculation regarding likely suitors for so rare a prize, after many abortive prophecies, at length narrowed the field down to two, Robert Clinton, a young railway engineer, whose father had been a friend to Stephen Hayes in unsettled periods for farming interests, when banking firms, like the one in which he was a partner, were shy of taking risks, was an especial favorite of Hayes, and, indeed, there was much in his favor in the quarter whose good opinion was still more desirable in such a case. A sterling Catholic and a young man of principle and high intellectual attainments such as afforded a pledge of a successful professional career, there was no apparent reason why he should fail to make a good impression on the mind of Delia Hayes, as soon as the reserve and timidity of early acquaintance had given way to a cheerful but respectful familiarity. Stephen Hayes, as he saw them conversing frequently, with the easy vivacity of young minds, with many common intellectual interests and concurrent tastes and aspirations, felt a feeling of satisfaction at the thought that, perhaps, there might be found the solution of a question which was beginning to cause him some anxiety, now that his life's shadow was beginning to lengthen on the path behind. At such moments there arose one anxious thought to mar the pleasing anticipation to which such incidents gave rise. Never had he told his daughter anything about her mother's existence or mode of life, nor was Delia Hayes, on her part, curious on the subject. She had been little more than a babe when the separation came, and after a few days of grieving and watching for "mamma," the child had ceased to remember her under the soothing influence of a kind-hearted nurse, whom Stephen Hayes had been fortunate enough to secure for the voyage out. By the time the trio had arrived in the New World the existence of her mother had been as completely

blotted out of the undeveloped consciousness of the infant as though no bond had ever been between them. As the years sped on the child took her home conditions as though they were all that should be, never noting the absence of a mother and quite content with the affection of the good nurse, who remained to watch over her infancy, and the negro servants, to whom the little elf was a veritable object of idolatry. It became a matter of something like remorse, in time, with Stephen Hayes, that he had preserved this long dogged silence with regard to his wife whom he had left behind. While he had kept himself, through secret sources, informed of her doings and mode of life, he had taken care that she never could gain tidings of his whereabouts. Truth to tell, the man's conscience often reproached him because he had taken the child away from the woman who had driven him into exile. It was a cruel thing to do, he reflected, in soberer moments, even with the hardest of mothers. And, indeed, so it proved, for it was the means of souring the heart of the deserted wife and mother all the more bitterly and making her a peevish, avaricious and selfish misanthrope in her later life, unbeloved by a single soul in all the world and hating all the world in return.

Now, if Robert Clinton's father had any one failing which amounted to a passion it was that of family pride. He did not boast of being a son of the Revolution nor the son of one, nor being descended from one of those who came over in the Mayflower, nor one of the founders of the Maryland colony, nor one of the early Pennsylvania Dutch, nor one of the many other strains of humanity that, by a fiction, are supposed to bear in themselves, the assurance of personal superiority over less fortunate denizens of the American Union. But he prided himself on being of an English Catholic family which could trace its an-

cestry in unbroken line back to Anglo-Saxon times, and which, in its ancestral Yorkshire home, had preserved its Catholic faith inviolate in all the storms of persecution and vicissitude. The family was not rich nor was it noble; it had originally been of the vavasour or yeomanry class; he was one of its many younger sons who, generation after generation, had gone out into the world to open the book of fortune with sword or brains. But he inherited a full allowance of the family pride; and this was the fact which caused a sinking of the heart and a gloomy perturbation to Stephen Hayes at moments when he found Delia in converse with young Clinton, each happy in the pleasant interchange of youthful thought and idea, on the social current of the day or the tendency of the world of poetry and art. Well he knew that should it ever come to the knowledge of the elder Clintons that the mother of the girl whose beauty and brightness and virtues had enthralled their beloved son occupied the strange position she did, an instant rupture of the family relations must be the inevitable result. No matter that it might be shown that in matter of birth and true rank the singular wife of Stephen Hayes was higher in the social scale than the proud Clintons, the level to which she had, by her eccentricity, reduced herself would count as an indelible stain on the family escutcheon.

No such cause for gloomy reverie would there have been had his daughter appeared to favor the pretensions of another suitor, Harry Ogilvie. He, too, was the son of a man to whom Stephen Hayes had been much indebted in the early years of his voluntary exile—a Scotch settler, who prospered wonderfully by reason of his great business talents and enterprise. He was renowned as an agricultural machinist and his firm was the greatest of its kind in the whole world in those days. Born in California, young Ogil-

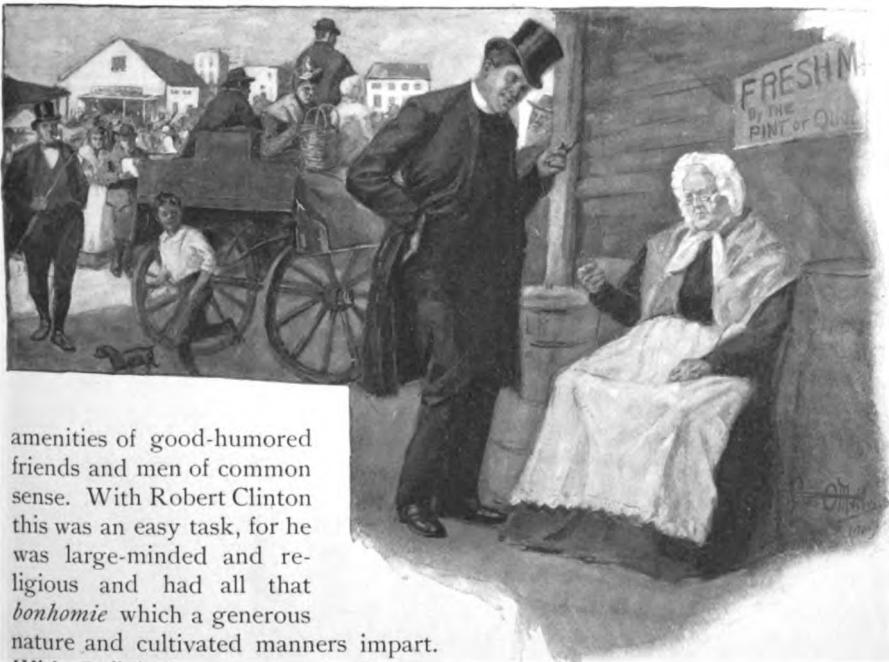
vie early acquired all the quickness in apprehension, the decision in character, the push, the exaggerated adaptability to conditions, so as to seize every vantage point which, under the name of "smartness," gives a peculiar claim to a peculiar American type. He was early put into business life, conformably with Scotch precept and practice as well as American ideals. His talents found a suitable field in the pushing of his own and his firm's fortune in this way. He was a fluent talker, a tolerably pleasant companion, notwithstanding an exaggerated opinion of his own genius and a corresponding tendency to undervalue the good qualities of others. Like many men of his class, he was disposed to emphasize his opinions or his predilections by means of laying wagers—not that he was a gambler, but only addicted to a national habit, often inveterate and developing strange freaks of temper and fancy, especially at election time.

There were a dash and gaiety about young Ogilvie that offset his manifest foibles of character and imposed upon superficial observers. Stephen Hayes was one of those who found himself unable to penetrate this seemingly generous surface. He would have been better pleased to have seen his daughter favorably disposed toward the open and admiring suit of this other friend, but for one consideration—the question of religion. Whatever young Ogilvie's religious learnings were, in reality very little, the fact that his people were all strict Presbyterians was powerful enough to sway himself to at least an outer conformity with the same severe creed. But the fact that Delia Hayes was a most devout and uncompromising Catholic only seemed to add additional spice to his romance of love.

Once only did he venture to sound Stephen Hayes as to his feelings over the matter, and the reply he got was by no means encouraging. It was a subject on which the old man would leave

his daughter entirely free, he intimated, inasmuch as it was peculiarly one that concerned her own welfare. Ogilvie had not dared to hint anything of his feelings to the girl herself. He was shrewd enough to perceive that, as matters stood, young Clinton was more in favor than he was. Yet, being of a sanguine and egotistical temperament, he, by no means, despaired of reversing these conditions. Although a tacit rivalry existed between the two young men, they preserved all the outward

give his suit the one hope of success in the end. He knew the weakness of the Clintons in regard to family standing. Never had he heard either Stephen Hayes or his daughter mention the word wife or mother. He had been suddenly struck with this circumstance, as by a flash of evil inspiration, one day while pondering over the situation and the methods which he ought to pursue in order to make some headway toward the attainment of his absorbing ambition. Men of his kind never aban-



amenities of good-humored friends and men of common sense. With Robert Clinton this was an easy task, for he was large-minded and religious and had all that *bonhomie* which a generous nature and cultivated manners impart.

With Ogilvie it was not so. Repression of his real sentiments was a task that often tried his powers of politeness to the straining point. But it was an effectual check on the impulse of envy or passion to reflect that any exhibition of his real feeling would be certain to cause such unpleasantness as to make his presence undesirable at the home of Stephen Hayes and so shut him out from all chance of achieving his desires.

With the preternatural instinct which jealous rivalry often seems to acquire in some mysterious way, he had guessed at the very obstacle which he knew must

"COME, COME, MRS. HAYES," HE WHEELED,
"SURE, I KNOW YOU'RE ONLY PRETENDING
YOU'D BEGRUDGE ANYTHING TO GOD."

don a clue once they believe it is a safe or probable one.

Ogilvie's circle of acquaintance was wide. It included men who had travelled over part of the known globe. Among others he knew one or two who had visited the chief towns in Ireland in pursuit of trade. One of these, Dick Morrissey, he met one day as he was lounging in the smoke-room of the

Grand Hotel. An Irishman he happened to be—one of those shrewed, inquisitive ones who overlook no circumstance of note which distinguishes one locality from another. Men of this kind, who visit every place where their business is likely to find an opening, never fail to pick up all the local gossip they can hear and all that goes to make up their great delight—a racy story. This particular specimen of the race had taken up, amongst other lines of business, an agency for American churns, and, relating to Ogilvie, with all the gusto which imparts so distinct a flavor to the successful “drummer’s” conversation, his experiences in the market-place of the southern Irish city, told of his odd adventure with the titled dame who sold milk therein, “Lady Kitty” Hayes, and the clever way in which he had tricked her into believing that he was bestowing on her a magnificent bargain in the shape of a patent churn, when in reality, it was a sample of an unworkable invention rejected in the American market.

“Such a character I never met before in all my travels,” exclaimed Morrissey, as he brought his story to a close with a chuckle of delight at the recollection. “And what do you think, but the old skinflint actually puts up to be one of the Irish aristocracy! Think of her there, sitting behind her churn, selling pennyworths of milk every day, from dawn to dusk, and having everybody call her ‘Lady Kitty’!”

“A freak certainly, I should think,” replied Ogilvie, amused at his friend’s vivacious word-picture. “If ever I go to Ireland I would go out of my way, I think, to have a look at such a curiosity. Had the old lady no other name than ‘Lady Kitty’?”

“Yes; her name was Hayes. I heard all about her from shopkeepers about the market. She had a husband away back in the fifties, but her power of tongue was a thing the poor fellow couldn’t stand and so he left her there

and went to this country, and brought their only child, a little girl, with him. From that day to this she never heard from him and, of course, never will. People over there say he’s settled down here somewhere and doing well, and that the girl has grown up a great beauty.”

“Hayes!” muttered Ogilvie, abstractedly, not noticing that his friend had finished his story and was waiting for some comment or acknowledgment of its merit as a narrative. “Hayes—Lady Kitty Hayes! An odd coincidence. Excuse me, Morrissey,” he said, aloud, as if awakening from a reverie. “Your story called up something else; don’t think me unmannerly. Come, let us have a bottle of fizz. By the bye, do you know anyone in Ireland that I could trust to do a little bit of private detective work for me—not a very important affair—a business matter merely?”

“Yes, I do—a right good man—a retired Scotland Yard runner. I’ve got his card in my pocket-book. He did a little job for me very neatly. Here it is.”

One placid Autumn morning, about two months after the occurrence just related, Father Pacificus received a letter from Father Noble, who had been attending a meeting of priests in Maynooth, telling him that the bishop was coming from Rome to take possession of the cathedral and formally open it for divine service. Father Noble was much distressed over the matter. There was much to be done ere the building could be said to be in a fit state for such a purpose. He had vainly tried to raise a thousand pounds on a fresh mortgage and the patience of private friends could stand no further calls upon their generosity.

The jovial face of the good priest looked for a moment like a rich meadow over which was passing the shadow of a cloud on a day of sunshine. But the eclipse was only temporary. A look of resolution quickly took the place of

the shadow and then a merry gleam lighted up the mischievous eyes.

"I'll try her once more," he said, aloud, snatching up his hat and his green wallet. "Tis market morning, anyhow, and I'm sure to collect something from the people there."

Making his way good-humoredly through the chaffering, bustling crowd of hucksters and factors and noisy ballad singers and hot coffee venders, the good priest went straight over to the space under the broad shed where "Lady Kitty" Hayes had held her post for more than twenty years. He saluted the figure behind the churn with cheerful suavity.

A portly woman she was, rotund and large-built. Her face, anyone could tell, had once been comely; and it still preserved that freshness of complexion and regularity of feature which in youth had won the heart of Stephen Hayes. But the heavy downward lines of the mouth and the deep furrows hacked across the brow told of the struggles of avarice and care with the better instincts of femininity, and the set lines of the eyebrows, combined with the strong angularity of the high cheek bones, gave unmistakable indication of a temper fierce and querulous and despotic.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hayes," began Father Pacificus in his suavest style. "I hope you are in a better disposition to-day than when I saw you last. You see I am not easily put off. Now I come to give you one more chance to show you are not unwilling to lend a hand in finishing the church so as to make it presentable to God."

"Indeed, then, you might have spared yourself the trouble, Father Pacificus," returned the dame, promptly and with an asperity which augured badly for the priest's hopes. "I've made up my mind, once for all, not to give a farthing toward any such work. I pay my Christmas and Easter dues, and pay when I'm going into the

church every Sunday, and that's enough, in all conscience, for a lone woman, with no one to help her, to do. If the priests and the bishops take it into their heads to build a grand cathedral, beyond the means of the poor struggling Catholics, that's no business of mine. I wasn't consulted about it."

The woman, sharp as her speech was, spoke correctly and in a tone that showed her early good training. She had none of the brogue that was on every other lip around nor any of the vulgarity on the solecisms or the hesitation about the use of proper expressions.

Father Pacificus was in no way discomposed by this fretful repulse. On the contrary, he smiled in his most winning way and began the process known as "soothing."

"Come, come, Mrs. Hayes," he wheedled; "Sure I know you're only pretending you'd begrudge anything to God. Well, I know you're only too glad to have the opportunity to show how grateful you are to Him this day for all the good health and the good means he has bestowed on you. Sure the people who tell me otherwise don't know you at all, at all. Leave it to me to understand the women. Don't I know right well that when they say 'no' they always mean 'yes'?"

"There's one thing you don't know," retorted the shrew, more irritated than mollified at this method of attack. "You don't know how hard I've to work to earn a few shillings in the week. You haven't to be up at cock crow every morning, winter and summer, nor to sit here all day long from dawn to dark, only for the time you get to snatch a mouthful of food or drink, or to be out in the fields minding the cows and looking after their food and shelter when you ought to be fast asleep in bed. Troth, if I made a few shillings in my long years of work, I earned it too hard to be handing it out to you for fine things that nobody needed."

"And do you call that work, Mrs. Hayes—sitting down there knitting and reading the paper half your time? I only wish I had such easy times. 'Tis I'd be the happy man if I had your life. But sure, you're only joking, and all this means that you're going to make up now for former backwardness by a donation as handsome and big as yourself for the new house of God."

This rejoinder, instead of conciliating almost brought matters to a climax. Something like an apoplectic fit seemed to threaten the good dame for the moment. Her inflamed temper rose to such a height as to prevent all utterance. She gasped and seemed about to choke, got red in the face and then as suddenly blanched. When she at last found utterance she spoke in a tone of deadly set determination, with her hands clenched on the edge of the huge churn over which she leant with her head thrown forward to give her words the greater emphasis:

"Before God, and as I am a living woman, I believe you would not have my life for one week if it was to save your soul, Father Pacificus. Come now, I'll put you to the test and will see what all your blarney amounts to. By my oath, if you come and take my place here and sit it out selling milk from the time the market opens until it closes, just for one week, I'll hand you over fifty bright sovereigns for your grand new church. Come, now; there's a fair challenge for you."

It was now the priest's turn to change color and gasp with astonishment. Here was a turn he could not possibly have anticipated. His usual gaiety for the moment deserted him. He stood looking at the earnest, hard face of the irate woman, without making any attempt at reply, for several seconds. Then he spoke quite seriously:

"I cannot take you at your word, Mrs. Hayes," he said, "because the matter is not one altogether in my own

hands; but I will come back soon and give you an answer."

The lady of the churn had a triumphant look in her eyes as the priest turned away. In her own belief she had won a complete victory.

Not a little perturbed was Father Pacificus, as he turned from the market, over this startling turn of events. He went back to the presbytery in a strange tumult of thought. Inside the house, he at once went to his room and knelt down in prayer. After a little while he arose and mechanically took up a book from the table and opened it. The volume happened to be the "Little Flowers of St. Francis."

The first page on which his eyes rested chained his attention. They were those which related how two of the frati were bidden by their superior to go to the city and humble themselves by standing, divested of portion of their clothing, in the pulpit and confessing their sin of contumacy before all the people.

"He humbled himself, even to the stripping off of his garments and the ignominy of the cross, for our sakes," he said to himself, as he laid down the book. "Why, then, should I hesitate at a little sacrifice for Him? Not a sacrifice will it be—a triumph, rather," he added, as he sat down to write to Father Noble asking him to hasten back and relieve him of parish duty for a week while he underwent his strange experiment.

Blank astonishment overcame Mrs. Hayes when, a couple of days later, Father Pacificus came and told her of his desire to take her place in the market as soon as she was ready to give it up to him. For the moment she was speechless. She found herself defeated where she had achieved a victory, as she fondly thought. She had no way of retreat. She looked incredulously at the face of the priest, but its fixed expression told her plainly he was not joking.

"I don't feel well," at last she

grasped. "My health is beginning to give way, and I'd have to give up anyway. Perhaps it's the best thing to do, after all. There wasn't anybody in the world I could trust to give me a little relief. So, in the name of God I'll stay away to-morrow. I'll see that the milk is sent regularly and your reverence will sell twice as much of it as I could because of the novelty of the thing. Glory be to God—a priest to sit down to sell milk! The end of the world may come surely after that."

Had the sun turned black in the heavens or the grass outside the market-place grown red no greater wonder could have filled the people than when next morning they found "Lady Kitty's" place occupied by the smiling, ruddy-faced priest in his black suit and Roman collar while, in the most businesslike way, with a pleasant word for everybody who came, he proceeded to dispense his lacteal wares.

All the day, save when breakfast time came and the dinner hour, he sat there, and he did "a roaring trade" for the news had spread like wildfire all over the town and people came to buy just for the novelty of the thing. The next day witnessed the same spectacle and the next. But on the fourth day of his trial something peculiar happened. Two strangers, young,

gentlemanly, American-looking as to garb and bearing, appeared in the market and began to search around the numbers of the various stalls and booths which were painted in large figures above each. When they came to where the priest sat they stopped, looked curiously at the vender and then glanced up at the number.



"ARE YOU SELLING THE MILK HERE, SIR?"

"Very odd!" said one. "This is No. 14—the one the letter spoke of. Are you selling the milk here, sir?"

"Yes, sir," replied Father Pacificus to whom the query was addressed. "Do you want to buy some?"

"N—no—not exactly just now. May I ask have you been selling it in the past?"

"Yes," replied the priest; "certainly, I've been selling it in the past." Father Pacificus was cautious, for he did not quite understand the meaning of this inquisitiveness.

"And will continue to sell it?" queried the other, seemingly in a state of doubt and bewilderment—a situation in which he must say something, whether to the point or not.

"And will continue to sell it, certainly," answered the priest, a merry twinkle now gleaming in his eyes, for he began to suspect there was some fun behind all this questioning. The fact that he had a couple of days yet to employ in his novel vocation afforded him ground for returning a strictly affirmative answer.

"Thank you, sir. Come along, Clinton," said his questioner, turning to his companion. "There's no use in blinking the fact that I've been deceived and you have won the wager," he added as they turned away. "That rogue of a detective has been fooling me but he'll smart for it if I ever come up with him, you bet."

Henry Oglivie was the speaker and it was to his successful rival, Robert Clinton, the words were addressed. The last card in the game had been played by Oglivie. He had not the smallest doubt that could he prove his tale to be true, that the mother of Delia Hayes, the deserted wife, filled the lowly office of milk huckster in the slums of an Irish town, it must be the means of breaking off the intended alliance, because of the well-known family pride of the Clintons. So, in strict confidence, he imparted to young Clinton the dreadful secret—out of pure friendship, of course, and in order that he should not have his future happiness wrecked, as he put it. Robert Clinton, never suspecting the good faith of his pretended friend, thanked him for the interest he had taken in the matter but laughed at his story. It was entirely too like a romance. Oglivie

insisted on its accuracy and, as usual, offered a bet on it, with odds, with a proposal that both go to Ireland to settle it by personal investigation. The scene sketched above was the outcome. On the day following, Father Noble received a letter signed "Henry Oglivie," enclosing a check for a hundred pounds—for it was one of the conditions of the wager that the loser should pay over to the pastor of the parish in which the market was situated half the amount of the money he had won. Father Noble was curious to know why the gift was proffered and called at the hotel from whence the letter came to thank the donor and satisfy his curiosity, but in vain. Chagrined at his disappointment Oglivie had taken a packet for London and gone off that morning to seek in the whirl of life in the great city some leaves of the lotus to soothe his disappointment.

Hope began to smile once more for Father Pacificus when he heard the good news. A hundred pounds—and fifty that he was to receive as the reward of his strange ordeal! He could now start work on the gilding and decoration and final touches all over the dream building and perhaps have it at least nearly complete by the time fixed for the bishop's arrival. Time to pay the balance might be given—probably would—but there could be no consecration until then. This was the only thought to cloud the prospect of the crowning glory—that splendid vision which had faded so often before in other eyes at one time as hopeful as his own—a noble temple to God, beautiful in its adornments and in its moral beauty untainted by the reproach of worldly indebtedness. With a little sigh he relinquished the momentary hope that such a consummation might somehow be achieved in the brief time yet remaining. It was folly to think of it; best be resigned to the inevitable, thankful that so much was possible, through agencies wholly unexpected,

when only a few days before everything seemed hopeless.

The end of his week came ; it was Saturday evening, and there was no appearance of "Lady Kitty" to fulfill her portion of the strange compact. The market servants began setting the place in order ; the venders closed their stalls and began to go home. Father Pacificus waited until the last one had departed. He lingered as long as he could and did not leave until the gatekeeper had politely informed him that the hour for closing had come. Then the good priest rose, rather downcast in mien, and took his way to the presbytery. It was supper time and he was hungry.

He was glad to find that Father Noble was out on a sick call ; he shrank from the idea of troubling him with the fear that filled his mind that some disappointment awaited him with regard to the money which was to be the reward of his humility. The day had turned dismally wet and chilly, and he felt glad when he saw the blithe blaze of a log fire sending out its welcome as he entered the supper-room. It helped him to dispel the little shade of depression which had seized his spirits over the non-appearance of the other contracting party.

He had not quite finished his refreshing cup of tea when he heard the door-bell ring. Presently the sedate housekeeper came and told him there was "a slip of a girl outside who was in a great way to see his reverence at once."

It was a messenger who came from Mrs. Hayes. She had been taken suddenly ill and told the messenger not to leave the presbytery until Father Pacificus was seen and informed of her condition and asked to come to her bedside without delay.

"Lady Kitty," like many persons of hale constitutions, had all at once been smitten and had already begun to sink rapidly. A doctor had been summoned and had been able to afford her relief for the moment. But, as he told

Father Pacificus in private outside the bedroom, she could not last more than a few hours. Acute pneumonia, contracted as she had been on her way down to the market that morning, had gripped her. "Those people," he said, "who have never known a day's sickness in their lives go off the soonest. They have usually no staying powers while poor creatures who have struggled for years with one phase of sickness or another may keep off death indefinitely."

She pointed to a little parcel on the table near the bed, as soon as she had got over a paroxysm of coughing, after he had entered and closed the door behind him. "There is the money I owe you, Father Pacificus," she said ; "you have earned it fairly, though I thought you would never dream of taking my outlandish offer. I made it just out of spite, like, thinking just to anger you and keep you from coming after me again. But God has punished me, I think, for putting such an indignity on one of His priests. Yet He was merciful in giving me time to repent and make some amends for my bad life. The doctor tells me I may not live more than a day or two. I have made no will, for I have no one to leave anything to—except my daughter, and I don't know whether she is alive or dead, or where she is, or anything whatever about her. Some say she is alive in some part of America and that she is rich and doesn't want money. Ah, but it was a cruel thing to take my child from me no matter how bad I was ! God knows how I may have turned out if I had my child to care for and to care for me."

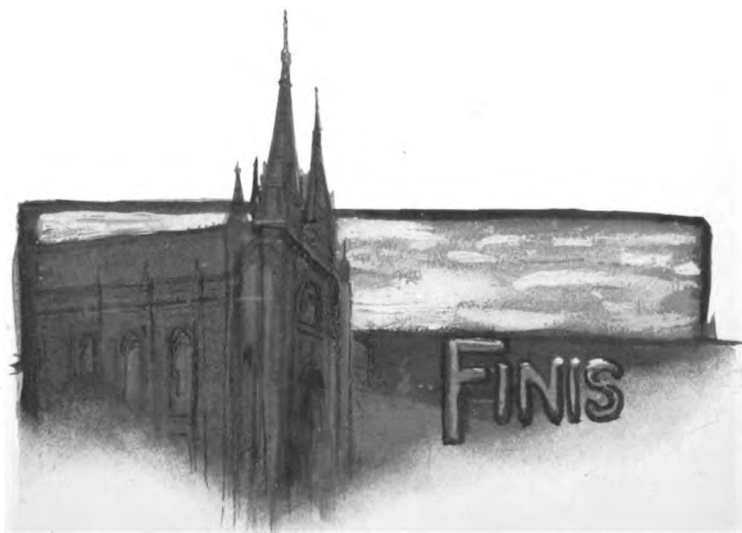
Tears stood upon the trembling lashes of Father Pacificus' eyes. He could not but feel for the heart anguish of the miserable, forsaken woman. Cruel, indeed, it is to tear from the mother the child she has borne and nourished—an outrage upon the undisputed law of nature. But he did not know sufficient

of the tragic story to enable him to say whether so awful a punishment was justifiable or not. He could only offer such consolation as humanity may find in the promises of God to the chastened and the penitent.

"I have been hard on the Church, too," she said, after a painful interval of sobs and choking spasms. "God forgive me—mean and miserly. Now, I must make up for my hardheartedness. Here is the key of that little safe over there, built into the wall. When I am dead you will find all my money in that. I never put a penny in the bank for fear it would fail like Sadleir's. There's nearly three thousand pounds in notes and gold. I ask you to try to find my daughter and if she wants the

money to give her two-thirds of it; if not, do with it as God directs you—give it to the Church or for charity, as you see best."

And so "Lady Kitty" atoned for her faults of tongue and temper. Quiet came to her at last and her end was blessed with the calm of forgiveness and hope in the love that she had long neglected—the love that is greater even than that of mother and child, of father and son. Her wish was carried out. Father Pacificus made inquiry into the story and found that Dela Hayes had been happily wedded and wanted for nothing in this world. And, meanwhile, he had had the cathedral completed in every beautiful detail—a free, unhampered and glorious gift to God.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.¹

WHAT shall we do for our young people? How shall we help them to preserve their innocence, to shun dangerous associations, to engage their activities, physical and moral, and satisfy prudently their awakening curiosity? These questions are constantly recurring in one form or another to every serious man and woman; and who of us would not, if it were possible, impart to our young friends or charges between the years of twelve and twenty all the benefit of our own experience, so as to save them from all that is harmful and help them to attain ideals which, perhaps, we have failed to attain ourselves?

We cannot evade the question. Whether we are directly responsible for the welfare of the young or not, we are impelled by the best instincts of our nature to take an interest in them, and it takes but little wisdom to observe that the law which makes them dependent on us now, will, in turn, and soon make us dependent on them. As there is no service to humanity comparable to a care of the young, so there is no compensation for human effort comparable to the gratitude of young people just growing into manhood and womanhood to those who have befriended and guided them in the years of transition and danger.

Parents are under the most sacred obligation to look after their children; the Church has a mission to help parents to instruct them, and no society or individual may lawfully ignore their rights or overlook their needs. To the credit of our men and women generally, be it said, that there is a universal solicitude for the protection and training of our young people. In our own land, asylums, schools, reformatories are built up everywhere, the churches vying with

civil society to found and control them. Libraries, clubs, societies and classes of instruction abound. Not content with what has been done the plea for more is made constantly in our pulpits, lecture rooms and magazines, and the keenest interest is taken in all that promises to be of advantage to the young, in organizations, games, entertainments, books, periodicals and in ways and means of eliciting their spirit of initiative and enterprise.

Too often, however, parents neglect their duty to their children at the most critical age; too many young boys and girls grow up weak or wilful in character because of the mistaken indulgence of father and mother, and, too many, alas, are corrupted by the example of their own homes. If parents may be so remiss and guilty in observing their most sacred obligation, it is not surprising that others with less interest in the welfare of the young should all too often be influenced by wrong motives in seeking to instruct them, or lightly adopt methods of dealing with them which are far from moulding or strengthening their characters. A spirit of proselytism which impels some people either to entice young boys and girls away from their own churches and schools or to allure them to others, by methods which are, even in their eyes, mean and underhand, is scarcely calculated to make them honest or well-principled citizens.

There is one agency at work for the control of the training of our youth, and that is the State, or, better, its representatives in authority. In season and out of season, sometimes by foul as well as by fair means, they labor and scheme to bring every young boy and girl under the influence of the principles and teachings which they arbitrarily inculcate as the basis of national or civic life. Honest citizens are kept con-

(1) Our Young People : the object recommended to our prayers for April.

stantly on the alert watching some of our legislatures, whose members are forever advocating the extension of the compulsory education laws and tests for admission to state high schools and colleges which would put the pupils of private schools at a disadvantage. Lately we have heard the proposal to abolish the civil service system and require from candidates for municipal offices or situations certificates of their success as pupils in the common schools. Nay, not content with controlling the education of our youth, some of our legislatures have been contemplating the advisability of subjecting charitable institutions, such as those for the blind and deaf mutes, to the superintendent of education. The State would own its minors body and soul. In its view they are more to the children of the State than of their parents or wards of their guardians.

This is the chief purpose of the legislation which is now agitating France and which may culminate in revolution. The State is seeking to destroy the religious who are its successful competitors in the education of the young. It was the aim of the *Kulturkampf*; it has been for some time the fond delusion of united Italy; it has been the bone of contention in Belgium the last half century; it was feared that, had the Liberal party won the late elections in England, they would have introduced similar legislation.

Everything would seem then to conspire against many, if not all, of our young people, a foolish indulgence and sometimes scandal in the home, evil companions outdoors, unprincipled proselytism, a system of public education which ignores, and even in many places positively injures faith, trashy and filthy books, shameless theatres, vile newspapers and scenes of depravity in broad daylight. The growing boy and girl like novelty, gaiety, excitement and all that appears to expand their liberties; they dislike what they consider stale, monotonous, sober and spiritless and

all that restrains their freedom; they naturally seize any pretext which may seem to justify their likes and dislikes and resent the caution of grave and experienced elders whom no pretext can blind to the dangers surrounding youth. Too often, as they grow in years they grow in self-conceit but not in wisdom, and for lack of this they forfeit the grace which alone can preserve them from sinful curiosity, from the surprise of awakening passions, the allurements of vice confronting them on all sides in attractive but deceitful guise.

There is one ill-fated class of young boys and girls for whom Directors can do little but pray and induce others to pray; we refer to those whose parents and guardians send them to schools which are decidedly anti-Catholic, if not anti-Christian also. Placed beyond the pale of Catholic influence they soon fall victims to the deadly atmosphere of Protestantism or indifferentism or worse. Too young to know the truth they must listen to open denials of it until the suspicion grows on them that they may have been taught falsehoods in their early days. Too weak to brave the sneers of arrogant masters and conceited fellow-pupils they must gradually acquiesce in the assumption that Catholics are necessarily backward and that the way of progress lies outside the Church. There might be some remedy for all this were they destined to return to the bosom of a good Catholic family or to associate with companions of their own faith; but what makes their condition hopeless, save for our prayers, is that the silly motive of putting them in these worldly, and too often sectarian and agnostic schools, is to fit them for a society formed for fashion and irreligion with which decent Catholics can have nothing to do.

We may well, therefore, pray most fervently for the needs of our young people and include in our prayer the parents, priests, religious brothers and sisters, as also the men and women of

the laity who are nobly devoting themselves to the interests of the young. They need homes, schools, sodalities, societies, libraries, clubs, friends, patrons—everything that can engage their proper affections, enlighten them, surround them with good companions, entertain them and sustain them in moments of discouragement and trial. Of late years a great deal has been done, and we have, thanks to God and to souls inspired by zeal for His glory, advanced beyond the reformatory stage and begun to labor for our young people who fortunately do not need reform. Much still remains to be accomplished, and Promoters and Associates of the League could undertake and encourage no more fruitful work than this, not content with promoting among our young people our own practices of piety and means of grace, but extending also the assistance of our zeal or our means to those who are nobly devoting themselves to their welfare.

ST. PETER'S ROME.

By Clementine L. D. Welling.

ASCEND these steps, and cross this pavement wide,
 Enter this portal high of sun-tinged stone,
 Push back this leathern curtain, vast and lone,—
 Behold St. Peter's shrine,—of Rome the pride.
 Empty and still it is this eventide,
 The surging flood of life has come and gone,
 When holy Pontiff on his swaying throne,
 Shed blessings to his own on every side.
 Oh ! wonder of the polished marble floor,
 Stretching away beneath our awestruck tread,
 Oh ! wonder of the dome where sunbeams pour
 From lofty windows, and encircled
 By blazoned words proclaiming evermore,
 "TU ES PETRUS,"—the Church's chosen head.

EDITORIAL.

WHY RELIGIOUS ARE NOT IN THE FRENCH CONCORDAT.

In his attack on the Church, M. Waldeck-Rousseau has been all along striving to dissociate the regular from the secular clergy, so as to be able to hit both harder when apart. The method or trick he adopts is to pretend that the concordat, entered into between Pius VII and Napoleon, contemplated only the secular clergy; that the regulars are an aftergrowth—barnacles, so to speak, on the ship whose sailing would be easier without them—a view which some unwise Catholics have adopted.

That the concordat contemplated only the secular clergy is an absolute falsehood; that the religious Congregations are an aftergrowth is likewise a departure from the truth which the following statements will show:

In the negotiations with the First Consul after the Revolution, Pope Pius explicitly stipulated for the restoration of the religious Congregations. Both Spina and Cardinal Consalvi, the Papal negotiators, fought fiercely for the communities. It is true that when the concordat was finally drafted there was no explicit mention of the religious and that the Pope had to content himself with the clause guaranteeing the *free exercise of the Catholic religion*, but, on the face of it, that concession admitted the religious orders into France. It was accepted with that understanding and the Abbé Bernier, Napoleon's agent, so informed the Pope. In point of fact, when that same abbé was afterwards Bishop of Blois, he made haste to introduce three religious communities into his diocese; and Portalis, Napoleon's minister, spoke of him after his death as a man who knew how to administer his Church properly.

But why was there no explicit mention of the Congregations? Simply be-

cause Napoleon, strong as he was, still feared opposition from the turbulent revolutionists who had not been entirely quelled. He would not put the stipulation in the document but, meantime, he determined to go ahead with his part of the contract.

Thus, although the concordat was signed only on July 15, 1801, he did not object to the bull sent by Pius two months before that—viz.: on the 12th of May, 1801—ordering the bishops of France to “erect chapters, seminaries and convents.”

2. Consalvi wrote to the Pope “that all that was not in the text of the concordat remained in force *according to the laws of the Church—rimaneva in piedi.*”

3. Portalis, Napoleon's minister, replied to the Pope who was protesting about the silence of the document with regard to the orders, that Napoleon had already established all the corporations of the Sisters of Charity.

4. Chaptal, the minister of the interior, without consulting Napoleon, which he would not have dared to do if the Consul were opposed to it, introduced the Sisters of Charity into Paris, on the 6th of November 1800, and published the fact in the official *Moniteur* with a splendid eulogy of the Congregation.

5. On the 7th of February, 1801—namely, six months before the concordat—another decree of the same minister established the Lady Hospitallers of St. Thomas.

6. On the 21st of the same month, Napoleon himself founded two communities of Cistercian monks, one on Mt. Cenis, the other on the Simplon Pass. In April he brought in others and was looking about to recall the Trappists from London. Spina, in fact, said jokingly, he would soon recall the Jesuits.

7. The Fathers of the Faith who were Jesuit substitutes were in Paris in 1800, and we recall that Napoleon signed the decree for the ladies of the Sacred Heart, on the field of Austerlitz.

8. The most curious fact of all is that when Fouché, the chief of police, ordered a search for all the old religious who were living in communities, he found in Paris, alone, 404 nuns living in sixty-two separate houses, eight houses being devoted to charity and ten to teaching; and, what is more remarkable still, they all wore the religious dress. How many existed in the rest of France we do not know.

9. Napoleon, alone, with his own hand signed no less than 247 authorizations of religious corporations.

From all this it appears that there was a large number of religious authorized or tolerated in France before the concordat was signed explicitly admitting the secular clergy. It follows, therefore, that religious are not an after-growth on the body of the Church; and, in the words of the Pontiff, "chapters, seminaries and convents are necessary for the reestablishment of religion." To use the expression of Viviani, the Socialist deputy whose hate does not obscure his judgment, "the religious and secular clergy are to each other as flesh and blood."

It is noteworthy also that those Catholics who approve the formula about the separation of secular and religious are making use of the identical language of Portalis who strove to inoculate Napoleon with Gallicanism and Jansenism; they are voicing the sentiments of Waldeck-Rousseau and are echoing the war-cry which the enemies of God have been shouting for the last one hundred years. An attack on one is but the skirmish of a battle which aims at the destruction of the other.

THE GÖRRESGESELLSCHAFT JUBILEE.

It was in 1875, at a time when the Kulturkampf was at its white heat, that

a lot of learned Catholic priests and laymen conceived the plan of founding a society "for the promotion of science in Catholic Germany." The seed fell upon fertile soil and, on January 25, 1876, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great Görres, the society was founded. It was founded, we need hardly say, with the hearty goodwill and coöperation of the archbishops and bishops of Germany. Professor Von Hertling was elected its first president and has remained at its head these twenty-five years. From the first the society was divided into sections corresponding to the various scientific disciplines and, as it widened its fields of action, new sections were added. Each section has its own committee or board directing its labors. The scientific works started and carried on under the auspices of the society are: 1. the *Philosophical Annual*; 2. the *Historical Annual*; 3. the *Staatslexicon*, in five stately volumes, of which the first edition was sold as soon as completed and the second is now in course of publication; 4. the *Roman Institute*, for the study of the Vatican Archives, already eight volumes of these researches have been issued as well as the first volume of the *Acts of the Council of Trent*. This was presented to the Pope by Cardinal Steinhuber. His Holiness was much pleased and sent a letter of congratulation to Baron Von Hertling. 5. The society moreover gives financial assistance to the important *Quarterly on Mediæval History*, conjointly edited by Frs. Denifle, O.P., and Ehrle, S.J. Besides these publications about one hundred books have been published by the society or with its assistance. In the first ten years the expenses of the society amounted to 200,000 marks, which sum has been greatly exceeded during the last fifteen years. The society counts in round numbers 3,000 full members besides 800 associates. The *Festschrift* (Jubilee volume) takes a look backward and forward. How

poor we were a hundred years ago ! And we have not grown very rich yet. The question must not be formulated thus : How much better are we than our fathers ! But this : What position have we reached in our competition with the Protestant majority ? There is not much self-gratulation to be seen in the volume, but rather self-criticism, and self-criticism calculated to spur on rather than to discourage. We want our place in the sun which we have lost through the injustice of others but partly also through want of aggressiveness on our own part, and let us always hold aloft our ideal—the demonstration of the harmony between true science and faith.

A writer quoted in a recent issue of the *Literary Digest* has this to say of the society : "The only prominent literary society of Germany, which is purely Catholic, is the Görresgesellschaft, yet it and its work are in the hands of a select few who receive as little general recognition by the Church authorities as did Dr. Schell," etc. These words, we must be excused for saying so, show that he who penned them knows nothing of the Görresgesellschaft beyond the name. Had the writer had the least inkling of the constitutions of the society, its aims and its policy, the largeness of views of its leading members, he would never have committed himself to the statement that it was "in the hands of a select few." "No recognition from church authorities"—again, the writer is utterly ignorant of the fact that all the bishops are members, that the present archbishop of Cologne, Dr. Simar, was one of the founders of the society, that among the deceased members of the board are Cardinal Hergenröther, Archbishop Komp, Bishops Von Hefele, Baudri, Haffner, etc. It is hard to be patient with men who presume to stand up and instruct the public on the affairs of the Catholic church without first seeing that they are sure of their ground.

The public celebration of the society will take place in Whitsuntide week.

THE MASS A SACRED TRUST.

Cardinal Vaughan's refusal to allow Requiem Masses to be celebrated for the late Queen Victoria, caused quite a hubbub among a certain class of Catholics in England, who rashly rushed into print and aired their discontent in the columns of the *Times*. It may be interesting in this connection to recall a similar incident of half a century ago, which, at the same time, will furnish a fresh illustration of the subject of Catholic University opportunities—a subject that was treated in the February MESSENGER.

On April 24, 1852, the Protestant Grand Duke, Leopold of Baden, died. A demand was made upon the Archbishop of Freiburg by the government, to have a Requiem Mass celebrated for the deceased sovereign. It was the great and heroic Hermann von Vicari, who, at the time, sat in the archiepiscopal chair, a man who may justly be called the restorer of Catholic life in Baden and whose administration of twenty-five years was one long martyrdom. The archbishop promptly refused the request. His action occasioned a heated newspaper controversy in which a young privat-docent, of the University of Freiburg, took part and, for defending his archbishop, lost his university position. Here is the story of the incident as related in Hägele's *Life of Alban Stolz* (Freiburg, Herder, 1884): "The harshest treatment was given to the now famous Professor J. B. Weiss, who was at the time privat-docent at the University of Freiburg. An unpublished memoir of the year 1853 speaks as follows of this man : 'The marked preference shown for Protestants in the appointment of Professors at Catholic Universities makes it exceedingly difficult for Catholic scholars to obtain university chairs. Here in Freiburg we have reached the point that it has simply be-

come impossible for Catholic young men of ability to fit themselves for the career of university professors. A proof of this assertion is furnished us by the treatment of Dr. Weiss, privat-docent of history at Freiburg. This gentleman, as editor of the *Freiburger Zeitung*—a Catholic paper published in the episcopal city of Freiburg—had admitted into his paper an article in defense of an administrative act of his archbishop. (The act was the refusal of Archbishop von Vicari to allow the celebration of Requiem Masses for the deceased grand duke.) For this editorial action the prime-minister demanded the removal of Dr. Weiss from the editorship of the paper, which meant for him the loss of his yearly salary of 1,000 florins. Nor was this enough. The minister also stopped his yearly stipend of 600 florins which the university was paying him for his lectures. Thus has this learned and able young man been robbed of all means of earning his livelihood and reduced to starvation. Notwithstanding that he has already made his mark as a learned scholar and given well-founded hope of becoming a distinguished historian, every prospect of his ever obtaining a university chair at Freiburg, under present conditions, has been completely cut off. Thus far the memoir. Dr. Weiss had even to serve a term of imprisonment for some journalistic offense committed in the cause of religion. Soon after a call to an Austrian university enabled him to turn his back upon little Baden."

The promise of Weiss becoming an able historian was amply fulfilled. He died some years ago, a famous man, a distinguished historian and the author of a universal history in twenty volumes, remarkable for thoroughness of research and splendor of diction.

THE PHILIPPINE FRIARS' PROPERTY.

The islands were supposed to have about 500,000 inhabitants, engaged in hunting and fishing, and almost con-

tinually at war, when the Friars went to evangelize them. Large tracts of uncultivated land were given to the missionaries for the purpose of gradually inducing the natives to settle. We may form some judgment of the condition of the land by reflecting that of the 73,000,000 acres in the islands 68,000,000 are *public* lands. One hundred thousand acres have been given to the Friars within twenty years. Their whole revenue, when they can get it, is probably less than 450,000 dollars (Mexican). They kept for themselves only one-twentieth of their income; the rest, and even a part of their own share, went to relieve the poor. Almost every parish had a school, attended by nearly all the children of the neighborhood. There was a university at Manila before the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts.

There are 472 Friars in the Philippines, and 150 native secular priests. The Franciscans have no land but the Dominicans and Augustinians have a title to 403,173 acres. Before the war there were some 2,000 Friars.

The *Monitor* (San Francisco) assures us that a small band of Protestants missionaries have acquired, in less than a century, in the small island of Hawaii, twice as much land as the Philippine Friars own. Two Protestant Episcopal churches in New York City are said to have a far larger revenue than the monastic establishments of our Asiatic possessions. The Union and Pacific companies, says Larrabee in his *Railroad Question*, received a virtual money subsidy of \$30,000,000, and land grants aggregating nearly 23,000,000 acres. The Northern Pacific, just before the close of the war, received 47,000,000 acres in railroad grants, or 300,000 square miles—that is, four and one-half times the area of New England, or double the area of the Philippines—and this in the United States! Yet there is no outcry against possessions such as these.

We have been told of the extortion

of the Friars in the exercise of religious functions. As a matter of fact the "Parochial Register" fixes the offerings as follows :

Baptisms, a wax candle. Marriages, publication of bans ; Spaniards, 90 cents ; Mestizos, 45 ; Indians, 25. For the rest, including Nuptial Mass: Spaniards, \$7.00 ; Mestizos, \$4.00 ; Indians, \$3.00. Burials: Spaniards, \$3.50 ; Mestizos, \$2.00 ; Indians, \$1.50. Services for children, one-half. Cemetery charges: Spaniards, \$2.00 ; Mestizos, \$1.50 ; Indians, \$1.00. Those unable to pay were to have the services free.

HARVARD AS OTHERS SEE IT.

To the intelligent Catholics who still cultivate the superstition about the superiority of non-Catholic colleges, we recommend the *Athenæum* of February 22, 1901. They will find there a criticism of "The Literary History of America," by Barnet Wendell, professor of English at Harvard College, which may be of some help in their infatuation.

Will they be comforted to hear that the *Athenæum* "is sorry for the students who have to pass in English in Harvard?" and that the professor's book reminds it of Mr. Washington Jackson's speech at the Bellows-Menders banquet as reported by Thackeray, which was remarkable for its adulation of Anglo-Saxonry as well as for its ridiculous Americanism? "One is disappointed," it says, "to find that Prof. Wendell has very little to say about his proper subject; that his views are neither true nor novel enough to be worth setting out at such portentous length; that his judgments are quite as silly as they are false; that his dates are open to grave suspicion; that his conclusions are

ridiculous; that his awkward English strays into the 'highfalutin'; that everywhere in his book can be found specimens of a style that would reflect discredit on a boy, and that certain interpretations of literary passages are absolutely stupid." A man who could take the expression "hitch your wagon to a star" as implying a rope long enough to reach to the firmament, is hopelessly dense. Or does he put his students on that low level of mentality? "He is as bizarre in his judgment as he is strange in his style and untrustworthy in details; as pretentious in his criticism as he is without knowledge of the real proportions of men and books and he has undertaken a task which appears beyond his powers."

But the great university will remain in dignified unconcern in spite of these revelations and certain Catholics will adore it still for its social prestige which is unaffected by such trifles as literary shortcomings.

MOTHER E. VAN NESS TENBROECK, R. S. H.

Readers of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART will regret to hear of the death of Mother E. Van Ness Tenbroeck, Religious of the Society of the Sacred Heart, on the feast of St. Joseph, at Eden Hall, Torresdale, Pa. For many years she was a contributor to our pages, and her writings were characterized by a kindly and zealous spirit which neither age nor infirmity could impair. She was in her eighty-sixth year and had spent more than fifty years in religion, crowning this long and active life by preparing in all tranquillity to meet the God whom she had served so devotedly. R. I. P.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

Excellent work is doing amongst homeless boys in San Francisco. In his 15th annual report of the Youths' Directory, a free home and employment office for friendless boys, Father Crowley states that, in the twelve months past, 625 boys have been cared and provided for, 321 having found homes either in town or country. During his time in the Directory, 7,625 boys have been received. Father Crowley's present project is to procure land for a more stable and useful establishment.

On Sunday, Feb. 17, members of the League of the Cross from nearly every parish in San Francisco and Alameda counties assembled in St. Mary's Cathedral to renew publicly at the beginning of Lent, their pledge of total abstinence. Archbishop Riordan said in his address that, in most cases, the pledge had been kept. After benediction the cadets paraded in the streets.

The growth of the Knights of Columbus is very remarkable. At their National Council, in New Haven, on March 5, delegates were present from twenty-five states, the District of Columbia, and the Province of Quebec. In eighteen years the members of the organization have grown to 70,000; seventy-eight councils have been formed in one year, with 12,108 members, that is, more than 1,000 a month.

A number of very interesting things have happened in religious circles. In Omaha Bishop Scannell has vigorously protested against the use of an anti-Catholic history in the high schools. In Indiana the senate passed a bill, on March 4, to allow no marriages but those which fulfill the conditions required by an examining board. Yet people object to the Church's diriment impediments, or conditions which make marriage invalid. Amongst Pres-

byterians, the discussion of the revision of the Westminster Confession is causing widespread interest. A prominent minister, Dr. Stewart, says that there is "need of a new creed"; that there is "well-nigh universal scepticism as to whether Presbyterians believe in the Confession any longer; neither in point of view, nor proportion, nor in all of its statements, nor in its omissions, is the present creed what we would write if we were formulating one."

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

An English visitor to the Philippines says that the calumnies hitherto studiously spread against the Friars "only deepen sectarian ignorance of Catholic practice, and thus embitter still further the blind prejudices of the separated brethren whom Catholics so greatly pity. . . . The commission sent out by President McKinley apparently did not find out that the Filipino people want their Friars, and that those who do not want them are a handful of noisy Freemasons and American Protestant ministers." It will be easier to pervert the Filipinos when their Spanish speaking priests are gone. The Taft commission acknowledges that the people love the Catholic Church, and that their opposition to the Friars, as far as it exists, is purely political. General MacArthur adds in his report: "They (the Filipinos) have been maddened during the last five years by rhetorical sophistry and stimulants applied to national pride, until power of discriminating in matters of public concern or private interest has been almost entirely suspended." Father Hudson, editor of the *Ave Maria* communicated to the New York *Sun* a statement under Episcopal sanction from Manila, that 99 out of every 100 towns, if free, would ask the Friars back or retain

them, and that in some places other priests have been refused admittance. The new Christian civilization let loose on the Philippines is described again by a military officer. The letter has appeared in several papers, and was sent by a foreign correspondent of the International Catholic Truth Society. "The change (in Manila) is as alarming as sudden, to increase of suicides, brawls, debauchery and public school fanatics. . . . Little is done to conciliate the sentiment and religious ideas of the natives. . . . No attention is paid to their Catholic training or religious inclinations." Archbishop Chapelle desires American priests, and assures us that the Friars will welcome them. He insists on the necessity of avoiding religious disputes in order to settle the islands. Father McKinnon, the popular army chaplain, says that the "Federal Party" is weak and unpopular, and looked upon as favoring the harsh, imprudent and intolerant Protestant ministers. He denounces the methods of the ministers and the character of Buencamino, their friend. The New York *Evening Post* describes the "Directory" of the Federal Party as consisting of one American, two Spaniards, and three Filipinos who have been in American employ from the beginning.

Since the American occupation of Cuba, some of the tribunals having ignored certain Catholic rights to what are called *censo*s, the greater part of which are chaplaincies, Bishop Sbarretti brought the matter before the authorities. Secretary of Justice Gener has decided that the treaty of Paris (with Spain) recognized those rights of the Church.

A *Catholic Society* has been formed in Havana to teach children the catechism and English, and to aid the poorer ones. This society counts amongst its members many prominent Cuban and American Catholics. The city is divided into districts, and the work is taken up with ardor.

Maximo Gomez, the ex-revolutionary leader, making his peace with the bishop of Havana, affirmed that he was not a Freemason, but a Catholic, "even as the Pope."

The Dominican Sisters from Albany have formally taken up the work of education of colored orphans.

ROME.

The utterly foolish persecution of the Religious Orders in France may have serious diplomatic consequences. The most splendid missionary organizations in the world are those of the eldest daughter of the Church: the old proud motto is still true—*Gesta Dei per Francos*: "The Deeds of God are through the Franks." But if the handful of infidel men who control the government endeavor to destroy the missions of Catholic France, the protection and care of these must pass to other hands. The Roman correspondent of *La Croix* informs us that the German ambassador offered, in the name of his government, to assume a more efficacious protectorate than that of France over the Catholic foreign missions. The news was sent to M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who despatched two representatives to the Holy See, begging that the French protectorate should continue. The Pope hesitated before coming to a decision. The Italian government, it seems, took alarm, fearing the influence of the Holy See over Germany. The Pope counts for something still in international politics. When the Italian revolutionists despoiled the religious orders, the Pope excommunicated all who took part in such spoliation and all who bought without permission the property of the religious.

On the 2d of March, Pope Leo was ninety-one years of age. In his allocution on that day, he referred to the constant calumnies against the Catholic Church, which aims only at the good of mankind. On February 20th, it was

twenty-three years since Pope Leo ascended the papal throne.

The municipalities are protesting against a government measure by which popular education and the choice of teachers would be taken from them.

The new Abbot of Monte Cassino, Right Rev. Boniface Krug, was brought up in Baltimore, though of German birth. This famous monastery, the greatest of all Benedictine houses, has been shorn of much of its ancient splendor.

ENGLISH NEWS.

The question of the Coronation Oath which declares certain Catholic doctrines and practices to be idolatrous, has become very prominent. The king, in all probability, does not believe in the declaration; Lord Salisbury, and even the *Times*, admits that it ought to be abolished; yet it remains. We are told that it was pronounced "confidentially in the ear of the Chancellor," out of regard for the Catholic Earl Marshal and the Catholic ambassadors who were standing near. As long as the Parliament does not change the oath, the monarch, it seems, is constitutionally obliged to take it. Although the oath declares the Mass idolatrous, the First Lord of the Treasury, answering Mr. O'Brien in the House of Commons, said that the payment of Catholic army and navy chaplains for saying Mass would not be discontinued. Mr. Balfour declared that the king would not repeat the objectionable clause at his coronation.

The Catholic Peers protested against the present form of the Coronation Oath, as did the Catholic Association, a body numbering amongst its three hundred members some of the leading English nobles. Cardinal Vaughan has directed in his archdiocese a general Communion of Reparation for this declaration against the Blessed Eucharist.

The Catholic Newspaper Guild, founded by Mr. Dudley Baxter, and

now numbering over one hundred and sixty members, supplies no less than sixty free public libraries with Catholic papers. It supplies also hospitals, almshouses, seamen's homes, etc. Most useful work is done by sending Catholic literature to isolated Catholics and to inquiring Protestants.

The pastorals of the English Bishops this year are of an altogether noteworthy character—learned, elevated, zealous and watchful. They deal with great Catholic questions and with things of practical and local importance—the reading of Catholic literature, opportune points of Catholic teaching, rescue work, etc.

FRANCE.

The persecuting measure against the Religious Orders in France has called forth magnificent defense in the Chamber of Deputies. The conservative portion of the house, in order to upset the hostile ministry, voted for the impossible demands of the Socialists. Petitions have been presented from various places against the bill; and ladies, who referred the men to the ballot box, have distributed amongst the people leaflets, showing the dangerous consequences. The unfortunate project of the government has been condemned by the chief lawyers of France, and by the leading intellectual men. A great impression has been made by a public letter signed by members of the Institute, and the Academy, professors of the University of Paris, and members and professors of various other societies and colleges, some of them not Catholics, who, without any reference to the religious interests at stake, point out the national mischief which will be caused by the Associations Bill. The signers of the letter enumerate the schools and hospitals outside of France in the hands of French missionary societies not authorized by the government. There are enumerated 4,758 schools, with 162,685 scholars. The hospitals

are 109. All those would pass under foreign influence if the French Religious Orders are destroyed. Some of the public protests against the bill demand liberty of teaching and association. Men of the highest teaching bodies in France, some of whom are not Catholics, have signed these. Others are directed against the weakening of the foreign influence which France has through the missionary enterprises. Amongst the signers of one of these protests are three professors of the Protestant faculty of theology at the Sorbonne. A third list of persons who have publicly condemned the Bill contains the names of the leading lawyers of France, who protest against seizing the property of the Religious Orders.

There are already menaces of Socialist excess. Dangerous strikes have occurred in several places, the continuance of which is urged by the leader of the "red" branch of workingmen, who reminded his adherents, that there is question of a war against capital. M. Guesde wishes to make strikes permanent; M. Millerand, a minister of the government, desires a law by which, in certain cases, they would be obligatory. The workingmen are not, however, entirely at the beck of such leaders. Numerous unions have been formed to uphold liberty of labor and good understanding with the employers. These unions are styled "*les jaunes*" (the yellows). In the strikes going on just now at Monceau and Creusot, those men, who will not submit to Socialist tyranny, are being sustained by public subscriptions.

Strikes have grown ruinously frequent of late in France. In 1900 there were 899, throwing 216,530 men out work. In the nineteen months of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, there have been 1,362 strikes, or an average of seventy-two a month. In the later strikes there are traces of the action of an international committee, while the

"red" unions of workingmen look to the government for aid against the employers. The new Parisian deputy, Allemane, advocates openly enough the red flag of socialistic revolution.

Mischief is done already in other quarters also by the Associations Bill. The Religious Orders and the *bourgeoisie* have been deterred from new enterprises and checked in their work, and so industries have begun to fail. In some places the electors and the workingmen have petitioned the government against the Associations Bill. In consequence, and because it would embarrass secret societies and socialists, the measure is retarded, and some ninety amendments having been proposed up to the first days of March.

It is said that almost every statement in the government report on the possessions held by the Religious Orders can be disproved. Its exaggerations are being pointed out one by one. The report, consisting of two large volumes, cost, for the printing alone, 110,000 francs.

How little the people of France are represented by their parliament in all this matter may be inferred from the statement of M. Jules Lemaître, in the *Echo de Paris*, that 400 of the deputies or senators are Freemasons, whereas there are, we are told, only 25,000 Freemasons in France. At this rate, there is a senator or deputy for every sixty Freemason electors. At one time the President, the President of the chamber, and ten of the eleven ministers were Freemasons.

M. Forain, the famous caricurist, has returned to the practice of the Catholic faith. He has followed MM. Brunetière, Coppée, Bourget and others, whose conversion marks the tendency of the leading intellectual men of France. Armand Sylvestre, poet, art critic, novelist, has died in union with the Church, he himself having sent for a priest.

On Wednesday, Feb. 6, the Catholic Institute of Paris celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. It has done splendid work and has given us such names as d'Hulst, Keller, de Lapparent, etc. At the Mass the church of the Carmelites was filled with a most distinguished assembly. The address was delivered by the loyal and high-minded Mgr. Péchenard, rector of the institute, who amidst the festivities of the day, sent a message to the Sovereign Pontiff, protesting the institute's "filial homage, perfect submission, and absolute devotedness to his sacred person and to Holy Church." The Pontiff's answer expressed his great joy and communicated his blessing. A letter from Cardinal Rampolla announced that the Holy Father created MM. Alix, Lescoeur and Guyet, professors of law, Commanders of St. Gregory. Soon after liberty of higher education had been granted in 1875, the Institute established six faculties—theology, philosophy, canon law, literature, science and civil law.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The masonic triumvirate, Cueva, Peralta and Moncaio, relying on a radical majority in Ecuador, have proposed a law directly violating the Concordat with the Holy See. It aims at subjecting Apostolic Letters to state supervision, at giving the state jurisdiction over church possessions, and at regulating in an offensively intrusive manner the life of religious. The Bishop of Ibarra and the administrator of Quito have protested.

BRAZIL.

The Holy Father wrote, a short time ago, to the abbot presiding over the Benedictine houses in Brazil, congratulating him on his zeal and success. Three monasteries have been restored to religious use and a new one founded while a house has been erected in Belgium to supply missionaries and means to the work in Brazil. For the last ten

years the German Franciscans, the Belgian Premonstratensians and Benedictines, the Salesians and other orders have been working in Brazil with signal success. In Bahia, where few men went to confession before, they now go by hundreds on the greater feast days. The 1,000 members of the Apostleship of Prayer usually receive Holy Communion monthly. The members of the Third Order and Workingmen's Clubs are equally zealous. In 1900, 42,200 persons went to Holy Communion in the Franciscan church. Catechism is taught regularly to large classes of children. From various other places come similar reports. Missions given through the country, particularly where there is lack of priests, produce most encouraging results. During a ten days' mission at San Lourenço, in December, 2,310 persons were confirmed and 310 civil marriages were validated. So many were the confessions that many persons remained unheard. In some places as many as 5,000 persons went out beyond the city limits to receive the missionaries, sermons were preached in the open air and the officials, judges, advocates, etc., received the sacraments. At Itambe, a statue of the Divine Redeemer was erected in one of the squares, thenceforth new-named after Our Lord. A procession of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction in the square were attended by at least 16,000 people carrying lighted tapers. 3,000 persons were confirmed and 150 marriages made valid. At Aquas Bellas, where there had been no priest for seven years, a sect had taken the school and church which were restored after the mission.

Fifty Salesian missionaries lately left Turin for South America.

SPAIN.

The grave riots which occurred in Spain bore an anti-monarchical and anti-religious aspect. The occasion which gave rise to them was the marriage of

the young Princess of Spain—who possibly may be Queen one day—with a representative of a rival royal branch of Carlist sympathies. The union was an old project of the Queen Mother, who patriotically desired to remove the constant and dangerous menace of Carlism and civil war. Why then were there riots? Those who actually took part in them were comparatively few, and it was quite clear that the disorders were fomented by political agitators. Very likely there were outside plotters, too. In these days of political combinations, some of the war-lords are much interested in the control of the Mediterranean. Popular discontent, due to recent national loss and humiliation and to neglect of reform in taxation and military affairs, was skillfully worked upon by men of unconcealed republican or revolutionary principles, who seem to have no sense of the crime of civil war. Galdos, availing himself of the insignificant incident of Señorita U'bao, wrote and had produced in the theatres in various places an inflammatory drama, entitled *Electra*. His heroic audience, when the play was over, stoned the convents. The young lady in question, being of the age of twenty-three, freely chose the religious state, and, as it seems, against her mother's consent. If she had, on the contrary, drifted into a life of scandal, not one of the pure-minded revolutionists would have had a word to say. The features of the riots were unmistakable. In Madrid eight hundred persons with a woman at the head bearing a French flag went in procession through the streets. The *Epoca* of that city said the disturbers were exciting a religious or anti-religious, war. We have the tactics of the French infidels on a reduced scale. Meanwhile, Mr. Lionel Holland regales his English readers with matter of this kind in the *National Review*: "The curse of untempered liberty has carried corruption to her (the Church's) core. Every charge

that Luther hurled against the hierarchy of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century can be established against her Spanish dioceses in the twentieth. Bishoprics are sold to the highest bidder . . . yet simony is one of the least of the scandals, etc." Our circumspect dailies and semi-religious reviews reproduce the news of the Associated Press, Reuter's telegrams, etc., sent not uncommonly by persons even more bitter than Mr. Holland.

PORTUGAL.

The "Last of the Conquistadors," Serpa Pinto, died recently in Portugal. He was not unworthy of Vasco de Gama and Albuquerque. Although the Portuguese possessed the coast of Africa, they did not penetrate into the interior. The Jesuits and other missionaries did, and founded establishments whose ruins surprise us to-day. Pombal's suppression of the Society of Jesus ruined those missions, and with them the Portuguese colonies. Only strips of coast remained under the names of Angola and Mozambique. As the English advanced, Pinto endeavored to re-occupy the lost territory. With a small band he crossed the dark continent, from Angolo to Mozambique, and was preparing to fight the English when they annexed the upper Zambesi valley. Portugal, however, was no longer able to draw the sword with any great hope of success.

AUSTRIA.

An obscene pamphlet was written by one Grassmann, of the *Los-von-Rom* party, last year, purporting to give the teaching of St. Alphonsus Liguori on the confessional, etc. The document was so unsavory that its sale was forbidden in Austria as contrary to public morality. The *Los-von-Rom* band tried to get it into Parliament, and had the whole pamphlet read in order that it might be printed in the official parliamentary record, and so spread far and wide with impunity. The consequence

was one of those violent scenes which disgrace the Reichsrath.

INDIA.

In Mysore, Travancore and Cochin there is what the *Tablet* calls "a savage penal law" by which converts to Christianity are deprived of all civil rights. The viceroy, Lord Curzon, is said to have lately referred to the converts as "apostates," "an infinitesimal number . . . and of humble station!" As a matter of fact, in Cochin the *Catholic* converts are one-fifth and in Travancore one-sixth of the population. The "savage penal law" is directly against the Indian Bill of Rights proclaimed by the late queen. "We will do our best," promises the *Tablet*, "to supply it (the Indian government) with the sort of reason (for fair play) which is usually found convincing." The matter is, of course, directly in the hands of the native rulers of the states mentioned above; and Lord Curzon said that he thought they could be relied on for fair treatment of their Christian subjects. He believed that the great number of Catholics in those states had not agitated the matter but that complaints had come from a small body of European Protestants.

GERMANY.

The echo of the anti-duelling debate in parliament had scarcely died away when a bloody tragedy occurred which added a startling illustration to the arguments used against duelling by the speakers. In the little garrison town of Mörchingen, in Lorraine, the army officers were celebrating the emperor's birthday. Over their cups an insignificant quarrel arose between Captain Adams and the army surgeon, Dr. Grüger. The party broke up and Adams retired to his rooms. He was soon aroused from bed by a committee sent to arrange the terms of a duel. The moment he appeared at the

door of his room, he was shot through the heart by the doctor's brother, Lieutenant Grüger, who had forced his company upon the committee. The reason he alleged for the fatal deed was that as Adams was known to be a dead shot and his brother a married man with a family he felt bound to save his brother's life by taking the life of Adams. The murdered man was a highly esteemed officer, a Catholic and the son of an honorable family of Düsseldorf. The sentence pronounced against the murderer was expulsion from the army and twelve years in the penitentiary. The court assumed that the murder was not premeditated.

After twenty-six years of banishment the Redemptorist Fathers have returned to Bochum, a large town in the Rhenish-Westphalian industrial region, and have taken up again, in union with the zealous parochial clergy, their noble work on behalf of the industrial population. These centres of industry are particularly exposed to the evil influence of the atheistic socialists; hence, the return of the good Redemptorist Fathers was hailed with joy by clergy and laity alike. They at once revived their former Sodality of the Holy Family and it counts already 1,600 members. It is inspiring to see their large church filled with men at the evening sermons, and the almost endless lines of men marching to Holy Communion on feast days. The fathers also devote themselves to the spiritual welfare of the Polish Catholics, who can be seen every Sunday gathering in vast numbers in the Redemptorist church for the Polish sermon.

It would fill many volumes of this chronicle were we to attempt a description of the sufferings, amounting to persecution, of the Catholic Poles in the Prussian Province of Posen. Were they Poles and Protestants they would be let alone; but they are Poles and

Catholics, hence, they must be forcibly Germanized. No wonder that, in their minds, the words "German" and "Protestant" have almost become synonyms. The treatment to which they are subjected is so exasperating that it must fill the hearts of the people with hatred of their masters. All manifestations of national life are crushed, wherever and whenever it can be done, and every obstacle is put in the way of their cultivating the Polish language and literature. The government has at its disposal a fund of fifty million dollars to buy up the large estates of Polish noblemen, which are cut up into small farms and sold on easy terms, almost given away, to German Protestant farmers. In the Prussian legislature the centre party alone, has always stood faithfully by the Poles in their legitimate efforts to save their national language. In the country at large some high-minded and thoughtful Protestants have also been deprecating the anti-Polish policy as both unjust and useless.

A resolution was proposed on February 13, in the Reichstag, by the centre party and passed by a large majority of the house, to request the confederated governments to see to it that in the treaty to be made with China the free exercise of the Christian religion be secured and placed under the protection of the nations that are parties to the treaty. Bebel, the leader of the Socialists, in opposing the resolution, made a violent speech against the missionaries, particularly the Catholic.

Professor Max von Pettenkofer, one of the leading chemists of the nineteenth century, the founder of the modern science of experimental hygiene, died, last February, at the age of eighty-three, in Munich, which had been for more than half a century the scene of his many scientific triumphs. In 1847, he was appointed professor of medical chemistry at the university of Munich, and, in 1865, a chair of hygiene at the

same university was expressly established for him. The hygienic institute, created and perfected by him in Munich, became the model of similar institutes at many other universities. His many and valuable contributions to scientific literature are found scattered in the leading reviews. In 1883, he was appointed president of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences. In the early days of old Catholicism, owing probably to the powerful influence of Döllinger, he showed some leanings toward the sect, but he soon turned his back upon it and lived a sincere Catholic. It was, therefore, with a terrible shock that the Catholic world learned that the venerable man had taken his own life. As abundant proof, however, was given that the deed had been done in a fit of mental alienation—the autopsy showed that the brain was completely decayed—he was not deprived of the honors of ecclesiastical burial.

The young Countess Monica von Stolberg, the only child of her parents whom she lost in infancy, has entered a convent. The newspapers originated the fable that she had been trained by her mother, née Countess von Hoensbroech, expressly for the cloister, in atonement for the apostasy of her uncle, Count Paul von Hoensbroech. Catholics need not be told that the young lady became a religious because God called her to the religious state. We can also understand that she made the sacrifice all the more eagerly in the hope not only that our Lord would accept it as some reparation for her uncle's sad apostasy, but also that it might obtain for him the grace of conversion. It is nothing new for a Stolberg to enter the religious state. There are at present, at least four descendants of the illustrious convert Count Leopold von Stolberg, members of religious orders. Count Bernard von Stolberg is a Jesuit priest on the Swedish Mission. The "Almanach de Gotha," which is usu-

ally very accurate, is mistaken in describing him as a secular priest.

Princess Adelheid von Isenburg, youngest daughter of the late Prince Karl von Isenburg and the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria, has become a sister of charity. She is the third daughter of this noble family that follows a religious vocation. The late prince was for many years the president of St. Raphael's society for the protection of emigrants.

The Archbishop of Bamberg, in his Lenten pastoral, announces to his flock that preparations are in progress for the solemn celebration of the seven hundredth anniversary of the canonization and translation of the relics of St. Kunigunde, the virgin empress. The canonization took place April 3, 1200, the translation of the body of the Saint to Bamberg, September 9, 1201.

LATEST FROM GERMANY. MÖRCHINGEN.

Two leading speakers of the centre party in the Reichstag questioned the minister of war on the Cologne affair (MESSENGER, March, pp. 298-299), and expressed their horror of the Mörchingen murder. The minister answered that the officers who had exceeded their powers at Cologne had been punished; the Mörchingen affair was not yet concluded. When the minister, who is evidently a partisan of duelling, made the bold assertion that it was a necessary evil and that, in certain cases, it was obligatory by royal decree. Dr. Bachem answered him in a very eloquent and effective speech, showing how unfounded, how offensive, how monstrous was the minister's assertion that the sovereign could in one and the same decree have declared duelling a crime and imposed it upon the officers of the army as an obligation. The speech was warmly applauded and the minister had not a word to say in reply.

GERMANIA, FEBRUARY 28.

Great joy among the Catholics of Holland! They have won a great parliamentary victory! A by-election for the states-general (lower house of parliament) has just been held at Beverwyk, a district near Amsterdam, which has always been in the hands of the liberals. The liberal candidate was the minister for the colonies, Cremer; the Catholic candidate was Passtoors, of the "Catholic People's Party" and president of the "Catholic Association," a thorough man of the people, well known in Amsterdam and throughout Holland. He was elected on the first ballot not only against the minister but also against a socialist. His entrance into parliament is of great practical importance as there is a law for the benefit of workingmen pending in parliament and Mr. Passtoors is an authority in the matter. This election also shows that the liberals are losing ground in the country and foreshadows greater triumphs for the Catholics at the general election in June—provided they are united.

THE GERMAN HOLY LAND SOCIETY.

A meeting of the standing committee of the Society of the Holy Land was lately held in Cologne under the presidency of Archbishop Simar. He opened the meeting by speaking warm words of praise of the late Vice-President Janssen, and the committee resolved to found an annual Mass for the repose of his soul to be said in perpetuity in the shrine of Our Lady on Mount Sion. Dr. Klein, of Düsseldorf was unanimously elected the late vice-president's successor. Early in the seventies Herr Janssen fell a victim to the *Kulturkampf* and was thrown out of a career that had promised to lead him to the highest dignities in the administration of his native province. From that day he consecrated his rare administrative gifts exclusively to the Catholic cause. He became, in particular, the soul of the

Holy Land Society. We American Catholics have been so busy with our domestic affairs that we have almost overlooked the great movement, the keen competition, between eastern schismatics, northern Protestants and western Catholics—to say nothing of the Zionist Jews—for the possession of the Holy Land. This struggle for the peaceful re-conquest of the Holy Land began with the treaty of Paris in 1856. Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, Greeks, Armenians, German and English Protestants established colonies, churches, schools, hospices, etc., in the re-opened land so dear to the hearts of all Christians. The German Catholics, too, by their alms, contributed to these establishments. But they had no place of their own and the Oriental saw in every German a Protestant; he did not know that there existed any German Catholics. At last, in 1886, the German Catholics made a start and in the fifteen years that have followed, they have achieved more than any other nation in the same space of time.

In Jerusalem, outside the Jaffa gate, the Society possesses a hospice with chapel and large garden and a girls' school; at the Damascus gate a boys' school. In this latter place the Society has lately bought a large tract of ground where a church, a large hospice, new boys' school and teachers' seminary will be erected. The basilica of our Lady on Mount Sion and the Benedictine monastery are in course of construction. They are also the property of the society. At Kubeibe-Emmaus there is a flourishing farm which is to

serve as a sanatorium for the Catholics of Jerusalem. The society has made a settlement in Galilee on the north bank of lake Genesareth with hospice, farm of 200 acres, five boys' schools and a number of girls' schools. In the same place 1350 acres of good land have been bought where about thirty Catholic families are to be settled. At Caïfa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, the society has schools and a hospital. At Alexandria, which may be called the gate of the Holy Land, there is a model school with 200 girls, receiving an annual grant from the German empire, and an asylum for the aged. At Nazareth, the Alexian Brothers and the Sisters of St. Joseph, both engaged in tending the sick, receive assistance from the society. Likewise, the schools at Gaza in the land of the Philistines. All these works have been entrusted to the devoted care of priests and Brothers of religious communities and to Catholic sisterhoods. The society also contributes to the support of the Missions under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Tyre and of Cyprus and of the guardians of the Holy Land, the Franciscan Fathers.

In 1892 a difficulty arose with the French government which claimed the protectorate over the German establishments. The German Catholics were unwilling to accept a French protectorate; they appealed to the Holy See and to their own government. The Holy Father settled the matter satisfactorily with the several governments interested and all the works of the German Holy Land Society are now placed under the protection of the German empire.



Mooted Questions of History. By Humphrey Desmond. Marlier & Co., Boston.

There is an old French saying that the one who grasps too much crushes what he clutches. Such is the case with the little book whose title we give above. *The Dark Ages, Savonarola, Indulgences, The Reformation*, and many other colossal themes are with difficulty and not without damage compressed between the covers of one small volume. The information is necessarily too fragmentary to be safe. Take for example Macaulay's eulogy of the Jesuits. What is the good of my quoting that, if my adversary can cite just as many calumnies from the same author against the Society? Macaulay can furnish all that anyone seeks for in that direction.

Again on the subject of Indulgences we are informed that "Tetzel's doctrines were condemned and disavowed by a representative of the Holy See." Hence I am bidden to be comforted for I can tell my Protestant friend "You see, all that charge of selling indulgences which you urge against the Church is without foundation. Tetzel was condemned by the Holy See." Will he be convinced? No, not if he knows a little more history. For, Bishop Hefele, whose authority is backed by that of another great historian, Janssens, declares that Tetzel was perfectly orthodox. Alzog whose history is used in every ecclesiastical seminary says the same. Darras does likewise. And the great Cardinal Hergenrother deplors the fact that Catholics have accepted without examination all the calumnies against Tetzel whose doctrine was perfectly sound. But the author of *Mooted Questions* says: "This declaration about

Tetzel's errors is based on the authority of a distinguished dignitary of the Church." To that the answer is: The book of the eminent writer is not historical in its character but polemical, and the evident intention is to say, even if the great Tetzel were wrong, the representative of the Pope would not hesitate to condemn him—which, in fact, was done under the false impression that Tetzel was teaching bad doctrine. The facts are these: A certain Charles of Miltitz, a Saxon, and, consequently, partial to Luther, was sent as Papal Envoy to mollify the rebellious monk. He did so in a very questionable fashion. He very indiscreetly accepted all the calumnies against Tetzel, and very unceremoniously condemned him, thinking thus to gain Luther and so to get him to write a letter of submission. Luther acquiesced, wrote the letter to the Pope, but at the same time had a great laugh with his friends about the joke he was perpetrating. This was in 1518. In that year "he preached against the papal ban and had a new theory absolutely opposed to Catholic doctrine." All this is told in Alzog which every seminarian reads. Meantime, however, this cruel bit of diplomacy broke Tetzel's heart, but the suffering he endured only enhances the greatness of the man who could suffer no greater sorrow than to be suspected of teaching un-Catholic doctrine.

These two instances will serve to show how unsafe it is to have only partial information, especially on subjects on which so much may depend. A quotation is hazardous unless we know the whole context. Thus it may serve to gain a temporary advantage when we have nothing better to say, but may act as a boomerang, as happened with a

clever Boston Irishman. He was cornered by a quotation in Greek, but he replied: "That may be so in Greek, but the Hebrew is this"—and he rattled off a lot of Irish. His adversary was confounded but not convinced. Possibly he was incensed, though amused, if he ever found out the Hebrew fraud.

The author of the *Mooted Questions* will pardon us if we make this unintentional assault of his on the orthodoxy of Tetzel an occasion of recalling a matter to which attention has been extensively called in the Catholic press, but apparently without effect—viz., the falsification of the text of Janssen's History.

In searching for Janssen's opinion about the doctrine of the great preacher of indulgences, we came across the following in volume III, page 90.

"In Tetzel's teaching about the granting of indulgences to the living his doctrine was irreproachable and the statement that he sold pardon for sin for the sake of gain without requiring penitence has no warrant in fact." The question maturely suggests itself here: Did he profit financially when penance *was* required? But, putting aside the suspicion of an insinuation in this phrase the next sentence tells us: "His proceedings with regard to indulgences for the dead are more open to criticism. It has often been alleged, though from all appearances unjustly, that if Tetzel's preaching on this point was not exactly open to reproach it corresponded closely at any rate to the sense of the lines:

"As soon as the gold in the casket rings,
The rescued soul to heaven springs."

"In order to feel empowered to proclaim this teaching" the text goes on to say, "the preacher of indulgences had only to believe that an indulgence for a dead person could certainly be obtained by payment of a prescribed sum and that the indulgence procured would, without doubt, be applied to the particular soul it was bought for." Later on we read on page 92 volume III:

"Grievous abuses there certainly were in the proceedings and the behavior of the preachers, and the manner of offering the indulgence bills and touting for customers caused all sorts of scandal; Tetzel *especially* cannot be altogether acquitted of blame."

The average reader will immediately jump to the conclusion that Janssens, like the old Saxon Nuncio, condemned Tetzel, and yet, would it be believed that all this dreadful arraignment is absolutely interpolated by the Protestant translator of the great Catholic historian? In the original German before us there is not a word of it; nor is there a word of it in the French translation. More than two pages 90, 91 and a part of 92 are inserted bodily, the jingling rhymes and all, and are made the means of calumniating this great champion of the church. And this, too, in spite of the fact that Janssens is of quite the opposite opinion and fully endorses Tetzel's doctrines and cites the authority of Dr. Hefele, which we have already referred to—viz.: "That Tetzel grasped the difficult doctrines of indulgences perfectly and that his arguments are incontestably preferable to those of the celebrated Dr. Eck." (Note in German Edition, volume III, page 79.)

We have no words wherewith to qualify such an act. Attention has already been called to minor falsifications as where the "proclamation of indulgences" appears in English as the proclamation of the *sale* of indulgences. But here we find whole pages inserted, poetry brought in to brighten up the dull narrative, valuable notes left out which vindicate the accused, and the character of a noble champion of the faith presented in a great Catholic work as that of a vulgar and sordid vender of indulgences for his own personal gain. We have waited in vain for some word from Kegan Paul, Trench and Trübner, who are responsible for this outrage. In the *Tablet* of March 2, there is a feeble letter from the Ameri-

can agent in which he admits that the translator is a Protestant, and that she "enjoys the advice of two Catholic priests who are considered an authority not only upon questions of German literature but also of Catholic doctrine." The lady must enjoy the advice immensely, without profit, however. But there is no need of these two amiable priests who are experts in Catholic doctrine and German literature. Janssens was an expert in both, and what the public wants is not the authority of these priests but the genuine text of the author not travestied, garbled and perverted.

The interpolation of these pages, discovered merely by accident, suggests the query—how many other pages have been inserted or mutilated in the four volumes? However, it would be scarcely worth verifying, for the other perversions already admitted by the agent are so scandalous that the publishers would best subserve the interests of truth and decency by withdrawing the whole translation from the market.

* * *

The Princess of Poverty, St. Clare of Assisi, by Fr. Fiege, O. M. Cap. Published by the Poor Clares, Evansville, Ind. \$1.15.

In these days when Progress and Poverty are thought to be enemies, when Poverty is regarded as sordid and almost a crime, and when Progress is mostly measured by wealth, such a title as "The Princess of Poverty" sounds like the fanciful name of a romance. But no, it announces the life of a distinguished woman who deliberately chose poverty as a kingdom and who dwelt in it like a queen. "The Princess of the Poor" was the name Pope Alexander gave her. It is the simple chronicle of Lady Clare of fair Assisi, who, prompted by Francis her illustrious and saintly townsman, renounced her worldly wealth and honors and

lived with many other gentlewomen and princesses and queens in the practice of the most complete evangelical poverty. They did not call themselves the Poor Sisters, or the Poor Servants, but for the uplifting and ennobling of poverty, they took the name of Poor Ladies.

Father Fiege has not written this book; he has only reproduced the exquisitely simple medieval record which was put down in compliance with the mandate of the Pope long ago. Who was the chronicler? We do not know. His modesty has withheld his name but he was some humble friar of those old days, probably Friar Thomas of Celano "the same who also wrote the first life of St. Francis." Whoever he be, he did his work well, and Father Fiege is wrong when he complains that those old monkish writers were only bent on showing the holiness of the person they were holding up for admiration. Is not that better than telling us of their face or their form, their riches or their race or any of those earthly things that are merely accidental and which may be the heritage of the bad as well as the good? Only modern story-tellers load their narratives with such irrelevant things, and in addition do not know how to be simple, so that their work often weighs heavily on the reader. But with the story-tellers of other days it was different; and it is refreshing to sit and look on as the personages and events pass before us unconfusedly, while at hand is the comfortable marginal note, which will remind us of what is doing; which will sum up for us, if the story is long, or will be a help if memory fails us.

The beautiful Clare, of course, incensed her parents when she adopted this unusual kind of life which St. Francis was instituting. Were there not many rich monasteries in Italy or even in Assisi which she might have entered? They strove to drag her from the convent, but, of course, they did not go as far as the family of Señorita Ubao, of Spain, did in our own days

and raise a revolution. Clare was as determined as she was holy and remained where she was.

The story is full of curious happenings. There is the repast of Clare and Francis, which they never partook of, but prayed over, and got lost in an ecstasy, while the whole heavens grew so bright that the neighbors came with water to extinguish what they thought was a conflagration; her holding the Blessed Sacrament up before the invading Turks, who were already scaling the walls; the visit of the Pope to her refectory when there was little bread in it, and the miracles that followed; these and many other occurrences which this skeptical age will open its eyes at, are very charmingly told in this dear little book. There are quaint illustrations also in it, borrowed from old prints, and notably that of the fire department of Assisi, coming with buckets and ladders to the convent while the two saints and their companions were within, though their thoughts were away off in heaven.

The chronicle proper takes about half of the book. The rest deals with more modern times, but this part of the narrative reveals the fact that the most unworldly mediævalism can jostle—or, rather, no, it will never jostle—but glide along through this twentieth century civilization and do its work just as it did, though not so extensively, in the mystical thirteenth.

Two of these nuns, Annetta and Costanza Bentivoglio (names that would fit well in a novel), came over in the year of the centennial to this country of ours to show it how noble a thing poverty may be. They were daughters of a Roman family of gentle blood, and it was to their father's house that Mother Barat went when she was about to establish her great convent of the Sacred Heart at the Trinità del Monte. In fact, two of the daughters entered her Society while our two future Americans became Poor Clares. This is a

link that ought to unite the religious of the Sacred Heart to the Poor Ladies forever, besides the other—viz., that Annetta and Costanza, one the twelfth and the other the fourteenth child of the numerous and holy family, were among their first pupils at the Trinità, Annetta being five years old then and Costanza three.

It was in 1875 that these two cloistered nuns, sisters in blood and religion, started for America and the story of their wanderings, until they arrived in Omaha, is very curious and surprising.

This portion is characteristically headed with mediæval quaintness:

IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.

Here begin the Chronicles set down in writing by Sisters Maria Maddalena and Maria Costanza.

The story is told with the simplicity of children; how they went to Pius IX and asked him to bless them, for they wanted to be saints; how they were received by their old teachers at the Trinità and had poems read in their honor, and saw with delight a transparency of the Sacred Heart with Franciscan banners around it; how the nuns crowned them with white roses and sang songs for them, how they came wonderingly over the broad Atlantic; how a little bird flew into their cabin window when they were still a day out from land (they did not know then he was an emblem of themselves—a bird without a nest out on the inhospitable ocean); how they landed in lonely New York, how even great prelates told them that the American Spirit would not accept them (in which the prelates were wrong); how they wandered from house to house penniless like little helpless children in this great city. It is a surprising and a touching story and somewhat humiliating for us. What particularly strikes one is the gentleness with which these two kind nuns take all their rebuffs uncomplainingly; but it is positively delicious to hear them tell

how a "poor Irish lady" gave them five cents. She was indeed an "Irish lady" to give her little mite while the great ones deserted the other poor ladies. It was the only money they had while here among us in the streets, looking for a home. It is very singular how they were thus cast off by ecclesiastics and even by their own and it reflects somewhat on our credit for kindness and hospitality. Our hearts are not warm enough yet. The Sacred Heart nuns, as was proper—for were not these "Poor Ladies" their old pupils—befriended them most. God permitted the trials of course for their sanctification and after it all they were finally established in their western homes from one of which this book is written.

The lesson they teach us of the princeliness of poverty is very much needed in this country where the pursuit of wealth is so absorbing and where its acquisition has done so much harm to many a Catholic who is prone to think like the unenlightened that one cannot be a Prince if he is poor.

* * *

Meditations on the Life of Jesus Christ. By Ilg-Clarke. Benziger Bros., N. Y. 2 vols. \$3.50.

Books of meditation are often jejune and commonly offer very slim spiritual diet. These two volumes, on the contrary, spread a bountiful feast. They were first written by the Rev. Augustine Maria Ilg, O.S.F.C., and are made over again by the Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J. The original author, however, is an old Capuchin Father, Alphonsus von Zussmerhausen, Definitor and Vicar Provincial, and the *Meditations* were published in Cologne in 1712. If the many hands did not make light work—for the books are bulky—they made good work. The "Compositions of Place," which precede each meditation, are vivid and in some cases even picturesque, and so are very helpful to minds that are not imagin-

ative. The points are elaborated and rich, which may be an advantage to communities where there is no one to expound and expand the subject matter. In fact, each meditation makes a spiritual reading; a help in one respect, as it may fill out the time of "preparation," but possibly a little bit hurtful in cultivating the baneful habit of not thinking enough. There is a pleasant Franciscan simplicity about them here and there—as, for example, where such childlike but spiritual thoughts are extracted from the grains of incense which the Magi brought to the Child Jesus; though again, there is possibly too much simplicity, if not fancifulness, at times—as, for example, in having the Divine Child amuse Himself in making little crosses out of chips. However, some minds may find pleasure and profit in such thoughts. Without wishing to be censorious, what warrant, one might ask, is there for saying that the Cave of Bethlehem was illuminated with heavenly light? Painters have indulged that fancy but the Scripture tells us only of the light on the hills. If the cave was illuminated, why, in the next meditation, do the shepherds see only an ordinary child in the crib? But these are queries that are not intended to be captious. The *Meditations* are extremely good—so good, in fact, as to suggest the regret that such an enterprising publishing house as the Benzigers' did not put them on better paper. They are a rich and welcome contribution to our spiritual stores.

* * *

For Remembrance by the Children of Eden.—Edited by Agnes Repplier. Printed for private circulation.

"This little book," says the distinguished editor, "needs no introduction. It is a souvenir associated with girlhood's cheerfulest days; a little volume to preserve our pleasant reminiscences, quicken our emotions and warm the affection in our hearts." Its publica-

tion was prompted by the centennial celebration of the foundation of the Society of the Religious of the Sacred Heart. It is bound, as it ought to be, in white, is well printed, needless to say it is well edited, and contains all the poems and addresses delivered at Eden Hall on that memorable occasion. The mere list of names of all the children of Eden ought to recommend the book to all those who had the happiness of being educated there.

* * *

The painstaking and impartial Ulster Journal of Archæology (Messrs. M'Caw,

Stevenson and Orr, Belfast) contains, in its January issue, an interesting account of Arthur O'Neill and other later Irish harpers. There is a justly sympathetic study of the poetry of William Hamilton Drummond, a poet who deserves to be better known and who could write in this way :

“ For though Erin's harp
Breathes her feeling of wrong loud, indignant,
and sharp,
Within it a soul great and generous lives,
Which ardently, kindly and nobly forgives,
That e'en to her foe a due trophy will raise,
Laud the merit she loves, and be just in his
praise.”



MADONNA AND CHILD.
(Correggio.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

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No. 5

SOME HAUNTS OF CORTEZ.

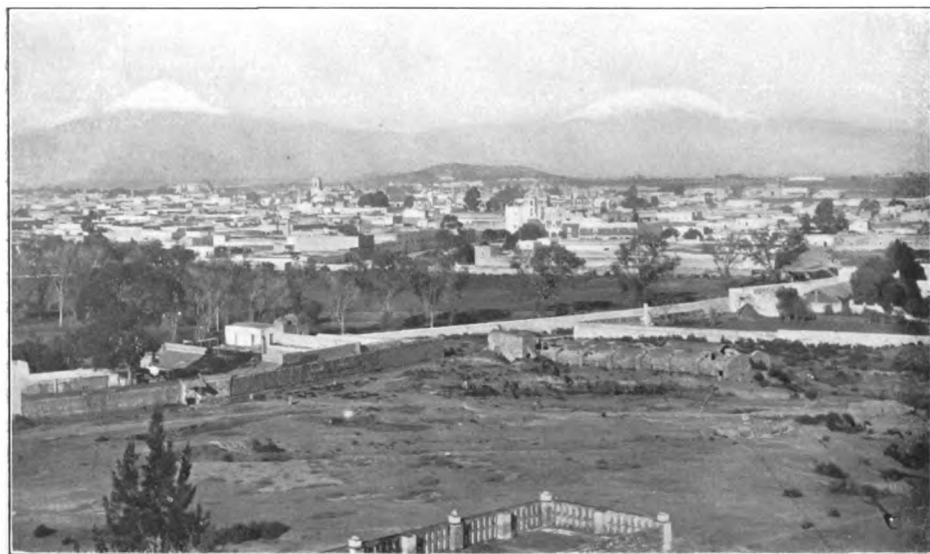
By Edith Martin Smith.

KNOWLEDGE comes, but tradition—and we can only hope wisdom—lingers down in Mexico where centuries seem to count as years. With us the old order disappears so rapidly and so constantly to make way for the new that events of twenty-five years ago seem really farther off than similar happenings of five centuries past in this sunny land of the nopal and maguey. I remember spending a summer at Gettysburg Springs when I was a child of twelve, and witnessing a G. A. R. reunion on the very grounds "where the battle was fought." I daresay it was all very patriotic and inspiring, and it must have brought back the war very vividly to the veterans there assembled; but to me that unpleasant episode in our national history seemed as mythical and unreal as the siege of Troy or the battles of Judas Maccabæus. I could not picture to myself the possibility of North and South divided, and brother fighting against brother, and it was not until a dozen years later, when I saw the cyclorama of the "Battle of Gettysburg," that the scene of this fierce conflict made any lasting impression. Here, in Mexico, all one has to do is to imagine a troop of Spanish horsemen and foot soldiers marching triumphantly along the ancient highways and the picture will be a perfect replica of what once took place for the scenic effects remain unchanged. Indians, wearing the same dress and following pretty much the same avocations, are driving their burros cityward; swarthy, broad-shouldered women sit on the ground in front of their *jacales* or adobes weaving mats and baskets out of straw, and beating corn in stone *matales*; the pulque man with his pig-skin bag on his back is engaged in the extraction of that popular but rather questionable beverage after precisely the same methods practiced ages ago; and tiny, brown, half-naked *muchachos* frisk gaily about with the same innocent disregard for modern *convenances*. Here, however, a single new note creeps into this old-time symphony, for wherever our train stops along the road these enterprising atoms hover around the windows begging "*un centavito, Señorita*," in a drawling monotone that is at first persuasive, but as our journey continues, becomes maddening from incessant repetition. As a *centavo* is only half a cent, one fails to see how it can be further minimized in the financial scale; but to them, the diminutive doubtless appears less grasping and, moreover, their language is made up of diminutives.

In any Mexican town that boasts a street-car system, all the cars start from the main plaza, which is an extremely sensible idea, it seems to me, avoiding

confusion and saving the stranger any amount of superfluous inquiry : they are painted red, green or yellow, according to their class, and you pay in proportion. The same system prevails with regard to hacks : tiny colored flags denote the three classes—a distinction, in the majority of cases, without much difference and one to which the tourist pays little heed. In the City of Mexico, the Zocalo, or plaza, opposite the cathedral and palace, is the place where you board your car; and Atzacapalzalco, Tlalucpantla, Tacuba, Tacubaya, Guadalupe and Jaimiaica are the principal suburbs. Fortunately you are not re-

situdes—but it is yet green and still sending up fresh shoots to meet the sun. After their disastrous battle with the Indians on the night of July 1, 1520, that awful night when the murky waters of the canals were red with blood, and the streets heaped with the dead and dying, Cortez, with the disheartened remnant of his little army, fled to this village and hidden in this giant cypress, so runs the story, the intrepid leader for the first time in his exceedingly checkered career, gave way to despair and wept ! It was truly a “ melancholy night ” for the Spaniards ; while the fight was raging, Alvarado, closely



PUEBLA, MEXICO, SHOWING POPO AND IXTA.

quired to pronounce their names—that would be asking too much even of a Gringo !

Tacubaya takes you to Chapultepec, and farther on to the pueblo of that name which is known as the Monte Carlo of Mexico. Gambling is done here on a large scale, but it is also noted for its beautiful summer homes ; it is well worth a visit ; but Tacuba is the car we want, for it goes to the village of Popotla where, scorched and battered, stands the old tree of la Noche Triste. It is gnarled and seamed—as who would not be after so many centuries of vicis-

pressed, thrust his spear into a pile of dead bodies and saved his life by a historic leap over a canal. The canal is now a street and is called Puente de Alvarado, in memory of his escape, and a rambling house covered with roses marks the very spot where the daring leap was made. The village of Tacuba has changed somewhat since those troublous days but the hoary cypress, facing a small plaza, still remains a silent witness of the one instance on record when the renowned “ conqueror ” gave way to discouragement. It is surrounded by an iron fence to protect it,

we presume, from the vandalism of relic hunters. During the war of intervention the rumor went forth that it was to be taken from Tacuba and planted in the Alameda, whereupon the indignant Indians arose in their wrath and set fire to their venerable heirloom ; it came near going up as a holocaust but fortunately it was rescued without very serious injury and stands, to all appearances, good for another cycle.

"Jaimiaica" takes you to the Canal de la Viga with its much-talked-of floating gardens which are only worth seeing, however, in summer ; Guadalupe to

Spanish town itself, which is pretty, clean and picturesque, but also for the magnificent scenery en route. Soon after leaving the station the train passes through a breach in the old aqueduct and is at once beneath the walls of Chapultepec, past the struggling town of Tacuba and in the midst of the vast pulque plantations that fill the valley. There is more pulque drunk in the capital than anywhere else in the republic and, in consequence, the city is surrounded by fields of maguey from which the drink is made. It is a beautiful plant, very tropical in appearance



PALACE OF CORTEZ, CUERNAVACA, MEXICO.

the famous shrine of that name, and to Ixtapalapa, where, in the time of Cortez, was the superb home of the brave t'zin, Cuahuatemoc. Because of some fancied grievance on the part of Montezuma, he was banished to this place and debarred participation in the councils of the nobles ; thus, the emperor lost his wisest adviser and ablest warrior at the time when he was in greatest need of both.

Toluca, a three hours' trip over the Mexican National road, is the capital of the state of Mexico and is well worth a visit not only for the sake of the old

and is as useful in a vegetable way to the natives of Mexico as the reindeer is to the Laplander. The Indians' thread is obtained by soaking its giant leaves in water until the pulpy part decays and its fibre is extensively used in the manufacture of cloth. In the state of Vera Cruz maguey is largely cultivated for this purpose and hundreds of tons are exported yearly. Tequila, mescal and pulque are three intoxicating liquors obtained from this remarkable plant by different processes of distillation. The first tastes very much like Holland gin, the second like nothing in the world

but mescal, and the third—well, we did not have the courage to attempt pulque—its odor was all sufficient.

After leaving San Bartolito the maguey fields are left behind and the scenery changes abruptly; new shrubs and flowers clothe the "everlasting hills" and a wide barranca winds its tortuous way along the track, carrying with it a crystal stream of rushing water which falls over the rock in innumerable cascades and sparkling whirlpools. The ascent until we reach La Cima is very steep and the road a marvel of engineering; at La Cima we are on the crest of the great Continental Divide at an elevation of 10,551 feet. The change from the semi-tropical to the temperate zone is evident in the exhilaration of the cool, crisp atmosphere as well as in the difference of vegetation. Pines, cedars and oaks take the place of the banana and fig tree; but scarcely have we grasped the change when we begin to descend and a new vista presents itself. Beyond Dos Rios the charming valley

of San Francisco begins; Saint Francis seems a popular personage down here for his name greets us on all sides. Now we look down upon a parterre of tiny cultivated farms laid out with such geometrical regularity that the effect is that of a huge crazy quilt thrown over the mountains. Nowhere have I ever seen such a picturesque, toylike hamlet; everything is mathematically exact and yet no two farms are exactly alike. Vegetables, alfalfa and different kinds of grains make a pleasing variety of crops and tremendous maguey plants serve as hedges, thus making a useful as well as ornamental line of demarcation. The view from this point of the shining lakes that surround Mexico, the turrets and domes of the city, with the twin volcanoes' snow-clad peaks as background, is one that cannot be surpassed on this continent if, indeed, in the world. Ocoyoacac is another picture village with a name that can best be pronounced by a sneeze, and, in a similar-sounding pueblo, Coyoacan,

Cortez lived for awhile after the emperor Charles V made him Marquis del Valle de Oaxaca.

Then comes Lerma, once an important city but now a small town built disjointedly along the banks of the Lerma river; from here the broad highway leading from Toluca to the City of Mexico may be plainly seen. The old road is gradually falling into disuse; washouts have destroyed its bridges and at places it is impassable except on bur-



COFFEE PLANT IN BLOOM.



HULLING COFFEE, MAJANDO CAFE, ORIZABA, MEXICO.

ros ; but until recently it was the principal thoroughfare between the two cities, and, as a natural consequence, a great resort for bandits. Lurid tales are told of these robbers, and a cave was shown me where much of their treasure was presumably hidden. A few years ago the Federal government, acting upon what was thought to be reliable data, caused an excavation to be made and a formal search instituted for the buried gold, but it was unsuccessful.

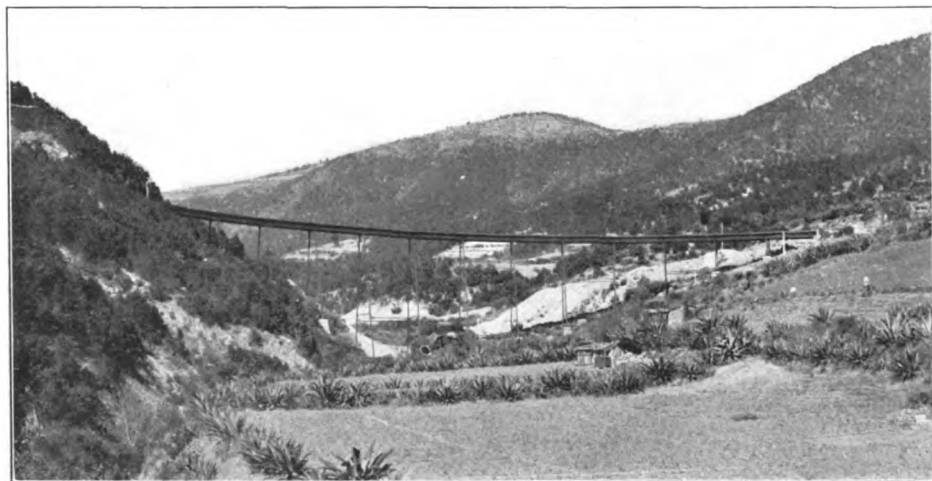
Another object of interest at this part of the road is a church said to have been erected by a band of robbers out of gratitude for a particularly rich "haul"—a curious mingling of crime and religion that causes us to smile ; and yet, if one could probe the truth, would he not find occasional like examples in our own advanced and enlightened country? Many a rich man whose wealth has been acquired by fraud and grinding of the poor, erects a church or endows a hospital as a balm to conscience and in order to throw a little dust into the eyes of the recording angel. So the bandits are not alone

in their ideas and means of atonement! About five centuries before Christ the old Chinese philosopher, Confucius, remarked that "Prosperity in business is not a sign or proof of the rectitude of one's principles"—an axiom that holds as good to-day and applies as truly to human nature of the twentieth century as it did when Pythagoras established his school of philosophy at Crotona. I think Toluca may be unhesitatingly described as the *cleanest* place in Mexico. Its Portales are almost as fascinating as those of Guadalupe and have the appearance of having been daily swept and garnished. Once a week the Indians come to town and then is your opportunity to buy their beautiful hand-made lace ; it is sold at ridiculously low prices and it will last, they say, a generation. The altitude is too high to make Toluca a desirable place to live—for the majority—but it contains many handsome residences and pretty churches, plazas, etc. The cathedral, opposite, as usual, the *plaza principal*, is being rebuilt, and at its present stage of construction

looks like some historic ruin. The chief hostelry rejoices in the title of "El Leon de Oro" and is as neat and cosy as any one could desire, although instead of flowers and palms the patio is stone paved like the hotels at the capital and contains only a fountain. The return trip from Toluca is still more interesting, for then the wondrous panorama of the valley of Mexico spreads itself unobstructed before us; the picturesque aqueduct, wonderful railroad bridges and the serpentine river down which two Indians, lithe and tawny as the ocelots of their primeval forests, were paddling in quaint

ally in our wanderings through this section of the country, set a fashion which Americans are following—after a lapse of years, it is true! Numbers of health and pleasure seekers come every year to this lovely spot which was a favorite retreat of the late Frederick Church, the artist. Dr. Le Baron has opened here a delightful sanatorium, so that invalids need fear no lack of suitable accommodations.

The road to Cuernavaca is even more beautiful than that to Toluca, for as we near the city, which can be seen for miles in advance, we enter the coffee belt and are at last within the torrid



ROAD TO TOLUCA.

canoes with a rapidity that suggested some giant dragon-fly skimming the surface of the water. All too soon the darkness fell, hiding all this beauty from our eager eyes. Cortez, who seems to have possessed a peculiar though not uncommon faculty of always knowing what was best for Cortez—and getting it—selected Cuernavaca as his summer home. Only within the past four years has there been a railroad extending to this city, but since its establishment Cuernavaca has become one of the most popular resorts in the republic and unfortunate is the tourist who fails to visit it. The Spanish conqueror, whose steps we haunt continu-

ously in our wanderings through this section of the country, set a fashion which Americans are following—after a lapse of years, it is true! Numbers of health and pleasure seekers come every year to this lovely spot which was a favorite retreat of the late Frederick Church, the artist. Dr. Le Baron has opened here a delightful sanatorium, so that invalids need fear no lack of suitable accommodations. The road to Cuernavaca is even more beautiful than that to Toluca, for as we near the city, which can be seen for miles in advance, we enter the coffee belt and are at last within the torrid

loops lies the track. It was early in December when we made the trip but hedges of roses lent beauty to the humblest home, and great masses of wild flowers were blooming along the way. The city—you know it only requires a cathedral and a plaza to make a city in Mexico—is some distance from the station which latter is an altogether modern incongruity; it strikes a jarring chord in this sixteenth century *mise en scene*, for a moat with frowning battlements is what the picture requires. This distance is, however, quickly covered by the little galloping mules that go as if all Tam O'Shanter's witches were at their heels. The first thing to be seen, as a matter of course, is the palace of Cortez, now used as the *palacio publico*; the accompanying photograph was taken when its turret was laid up for repairs, but when we saw it the tower was in place and added greatly to the charm of the building. The plazuela in front of the palace is gorgeous, as is also a tastefully laid-off garden near by, the latter a gift of some public-spirited citizen; down here all vegetable life flourishes with tropical luxuriance and the entire town is a wilderness of vines and flowers. Stately palm trees rear their graceful heads high above many of the houses, the air is balmy and fragrant and one can readily imagine the grateful oasis such a retreat must have offered to the stern Spanish warrior.

It was Saturday afternoon when we visited the palace; work was over and most of the officials had departed; but when we expressed a desire to see the view from the top of the building the courteous señor dispatched a *mozo* to get the key from someone who had gone home. We were given the seat of honor, one of Maximilian's chairs, in which to rest while a second *mozo* was sent to hasten the first. In vain we protested in our best Spanish against the trouble we were giving. "*Por nada, señorita,*" was the deprecating

answer, and at length the key was brought. That view! How shall I describe it? So much has already been said in these articles of the inspiring scenery in Mexico that I fear any further mention will read as a tale twice told; and yet standing on the roof of that ancient palace and watching the bold mountain peaks as they sparkled beneath the tropic sun with the azure sky for background and no smallest cloud clinging to their sides—a rare occurrence, let me add, for these volcanoes have as many moods as a woman, and on some days they hide their heads completely in the overhanging mists—we concluded that this was the scene above all others to take back with us to Los Estados Unidos. The second point of interest in Cuernavaca is *el Jardin de la Borda*, a beautiful enclosed park to which twenty-five cents admission is charged for the purpose of keeping it in order. It was laid out, I understand, under the supervision of Carlota, for this quaint old town was also a retreat for the Austrian archduke. His unpretentious summer home is situated three miles from the town, and thither we drove in a *coche* that was probably a relic of the Conquest, over stony roads so steep in places that every little while we would be requested to alight while the driver urged his jaded steeds up the hill; and, as the topography of that section runs chiefly to hills, I can truthfully say that we performed most of the journey on foot. The vivid red of the Poinsettia, which grew in rank profusion by the roadside, made brilliant splotches of coloring amid the dark green foliage and deliciously cool-looking ferns bordered every stream and rill. The once tasteful grounds of Mexico's erstwhile emperor's modest home are now overcrowded with trees and vines which shade the coffee plants growing rankly underneath. The old caretaker and his daughter showed us around and gave us branches of coffee covered with

glossy red berries ; they also pressed upon us small bags of coffee ground and ready for use—an uncanny idea, I thought, to drink to the sad memory of poor Maximilian and Carlota from the plants grown in the grounds of their once happy home ! In one of the rooms is a register kept for visitors, so, again, this time beneath the Southern Cross, we signed our names in the emperor's apartment as we had done in his palace at Queretaro.

On the opposite of the road facing the house is a small church and here Maximilian and his suite were wont to assist at Mass, and, apropos of churches, the ancient cathedral at Cuernavaca is one of its most picturesque and historic sights. It is built in a square surrounded by a scalloped, crumbling wall ; in this enclosure are two other *iglesias*, one new and quite pretty, the second of uncertain age ; but the yellow, time-stained edifice in which we heard Mass that bright Sunday morning is the same church that Cortez frequented when in

prayerful mood. How strange it seemed ! Kneeling, perchance, in the very spot where the doughty "Conquistador" had bent his mailed knee in adoration, I marvelled at the tenderness Time had shown in his treatment of this sacred old pile ; age had not despoiled it of beauty, but rather had given to it a soft and mellow finish. There were crevices in the stately pillars and during the service little birds flew in and out with a freedom that showed they felt at home. Near the sanctuary on the projecting architrave of one column, a tiny wren had built her nest : there she would rear her young brood in safety, for had she not, according to ancient custom, claimed "sanctuary" ? Looking through the open door we could see in the walled enclosure great trees of hibiscus and poinsettia gorgeous in their profusion of scarlet flowers ; it seemed as though we were in truth worshipping God in nature, and that Nature in her sweetest, purest forms, birds and blossoms, were joining in the praise.

THOMAS.

By Elizabeth Barnett Esler.

TO love, yet doubt. Oh ! agony supreme !
 To know consuming love and long to greet
 The loved One—He who stands so near our heart,
 To guide with sweetest words our weary feet,
 Yet feel compelling doubt and reach out hands
 Unfit, but craving for the wounded side
 Wherein alone doth certainty abide.
 To cradle human love in tender arms
 And mark the touch of deathlike Judas kiss
 Steal o'er the trembling lips and know that hell
 Were merciful beside a pang like this.
 And yet, poor heart, His bleeding feet have led
 Where Faith is merged in Love and Doubt lies dead.

THE TRAPPER OF COHASSET.

By Mary T. Waggaman.

PART I.



HE touch of spring was in the New England forest—a delicate, tremulous touch as yet, for winter still held the outposts of the hills that stood rigid and bleak against

the pallid April sky.

But the gaunt boughs of the oaks and chestnuts were decked with leaf buds, hardy shrubs in the sheltered hollows were putting forth blossoms, there was a glad murmur of rushing waters in the full-fed brooks, and everywhere soft rustlings, and twitterings, and stirrings that told the gyves of the frost were broken and earth waking to life and love.

"Resurrexit," was the wordless anthem swelling through these forest clusters, untouched as yet by the stern hand of the Puritan pioneer whose iron laws bound all things in the settlement that lay on the cold wind-swept level by the river shore. Certainly no echo of love or hope stirred the Sabbath stillness that, on this spring morning in the year 1650, was broken only by the harsh voice of the preacher thundering forth, after the manner of his class and time, in the gloomy little meeting-house on the hill—a dreary square-frame building, with the rope from the belfry above dangling into the midst of the congregation, and the stocks and pillory at its door; for the ancient meeting-house of New England, served for courthouse and town-hall as well.

It was a sad and stern-visaged as-

sembly that the Reverend Roger Wharton faced to-day, for in truth as he declared, "the hand of the Lord lay heavy upon his people." It had been a long hard winter; there had been want and woe and desolation in nearly every home, and, with the opening of spring, there had come rumors of hostile demonstrations among the Indians in the settlements to the north and west which made the outlook grim indeed.

And in these manifold chastenings the preacher read lurid lessons which he was to-day transmitting to his hearers by the aid of the old Hebrew prophets whose fiery denunciations of faithless Israel served as the morning text of his discourse.

"And I will send unto her pestilence and blood in her streets and they shall fall being slain by the sword on all sides in the midst thereof. And the house of Israel shall have no more a stumbling block of bitterness nor a thorn causing pain in every side about them."

"Thou hast forsaken me, saith the Lord, thou art gone backwards and I will stretch out my hand against thee and I will destroy thee." Seated in his elder's place Captain Reuben Lovering listened gravely to the discourse that, interpolated freely by such texts as these, awakened troubled questions in his mind.

Through the stern old Puritan nature, strong and "canny," as became his Scotch ancestry, there ran a vein of mysticism that like an unseen stream trickling through the mountain granite had a force unknown, unguessed even by himself. And its depths had been strongly stirred of late. Twice during the last winter the Lord had visited his household; two noble boys had been

laid away under the frozen earth that seemed henceforth to hold in its cold bosom no promise of spring. There was but one left, little Abner, a pale snow blossom of a child all unlike his sturdy brothers and for whom under his stern mask of stoicism the father was in an anguish of suspense night and day.

What had invoked the wrath of God upon his household? In what had he failed? When had his heart and arm been weak?

Louder and fiercer rose the preacher's voice. "I will pluck you up by root out of my land which I have given you, and this house which I have sanctified to my name I will cast away from before my face and make it a by-word and example among the nations. And this house shall be a proverb to all who pass by and they shall be astonished and say: Why hath the Lord done this to the land? And they shall answer Because they forsook the Lord who brought them out of Egypt, and laid hold of strange gods, therefore evils have come upon them."

And so on for two hours or more thundered the speaker, the words of Holy Writ so familiar to his hearers, bearing with them dread force and meaning from which each stern spirit, after the fashion of his gloomy creed, wrested personal warning and significance.

Especially was this the case with Captain Lovering who, when the service was over and the congregation dispersed for the morning, turned away with brief greetings to friends and neighbors and betook himself by the mill path to his home.

He had not gone many yards when a lean, knotted hand was laid on his arm.

"I would have speech in private with thee, my friend," said the harsh voice of the Rev. Roger Wharton. "Truly thou must be deep in serious thought for three times have I called thy name. Is it that my poor discourse

this morning hath given thee food for reflection?"

"Aye," answered the captain bluntly, "though it was not thy preaching so much as the word which in truth thou didst handle like a two-edged sword piercing the hardness of our hearts. It behooves us to appease the wrath of God while we can."

"Aye aye!" the dark face of the minister glowed and his sunken eye kindled. "It is of this that I would speak to thee, friend. There is comfort in the thought that my poor ministry hath not been vain to the awakening of spirits that mayhap have slumbered on the watch towers even while the enemy was at the gates."

"Speak plainly for thou hast the right," said the captain. "Dost thou count me among the sleepers?"

"Nay, I would not say that," said the preacher hastily. "Bold and brave and watchful art thou, as beseems the warriors of Israel; but there is a weakness that falls even upon the strong of heart—when the hand forbears to smite and the foot to crush the evil things before us. It has been whispered that thou didst bestow food and raiment on the accursed brood of the Quaker, Hiram Bond, when he fled from the colony."

"There were three helpless children starving," answered the captain. "Wouldst thou have the sword of the Lord turned against babes and sucklings?"

"Was there one saved among the first-born of Egypt?" asked the minister. "But it is of graver peril that I would speak to-day. Report hath come to me that Antichrist himself has sent his minions amongst us; that despite the judgment meted out by our laws, one of those ravening wolves of Rome, who prey upon the sheepfold of the Lord, hath found his way into our midst."

"A popish priest!" exclaimed the captain; and now indeed, he stared at his companion in undisguised horror.

"Even so, the tidings are beyond doubt——"

"Where hath the Son of Belial been seen and when?" questioned the soldier, fiercely.

"Among the fisher folk beyond Naumkeag. They are Irish chiefly, who have been allowed, against the counsel of the godly, to find refuge upon our shore. Doubtless this man hath come by boat from that offshoot of Babylon, the accursed, that hath been set up on the Chesapeake. For even as idolatry followed the children of Israel when they fled from the abominations of Egypt, so hath it pursued the people of God to this new Canaan. It behooves us to strike and spare not lest the foul thing take root in our midst and overrun the inheritance of the people of God."

"And this son of Satan has dared to show himself openly," said the captain. "Does he not know that by our laws the tongue that preaches false doctrine can be bored; that his ears can be cut off—nay, that his life, itself, may be the forfeit if so the judges decree."

"Aye, doubtless he knows," said the minister, "for the craft and the cunning of the serpent never fail. But doubtless he knows, too, that those who sit in our high places have eyes that see not, and ears that hear not, and fleshly hearts that are weak with pity when their spirit should be strong in justice."

"By the Lord!" the stern old Puritan oath seemed to fall from the captain's lips involuntarily. "Thou art right. Our spirits have weakened. Well can I understand thy burning words this morning; well can I believe that the wrath of God is poured out upon us when idolatry stalks boldly through our land. With my own hand will I secure this evil doer, and hold him to the penalty of the law before another sun sets."

Then spoke the valiant soldier of the Lord. "But there is need of cau-

tion, friend. It is not with trumpet and cymbal we must war against these sons of darkness, who hide their iniquity even in the bowels of the earth. Only by a wondrous Providence was this man's presence revealed to me. An Irish lad, bound by indentures to Luke Joram, hath kinsfolk beyond Naumkeag, and he hath been boasting to his mates of strange and secret worship he hath witnessed of late in the caverns among the hills; of bowing and kneeling and breaking of bread and pouring of wine.

"The Mass itself!" exclaimed the captain aghast.

"Even so," answered the minister thoroughly satisfied now of his companion's "awakening," for the old soldier's rugged face had grown hard and stern as the granite hills that rose bare and immovable around him.

"I will see to this," he said briefly. "Truly, as you say there is need of caution as well as boldness for, if he escape us, it will be to carry the seeds of idolatry into the wilderness and sow a harvest of iniquity that will cry out to the Lord for judgment in the land. We must hunt down this evil thing and spare not."

"Aye, aye!" said the minister eagerly, "and it will be well to send trusty men to Naumkeag to watch and to warn that the hand of the law may fall upon the evil-doer in the midst of his abominations lest by false witness and perjury he may elude the penalties. If you will come to my house to-night, we will take further counsel in this matter."

"I will be there," said the captain briefly.

And at ten that night the stern but honest old soldier stood committed to a line of action that, approved though it was by the conscience of his time, went sorely against his bold spirit, his brave heart.

Spies were to be set on the little band of Irish emigrants who had settled in the almost unbroken wilderness

under the hills of Naumkeag; the priest—if, indeed, a priest had made his way among them—was to be taken in the very act of the “false worship,” forbidden under the most cruel penalties by the law of the land. It had required much Scriptural argument to reconcile the sturdy old soldier to this mode of warfare, and his brow was still clouded, his eye troubled, as he made his way homeward, through the darkness, that was deep and threatening with coming storm. There were sullen mutterings on the hills. The sky was black and starless, the night heavy with portent.

As the weather wise had predicted at the meeting this morning, the breaking up of winter was at hand.

But Captain Lovering was met at his threshold by tidings that drove all other thoughts and fears from his mind.

“Reuben, Reuben!” whispered his wife, pale with terror and anguish. “The child, little Abner, is ill—ill I fear, unto death. He was seized with an ague—an ague like the others—and now the fever is upon him—the deadly burning fever that took Jared and Ephraim. Oh, Reuben, husband!” there was a light akin to madness in the burning dilated eyes uplifted to the man’s face. “He is to be taken from us, too—our last born—our Benjamin—he is to be taken, too.”

For a moment the stern, strong man stood motionless, speechless, the cold sweat of anguish starting from every pore.

Then he caught his wife rudely by the arm. “Hush!” he said, hoarsely. “Hush, woman! I tell you this shall not be. The Lord will smite us no longer, for I have risen in all my strength to do His will. Let me see the child?”

And pushing aside with a shaking hand the leathern curtain that screened the doorway, he entered the inner room, that, bare and unlovely as was this Puritan domicile, bore some traces of

woman’s tender touch. There were home-woven rugs on the floor, a log fire burned in the huge chimney-place, the great square bed, with its heavy woven curtain was spotless in linen and valance; and tossing upon the snowy pillows was a beautiful boy of seven, his cropped golden ringlets falling over a delicate face flushed with fever, his eyes half closed, his parted lips babbling and muttering incoherently. “Abner, my son!” The captain laid his rugged hand upon the boy’s brow; but the blue eyes only opened to stare at him blankly.

“He does not know you, he does not know me, he hath lain thus for three hours,” whispered the mother. Oh, Reuben, it is the same—the same deadly thing that took his brothers; there is no hope—no hope.”

“Nay, hush, hush, Ruth!” And now the captain’s strong arm gathered the sinking woman’s frail form to his breast. “Listen and be strong. Only this morning, in the meeting, did I hear Nathan and Amos Turner and others telling of some strange new physic given to them by an old French trapper on Cohasset’s Point—a physic that can break even a deadly fever like this to a kindly sweat within three days.”

“Oh, go to them, Reuben, and beseech them for it,” pleaded his wife. “Buy it from them if it take all our little gold.”

“Nay, they have no more, for the giver measured out only what would break the fever. But I will go to the trapper himself, even now. It is but two hours’ ride on my good roan. They say this Pierre, though but a rude woodsman of few words and strange speech, is skilled beyond many book-learned men in the use of herbs and simples and ointments for the healing of man and beast. Many are the cures he hath wrought among the dwellers in the swamp lands, where the fever is most deadly at the breaking-up of the ice. So be of good

cheer and I will bring back to thee healing and hope for the child."

"It is a wild lonely ride through the darkness and a storm is gathering and there is the river to ford," she cried, clinging to him.

"It is for the child's life," he said, with stern passion quivering in his voice. "I would go though all the powers of hell blocked my way."

And pulling her away from him he went out resolutely into the night.

PART II.

Scant time was given to doubt or delay in these troubled days. Men took short views and acted upon them unhesitatingly. The prism of modern thought had not yet dazzled the New England mind, and these stern old settlers saw only one side of a matter and held stoutly to it right or wrong.

So with Captain Lovering—to resolve was to do, and, despite danger, darkness and rising storm, he was soon urging his faithful roan towards the pathless forest that lay between the settlement and Cohasset.

As he rode on, trusting to the animal's instinct more than his own guidance to find a way through the darkness, the captain's mind was busy with the thought and purposes the past day had awakened.

Had he indeed, as the minister had hinted, been a sleeper in the watch towers of Israel? Had he been faithless in his guardianship of the people of God?

He recalled guiltily that more than once he had spoken outright, with soldierly bluntness, against the cruelty of the penal laws, and declared they were unworthy of brave and honest men. And as he bethought him of the vengeance that had fallen upon him who had spared Agag, the mutter of the rising storm seemed like the voice of an angry God.

Nay, but he had awakened to the leading of the spirit. He would be lax

no longer; he would hold to the letter of the law in all its strength, and the scourge would be lifted from his house; his child would live. Had not the word of hope come to him even as he girded on the sword of justice? It was in the place of prayer this morning that he had heard of this old trapper's wonderful skill. He had a careless knowledge of the old man himself. He knew that for several years when the snows were melting old Pierre had come with his traps and snares to the little hut at Cohasset—a wiry skillful hunter, ever busy and untiring, climbing the hills, tracking the swamps, gliding along the river shores in his light canoe. Only last week the captain remembered with a swelling heart, little Abner had met him in the wood, and he had given the child a white squirrel.

And Nathan Turner had told in the meeting this morning that the old man would take no pay, nor even pelts, for his wonderful physic, which he truly said was God's gift not man's.

And his heart growing warmer with hope, the captain urged on his roan through the storm which now had burst in all its fury, bending and snapping the budding boughs, sweeping wildly through the ravines and gorges, rending, so it seemed, the cerement and sepulchre in which Nature had lain enwrapped and entombed. Now and then a vivid flash of lightning scarred the sky; there was a hoarse mutter of far-off thunder; but it was no summer storm of pent-up passion, and pride, and fierce elemental strife.

Rather was there the tumultuous joy of a resurrection in the loud trump of the wind, the burst of the rain, the roar of the rising waters.

Well it was for the captain that his good roan was tried and true, the faithful comrade of many years. Quivering, panting, but unfaltering, the faithful horse kept on his way through darkness and storm until the ford was reached—now a wide waste of foaming

water swirling madly to the falls of Cohasset, a mile or more down the stream. On the opposite shore arose the ridge of hills which the old trapper made his camping ground.

"On, Roy, on!" said the captain, urging his horse to the water; but the roan recoiled, trembling in every limb.

"On, I tell thee, brute, on!" and, with fierce impatience, the rider struck his spurs into the animal's quivering flanks.

But Roy only reared back with an almost human cry of pain.

A fierce soldier oath burst from the captain's lips and then, with the habit of years, he mastered himself.

"Nay, then, if thou wilt not, thou shalt not; dumb brute as thou art, I have no right to force thee to this peril; I must brave it alone." And, springing from the horse, he threw the bridle over a bough, and plunged boldly into the swollen stream.

A safe ford usually for man and beast, it was now far beyond the captain's depth, but he was a practiced swimmer and struck out fearlessly for the opposite shore. But Roy's instinct had not been at fault when he had refused to brave the passage. Fed by the melting snows, flooded by the rain, the once quiet stream swept a resistless torrent through the valley.

Tossed, whirled, beaten back, carried on by the jubilant waters, the sturdy swimmer found himself battling for life in the raging current he could not stem. He was borne on, on, past the dim shadowy shores he could not reach; on and on, lashed by the wind, beaten by the rain, until suddenly through the mad whirl of storm and spray, a light, like a fallen star, seemed to glimmer just before him.

Cohasset Point! the trapper's hut! the peril-quicken'd brain, flashed strength to nerve and limb, with one mighty final effort the captain put forth all his powers, and was flung nearly

fainting on the low sedgy point jutting out into the stream.

Staggering to his feet he made his way to the beacon that had saved him, the light twinkling in the little hut that nestled in the shelter of the overhanging hill.

A rude log cabin, with an opening near the top to let out the smoke, which blent with, but could not obscure altogether, the guiding light within.

The captain shook the rude door with scant ceremony.

"Ho! within there," good trapper. "Open in God's name, for I am in sore need of thy help."

"Who art thou?" asked a deep voice.

"Captain Reuben Lovering, from the settlement beyond the river which I have just braved at the peril of my life. I am well-nigh fainting. Open, I pray thee, old man, and give me aid."

There was a moment's silence and then a bar within seemed to fall; the door opened and the light of a blazing pine torch within streamed out into the night.

It showed a tall wiry old man in the leathern jerkin and hose of a hunter standing on the cabin threshold. Scant grey locks fell low upon his neck; his face was rugged and weather-beaten as the bark of a mountain oak; but the sunken eyes were keen and bright, and they looked now with searching suspicion on his visitor.

"Enter," he said, with a quaint foreign accent. "What does monsieur, the captain, wish from the poor old trapper, Pierre, at this so strange hour?"

But the captain had tottered forward and fallen upon a pile of skins in the corner of the hut.

"I—I—will—find—speech—later," he gasped. "Just now—just now—"

"Thou art hurt—where?" asked the trapper briefly.

"Nay, not—hurt—only—short of breath and wit," murmured the cap-

tain, bowing his head on his clasped hands as he sat shivering upon the furs.

Again the trapper looked at his guest keenly; then, turning to a small iron-bound chest, took from it a bottle. Pouring some of its contents into a gourd, he held it to the captain's lips. "Drink," he said, "it will give thee life and strength."

The captain obeyed. The draught was of rich old wine that seemed to thrill through his weakened, shaken frame like an elixir of life.

"Thanks, my good friend!" he said, gratefully. "In truth, it seems the Lord hath sent thee as a blessing into this wilderness with skill to save and to heal. It was a close fight with death in the stream, and it hath left me faint and sore." The dark eyes of the trapper still regarded the stranger gravely, doubtfully.

"What hath brought thee into this peril, Monsieur Capitaine? Only madness or sin or sorrow would dare that stream to-night. It is written, as thou knowest, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'"

"Aye! it is; but there are times when the heart is so wrought that mind and spirit weaken. It is thus with me to-night."

"I am well pleased that thou hast such godly knowledge of the Word. Thou hast studied the Scriptures?"

"Aye!" answered the trapper, with a faint smile—"from my youth."

"That is well," said the captain, approvingly. "There was a doubt in my mind that like many of thy race



"TOSSED, WHIRLED, BEATEN BACK, CARRIED ON BY THE JUBILANT WATERS."

thou didst hold to the abominations of popery, and there might be unholy spell or charm upon this wonderful physick of which I have been told. Two noble boys hath God taken from my stricken household; now the third—the last"—the speaker's voice trembled—"lieth ill unto death with the same fever that hath carried off his brothers. It is to save the child that I have dared death this night and come to thee, good trapper, for aid. Nathan Turner and others have told me of this physick of thine which hath worked cures almost beyond belief. I would buy it from thee even for its weight in gold."

As the honest old soldier spoke the trapper's face changed wonderfully. It was almost as if a veil had been lifted from the rugged features so did they clear and brighten and warm.

"Ah, yes, I see, I see," he said. "I see, Monsieur Capitaine! I was wrong. There is something stronger—stronger than madness or sin or sorrow, stronger than death itself, and it is love—the father's love."

"Thou dost know it thyself?" said the captain, in a husky voice. "Thou, too, hast children?"

But the old man shook his head with a smile that lit his rugged face into tenderness.

"No," he said, "no children, no wife, no home, monsieur. But I know what it is, the father's heart—so warm, so strong, so wide—ah, yes! I know—I know. And the little one is sick with the fever? How long?"

"For what time it hath burned in his veins I cannot say," answered the captain; "but it hath only mastered him since noon."

"Since noon—that is well. Take heart, my friend. We will break the deadly thing ere it can sap the child's strength. What age is he?"

"Just seven years."

"Ah! good again—good again. Only seven years. A lamb without spot. Thou shalt have the physic, monsieur, all that I have." And, turning again to his box in the corner, he brought out a small bundle of dried bark. "Steep this in water," he said, "and when the draught is bitter to the taste, give a spoonful to the child every two hours until the fever breaks in a saving sweat."

"And your price for this strange bark?" asked the captain as he took the package eagerly. "I have gold and can pay, good Pierre."

But the old man shook his head.

"No gold, no pay, monsieur? It is the good God's cure, not mine."

"Then may God give thee reward," said the grateful father. "And now I go to save the child."

"Nay, not yet, not yet. Hast thou forgotten thy late peril, monsieur? The storm will soon pass; wait until the turn

of the night when the fierceness ceases and all things grow still. Then I will take thee in safety to the shore in my canoe."

"But the child, the child may perish while I wait. Let us try the passage now," said the captain eagerly.

"Not yet," said the trapper firmly. "For the child have no fear; only in forty-eight hours can the fever run its course, and thou wilt be at the little one's side at the break of day. And, as thou knowest, good friend, there is a Father above, in whose hands is the giving of life or death. Trust thy little one into His care, and rest here awhile, for thou art wet and chilled and weak. I will light a fire so thou mayest dry thy garments ere they stiffen thy limbs with cold, and thou canst sleep until it is safe to cross the stream."

And such was the quiet command of the old woodsman's word and tone, that the sturdy captain, softened and weakened as he was by his night's experience, yielded without further argument.

In a few moments the dry fagot piled in the rude stone hearth leaped into a cheery blaze, the captain's drenched outer garments were drying in the warmth, and, wrapped in an Indian blanket provided by his host, the old trapper's guest stretched himself upon the pile of skins in the corner of the hut, and fell into a soldier's light but restful sleep.

Two, three times he roused to see the rugged features of the old trapper outlined against the firelight as he sat, a faithful sentinel over his slumberer.

At last the watcher laid his hand upon the sleeper's arm. "Rise now," he said, briefly, "the storm has spent its fury, we can go." And, hurriedly donning his dried garments, Captain Lovering followed his host out into the night.

The rain had ceased, the wind died into a gentle breeze, through the tattered storm cloud drifting to the south,

a queenly moon rose in the clearing sky. Silently the old trapper led the way to a clump of alders whence he drew his canoe and launched it into the stream. The two men sprang in and, under the powerful stroke of old Pierre's oars, the little boat danced like a living thing over the rushing waters.

"We may not breast the current," said the trapper, "so I must put thee a mile down the stream; but the sky has cleared."

"And my good Roy is waiting for me at the ford above, so have no fear for me, my friend. For what thou hast done for me to-night, I can give thee neither fitting thanks nor pay," added the captain, as the old trapper grounded his little boat among the rushes of the other shore. "But there is Reuben Lovering's hand, and if ever thou art in sore strait of mind or body call on me as comrade calls to comrade and friend to friend."

"Nay, pledge nothing, Monsieur Capitaine," said the trapper, gravely. "But thou art an honest man, and my poor service to-night hath been given gladly and freely. God keep thee and all thy house from harm."

And the speaker pushed off again into the stream, leaving the captain to tramp off eagerly towards the ford where the faithful Roy had stood all night awaiting him, and then gallop swiftly homeward through the moonlit woods to his child.

PART III.

The lamp burned low in little Abner's sick chamber to the watcher's strained eyes; threatening shadows seemed to wave and beckon from the wall.

For two days and nights Captain Lovering had kept unceasing vigil at his child's bedside, trusting not even the boy's mother to administer the precious potion for which he had well-nigh given his own life. Faithfully he had followed the trapper's directions—

yet the fever seemed only to rage more violently, and, burning, tossing, raving in wild delirium, the child for the last forty-eight hours had struggled between life and death.

And now, at the third midnight since his seizure, he had fallen as if exhausted into a heavy stupor, in which the feeble flame of life seemed flickering away.

Stern, rigid, motionless as a statue, the Puritan father sat in an anguish of suspense by the child's side, his strong nerves strained to their utmost tension, his eyes fixed on the fair young face with the wreath of matted curls and his heart swelling, as human hearts will in such sore straits, with fierce rebellious pain.

Why was the Lord thus smiting him? Was it in justice or in vengeance?

And then, while the thunders of the Rev. Roger Wharton echoed in his soul, there came back to him the old trapper's words:

"Thou knowest there is a Father above Who ruleth all. Trust thy child to His care."

God the Father! The thought seemed to thrill some untouched chord in the old Puritan's heart. He had been taught to worship in awe and fear, but never in love.

The God of his creed was He Who spoke in the thunders of Sinai, Whose symbol was the cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, Whose wrath was voiced by the Hebrew prophets crying aloud to fallen Israel.

A Father in Heaven! and again the old trapper's voice seemed to echo in his heart.

Stronger than madness or sin or sorrow, stronger than death itself is love—the father's love—and, with a mighty wrench, the captain's soul seemed to burst from the fetters of its past, and, falling on his knees, he prayed with trembling lips, with streaming eyes.

"Oh, Father in Heaven, thou knowest the father's heart; spare my child.

Give him back to me as in Thy mercy Thou didst give Isaac to Abraham, that my home may be not desolate, my old age childless, my life without hope."

And almost as he prayed, the little sleeper stirred in his deathlike slumber. A soft sigh came from the parted lips; the blue eyes unclosed. "Father," he whispered faintly, "father." Breathless with suspense, the watcher bent over the little one to find cheek and brow and matted curls wet with the saving dew that told that the fever was broken, as the old trapper had promised, and his child saved.

The first flush of the dawn was on earth and sky when Captain Lovering gave up his place by the sleeping child to the mother and stepped out for a breath of air, a glimpse of the newborn day.

Worn in nerve and strength by his long, anxious vigil, the glory of the morning was like a draught of wine.

He had passed through the shadow of death and life seemed to wear a new beauty, a new gladness, a new light.

As if the storm of two nights ago had indeed been a trumpet call, spring had cast away all fear and doubt and stepped joyously to her crown and throne. Leaf and bud had started magically; already the forest was canopied with a soft mist of green.

The captain turned to its dewy depths involuntarily as if he would drink deeper of this tide of life and joy and love that seemed welling from nature's heart.

The fragrance of the warm moist earth, the glad leap of the foaming stream, the bracing sweep of the breeze woke in his veins the thrill of forgotten youth. So he felt must the old patriarch have rejoiced when he came down the mountain in the radiance of the morning, with the young Isaac smiling at his side and the promise of God echoing in his ear.

And then suddenly, like a note of dis-

cord in the harmony around him, the captain heard the sound of harsh voices and tramping feet and striding through the forest came Nathan Turner and Abner Williams and half a score or more of stern-faced men, with the Rev. Roger Wharton, fierce and eager as a sleuth hound in their midst.

The captain felt in no mood for this companionship, and shrank back in the shelter of a rock until his neighbors should pass.

"It is a wild goose chase, on which the boy hath sent us, Master Wharton," Nathan Turner was saying gruffly. "I will wager a good pair of oxen that there is no popish priest within a week's journey of the settlement."

"Nay, nay, have patience friend Turner, have patience. The boy hath not lied. By bribes and threats I forced his testimony sorely against his will. The son of Antichrist is hiding within these forests without doubt. We must search for him lest the wrath of the Lord fall upon us for the evil thing in our midst."

Captain Lovering drew an involuntary breath of relief as the grim "hunt" passed by. But for his child's illness he would have been among them, urged by a stern sense of duty which he could not disarm. Rigid as were the old Puritan's views he rejoiced that he had escaped the "priest-hunt," and was freed from the onerous task which conscience might have forced upon him and which the new keynote to which life seemed all atune to-day made doubly distasteful.

And he kept on his glad way to the ridge of hills that heavily wooded with pines and cedar rose dim and shading against the sunrise. He knew there was healing and strength in their breath and he would take an armful of the balsamic boughs to the sick boy's chamber. Other treasures he found for the little one as he clambered up the rocky heights, shrubs bursting into faint pink bloom, downy-tipped reeds



"AS THE HUNTED MISSIONARY TURNED TO BLESS HIS FLOCK."

and catkins, boughs gray with odd lichens, a last year's nest in the fork of a tree and, laden with the woodland toys that would brighten the little patient's weary eye, this Puritan father was about to descend the ridge by another path, when a strange sound at his feet startled him into sudden attention. It was a voice speaking in unknown words, in some unseen depths beneath him. With the quick instinct of the pioneer he stood at once on guard.

"Agnus Dei," came the solemn whisper through the murmuring pines. "Agnus Dei" again, and once again.

Noiselessly the captain pushed aside the heavy boughs to find himself standing almost on the verge of a fissure or chasm in the rocks that arched by the sheltering boughs formed a natural grotto, where a score or more of wor-

shippers were gathered around a rude altar formed of a flat rock before which stood an old white-haired man with snowy garments and uplifted hands.

Well might the worthy captain's Puritan blood chill with horror and dismay, for here, indeed, was the Mass; here the popish priest. Here the watcher's heart gave a wild leap that set every pulse athrill.

For, as the hunted missionary turned to bless his flock with the glory of the sunrise upon his rugged face, the captain saw it was the kindly host of two nights ago, the saviour of his child, the trapper of Cohasset, before him. At the first shock of recognition the captain stood like one paralyzed, watching from his hidden height the scene below; the bowed, breathless worshippers; the hated symbols of cross and chalice and

taper on the rocky altar, the priest—the priest who had dared torture, and bonds, and death, to come in the garb of an humble woodsman into this wilderness and minister to these rude simple souls.

For the guise of the trapper had fallen from face as well as form. He who stood there, his snowy robe flushed with the radiance of the morning, seemed transfigured into another being. The sunken eyes shone; the rugged features beamed with a strange, glad tenderness, the gaunt form stood as majestic in its priestly samite as if the trapper of Cohasset had never been. And then—then—suddenly, as if a whirlwind had burst from a smiling sky, the solemn stillness into which the captain gazed was broken with a rude outcry. The worshippers sprang to their feet as, with shout and shriek and clamor of fanatic triumph, the hunters burst through the hidden entrance below upon their victim.

“Smite down the son of Jezabel. Let not the priest of Antichrist escape our hands for the Lord hath delivered him to us,” rose the harsh cry of the Rev. Roger Wharton.

“Peace, my children, peace! Resistance is vain! called that other voice whose music had so haunted the captain’s ear. But the stalwart flock to which the speaker pleaded was no meek band of martyrs, but brave men with the fiery blood of the Celt in their veins, who sprang forward to meet the intruders with reckless courage, hurling rocks and stones and dealing mighty blows at their traditionary foes—for the meeting of Celt and Puritan has ever been that of flint and steel.

“Peace, peace, let no blood be shed in my name!” called the priest’s voice again through the tumult. “Give way, my children, give way to the hand of the law. It is I whom ye seek messieurs; I, only!”

“Nay, stop, stop!” thundered a commanding voice from above; and, with

all the vigor of his lost youth, Captain Lovering sprang down the rocky steep into the midst of the combatants.

“This man is my prisoner—mine, and ye shall not harm him!”

It was too late; even as he spoke, the deadly musket he had seen levelled belched in upon the grotto-chapel; and the father, who had flung himself a pacific victim in front of his flock fell, with the blood gushing in a sacrificial stream over his priestly robe.

“Back, ye murderers, back!” thundered the captain as, beside himself with grief and remorse, he dropped on his knees and lifted the grey head to his breast. “Do ye not see who it is ye have killed? The old man who hath gone among ye doing naught but good, healing your sick, saving the dying—nay, almost raising the dead. Back, ye bloodhounds, back! Give him air and light—back!”

Even the Rev. Roger Wharton recoiled, silenced before this fierce outburst of wrath and reproach, while Turner and Williams and half a dozen others, recognizing the rugged old face of their victim and benefactor, stood speechless with surprise and dismay; and all their fury spent, the little flock gathered around their father sobbing and wailing piteously.

“Nay, peace, my children, peace, peace!” he murmured feebly. “Pray with me for my hour hath come. Keep the faith which God hath given to you, my children. Keep the faith through darkness and danger, through life and death.”

“We will, we will!” was the sobbing answer. “Oh, father, dear father, bless us, bless us again before you go.”

The dying priest raised his trembling hand and made the sign which Captain Lovering had been taught to fear and hate and, as the solemn words of benediction faltered, the old Puritan moistened the livid lips with water tenderly as a mother would minister to her child.

And the dimming eyes were lifted with gratitude and glad recognition in their failing sight. "Ah, *mon ami*, it is thou, faithful to thy honest word! And the little one—doth he live?"

"Aye," answered the captain who could not trust his shaking voice to say more.

"It is well. May the good God bless him," was the faint whisper, "and thee, too, my friend—" and—then there was a murmur of unknown words, a radiant, uplifted look and the hunted priest lay dead on the Puritan soldier's breast and another martyr had won palm and crown. Two hours later Captain Lovering re-entered his home, having taken stern care that no rude hand should profane the dead victim's rest. Little Abner lay smiling upon his pillows, the white squirrel feeding from his hand; and, as his father bent to kiss him, the tears of a strong man moved

to the heart fell like a baptism on the child's brow.

And long years afterwards when the good captain had been laid to rest young Abner who had been sent to the milder shores of the Chesapeake to grow into manhood's vigor and strength, found the old faith there in the sweet teachings of a Catholic bride. And it was noted that in the sturdy race blent of Puritan and Cavalier that sprang from this happy union, there seemed to rest an especial consecration. Fair daughters and noble sons drawn into paths of holiness, bore the cross through the opening ways of the new world sowing in its mighty promise seeds of Catholic virtue and purity and truth that even to this day bear plenteous harvest.

And thus widening down the ages in ever-growing light has come the blessing of the Trapper of Cohasset.



VOTIVE OFFERINGS.

By Isabel A. Mundy.

ONE came in the sweet May gloaming,
As they chanted the vesper hymn,
And kindled a golden taper,
That gleamed thro' the twilight dim.
And a heart of virgin silver
She placed on our Lady's shrine,
Pleading, "Wilt thou accept it,
O Mother of Love Divine?"

One came and laid a lily
She had plucked in passing by,
Fit for an angel's censer,
Wafting its prayer on high.
And a golden heart beside it,
She placed at Mary's feet,
Pleading, "Wilt thou accept it
As thine, O Maiden sweet?"

But a third came empty-handed,
No flower or taper, rare,
No hymn, for her lips were silent,
No words, for she knew no prayer.
But she plucked from her bleeding bosom,
A heart like a crimson flood,
Transpierced by a sharp bereavement,
Adrip with its own life-blood.

"O Mother of Love and Sorrow,
I have lost my only son;
Wilt thou accept mine anguish,
Thou dear and desolate One?"
Deep in her Heart she placed it,
The Mother of Love Divine,
Saying, "Poor human mother!
I seek for a heart like mine!"

SOME SCIENTIFIC SUPERSTITIONS.

By T. P. W.

A GENTLEMAN styling himself the "Rev. Henry Frank" has been delivering a course of Sunday morning lectures at Carnegie Lyceum on "Transformations of Religion the Twentieth Century Will Witness," and some of the subtitles of the various lectures are given below as follows:

"The Revolt of Reason or Collapse of Mediæval Religion," "Will We Have a Religion of Science in the Twentieth Century?" "What Will Science Do with the Bible in the Twentieth Century?" "What Place Will Jesus Hold in the Twentieth Century?" "Will Science Explain Creation in the Twentieth Century?" "Science and Soul in the Twentieth Century?" "Will Science Discover Immortality in the Twentieth Century?" "Will the Science of Psychology Become the Basis of a New Religion in the Twentieth Century?" and "The Last Discovery That Shall Solve the Great Enigma, or the Relation of Ether to Deity."

The general character of the course is sufficiently indicated by these titles—at all events for the purposes of this article. It is clear that the lecturer considers all existing forms of religious belief obsolete, in the face of "Science," and that the twentieth century is to be the triumph of the latter in the solution of the "Great Enigma," and so on.

The rubbish indicated in the titles quoted is the expression of that "scientific superstition" which has been the distinguishing and degrading feature of this age of so-called enlightenment. To anyone who has had occasion to test the effect of desultory scientific reading upon the mind of the average "educated man" the fearful force of the adage, "a little knowledge, etc.," is

fully apparent. It is not too much to say that the majority of non-Catholic "Christendom" to-day holds—as presumably Mr. Henry Frank does—opinions and doctrines that, pushed to their logical conclusions, mean entire intellectual abandonment of the theory, not merely of Christianity but of Theism itself, and that, at best, this majority may be said to combine a species of pantheistic doctrine with a system of ethics directly filched from Christianity. This state of mind is mainly the product of the Evolutionary Hypothesis. It is, therefore, worth while to consider the question whether the adherents of the Evolutionary Hypothesis have made out anything approaching to a valid claim against the fundamental doctrines of Christianity or revealed religion. Mr. Frank appears to think that they have; the "man in the street" thinks so; the majority of "educated" non-Catholic Christendom most certainly thinks so.

Let us begin at the beginning and see what science has to tell us of the origin of the universe—what it has to offer in place of the sublimely simple statement of the book of Genesis (I. 1.):

"In the beginning God created heaven and earth."

I believe that the Haeckel theory, adopted more or less by Herbert Spencer, which is the most advanced Rationalism, suggests that the beginning of things is found in a "homogeneous nebular mass of matter, acted upon unequally by certain forces" and that by the continued operation of these forces upon this matter everything that is was brought into being.

But this theory *postulates* two things—viz., the "homogeneous mass of nebu-

lar matter" and the "certain force" acting "unequally" upon it, and thus it postulates the very things whose origin we want to have explained. It is admittedly impossible that *matter* can be eternal for it is of its very nature dependent and determined and the eternity of anything determined is a contradiction in terms. Herbert Spencer when invited to explain *matter* and *force* admits that their origin is lost in the "unknowable," whatever that may mean, which is tantamount to "giving it up" altogether. No one else has bettered this explanation from a scientific point of view; there is no other hypothesis than God on the one side and the "unknowable" on the other. All that science has done is to shift its ground as far back as possible, but when pushed to the final ditch it can only say *Nescio*, and the hypothesis of creation and the Creator is the only working hypothesis that stands upon a philosophic basis so far as the origin of things is concerned. Creation is classically defined as *Productio rei ex nihilo sui et subjecti*—that is, "production of a thing in the sense that before its production neither the thing itself existed nor did any subject matter exist from which the thing could be fashioned" (Driscoll). Christian philosophy teaches that there is in creation no *causal* connection between *nothing* and *existence*, but only a *succession*. Creation and a Creator are the necessary logical conclusions from the facts of the universe unless the actual existence of the universe is denied.

Science, therefore—"modern science" as people love to call it—is silent on the subject of creation. It lays hold, however, of the created universe in its earliest form and demands all that comes after as its own—all that comes after the "homogeneous mass of nebular matter" and the "certain forces acting unequally" upon it. Let us see whether from these it can fairly claim to account for the universe and man.

We may freely admit that granted *matter* and *certain forces* (the nature of these forces not being defined) it is a very simple matter to account for the solar system, for all that we have to do is to *postulate* certain *matter* and such *forces* as are necessary to produce the system as it exists. And this is all that science does, except that it claims to possess a certain glimmering of certain laws under which these certain forces probably acted. Let us grant that science can, starting with the nebula, explain the earth before the appearance of *life* upon it. How does science explain *life*?

Science explains Life as Spencer explains nebula, with a plain "*Nescio*." Hear Mr. Spencer:

"The ultimate reality behind this manifestation, as behind all other manifestations, transcends conception. It needs but to observe how even simple forms of existence are in their ultimate natures incomprehensible to see that this most complex form of existence is, in a sense, doubly incomprehensible."

For awhile the idea that the principle of *life* might be *chemical* led Haeckel, and even less superficial theorizers than Haeckel, to hold that *abiogenesis* was possible; but with the absolute demonstration of the purely *mechanical* nature of the organic cell, and of the *non-existence of unorganized protoplasm*, together with the acceptance of the great principle expressed by Virchow in the words *omnis cellula e cellula*, it is frankly admitted by every scientist worth the name that the nature of *life* becomes "the more inexplicable the more it is studied." (Conn.) Only Haeckel clings to the wreck of "spontaneous generation" or the theory of *abiogenesis*, and Haeckel's reputation is not in the ascendant of late years, thanks to his rash guesses and hasty generalizations from insufficient facts.

Thus, there is another serious break in the tale as told by science, for when it comes to account for *life* it has to

answer with a second *Nescio*!—the first being its answer to the question, “Whence came *matter* and *force*?”

There is, of course, no breach of philosophic continuity in the Christian hypothesis as described in Genesis I, which reports the *creation of living things* just as it reports the creation of heaven and earth. The only *philosophically tenable hypothesis of life* to-day, in the light of the most recent biological discoveries respecting the organic cell, is the Christian hypothesis of creation; no other hypothesis will stand, and if the Christian hypothesis is rejected it can be replaced only by a simple *Nescio*.

“Modern science” thus tells us nothing of the origin of *matter, force* or *life*. Let us suppose, however, the universe in operation, the earth cooled down and life in its lowest forms having made its appearance thereon. Can science, with these materials, account for the animal kingdom and man without the active influence of the Creator? In other words, can science eliminate the necessity for the Christian hypothesis respecting the origin of man by special creation?

The average non-Catholic (half) “educated person,” if asked this question will probably answer that given the earth and “protoplasm,” *Evolution* will account entirely for man. Now, though we may fairly argue that science is bankrupt as against “religion” at the beginning, by virtue of its confession of ignorance respecting the origin of *matter, force* and *life*, we will give it an opportunity to explain *man* by the theory of *Evolution*. Two works have been published recently on *Evolution* by H. W. Conn, Ph.D., which furnish an excellent compendium of the main facts respecting the Evolutionary Hypothesis. These are “The Evolution of To-day” (1899) and “The Method of Evolution” (1900). The said books possess two merits—they are very clearly written and are thoroughly up to date. The

latter quality is of extreme importance in view of the great change that has taken place in the last fifteen years in the views of scientists on the point. We shall quote freely from these books in the course of this article.

It is necessary at the outset to describe the theory of *Evolution*, and we borrow Mr. Conn’s definition of the word, which is as follows:

“As ordinarily used in most scientific books to-day, *evolution*, organic *evolution* and the theory of descent, are practically synonymous terms, and each of these is used to indicate the theory that all species of animals and plants existing to-day have been derived from others living in the past by direct descent and that they will themselves give rise in the future to other still different species.” (“Evolution of To-day,” p. 5.)

That is, man, as well as all other living things has, according to this theory, been developed by the operation of purely natural laws from the original “protoplasmal, primordial, atomic globule,” as Gilbert humorously expressed it in one of his operas. Now there are certain first principles that we must firmly remember in connection with the hypothesis of *Evolution*—principles that are fully admitted by its advocates.

The first of these principles is that *Evolution* is in its essence a process of *modification* or *development* capable only of producing differences of *degree*. It is admittedly incapable of introducing differences of *kind*. Its cardinal assertion respecting the origin of species is *not* that it has produced different *kinds* of living things, but that there is essential *unity* in *species*. In other words, its argument is that there is an essential bond of union between all species, and it frankly admits that the introduction of any single factor absolutely *new in kind* cannot be explained by its laws. If it can be proved that in any single living thing there is something for which

no elementary representative in kind can be demonstrated in the general scheme of lower organic life, Evolution cannot fairly claim to have demonstrated that living thing as its product, and must admit that its explanation of that living thing is insufficient.

Thus, at the outset, Evolution disclaims the slightest *creative* power.

The second principle that we must bear in mind is that Evolution *postulates* as necessary machinery for its operation two laws or forces acting in opposition to each other—viz., *Heredity* and *Variation*. It does not attempt to account for these laws. *Heredity* tends to make the child like the parent, while *variation* tends in precisely the contrary direction, and Evolution claims that the almost infinite variety of the animal and vegetable kingdoms is the result of the interaction of these laws, *Heredity* tending to preserve the effects produced by *Variation*, and *Variation* tending to alter the effects of *Heredity*. Thus, for the working of its hypothesis, Evolution *postulates* the following materials of the origin of which it has practically nothing to say :

1. Matter.
2. Life (and its corollary reproduction).
3. The law of *Heredity*.
4. The law of *Variation*.

And the Evolutionary Hypothesis consists first, of an assertion that these factors have been sufficient of themselves to produce the whole kingdom of life, and, second, of an account of the method or law by which this product has been obtained.

Now, inasmuch as "science" in the Evolutionary Hypothesis is obliged to postulate existing materials as necessary for its product, it cannot logically claim that product as entirely its own in opposition to a claim that postulates nothing but an omnipotent creation. In other words, the Evolutionary Hypothesis can, at best, claim to be a statement of the *method* by which the

universe has been brought into being ; it can in no sense claim to be a substitute for *creation*. As Mr. Conn says :

"Some people appear to think that to explain any phenomenon by law is to take it out of the hands of the Creator ; and, hence, if all things could be reduced to law, there would be no longer any need for a Creator. But this is plainly far from the truth. Even if Evolution be admitted to its fullest extent it does not explain creation ; it only proves continuity. Darwinism itself explains the origin of nothing." ("Evolution of To-Day," p. 15.)

The third principle that must be laid down is that Evolution to prove its case must admit no break in the continuity of its process ; it must take us from the *amoeba* to *man* and it must account to us for man's *soul* as well as his body. If it cannot do this, its hypothesis remains entirely harmless, so far as religious belief is concerned, and science has nothing to oppose to dogma. As Mr. Conn says, in discussing the intellectual activities of man :

"Unless the origin of these factors is explained the whole argument of Darwin as to man is worthless ; for they are the really essential parts of human intellect." ("Evolution of To-Day," p. 311.)

Consequently we start with the axioms that Evolution does not explain the beginning of things, cannot create, but can only modify or develop already existing and living matter, and is obligated to account for everything in the world of life on pain of having its hypothesis completely rejected as in any way bearing upon Christian doctrine.

For the purpose of this argument only we will concede as proven the fact of Evolution in the entire world of life up to man—but not including man—and examine only the *fact* as regards man and the *methods* as excluding the intervention of the Creator. The first question is whether man is a product of Evolution, and to save time we will con-

sider it only as affecting man's *soul*. If Evolution cannot demonstrate man's *soul* to be a product of its laws, its hypothesis fails absolutely as against religion; this is a necessary conclusion from the principles laid down.

Man's soul is a *simple, substantial, spiritual principle*. It is *simple* because it has no parts and is not extended; it is *substantial* because it exists *per se* (which is the definition of substantiality); it is *spiritual* because it is *immaterial* and is the seat of spiritual activities, and it is a *principle* because it is that from which something proceeds. (See Maher's "Psychology.") Now, Evolution must do one of two things: It must either deny that man's soul is any such thing, or it must show that in the earliest forms of life there was a *simple, substantial, spiritual principle*, capable of development into the *soul* of man. If it does neither of these things it must admit a break in its continuity at man.

It is admitted by Evolutionists that the intellectual activities of man and his moral nature have to be explained. Conn says:

"Even the lowest man is immeasurably superior to the highest brute. Between them is a vast chasm which no one has yet been able to bridge. It is true that between the lowest men and the highest classes there is, perhaps, an even greater difference. But in this case there is no chasm, for a complete series of higher and higher grades of intelligence unites the two extremes. It is plain that this difference is one of degree and not of kind." ("Evolution of To-day," p. 294.)

But as Mr. Conn goes on to point out, the Evolutionists have sought to show that the difference between man and brute is but one of degree. And he says:

"In order to substantiate this claim it is necessary to show one of two things; either that all the qualities of human mental nature are present in animal minds in rudiment and only re-

quire developmeht, or that they are such as can have been developed from qualities which are found in animals." ("Evolution of To-day," p. 301.)

Consider merely the highest activities of man's intellectual nature—viz., the power of forming abstract ideas, and take, as an illustration of these, the principle of *Causation* or *Causality*. Conn says—what is admitted by almost all ethnologists and psychologists:

"The conception that everything must have an adequate cause is a universal factor of the human mind. Even the lowest savages have the conception, as is shown by their assuming the existence of numerous gods to explain natural phenomena. Yet this is not the result of observation. We perceive sequence of events but never causation. The idea that one has caused the other is a necessity of *thought*, not of facts. It is indeed a human thought and is the basis of true reasoning. But no one has ever been able to find any evidence of its existence in animals, and it is extremely improbable that they have the slightest conception of anything more than sequence. Even in the human race this idea only comes with a certain maturity of intellect, and it is impossible to believe that animals possess this quality while children do not. If animals do not have this concept, it follows that true reasoning is impossible for them, and that what seems to be reason is simple association of ideas." ("Evolution of To-day," p. 313.)

Yet this principle of *Causation* or *Causality*—"Sufficient Reason" as Fr. John Rickaby, S.J., terms it—is a primary truth and takes rank with the principle of contradiction, the principle of consciousness and the principle of the subject's power to know. And the Evolutionist must be able to demonstrate the possession by brutes of these abstract ideas, or at least the power to form them in however low degree. As Mr. Conn says, there is not a shred of positive evidence ob-

tainable in favor of this possession, and the hypothesis of instincts, etc., advanced by the evolutionary school taxes one's patience by their extreme improbability.

And the difficulties involved in the matter of *abstract ideas* and the power to form them are as nothing compared with the difficulties presented by man's moral nature to the Evolutionary Hypothesis.

All mankind has a *right* and a *wrong*—all men have some kind of a moral law, the arbiter of which is *conscience*. As with *abstract ideas*, there is not a trace of conscience in the brute kingdom. As Conn says :

"At all events, here is a factor to be explained. A moral sense has been universally developed by man and its existence in animals is more than questionable. This seems a very little matter, the simple ability to distinguish between *right* and *wrong*, but it is in reality the foundation of the whole moral nature. Is it possible to give a natural explanation of this quality of the human mind? ("Evolution of To-day," p. 320.)

The extreme Evolutionists offer an explanation of the existing code of morality by alleging that it is the development of various useful instincts; but this does not account for *conscience* and its *judicial function*, which is an impossibility in any *instinct* or *development of instinct*. The difficulty is insurmountable. Indeed, as Father Maher says:

"Conscience or ethical notions are the most unlikely product that can well be conceived to arise by natural selection. . . . If an unprejudiced mind considers how intensely difficult it is even at the present day, when we are in possession of all the moralizing agencies of religion, education, language, literature, public opinion and governmental authority, to quicken the moral sensibility of the individual or of the nation, he must surely see that in the alleged pre-human stage, when not a

single one of these forces was present, and when the conditions of existence combined unanimously in the opposite direction, the natural growth of conscience must have been absolutely impossible." ("Psychology," pp. 340-341.)

But if Evolution cannot explain the highest activity of man's mental nature except upon an hypothesis that is practically inconceivable, how can it maintain a claim to the soul of man? And if it cannot demonstrate its claim to the soul of man it cannot maintain any claim against "Religion." And if Evolution cannot maintain at least a plausible claim against "Religion" how can "Science" be held to have proved anything against the objective truth of the Christian Religion? And, be it remembered, the Christian Religion as taught by the Church is the only complete and definite hypothesis that has ever been before the world which is consistent with itself and with the known facts!

We have shown that Evolution has been able to offer no evidence at all, and only the wildest and most improbable kind of argument in favor of its claim to man's soul. The Darwinian argument, as Mr. Conn says, is even rejected on this point by Wallace and other leading disciples of the Evolutionary Hypothesis in a moderate form. In other words, we may certainly take it that the *fact* is entirely unproven against man's soul. While this is enough for our present purpose, it may be well to point out that there has been a very general abandonment by recent scientists of the advanced ground originally taken up respecting the *laws* of Evolution and the various hypotheses of method.

Evolution is regarded as the resultant of the two more or less opposing forces—*Heredity* and *Variation*—and on these two forces or laws there has been an enormous amount of theorizing. As Mr. Conn puts it :

"The amount of hypothesis has become greater as the years of discussion have passed until finally we have, in the theory of Weissmann, reached pure imagination unverified by fact."

Now what is Evolution trying to explain?

Clearly it is the *variety* of species. But to explain this it simply postulates, as one of its requirements, a law of *variation* of some kind! This is the law which produces the changes that *heredity* perpetuates in succeeding generations. Conn describes variations as the "building stones out of which the organism has been constructed," and Evolution clearly has to explain how variations arise.

For if it has not to explain this, it is simply begging the whole question. If it has to postulate any *variety* or *variation* at all it might as well postulate the whole business. The rest becomes simply a question of classification and a vicious circle of reasoning at once results. For if Evolution says: "The variety of species results from variation," it is clearly saying nothing at all. As Conn points out the secret of the "method of Evolution" is held by *protoplasm* and *variation*. And the present condition of knowledge respecting *variation* is thus summarized by him.

"The study of variations, which are of greater extent than the slight departures from a mean, appears to be showing that discontinuous variations do play a part in the origin of species. Lastly, we have seen that a general view of variations is slowly but apparently surely convincing students that they must be looked upon as determinate. If such a conception is held, then the problem of the origin of species becomes a problem of determining the causes of these variations. In trying to find such a cause different scientists have taken a refuge in various verbal explanations, such as "inherent tendencies," etc., which really explain nothing and do not aid at all in the solution of the problem of the origin of species. In

general, then, the study of variation has, as yet, given no very certain ground upon which can be based a theory of variation, nor have they told very clearly to what forces these variations are to be attributed. Beyond question they must be traced to the properties of protoplasm." ("The Method of Evolution," pp. 373-374.)

Thus, Evolution says that the origin of species is to be found in the properties of *protoplasm*. What has it to say about these?

Reproduction is a function of *protoplasm* but, as Conn says:

"It is a function of protoplasm and is, as yet, unintelligible to us." ("The Method of Evolution," p. 395.) Of protoplasm itself and its origin, "we know nothing except that, being a mechanism, it could never have been produced by purely chemical forces" (p. 395). In fact, naturalists know little or nothing about *protoplasm* at all, and, as Mr. Conn points out, all they do know is that solution of the secret of what is called Evolution must be sought in that direction. Up to the present time no satisfactory results have been forthcoming and the champions of Evolution are unable to give any explanation of the *method* of Evolution except that the varieties of species result from some unknown properties of protoplasm.

This is the Evolutionary Hypothesis of to-day stripped of improved theory. This is the "modern science" which the half-educated "man in the street" thinks has destroyed the supernatural in the universe! These are the facts underlying the beliefs which even fifteen years ago Herbert Spencer points out had "assumed too much the nature of a creed" but which now are a gigantic "toadstool" growth of superstition, fed by man's passions which demand abolition of the court of judgment and seek to secure it by destroying the foundations of the law.

The Holy Father says of science:

"It need not be pointed out how the

nature of science, just as it is so admirably adapted to show forth the glory of the Great Creator, provided it is taught as it should be, so if it be perversely imparted to the youthful intelligence, it may prove most fatal in destroying the principles of true philosophy, and in the corruption of morality." (Encycl. *Providentissimus Deus*.)

Let us see, then, how the respective hypotheses stand with respect to the main problem of the universe and life.

With regard to the origin of *matter* and *force* the Christian hypothesis is—*God the Creator*.

Science answers: "*Nescio!*" "I don't know anything about it."

With regard to Life, the Christian hypothesis is—*God the Creator*.

Science again takes refuge in *The Unknowable*.

With regard to the world and its denizens apart from man the Christian hypothesis is—*God the Creator*.

Science invokes the "qualities of

protoplasm" which it admits that it does not understand.

With regard to man's soul the Christian hypothesis again is—*God the Creator*.

Science again calls upon *protoplasm* and its "incomprehensible functions."

But the average man thinks—if we may use the word—that science has explained everything; that Reason is enthroned on the ruined altars of religion and that there is no God!

Truly the devil has an easy job of it in these days of enlightenment! In the days of real scholarship and real philosophic knowledge he had to work and work hard for one little "iota" in a theological definition (*ὁμολοιουστος*); but nowadays he finds no difficulty in getting a man who styles himself "Rev." to mount a pulpit on Sunday and "solve the great enigma" by identifying God with—Ether!

"What fools these mortals be!"

A FENLAND HERMIT.

By J. Arthur Floyd.

WONDROUS changes—changes political, ecclesiastical, and even physical—have taken place in St. Guthlac's native land since he passed away to the eternal home of the saints. In the petty states, known as the kingdoms of the Heptarchy, into which England was then split up, the worship of Woden and Thor was rapidly vanishing and its place being taken by the faith brought from Rome by evangelists sent for that purpose by Pope St. Gregory the Great. Long ages before the unification of those petty states into the one kingdom of

England, the church had knit them together by a common faith, and made them one in that worldwide spiritual empire having Rome for its centre and standard of orthodoxy, and the supreme universal jurisdiction of its bishop as its efficient safeguard. So real was this union that in matters of faith the peoples of the Heptarchy so entirely laid aside any consideration of racial difference that, though the men of Mercia, of East Anglia, of Essex, Wessex or of Sussex, might be at war with the men of the kingdom of Kent, yet the chief prelate of that kingdom—the

archbishop of Canterbury—was their metropolitan, and they acknowledged him as such because mission was granted him by favor of that Apostolic See, whose authority could be repudiated only at the soul's peril.

Mercia, the subkingdom of the Hephtharchy in which St. Guthlac lived and died, had not openly professed Christianity so early as Kent, Northumbria and East Anglia. This had been due to King Penda who, though members of his family had received the faith and he himself tolerated and admired its consistent disciples, yet lived and died a pagan. After his death the throne came into the hands of a Christian prince; a Mercian bishopric was founded at Lichfield in 656, and under the guidance of its holy bishops—the humble-minded St. Chad was one of the number—the church of Mercia waxed strong and spread throughout the subkingdom.

It was in Mercia that, more than twelve centuries since, St. Guthlac found for himself a secluded retreat on one of the islands in the midst of the black pools of water and immense morasses which then all but entirely covered the Lincolnshire fenland. In earlier times the Britons flying from the Roman invaders had sought safety in its fastnesses, just as some four hundred years later the "last of the Saxons" had found in the neighboring fenland surrounding the isle of Ely, a camp of refuge which withstood William the Norman, long after the rest of England had been subdued.

Could St. Guthlac now return to his island home he would fail to recognize the site. Its insular character, thanks to the energy of succeeding generations, is a thing of the past; the black waters and immense marshes, which once stretched all round as far as the eye could travel, have given place to fertile meadows and quaint villages, whilst the foul streams choked with vegetation, once insufficient to carry off the flood waters, are now deepened and securely

banked in, their courses marked by fringes of willows and rushes which alone remain as reminders of the vast expanse of semiaquatic vegetation which once thrived in the surrounding waters and rendered Croyland so obscure that but few knew of its existence.

Nothing is said of St. Guthlac in Bede's Ecclesiastical History, although the saint's life ended several years earlier than did that of the "venerable" Monk of Jarrow. In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle there is the bare record that he died in the year 714. Florence of Worcester, a chronicler of Norman days, records that, in 697, "St. Guthlac, at the age of twenty-four years, renouncing the pomps of the world, and abandoning all his property, entered the Monastery of Hrebandun (Repton in Derbyshire) and received the tonsure and clerical habit there under Abbess Alfhith." Two years afterwards, according to the same writer, on the 25th of August, A. D., 699, "the most holy Guthlac came to the island of Croyland, and there began to lead an anchoret's life." Fifteen years pass, then Florence concludes his notice of the saint's life with a record that, in 714, on the eleventh of April, "being the fourth day of Easter, Guthlac, that most laudable anchoret, and most faithful priest of God, brother of Christ's dear virgin, Pegia, and exhibitor of countless virtues, died, his spirit becoming a partaker of the joys of everlasting happiness."

To ensure the insertion of their names in the Book of Life was ever the one object kept in view by the saints; little they recked whether they found a place in contemporary annals. In their own eyes they were but unprofitable servants, and life-long penance could but make some slight satisfaction for their imperfections. Such was ever their view, and feeling, as many of them did, that a life of obscurity would be most conducive to a life of greater devotion, it naturally follows that, in many instan-

ces. the measures they took to shut out the distractions of the world were so effectual, that the Recording Angel alone has kept account of the self-conquests and noble deeds which have gained them resplendent crowns in the world beyond the grave.

Fortunately, though St. Guthlac's life passed all but unnoticed by chroniclers of his age, an account of his career was compiled within a few years of his death by a monastic biographer, Felix, by name. This biography is no mere compilation of legends of later centuries, but embodies the testimony of the saint's companion, and of others who had had direct personal intercourse with him.

Already, at the time of St. Guthlac's birth, in 673, the Saxon Church in England had produced many of the confessors, consecrated virgins, and other holy persons whose names illumine the pages of its early history. Some of its children in high places had laid aside temporal crowns in order to live lives more likely to secure eternal ones, whilst others there had been whose testimony to the sincerity of their faith had been sealed by their blood. Amongst the converts to the Church, Penwald and Tette, St. Guthlac's father and mother—whose family name, Hickling, is still not uncommon at Croyland—must have been numbered, since they had their son baptized within eight days of his birth. Both were sprung from old and noble families, and they were possessed of great wealth. In his father's house Guthlac grew up "blithe in countenance, pure and clean in disposition and innocent in his ways, and in him was the lustre of divine brightness so shining that all men who saw him could perceive in him the promise of what should hereafter happen to him."

In those days position and influence were won more by muscle and successful warfare than by learning and merit. Too often might rode roughshod over

right. St. Guthlac would see this. He could not forget the renown of his ancestors, and how much skill in arms had done for them, and with his feelings worked upon by the remembrance of their deeds of valor, he determined to show himself a worthy scion of such a race. Collecting together a number of armed men he placed himself at their head. During nine years "wreaked he his grudges on his enemies, and burned their city, and ravaged their towns, and widely throughout the land he made much slaughter, and slew and took from men their goods."

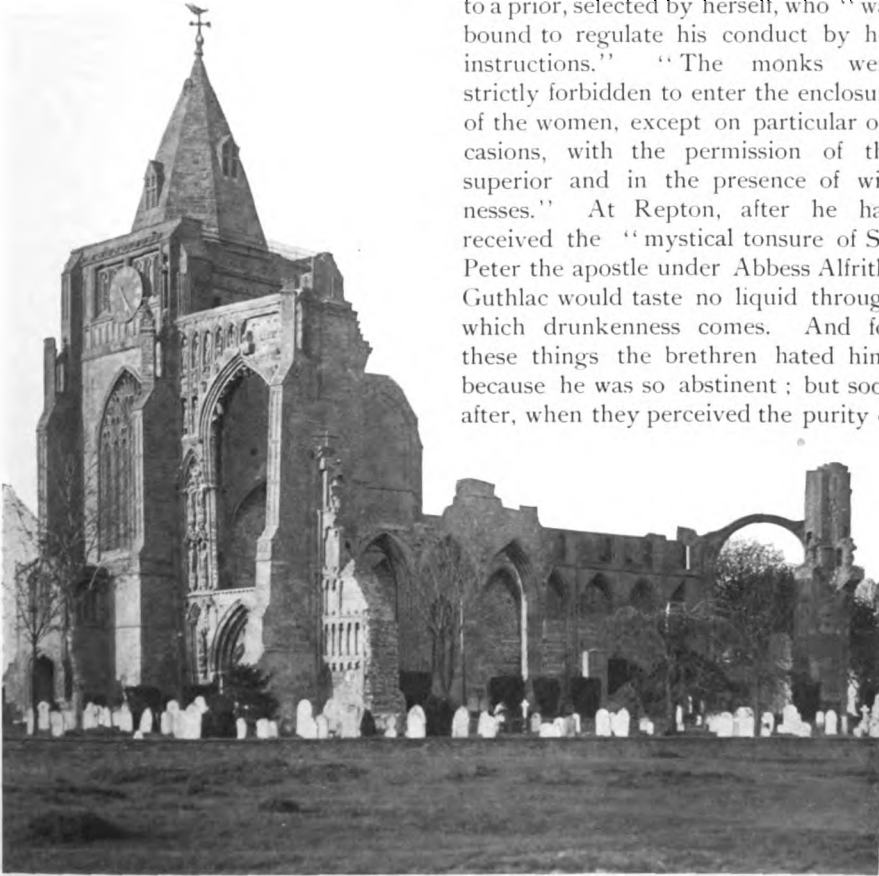
St. Guthlac's conscience, however, was not dead, and the seeds of good sown in his soul in earlier days should yet be vivified by an outpouring of grace and burst forth into vigorous life. An admonition from God came to him at night in a vision. "He thought on the old kings who were of yore who, thinking on miserable death and the wretched end of sinful life, forsook the world. The great wealth which they once possessed he saw all on a sudden vanish. His own life he saw daily hasten and hurry to an end." When that end came had his past life been such that he might hope for the companionship of such warriors as he would like to join in the world beyond the grave? Soldiers, indeed, they had been—Christ's soldiers—and as such they had refused to return blow for blow; they had taken no part in slaughtering men, or in taking their goods; but, on the contrary, had visited the poor and sick, provided for the destitute, and denied themselves the pleasures of earth in order to secure greater riches in heaven.

The warning did not come to Guthlac in vain, and he there and then vowed that, if his life should be spared, he would be God's servant. This vow he at once took steps to fulfill.

It is not recorded how the spoils taken during his predatory expeditions were disposed of, but he now gave command that of all things which he had so

taken the third part should be returned to those from whom it had been taken. Possibly this restitution represented his share of the spoil. When his companions were told that he had vowed to sever his connection with them and their mode of life, and for the future to be Christ's servant only, "they were greatly astonished, and very alarmed for the words which they had heard . . . and begged him that he never

At Repton, in Derbyshire, in a famous monastery, then in its infancy, which afterwards became the Walhalla of Mercia, the saint commenced a monastic life. It was one of those double monasteries which Dr. Lingard writes of as so common in England during the first two centuries after the conversion of the Saxons. In such religious houses the abbess had supreme control, but deputed her authority over the monks to a prior, selected by herself, who "was bound to regulate his conduct by her instructions." "The monks were strictly forbidden to enter the enclosure of the women, except on particular occasions, with the permission of the superior and in the presence of witnesses." At Repton, after he had received the "mystical tonsure of St. Peter the apostle under Abbess Alfrith, Guthlac would taste no liquid through which drunkenness comes. And for these things the brethren hated him, because he was so abstinent; but soon after, when they perceived the purity of



RUINS OF THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW AND OF ST. GUTHLAC, CROWLAND, LINCOLNSHIRE.

would perform the things which he had in words expressed. He, however, cared not for their words, but the same thing that he had first intended, that would he perform. God's love burnt so within him, that not only did he despise this world but also his parents' wealth and his home and even his companions he all forsook."

his mind and the cleanness of his life, they all loved him. He was in figure tall, and pure in body, cheerful in mood and in countenance, handsome; he was mild and modest in his discourse and he was patient and humble; and even in his heart was divine love hot and burning."

After two years spent at Repton,

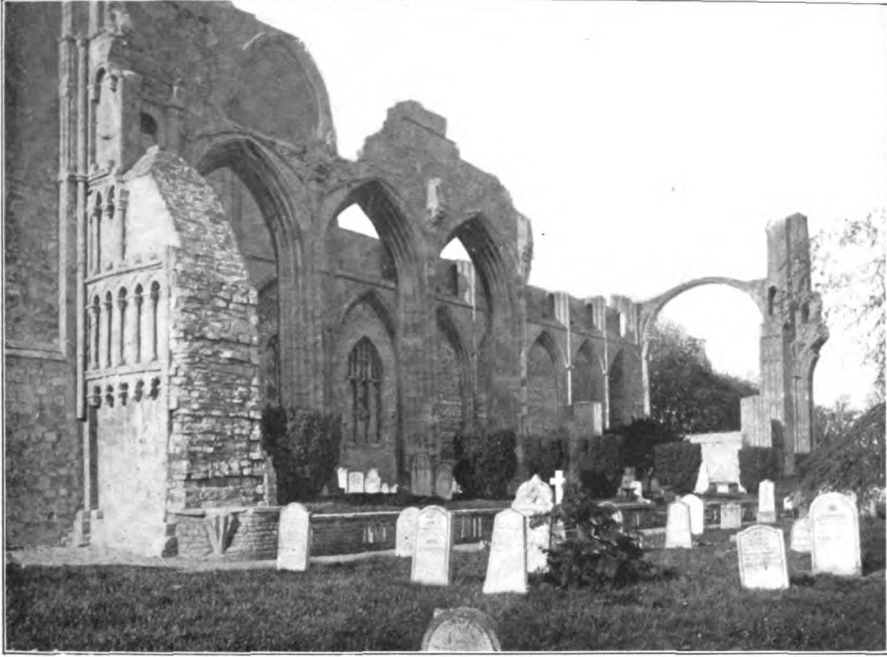
during which he devoted much of his time to the study of letters and theology, and in committing to memory the offices of the Breviary, he determined, with the consent of his superiors, to adopt the arduous life of a hermit. He had heard of other holy men of yore who had been filled with desires like his own and who had gone out into the wilderness in order that they might serve God more perfectly. Only twenty-three years before the great St. Cuthbert had been so animated when he had resigned the priorate of the monastery of Lindisfarne, and retired to his hermitage on the island of Farne, "striving there, as elsewhere, to advance from good to become better, and from better, best." The influence of the lives of such men on the world in which they lived was not bounded by the narrow limits of their retreats, nor was it limited to their own age. A stream of pilgrims to Guthlac's shrine commenced to flow in from all directions almost at once after his death; it had not ceased when, in the sixteenth century, the sacrilegious hands of the so-called reformers reduced his abbey to ruins. Those pilgrims, who thus through nine centuries kept up an endless procession to Croyland, would not return to their homes uninfluenced, and though most of them would be unable to lead a hermit's life, yet all would be inspired with desire to practice Guthlac's virtues, and with determination to be, like him, ever faithful soldiers of the cross.

Just at the time when St. Guthlac had decided to leave his monastery he made the acquaintance of Tatwin, a fenman, from whom he first heard of the island of Croyland. In the belief of the times it was the home of evil spirits, and had so bad a reputation that, though many had attempted to live there, none had dared to remain for any length of time. It was, too, a veritable hotbed of ague, a disease which for ages infested the fens till a system of drainage was carried out

which did away with its cause, and which, in quite modern times, has all but stamped it out. Undaunted by the unwholesome surroundings of Croyland or by the terrors, real or imaginary, with which popular report had invested the place, the saint and his companions set out in a boat and reached the island on the twenty-fourth of August, A.D. 697.

It was on the Mass-day of St. Bartholomew that Guthlac thus reached the spot which has ever since been associated with his name. For that saint he had great devotion and "sought in all things his support." After a short inspection of the island, he returned to Repton to bid a final adieu to his monastic companions, and, at the end of three months, he, with two followers—one, at least, of whom had received the tonsure—took final possession of the island. The house and oratory which he built for himself were on what is still called Anchorite or Anchor Church Hill, situated a little to the northeast of the existing abbey ruins. The house at first was nothing more than a pit which he found excavated in the side of a mound and which he partly covered over. From the commencement of his eremitical life, he denied himself the use of woollen and linen clothes and used nothing but garments of skins. He took no food till sunset, and then only barley bread and water. By this severe discipline he strove to gain an entire mastery of his human passions; and he would remember, too, how our Lord, when soon after His Transfiguration, he had cast an unclean spirit out of a man, had said to His disciples, "this kind can go out by nothing, but by prayer and fasting"; and so, if Croyland was infested with such unclean spirits, he must follow Christ's directions and make ready by prayer and fasting to overcome them.

Though he had by retreating to an inaccessible and almost unknown island secured himself against many of the



RUINS OF CROXLAND ABBEY, NAVE AND WESTERN ARCH, WHERE THE GREAT CENTRAL TOWER STOOD.

temptations of ordinary life, yet he could not shut out the evil promptings and thoughts which come at times unbidden to the minds of the most devout. Whether evil spirits did or did not appear to him in visible form—his biographer emphatically says they did so on many occasions—very certainly they did in many ways attempt to upset his mind.

At one time they urged him to what would have been self-destruction, by suggesting that something more severe than his daily fast was needed if he would quell in himself all corruption. He must fast as Moses, Elijah and as the famous monks in the Egyptian desert had fasted, and as on six days God had created and adorned the earth and on the seventh rested himself, so Guthlac should entirely abstain from food during six days and take meat and rest only on the seventh. At another time they prompted him to despair of salvation by filling his mind with remembrance "of his former sins and wickednesses which he had committed

and wrought, and how that he himself had done greater and more enormous sins than he thought he could ever compensate for." The saint, however, never lost his confidence in God's mercy, and we can imagine how, at nightfall, when the darkness was at hand, in which the evil spirits delighted, and the daily offices had been said all but the last, compline, how its holy promises would bring peace to his soul, and all fear would fly away as its inspiring words fell from his lips, "for He hath given His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands shall they bear thee up, lest, perhaps, thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk, the lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under thy feet."

Other consolations, too, St. Guthlac had, supernatural consolations, such as great saints seem to have been ever specially favored with. Time after time St. Bartholomew appeared to him in celestial radiance, comforting him and encouraging him to constancy. He

showed him that "his temptations were permitted by our Lord for the trial of his faith, and to the end that distrusting himself he might place all his confidence in God who would never forsake him." Sweet, indeed, and more than a compensation for the trials which led to them were these communions with his celestial guest. To him the communion of saints was indeed a source of infinite joy, a fact so real that it broke down the barriers which shut out from view the great supernatural realm which shall continue when the world has passed away and last forever.

As time passed on, "men of divers conditions sought the holy man, as well nobles as bishops and abbots, and men of every condition, poor and rich. . . . They hied and hastened to him from all quarters," and none of those who were brought to him in sickness of body, or "possessed by the cursed spirit," or insane, went away unhealed. Amongst those who came to him was Bishop Hædda, probably the bishop of that name who occupied the see of Lichfield from 691 to 721, and who would consequently be St. Guthlac's diocesan.

The worthy prelate was accompanied by the usual episcopal retinue amongst whom a difference of opinion existed as to whether St. Guthlac worked his miracles—as to the genuineness of which no question was raised—through God's power or satan's influence. Such evidence as there is seems to show that the bishop had the intention of settling this question by personal observation. If so, his action shows that the ecclesiastical authorities were as diligent then as now in visitations, and in the investigation of such supernatural phenomena. He soon satisfied himself that Guthlac's miracles were, indeed, the work of God. In their intercourse, he found there was "so much wisdom in him, so much heavenly prudence, that whatsoever he taught he confirmed with the divine examples of holy scripture." So thoroughly was he satisfied

that he ended by begging of him that he might ordain him a Mass-priest, to which Guthlac replied that he would do that which was God's will and the bishop's. Five days before the feast of St. Bartholomew, the island of Croyland and the humble oratory were dedicated to that saint by Bishop Hædda, and on the same day Guthlac was raised to the priesthood. The consecration over, "the bishop besought the holy man that he would take meat with him, and, St. Guthlac, ever obedient to the voice of his superiors, "did so, though it was at variance with his way of life."

The pilgrims to Croyland included others than those possessed of evil spirits and the sick. Ethelbald, subsequently king of Mercia and founder of Croyland abbey, was one of these. He traced his descent from a stock which had held royal power, and himself aspired to be king; as a consequence, he was driven into exile and persecuted by Ceolred, the then ruler of Mercia. Distracted by his troubles, he could fix on no plan of action. He then came to St. Guthlac, explained his position and right to the throne and asked his prayers and advice. From him he received all the consolations the words of so spiritually minded a man would convey and, in addition, a clear prophecy that, without any warfare, he should succeed to the kingdom. He was at the same time exhorted in all things to be careful to obey the divine law and assured that, if he did so, he might, with confidence, expect God's help and favor. Ethelbald's gratitude was shown by a promise he then made, and subsequently fulfilled, that, as soon as he came to the throne he would found a monastery at Croyland to the honor of God and memory of St. Guthlac.

During fifteen years St. Guthlac practiced without wavering the systematic course of mortifications he had decided on at the beginning of his eremitical life. Then came the end for which they had been but a preparation.

Very beautiful must have been the last interviews between the dying hermit and his "tonsured" follower, Beccel, who had been his companion during the whole of those fifteen years. Beccel's fidelity had not been allowed to remain untampered with by the evil spirits of Croyland. At an earlier date they had tempted him to murder St. Guthlac, and only the saint's wondrous prophetic insight had prevented the crime. Great had been his remorse and great the love and devotion by which he had shown his contrition. At one of those last interviews he asked who the unseen person was with whom he had heard the saint converse every night and morning. "My son," replied St. Guthlac, "that which hitherto I have revealed to no man, I will now explain to you. The second year after I dwelt in the wilderness, at even and at daybreak God himself sent the angel of my comfort to me, who opened to me the heavenly mysteries, which it is lawful to no man to tell, and the hardness of my conflict he quite softened with heavenly angelic discourses; who also made known and revealed to me absent as well as present things."

The Sunday following Easter Sunday must have been a day of happy omen for St. Guthlac, for he had told Beccel that on the

eighth day of his illness his soul would be released from the coils of mortality. What ineffable joy the assurance that before Low Sunday should come his soul would be in possession of all that the resurrection presages. How solemn must have been that last Easter Mass which, with gasping breath but radiant countenance, was sung by the dying hermit. Then preached he the Gospel to brother Beccel "and penetrated him so deeply with his counsel that he never before nor after heard the like." On the eighth day, at dawn, the saint raised himself up and told Beccel the time had come when the spirit must leave the weary limbs. Al-



CROYLAND ABBEY RUINS, WESTERN DOORWAY TO NAVE

ready the summons from beyond the dark valley of death was sounding in his ears and the glorious dawn of eternity breaking on his soul when, with a final effort, he "stretched out his hands to the altar and strengthened himself with the heavenly food, Christ's body and blood." In that holy viaticum the Incarnate Son of God came once again to His faithful servant. It was a last, an eternal embrace in which, without fear, St. Guthlac closed his eyes on earth, passed o'er the dark valley, and found himself safe home at last in the eternal home of the saints.

Of St. Pegia, St. Guthlac's sister, but little is known. She, too, had embraced the religious life and, at her brother's death, was living in a convent some five miles from Croyland. The ancient parish church of the village in which this convent was situated was dedicated in her name, and from this circumstance the place derived its pres-

ent name Peakirk. She was present when St. Guthlac was buried, and also when, about a year afterwards, his relics were exhumed and enshrined in a more honorable situation. Some two years subsequently she went to Rome. As she entered the holy city, "a peal of all the bells suddenly resounding through the air for the space of one hour testified to all the citizens the merit of her sanctity." There she ended her days.

Ethelbald, when he, as St. Guthlac had predicted he would, became king of Mercia, did not forget his promise. In 716 he provided for the erection of a monastery and church of stone at Croyland, and sent to Evesham for "a monk of remarkable piety," Kenulph by name. To him and to the community he should assemble at Croyland and to their successors for ever, he granted the whole island and exempted it from all taxes and secular customs.



THE PURPOSES OF THE JUBILEE.

By the Rev. C. Coppens, S.J.

THE Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier of the Church and of every individual soul, whispers just now to our hearts the words which He spoke of old in Ecclesiasticus: "Defraud not thyself of the good day, and let not the part of a good gift ever pass thee" (xiv. 14). But deafened by the constant din of worldly business many are in danger of not hearing, or at least of not heeding the whisper of grace. The time for the gaining of the Jubilee is passing by, and some may not yet have realized what a "good day" it is, and what a pity it would be if even a particle of its rich blessings should pass them by in vain. Some, maybe, have not yet entered on the performance of the exercises by which the good gift is to be obtained. Even for the many others who have hearkened to the invitation of grace it will not be unprofitable to reflect awhile on the most important benefits which the Jubilee is intended to secure. The fact that to more than half the human race now on earth such an occasion of grace will not again occur in their lifetime ought certainly to give us serious thought on the subject. To understand these benefits we have only to consider the purposes which God and His Holy Church have had in view in establishing such periods of grace.

I. THE GLORY OF GOD.

The first and principal purpose to which all divine action is directed is the honor and glory of God Himself: "The Lord hath made all things for Himself," says the Book of Proverbs (xvi. 4). For this end in particular He established the Sabbath and the festivals of the Old Law, and through the Church He has instituted the Sundays and the feast days of the New Law. Every day—aye! and every action of the day—

should indeed be directed in some way to the glory of God: "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all to the glory of God," writes the Apostle (I Cor. x. 31). But such private acts of devotion would soon be neglected and forgotten by men if it were not that their piety is constantly sustained and fostered by public acts of worship and by the frequent recurrence of days and seasons specially dedicated to the honor of the Most High. Therefore, God gave the commandment: "Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day." He made His protection of His chosen people dependent on the condition that they should observe His Sabbaths, and when these were violated His chastisements were often visibly inflicted.

As He had appointed a Sabbath day for every week, so He enacted that every seventh year should be a period of religious rest: "In the seventh year there shall be a Sabbath to the land, of the resting of the Lord" (Levit. xxv. 4). And every fiftieth year was to be a great Sabbatical year—a year of Jubilee: "Thou shalt number to thee seven weeks of years, which together make forty-nine years . . . and thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year, and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of the land, for it is the year of Jubilee" (ib. 9, 10). Thus the supreme dominion of God was constantly kept in the minds and before the eyes of His chosen people. At the approach of each seventh or Sabbatical year, and especially of the great Sabbatical year or year of Jubilee, He poured out visible blessings upon the land by so increasing its fertility that it produced a double harvest; and while He so manifestly rejoiced His people with temporal favors, He filled their hearts with gratitude and love for their Lord and Benefactor, so that the true Israelite exclaimed with the

Prophet King: "My heart and My flesh have rejoiced in the living God" (Ps. 83).

It is for this same high purpose, to rekindle in the hearts of men faith and hope in God, with gratitude and love for Him from Whom all blessings come—in a word, it is for the glory of God that Holy Church celebrates, at stated intervals, her year of Jubilee. By pouring out in richest profusion the spiritual treasures given her for dispensation, she solicits us all to praise and glorify our Creator and Redeemer with more than ordinary devotion. On such occasions all those hearts in which the sanctifying Spirit dwells by His habitual grace are readily moved to join in the universal chorus of the richest music that earth can send up to heaven, the voice of gratitude and love, the homage of prayer and sacrifice.

II. THE EXALTATION OF THE CHURCH.

The celebration of the Ancient Testament Jubilee, with the visible blessings it brought down upon the fields, honorably distinguished the chosen people of God among all the nations of the ancient world. It was a most efficacious reminder to them of the exulting boast of Moses: "Behold a wise and understanding people, a great nation; neither is there any other nation so great that hath gods so nigh them as our God is present to all our petitions" (Deut. iv. 6, 7). As the Lord exalted the synagogue of old, so He wishes His Church to be exalted in the new dispensation. He honored the Hebrews, because they were the descendants of His faithful servant Abraham; He exalts the Church, because she is the spouse of Christ, His only begotten Son. And of Christ Himself, the Apostle says: "He loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it; that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life; that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such

thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish" (Eph. v. 25-27).

We, too, therefore, as His followers, must love and honor the Church and do what we can to make her glorious. Now, one of the most conspicuous purposes of the Jubilee is this very exaltation of the church. For an ordinary condition to obtain its advantages is a pilgrimage to Rome, the see of her Supreme Pontiff, who is the vicar of Christ.

Like the Jubilee itself, so pilgrimages are of Divine institution; and those pilgrimages were to be made to the centre and head of the Jewish religion, the city and temple of Jerusalem, as last year they were made to Rome, the centre and head of the Universal Church. "Three times a year," so God had appointed through His servant Moses, "shall all the males appear before the Lord thy God, in the place which He shall choose" (Deut. xvi. 16). Now that the Church of God is Catholic, and her children are counted by the hundreds of millions, extending their abodes to the uttermost bounds of the earth, a pilgrimage to Rome is within the power of comparatively very few. Yet from the early ages of Christianity, it has been the ambition of devoted souls to visit, at least once in their lives, a place for so many reasons sacred to the Catholic heart. In that city were honored the relics of countless martyrs, and chiefly those of the glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul. There these had given their lives for the faith, which they had so firmly established in the very stronghold of idolatry. There dwelt still, and there dwells to-day, the successor of the same Peter, the prince of the Apostles, into whose hands Christ had put the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and upon whom, as on a solid rock, He had built His Church, against which the gates of hell can never prevail.

Therefore, as the venerable Bede and the English chronicles tell us, to make a pilgrimage to Rome was the highest

ambition on this side of the grave of every earnest Christian. Bishops and priests and powerful sovereigns, a Canute, an Alfred the Great, a Charlemagne, a St. Louis, led the way ; countless princes, and nobles, and knights, and men and women from all classes of society followed in their wake, altogether forming a constant stream of pilgrims moving Romewards. In ages when, in comparison to our times, there was little intercourse among the nations, these numerous pilgrimages, especially during the Jubilee, or Holy Year, exhibited to the whole world a manifest proof of the unity, the Catholicity, and the holiness of the church ; the love of her children thus exalted her above all other institutions of the earth.

What was done during former ages has been repeated on the occasion of the present Jubilee. The Holy Father, in the document by which he has extended its privileges to those who did not visit Rome last year, refers with heartfelt joy to the fact that hundreds of thousands of the faithful, from all ranks of society, have eagerly availed themselves of the occasion to share in the rich treasures dispensed at the capital of the Christian world.

And now we are all invited to join in this grand act of exaltation of God and His Church, by complying with the conditions required, during these six months, to gain the plenary indulgence of the Jubilee. This is the purpose of the prescribed processions and public visits to various churches ; these acts of piety are a solemn profession of our faith in God and His Church. Their significance is emphasized by the difficulties and sacrifices they involve. It is edifying to read the reports, received from various cities and countries, of the enthusiasm with which the prescribed works are being performed. In lands where infidel governments prohibit religious processions through the streets, the faithful gather all the more eagerly in the appointed churches, there to join

in public prayers for the intentions of our Holy Father, the Pope.

With the opening of the new century, Protestants, too, appeared to feel the appropriateness of solemn acts of worship to celebrate the occasion ; and for this purpose some spasmodic efforts were made here and there, which showed the good will of portions of their clergy and people. But those demonstrations only exhibited the contrast between the weakness of the sects and the power of the Catholic Church. May the fervor shown by our faithful people during these six months of grace open the eyes of many an earnest wanderer from the truth, to find his way into the one Church of Christ.

III. THE SANCTIFICATION OF SOULS.

The one end for which the Church was founded, for which the Son of God Himself became man and died a cruel death, was, besides the glory of His Father, the salvation and perfection of individual souls. Each of these may truly say with St. Paul : " He loved me, and He delivered Himself for me " (Gal. 11. 20). The same is the purpose of the Church in the celebration of all her feasts, and of her Jubilee in particular. It is for the salvation of souls that she is entrusted by her Divine Spouse with the treasury of His merits, that as a good mother she may wisely dispense them to her children. Therefore, during the Holy Year she opens this treasury wider than at any other time and earnestly invites all, even the most unworthy, to come and share in these inexhaustible riches. To this same end are directed the prayers and good works which constitute the conditions laid down for the gaining of the Jubilee indulgence. The voice of these ascend to Heaven as a loud cry for mercy in behalf of all sinful souls.

In answer to this powerful intercession, the Lord of mercy is pleased to send down abundant graces upon the hearts of men. The seed of God's

word is sown more generously during the Holy Year than at ordinary times, and the showers of grace and the sunshine of God's love descend more efficaciously than ever, to give fertility and plenteous increase of holiness. The heavenly harvest was exuberant during the Holy Year just concluded ; it promises to be far richer still during the six months of its prolongation. Of the former period of grace, Leo XIII writes: "What the Church had desired, what alone she hoped for, that the solemnity, restored after an interval of seventy-five years should promote the sanctification of souls, this, by the favor of God, we think we have obtained. . . . We cannot doubt that the souls of large numbers of the faithful have been purified by salutary penance and restored to the practice of the Christian virtues. And for this reason we feel the well-grounded conviction that new strength of faith and piety has flowed forth from this source and well-spring of Catholicity to water every portion of the earth."

^ To facilitate the pardon of even the greatest sinners and to remove all obstacles in the path of those who have wandered away but now wish to return to the practice of their holy religion, the Church, during the time of the Jubilee, offers uncommon facilities for reconciliation with the God of mercy. When grace has prepared the way, and the sinner repents and is willing to reform, the Church at all times can pardon all sins, even the most enormous ; for Christ put no limits to His grant of power when He said, "Whose sins you shall remit they are remitted." But she is instructed to exercise this power with prudent discretion ; and therefore the Saviour added : "Whose sins you shall retain they are retained." Therefore, to inspire horror for enormous sins and to prevent their frequent repetition, the Church, in ordinary times, reserves absolution of them to her highest tribunals. But during this season of grace, she removes nearly all limita-

tions and allows every confessor to grant absolution of sins usually reserved to the bishops or the Pope himself. She also gives him power to commute vows, to remove irregularities incurred, to dispense with various secret impediments of matrimony, etc. These favors, however, are granted in behalf of those persons only who strive to comply with the conditions laid down to gain the Jubilee. And as some of the faithful may be unable to perform the good works prescribed, Holy Church gives to the Bishops the power to change these to other good works more easily performed and to communicate the same power to confessors or religious superiors. Now, therefore, in a very special manner, our Most Reverend Archbishops and Right Reverend Bishops, in announcing these extraordinary privileges, address us in the words of St. Paul : "We helping do exhort you, that you receive not the grace of God in vain. For He says : 'In an accepted time have I heard thee, and in the day of salvation have I helped thee. Behold, now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation'" (II Cor. vi. 1-2).

IV. THE GREAT INDULGENCE.

The plenary indulgence offered to those who comply with the required conditions is the golden crown placed by the hand of God on the brow of His loving children on the festive occasion of the Jubilee. When we have contributed our mite to His glory and to the exaltation of His Church, and co-operated with His grace for the sanctification of our souls, then our Heavenly Father, never outdone in generosity, presses us to His bosom, and gives us, as a pledge of His mercy, a total remission of all the indebtedness which, even after the pardon of our guilt, we still owe to His infinite justice. And it is important for us to remember that this indebtedness of ours may be, and probably is, immensely greater than we

are apt to imagine. When King David had committed grievous sins, and had humbly confessed them to the Prophet of God, this one answered him on the part of God: "The Lord also hath taken away thy sin; thou shalt not die. Nevertheless, the child that is born of thee shall surely die" (II Kings xii. 14). And though David fasted and prayed most earnestly for the life of his much-beloved child, it was refused him. He had, moreover, to endure the rebellion and the death of Absalon, which the Prophet had also predicted. When the Jews in the desert had murmured against Moses, the Lord forgave their guilt; but yet he ordered Moses to say to them that they should not enter the promised land: "In the wilderness shall your carcasses lie. Your children shall wander in the desert forty years, and shall bear your fornication, until the carcasses of their fathers be consumed in the desert" (Numb. xiv. 32-33). We are too apt to forget the temporal punishment we still owe to the Divine justice after confession and absolution. In this effeminate age, sin is abundant and penance is scanty. There is little of fasting and sackcloth and ashes now, but plenty of luxury, extravagance and corruption of heart. Punishment is almost all left to be inflicted by the Lord and His justice sends us long and painful sicknesses, premature deaths in families, failures in business, dishonor before men, broken limbs and broken hearts, and the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Or if our punishment is, in great part, reserved for Purgatory, it will there be more painful still: "So as by fire," as St. Paul describes it (I Cor. iii. 15). And it may be very long continued: "Thou shalt not go out from thence till thou repay the last farthing" (Matt. v. 26). Adam had to atone for his sin by a penance of 930 years. Men are always in a hurry; God never is. Purgatory may last for some till the end of time. God's ways and measures are not ours.

For a momentary excess, He often sends a lifelong punishment. The Jews in the desert had murmured forty days; their punishment lasted forty years: "A year shall be counted for a day," said the Lord, "forty years you shall receive your iniquities and shall know my vengeance" (Numb. xiv. 34).

Now a plenary indulgence is a full remission of all the temporal punishment due to sin after the guilt has been forgiven. When such a favor is offered us on other occasions, there are strong reasons to fear that we are usually not well enough disposed to receive the benefit thereof in its fulness. For it must be remembered that no remission of punishment for any sin can be gained until the guilt of the sin is forgiven; and the guilt is not forgiven until the sin is sincerely repented of. This repentance requires the actual grace of God and our own faithful coöperation. Now both of these can be confidently expected during this period of grace, by those who have complied with the conditions required by Mother Church to share in the most liberal of all her dispensations. We are, therefore, most likely to derive extraordinary blessings from the plenary indulgence of the Jubilee.

While we are not commanded to profit by such opportunities of sanctification, and therefore, we do not sin by neglecting them, still it is not wise to turn a deaf ear to the invitations of grace. If, instead of trying to gain the indulgence of the Jubilee, we prefer to pay the penalties of sin which it was intended to cancel, the Lord may let us have our choice, and fulfil in us the threat which He uttered in the Book of Proverbs, where we read: "Wisdom preaches abroad; she uttereth her voice in the street. At the head of multitudes she cried out. Because I called, and you refused. I also will laugh in your destruction, and will mock when that shall come upon you which you feared. When sudden calam-

ity shall fall on you, and destruction as a tempest shall be at hand ; when tribulation and distress shall come upon you, then shall they call upon Me and I will not hear ; they shall rise in the morning and shall not find Me. But he that shall hear Me shall rest without terror, and shall enjoy abundance without fear of evils " (I 20-33).

CONCLUSION.

We have now briefly considered the principal purposes for which God and His Holy Church intend this great solemnity. It remains for every individual Catholic to do his part towards the fulfilment of these merciful designs. There are, besides, very special reasons just now why we should make unusual exertions in the cause of holy religion. In this age of scepticism we, the chil-

dren of the Church, should exhibit the power of our faith ; amid the general rush after the perishable goods of earth, we should raise the hope of men to higher things. We, ourselves, all of us, need an increase of Divine love, a more earnest spirit of unworldliness, of unselfishness, of penance, of sacrifice, and of all the natural and supernatural virtues. All this increase in holiness is offered us in the actual graces which the Holy Spirit so generously holds out to those who hearken to His loving invitation. We must join our voices with the universal prayer of the Church which ascends to Heaven during this blissful season, and cry out for our own benefit and for that of our brethren : " Send forth Thy Spirit and they shall be created, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

THE BRITISH "ACCESSION OATH."

By Francis W. Grey.

AT the opening of his first Parliament, on February 14 of this year, King Edward VII was called upon to make the following "declaration" :

"I, A. B., by the Grace of God, King (or Queen) of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the Presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever ; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I

do make this declaration and every part thereof in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

This "national act of apostacy," as Newman truly calls it, forms part of the "Bill of Rights," passed in the first year

of William and Mary (1689), and has been hitherto a fundamental law of the Constitution. It requires that "every king and queen of this realm, who at any time hereafter shall come to the imperial crown of this kingdom, shall, on the first day of the meeting of parliament next after his or her coming to the crown . . . make, subscribe and audibly repeat" the above declaration. The king, therefore, had neither choice nor liberty but to insult his Catholic subjects, and to swear that he, himself, was neither a liar nor a perjurer; but, with that kindly courtesy which has always distinguished him, His Majesty took this abominable oath in tones so low as to be almost inaudible.

Such an outrage on their most cherished beliefs called forth, as might have been expected, the most strenuous protests on the part of the king's twelve millions of Catholic subjects. The Catholic peers signed a most dignified and respectful remonstrance. The parliament of Canada, by an overwhelming majority, have called for the abolition of this "relic of barbarism."

The secular and non-Catholic press, almost without exception, has expressed regret that such a "declaration" should disgrace the statute book of the country. Even *The Methodist Times*(1) while insisting that "there must be no ambiguity or uncertainty with respect to the genuine declaration of Protestantism" agrees that "some of the expressions used are unnecessarily provocative and offensive to Roman Catholics" and would "support a proposal by which all unnecessary words might be eliminated." The "National Protestant Church Union," at a largely attended meeting(2) agreed that there could be "no objection" to altering the words of the Declaration "so long as the meaning was not changed." Opposition, so far, seems confined in Canada

to Mr. Clarke Wallace and his handful of Orange "stalwarts"; in England, to Mr. William Johnston, M. S. (Orangeman), and certain members of the "Church Association" (3). These last are, at least, consistent in putting the blame of "such an assault" on "the wise, prudent and most justifiable provisions of the Reformation Settlement" onto that "ill-advised, inconsistent and suicidal measure," the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. No wonder that *The Pilot* (4) calls Lancashire "the unionist terror."

"The protests of the Catholics of England was voiced by the letter of the Catholic peers and the pastorals of the Catholic Bishops" (5). But it is to an Irishman, Mr. William Redmond, that we owe what is practically the first step towards the abrogation of the declaration. Lord Braye, it is true, asked, on February 22, whether the Prime Minister could "hold out hope" of government legislation on the subject. To which Lord Salisbury, while saying that "we all of us deplore the language in which that declaration is couched," was afraid that his answer "must be of a discouraging character." Mr. Balfour, the government leader in the House of Commons, had already returned a very similar reply. But it was on February 18 that Mr. Redmond "not merely suggested opposition to the Civil List but definitely pledged himself to oppose it so long as the declaration remained on the statute book" (6). The Duke of Norfolk, it is true, "with characteristic loyalty to his friends" (7) has written to the *Times* to combat the impression that the government's consent to refer the terms of the declaration to a joint committee of both Houses of Parliament, was due to Mr. Redmond's

(3) At their Liverpool meeting, early in March.

(4) March 2.

(5) *Tablet*, March 16.

(6) *Tablet*, March 16, p. 401.

(7) *Ibid.*

(1) February 21.

(2) *Times*, March 12.

threat of opposition to the king's Civil List Committee. The *Tablet* admits (1) that "it would be very pleasant to be able to believe this," and, accepting the duke's account of the matter as the correct one, attributes the wished-for change of attitude on the part of the government to the vote of the Canadian Parliament. So that Canada's "imperialism" has served to this good purpose, at least, whatever may be the verdict as to its other effects. But Mr. William Redmond, Lord Braye and Lord Herries should have their full share of credit in this matter.

Now that the declaration is to be referred to a joint committee of Lords and Commons, it may be fairly taken for granted that the obnoxious expressions will be expunged and that this deadly insult to our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and to His Immaculate and Most Blessed Mother, has been offered for the last time. For this all Catholics, and not those alone who are subjects of Edward VII have cause for deepest gratitude to God. It is worth while, however, to go briefly into the history of this declaration to consider the causes which led to its being imposed, as also who is most to blame for the delay in its abrogation.

The "Bill of Rights," which embodies this declaration, is, as already stated, a fundamental part of the British constitution; as much so, in fact, as any of the original "Articles" is a part of that of the United States. It is well that this should be borne in mind; this comparison, in fact, may help Americans to understand the unwillingness of the Tory Government to initiate legislation for the purpose of amending a law of so long standing. It will also enable them to appreciate the unreasonableness of blaming the government for the course they have pursued. It is quite conceivable that some definitely Protestant "declaration" might—but for the aid

of France in the War of Independence—have formed part of the Constitution of the United States. Would the Catholics of the Union have expected President McKinley to set about having it eliminated and have abused him for not doing so?

The "Bill of Rights" and "Act of Settlement" were the outcome of the revolution which finally disposed of James II, and placed William and Mary on the throne. "It sets out at large the manner in which constitutional rights had been infringed by James II, and then reaffirmed the rights and liberties of the subject" (2). As it may interest some of my readers to compare some of its most important provisions with those of the Declaration of Independence, I make no apology for quoting them:

1. That the pretended power of suspending laws, or the execution of laws by Royal authority, without consent of Parliament, is illegal.

2. That the pretended power of dispensing with laws, or the execution of laws, by regal authority, without consent of Parliament, as it hath been assumed and exercised of late, is illegal.

* * * * *

5. It is the right of the subjects to petition the king and all commitments and prosecutions of petitioning are illegal.

6. That the raising or keeping a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law.

7. That the subjects who are Protestants, may have arms for their defence suitable to their conditions, and as allowed by law.

8. That election of members of Parliament ought to be free.

9. That the freedom of speech and debates, or proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of Parliament.

(1) Ibid.

(2) *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 12.

Such provisions, surely, speak for themselves. They prove that James II had made use of arbitrary Stuart methods, and had consequently aroused such opposition on the part of his Protestant subjects as led, not only to his own expulsion but to the passing of a law which made it impossible for any Catholic to succeed to the throne of Great Britain. It was against the possibility of a recurrence of such a state of things, that Protestant England passed the "Bill of Rights" and the Act of Settlement.

So much for its history in the past. Now as to the history of its abrogation. "Catholic Emancipation" was granted, first in 1829; certain disabilities were removed in 1867. In February, 1891, Mr. Gladstone brought in his "Religious Disabilities Removal Bill" (1) the purpose of which was to make it possible for a Catholic to hold office as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland or Lord Chancellor of England. On the occasion of the Second Reading (2), Mr. de Lisle, the Catholic "Unionist" member for Mid-Leicestershire, said: "As a Catholic I have no doubt as to the side on which I should vote; but when I view the question as a Unionist, the matter appears to be a little more complicated." He concluded by saying that, "having no fear of the future and confident that Home Rule is dead, I am going to vote for the inoperative (3) bill" (4).

The bill was rejected by a majority of 33. Thereupon, the *Tablet* (5) wrote that "the conduct of the government on Wednesday afternoon will not soon

be forgotten"; and spoke of a "most singular exhibition of insincerity and cowardice." It is interesting to compare the indignation of the *Tablet* in 1891, with that displayed in 1901, for, in its issue of March 16, it says that "if the government have at best consented to do the right thing, they have done it in the wrong way." The *Tablet* has, in fact, held the government responsible all along, and has been indignant with the government for not initiating legislation on this subject.

Yet this government is the same concerning which, in 1891, the *Tablet* assured us that its conduct would "not soon be forgotten"; concerning which the Duke of Norfolk, notwithstanding his "characteristic loyalty to his friends," felt it necessary to enter a protest as to his "ungrateful surprise" at finding the claims of the Catholic "Unionists" for justice "sacrificed to the noisy declaration of heated bigotry"; for which, in 1896, Catholic "Unionists" voted loyally. On that occasion, it was the understanding that the government would do justice to the voluntary schools that, presumably, caused them to forget their indignation of 1891 so quickly. What the government has done, or rather not done, for the voluntary schools, we know; but again, in 1900, Catholic "Unionists" voted "straight." Then, because the government to which they have been loyal at the expense of the interests of their faith does not *initiate* "remedial" legislation, they are as "indignant" as they were in 1891.

This is, in truth, the very "cheapest" form of indignation. The government's refusal to pass the "Relief Bill" of 1891 had no lasting effect on the loyalty of its Catholic supporters; the feeble school legislation—which has done more harm than good—had the same non-result. This time "patriotism" made the duty of Catholics as "complicated" as "unionism" made it in 1891. Why should the government

(1) Commonly called the "Ripon-Russell Relief Bill" from the names of the two men supposed to be chiefly affected by its provisions.

(2) February 4, 1891.

(3) So termed, because there was some doubt as to whether these particular disabilities had any legal existence.

(4) Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 1890-91, pp. 1792, 1796.

(5) February 7, 1891.

incur the onus—real or imaginary—of "attacking the Reformation Settlement" on behalf of those who would, no doubt, have voted "straight" at the next election, even had their friends, to whom they are so loyal, persisted in their *non possumus*. The government majority would have been "safe" even in that case. There would have been the regulation amount of "indignation" followed by the equally regulation return to "party loyalty."

But the government has yielded, first, to Mr. W. Redmond's threat of opposition to the Civil List; next to the Liberal Peers in the House of Lords; chiefly, no doubt, to the protest of the Canadian parliament (1). The whole matter is distinctly characteristic. Lord Salisbury has acted much as he always does; has declined, that is, to take the initiative in a contentious matter; has waited, to use a homely phrase, "to see which way the cat would jump." The cats, large and small, Canadian, Irish and British, have "jumped" in a fashion not to be mistaken; Lord Salisbury, *more suo*, has "yielded to the force of public opinion"—more, he has promised a commission to consider the Irish University Question.

(1) See the *Tablet* for March 23, p. 441, *re* the "competence" of the Canadian Parliament to pass a resolution on this matter, as compared with that as to "equal rights" for the Transvaal "Outlanders," for which they were thanked by the imperial government. This is *one* result of the "solidarity of the empire."

Is it permissible to point a moral? The Bill of Rights, of which the declaration forms part, embodies the militant Protestantism of two centuries ago. That militant Protestantism does not appear to be any longer seriously formidable, but that the amendment of the Accession Oath will cause a recrudescence of it, to some extent, at least, there can be little doubt. That "lion in the path," of which Lord Salisbury made so much in his answer to Lord Braye, the government has decided to encounter—or to ignore. Their change of attitude is due to the fact that the Catholics of the empire made their protests heard as Catholics, irrespective of party. Into the other motives that may have inspired some of those who have come forward in this good cause, it would be ungracious, not to say uncharitable, to enquire too closely. The principal point is this: that the Catholics of the empire, *when united*, can attain any lawful or really desirable object: that they might have attained this object in 1891, or in 1896, had it not been that so many of them put loyalty to party first, and loyalty to religion second.

From which the conclusion is sufficiently obvious—namely, that we must be "Catholics first, last and all the time," and the rest "nowhere" by comparison, if we would overcome the "reluctance" of secular governments—British or American—to do away with time-honored abuses and "relics of barbarism."

THE CITY OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

"THE LOUNGER," Mackenzie's charming screed, says : " It is wise to cultivate a talent for traveling in my easy-chair, for transporting myself without stirring from my fireside to distant places and peopling them with the groups of fancy." But reality is far pleasanter than dream, and fact than fancy.

We had long dreamed of " Fair France, the favored land of art and nature," with its " corn fields and sunny vines," and we longed to see in reality what scenes our fancy painted. So, as we entered one August evening the fertile valley of the Ouche we felt that our most radiant dreams were realized and that " la belle France " was " all our fancy painted her " and more.

Fields of grain were waving in the fresh breeze, grass-covered vales were bisected by the Ouche and Suzon ; vineyard slopes were already purpling with the early ripening grapes, and the mountains, covered with mulberry, olive and pine trees, rose calm and fair towards heaven. This was Burgundy; and the famous plain of Dijon is as fair to-day as when the great Duke Charles encamped thereon when sought by the valiant young hero of Anne of Gierstein.

Through

" A massive gateway built up
in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds
in eternal shadows lie,
While streams the evening
on quiet wood and lea."

we entered the quaint old Burgundian city, and as the rosy glow of the setting sun shone upon the mediæval ramparts and towers of the ancient wall, we felt as if we could almost see the camp of Charles the Bold as Sir Walter Scott described it.

" Rich and glorious was the display of the Burgundian camp, in which near the walls of Dijon the wealthiest prince in Europe had displayed his extravagance and encouraged his followers to similar profusion. The pavilions of the meanest officers were of silk and samite, while those of the nobility glittered with cloth of gold, silver and variegated tapestry."

Dijon—once Divis—was the capital of Burgundy and the home of the dukes of that noble house. The quaint, lively little city was a favorite residence of Charles the Bold, and here he held his court until the year 1477, when he lost his life at the battle of Nancy.



BURGUNDIAN COAT OF ARMS.

" Lances and swords and
stained helms
And shields dismantled and
broken,
On the verge of the bloody
battle scene
The field of wrath betoken,"

and the great duke was found face downward in a reedy sedge, frozen and stiff. He was interred at Nancy, and upon his stone are carved his conqueror's lines :

" En l' an de l' incarnation
Mil quatre cent septante six,
Vulle de l' Apparition

Fut le Duc de Bourgogne occis.
 Et en bataille ici transcy
 Ou croix fut mise pour mémoire
 René Duc de Lorraine me(r)cy
 Rendant à Dieu pour la victoire."

The effigy of Charles the Bold shows a fine, strong face, and he was the idol of his people, Lord of Burgundy, Franche-Comte, Nivernois and a great part of Picardy. His was a character so strong that he left his impress not only upon the time in which he lived but later days as well. Commynes, the first French historian, says that the Burgundians "never enjoyed peace after his death," and during his lifetime his duchy had been so prosperous as to arouse the jealousy of the French king Louis, who persuaded the dukes of Berri and Brittany to join in a league against Charles, which coalition caused his downfall.

"Ah, favored France!
 Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,
 In ancient times as now,"

and the quaint streets, narrow and winding, of this city of Charles the Bold, fairly teem with stories of war or romance.

Walking down the Rue Guillaume we saw the rough pile of Norman architecture now used as the Hotel de Ville, but formerly the palace of the dukes of Burgundy. Then it was a gorgeous sight; but, alas! it is no more the scene of gay joust or gallant tourney; no more knights and ladies throng its halls and courtyards; save for a few offices it is well-nigh deserted, and it

"Kindles feelings in the roughest heart
 Which mourns the power of Time's or
 Tempest's march
 In gazing on that venerable arch."

The arms of Charles the Bold appear in carven stone upon the portal and the lion is rampant everywhere—the famous Burgundian lion, the sight of which was so feared by foeman upon bloody battlefield when the banner of Burgundy was ever in the forefront of the fray.

As we stood gazing at the curious carving a peasant came by—a sturdy fellow in blue blouse and red berêt, his sabots clicking along the stone pavement.

"You look at the lion, mesdames?" he said, doffing his cap and showing a row of even white teeth with his pleasant smile. "Come with me to the inner courtyard and I will show you the famous one."

We followed him through an archway, down a dark passage, into the palace garden where bloomed the purple and white *fleur-de-lys*, France's emblem. Here,



CHURCH OF ST. BENIGNE.

carved in the sloping roof, was another lion, large and fierce.

"Mesdames," said our peasant friend, "that lion was carved by the great St. Louis himself, so says our legend. The architect who built this palace was a devout man and had much devotion to the saint-king. He worked for a hard master and feared to displease the duke. So he prayed much and worked hard. One night he had a vision. St. Louis came to him, in one hand bearing his sceptre, in the other a *fleur-de-lys*."

"Fear not, *bon ami*," said the saint. 'No harm shall come to thee. I have begged of our Lord protection for thee for His sweet Mother's sake, and He has heard my prayer. I have carved for thee a huge stone lion. In the morning thou shalt find it in the roof above the garden where all men may see it. Guard it with jealous care, for so long as there it stands, the palace will remain, a monument to thy work. When the lion falls, the whole palace will be shattered to the ground. Adieu, friend of St. Louis.'

The builder awoke and could scarcely believe his vision could be true, but there upon his coverlid lay the *fleur-de-lys*, fragrant and fair. He hurried to the garden and in the grim morning light which broke over the sleepy town, he saw the carven lion and there it rests until this day, in honor of St. Louis, whom all France reveres!" and the young *bonhomme* blessed himself with a sort of reverent gayety, very attractive and wholly French. Mindful of Parisian greed—for Americans have spoiled the city French by the giving of constant *pourboires*,—we extended a hand with a silver coin, to reward him

for his information. To our surprise he took the hand but not the coin, and with a pleasant, "Not so, mesdames, it is a pleasure to serve *les dames*; au revoir!" he was gone.

We threaded our way along the narrow streets whose old stone houses' gabled windows extended so far that friendly neighbors could shake hands in the second stories, above the traffic of the street beneath, and whose rose-covered porches or dormer windows, filled with flowering aloe or hung with vines, made frames for many a charming face.

A queer little shop met our eye and the sign—fascinating to femininity the world over—*ici les gants* (Gloves for sale).

We entered and found the shop curious and interesting, for it was a glove manufactory on a small scale, and Dijon is noted for glove-making. Two men sat at work at their daily tasks, one a cutter, the other a binder.

"*V'la, mesdames*," said the cutter, taking a whole kid skin and folding it several times. Neatly fitting it into his machine, he cut half a dozen pairs of gloves at one stroke, clipped the thumbs out of the scraps and handed them all over to the sewer.

Very mysterious seemed the sewing process, but simplicity itself when the expert explained:

"You place the glove in here, mesdames, the thread lies here,"—showing off his machine with evident pride. "You press this lever—clickety-click! *C'est tout!* Your glove is made."

Fascinating as it was, we could not linger all day over the making of gloves, and we turned to view the ancient walls of the city, still standing, though some-



CHARLES THE BOLD.



what dilapidated, as is the fine old castle built by Louis XI. Beyond the Porte St. Bernard stands the statue of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. This great saint, called the "Last of the Fathers," was born at the castle of Fontaine, close to Dijon, and it was in the little town that the saint left his youngest brother, Nivard, when he, with the older brothers went to become monks at the Abbey of Citeaux.

"We leave you to be the stay and comfort of our father," said St. Bernard. "You will be heir to everything."

"Yes," said the boy, "you leave me earth and keep heaven for yourselves."

Still standing is the stone house where Mirabeau lived and the pictur-

esque one where Bossuet was born in 1627.

Jacques Bénigne Bossuet, bishop and orator, was educated under the Jesuits of his native place, and took holy orders, becoming a bishop, preceptor to the dauphin, and one of the most celebrated preachers of his day.

His portrait shows a wise, kind face, thoughtful and clever, with expressive dark eyes, smiling mouth and a broad forehead, framed in curling dark locks.

Wandering idly down the narrow streets we neared the charming façade of the church of St. Bénigne, founded in 535, the present edifice dating from 1271. The church is almost Byzantine in architecture, two towers with conical roofs rising in front, flanked by two tiny minarets, while at the back, over the transept, rises a long and slender spire, three hundred feet in height.

"Buy, pray buy, mesdames," said a fresh little voice, and looking down to earth, after our long gaze at the heavenly towers, we saw a tiny girl, garbed in gay skirt, blouse and snowy kerchief, carrying upon her head a flat wooden tray.

"What have you there, little one?" we asked, and she replied with a droll little bobbing curtsy:

"*Des olives*—very good—from the huge groves of Besançon. Will you buy?"

She was a pretty child, with tangled curls, dark eyes and brilliant coloring of cheek and lip, one of France's

"Sun-kissed daughters, with their laughing eyes
And glossy raven locks;"

and we bought all the olives she had at the surprisingly low rate of two cents a dozen. They were delicious, far superior to the most expensive



PALACE OF THE DUKES OF BURGUNDY.

of those we get bottled in America. Much delighted was the little maid, if somewhat surprised at such reckless spendthriftiness as that we had shown in purchasing as much as ten cents' worth all at once! Her tiny sabots clicked riotously down the stone flagging as she skipped joyously to tell "maman" that "*les Americaines* had bought all the store and now we may have with the black breadsomegoat's milk cheese for *dejeuner!*"

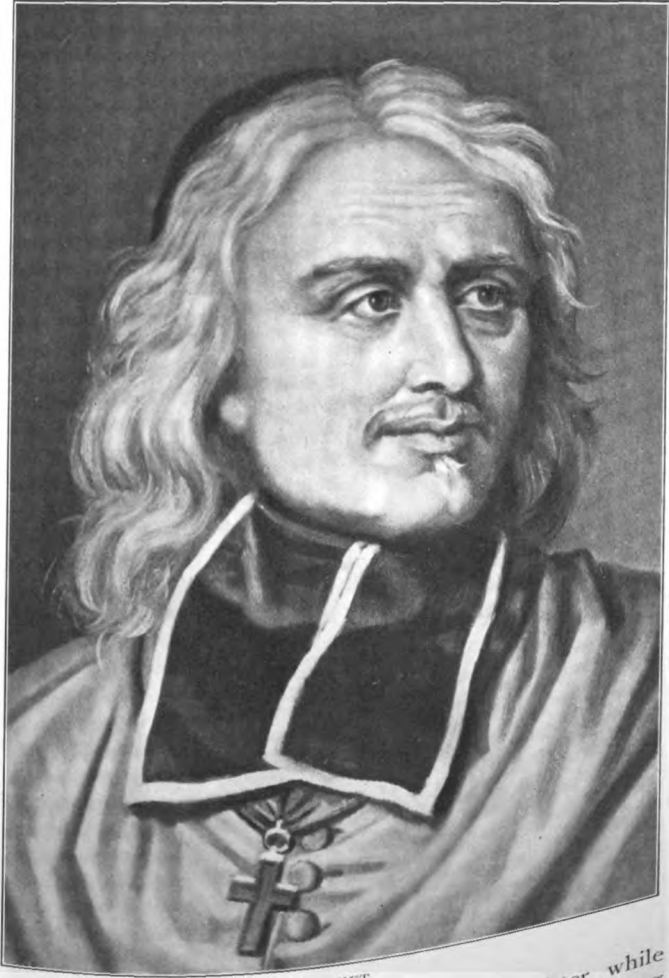
Countless carved saints rest in their niches above the portal of old St. Bénigne, and we entered the ancient church where lie so many of the nobles of the house of Burgundy.

All around the walls are frescoes of scenes in the life of our Lord, and these are very old, showing a marvellous delicacy and beauty of coloring, only rivalled by the hues of the old stained glass which no modern skill has ever been able to reproduce.

Suddenly the organ pealed through the church and a procession came up the aisle as a priest entered from the sacristy. "A wedding!" We were delighted at the idea, for "all the world loves a lover," and a Nuptial Mass in quaint

old St. Bénigne would be something to remember. The very stones seemed to breathe devotion and we knelt in silent prayer as the pretty white-robed bride came up the aisle, carrying a bouquet of snowy phlox.

Too soon was the holy ceremony ended and the bridal party stepped into



ROSSU ET.

the sacristy to sign the register, while we turned to leave the church, tarrying a moment for a last glimpse at the beautiful stone poems of the portico. "You saw the wedding, mesdames?" said a soft-voiced peasant woman.

"Yes," we answered. "Was it your daughter?"

"*Ma fille!* All the holy saints forbid!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands tragically. "Does not madame see that Mademoiselle Jacqueline is of the noblesse? She is the daughter of our noble lord, and the lord bishop's niece. Monsieur Raoul is also noble, with a *de* to his name, and good blood of Burgundy flowing in his veins. I am but the demoiselle's *bonne*, but I love her as my own, since she is my foster-child. They were married at the *Mairie* at eight o'clock and now monseigneur, the bishop has blessed them. Was not Mademoiselle Jacqueline beautiful and happy?"

"Very sweet," we replied. "This, then, was not one of your French 'mariage de convenance'?"

"Not so, madame," she answered, her kind old face under its snowy cap

all aglow with pride. "Mademoiselle and Monsieur Raoul have known each the other from the childhood and loved each other long. The estate of monsieur is adjoining that of mademoiselle's, and oh! it is one happy marriage! Say a prayer to St. Joseph for her, madame, will you not? Her candle to him burns brightly upon the altar. I must go to my lady now. *Dieu te benisse*, madame," and with a bright little friendly nod, she left us, and we continued our way about picturesque Dijon, never tiring of the curious corners and interesting nooks in the favorite city of Charles the Bold.



SIGNATURE OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

THE SOCIAL ACTION OF CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

By the Rev. D. Lynch, S.J.

I.

SOCIAL questions are the order of the day. Modern progress has gone so far and fast that it is grown dizzy. When statesmen and social theorists undertake to direct the majestic march of humanity without God, either theoretically or practically, the nations are quickly shown to be earthen vessels, which put one another in straits and are in danger of being broken. The great foundations upon which the ancient Church built Christian society—Christian marriage, religious teaching, parental rights, international justice, the liberty, the sacredness and the rights of labor, etc., are being dug away, and the superstructure totters. That the greatest Christian

nations should be so afraid or so suspicious of one another as to strain every nerve to have the largest and best-equipped fleets and armies possible; that education should be considered, practically and popularly, only or chiefly as a means of material advancement; that rank and impossible socialism should be the dream of millions of bread-winners; that Christianity itself, the source and strength of the only civilization worthy of man, should be daily less esteemed, and more freely and frankly compared with depraved pagan or semi-pagan systems of religion and society—all this is by no means an ideal state of modern life.

Nor is it at all easy to persuade the mass of men of the reality of their danger. The din of our machinery has

dulled our inward ears. Our frenzied pursuit of money and pleasure has dimmed our spiritual vision.

Pope Leo points out the danger: "The grave discussions on economical questions that for some time past have disturbed the peace of several countries of the world are growing in frequency and intensity to such a degree, that the minds of thoughtful men are filled, and rightly so, with anxiety and alarm. The condition of things at present proclaims, and proclaims vehemently, that there is need for a union of brave minds with all the resources they can command. The harvest of misery is before our eyes, and disastrous national upheavals are threatening from the growing power of the socialistic movement."

The dangers which menace society are due principally and primarily to false principles and perverted ideals. Principles and ideals are the sources of character, action, and conduct. They mould the state, as they do the family and the individual. It is utterly ridiculous to imagine that we can adopt any principles we choose and not suffer in consequence. Christian civilization is not the result of hazard. It has been a slow and painful, though sure, formation. It began by teaching, and progressed by reducing teaching to general practice.

Modern society is getting decidedly out of tune. The old harmonious Catholic way of developing human life is being discarded. With all our fictitious, skin-deep altruism, the world is becoming heartless and virtueless. The training of the intellect alone or mainly is aimed at, and the training of it by mere human knowledge, and only too often with what passes for knowledge. The moral side of humanity is overlooked, and there is growing a rough tendency to crush the frail and the tender, and there is a repulsive absence of sympathy and pity. Systems of education are in vogue which not only

tend to ignore Christianity, but which tend to get rid of it. New sciences, overstepping their sphere and their conclusions, are made to give a new view of human life and destiny, to the exclusion of ethics and religion. Hence the intolerance shown towards Catholic ideals, and the more common incapability of understanding them.

The Church, however, pursues her essential mission. She has her message and her medicine. If unimpeded, she must succeed. It is only in the fancy of her adversaries, that she grows old or decrepid. When they have done all they could to destroy her, their uniform plan is to decry her for her pretended decadence. She is, nevertheless, "the eternal re-beginner"; and unfailingly shows her power when she is allowed to do so. She can heal the ills of society, if society will be healed; for just as she generated Christian civilization, so can she regenerate it.

It is not at all likely that modern society will readily turn to the Church. But she has a vast following of her own; and so she can always be a healthy leaven in the mass.

II.

In Catholic life and action in our day laymen are playing an important and indispensable part. The battle of the Church is of such a kind as to be often waged best by those whose feet are every day amongst the busy crowd. It is a battle of parliamentary action, of organization, of popular diffusion of ideas. Hence the triumphs of the great Catholic Centre Party in Germany, the complete victory of the Catholics of Belgium, the great though not so decisive work of men like Count de Mun in France, the excellent results of addresses in explanation and defence of the faith to large assemblies of non-Catholics in England by educated and prominent Catholic laymen.

In those countries the action of laymen has been more noticeable and in-

fluent, because the need was greater. But in our own country, too, we feel the urgent need of the more intelligent and concerted action of our Catholic men. Large territories, entirely Catholic in population, have just been added to our national domain. The rights of our new fellow-citizens need to be watched and safeguarded. They need to be protected against the fanaticism, that, under one guise or another, will endeavor to destroy their religion. Catholic educational rights are not respected. In appointments to official positions unjust discrimination is shown even when there are imperative reasons for which Catholics should be selected before others. Then there are the strange misunderstandings, prejudices, hostility, which the Catholic religion meets on every side, and which all Catholics should labor to dispel by tongue and pen.

It is of the utmost consequence, therefore, that we should be thoroughly acquainted with our rights and skilful and efficient in insisting upon them. There is need particularly of organized action, without which little can be done. The combination of our energies and sympathies is a necessary condition of success.

III.

A decided character of the struggle between Catholicity and neopaganism in those later years is the action of young men's Catholic associations. The character is as encouraging as needful. The boldness, intelligence, and strength of young men, once fully engaged, can never fail of success. Moreover, the problems confronting us require so much study and constant observation to understand them, and so much vigor to resolve them, that they call imperatively for the clear brain and steady nerve of the young.

A revelation of the social power for good in associations of young men, even in the most difficult and discour-

aging times, is found in the movement, full of inspiration, begun by Frederick Ozanam and his friends, in France, soon after the revolution of 1830, and ending in the universal spread of the societies of St. Vincent de Paul. The days were decidedly evil from a religious point of view. Religion was held in contempt, apparently by the generality of people. Even those who yet retained faith seemed hopelessly apathetic. Rank infidelity or *philosophy*, as it was sometimes called, was loud-mouthed. Young men were seldom seen in churches, and at the universities, Catholic young men were slow to avow their faith, owing to their fewness. Thus Ozanam, though full of sympathy, held aloof from his infidel companions in Paris. Soon, however, a little band of Catholic students gathered together. They defended their faith, even against the attacks of professors. The effect was remarkable. Sleepers were awakened, and the Catholic apologists were surprised at the ease with which they overcame their opponents. Their hearts grew more apostolic. They grieved over the ills around them, and entertained dreams of a wider reformation. They took to journalism. And when taunted by the infidel St. Simonians with the word, "Show us your works!" they began the work of St. Vincent de Paul, carrying, each one, to the poor a pittance of money, food, and religion. Those were students of law and medicine. The influence of those young men became wonderful, as time went on. From amongst them came recognized leaders in the troubles and reactions of years following, when they dealt with the great and dangerous questions of the hour and pointed out and helped to apply the true remedy.

There is, indeed, a striking resemblance between the ills of that day and our own. "The question which agitates the world to-day," wrote Ozanam in 1836, "is not a question of *political forms*, but a *social* question; if it be the

struggle of those who have nothing with those who have too much, if it be the violent shock of opulence and poverty which is making the ground tremble under our feet, our duty as Christians is to throw ourselves between these irreconcilable enemies, and to induce one side to give, in order to fulfil the law, and the other to receive as a benefit; to make one side cease to exact, and the other to refuse; to render equality as general as it is possible amongst men; to make voluntary community of possession replace taxation and forced loans; to make charity accomplish what justice and law alone can never do."

The social action of young men has been a tradition in France since the days of Ozanam. In 1886, the Count de Mun, one of the greatest of our leaders in Catholic social action, founded *The Catholic Association of the Youth of France*. Its object was to unite Catholic young men, to preserve them from the attractions of evil, to increase their usefulness in the social field, and to prepare for the time to come a generation of Catholics closely linked together for the defence of their religion. These young men were to deal in a special manner with political, economical and social questions; they were to be, not only good Christians, but apostolic ones. They were simply following the line of action pointed out by the Sovereign Pontiff. To succeed they took the real and necessary means—piety and study. The Association counts 12,000 members, in diocesan, provincial, or district unions, all under a Federal Council, composed of delegates from the different groups. It quickly began to hold its congresses, the first being at Angers in 1887. 8,000 delegates from all parts of France assembled in the fourth congress at Paris, on the occasion of the tercentenary of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. Obeying the voice of Pope Leo, the members of the association gave their hearty allegiance to the republican government of France,

and traced a programme of political and social action in all that concerned the good of their country and their religion. They took measures to enlist with them the youth of the student and laboring classes; and in the congress of Lyons, in 1899, they adopted a plan for the defence of liberty of Catholic education. Finally, in their last congress, at Paray-le-Monial, they solemnly consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Their monthly *Review of Catholic Youth* deals with social, philosophic, and literary questions.

Amongst the members, or in alliance with them, are many other societies of beneficence. For instance, the *Commission of Patronages*, serving as a bond between the 3,000 Catholic protectorates scattered over France, directs its zeal to popular education; to procuring books, clothing, and even means of amusement, for different establishments of Catholic charities. A small publication, *Le Patronage*, defends the interests of working boys and contains instructions suited to these. Of similar object with the *Association of the Youth of France*, is the *Youth of the National Union*, founded by Abbé Garnier. The direction of this latter is towards the defence of religion by public speech. Another organization, the *Sillon*, has for object to bring the younger portion of the priesthood in closer relation with young men in the world and to unite all classes, high and low, amongst the latter, in conferences, lectures, and so on. In this way, young workingmen are aided by the advice of lawyers, doctors, and other professional men.

Relatively more energetic and influential work is done by the Catholic young men of Belgium. Their societies are very numerous and embrace all kinds of good works. Their principal association in Brussels begun by students to meet the attacks of infidel fellow-students, aids effectively nearly all the Catholic works of the capital. The

members teach Catechism in the different parishes and give lectures to young Catholic workingmen. Every Sunday they speak on religious and professional matters to large audiences in nineteen different "patronages" of the city. The Belgium associations surpass all others in their publications. One of their journals, *The Catholic Student*, promotes a federation of all the Catholic students of Belgium. Others aim at reforming the theatre and the novel and at developing Catholic literature. There is even *The National Federation of Gymnastics and Arms*, with eighty district sub-divisions, which has its regular festivals and its monthly periodical.

Spain and Portugal have similar societies, with perhaps even a greater devotion to works of piety.

In England, amongst the many associations, the Ransomers particularly (*Guild of Our Lady of Ransom*) are doing excellent work in propagating the Faith, especially by getting up popular lectures and by distributing the admirable tracts of the Catholic Truth Society.

The Catholic youth of Germany have learned the tactics of their splendid parliamentary Centre. In the twenty-one universities of the country, they form circles. There are, in particular, two vast student federations, one with 3,560 members, the other with 4,500. Their watchword is—Religion, Science, Friendship. They engage themselves to practice their religion faithfully, to defend the Church by their studies, and on no account to take part in duelling, the bane of German student life. Amongst the commercial classes there are 100 Catholic societies with 11,000 members. And since the congress of 1884, particularly, admirable unions of young workingmen have been multiplied all over Germany.

In fact, at present, amongst the Catholics of Europe, the formation and influence of Young Men's societies are

amongst the most encouraging signs of the times. In our own continent, Canada is not behindhand, and South America is developing this Catholic aspect, especially since the council of the Bishops lately held in Rome.

The foundation of societies of young men in Italy was prompted by the necessity of defending the Holy See against the calumny and violence of secret societies. There was evident need of young men, fearless in word and deed, in face of the danger which menaced Christian society itself. And so was formed the *Society of Catholic Youth*, in 1867, with the watchword—"Prayer, Action, Sacrifice." The many good works directly depending on the Holy Father, were in need; and so one of the first important movements of the society was to promote contributions. After four months they presented, in a special audience, the sum of 360,000 francs. Stimulated by Catholic action in Belgium and Germany, they began the work of congresses. The first, in which all the Catholic societies of Northern Italy participated, was held in Venice, in 1871, on the anniversary of the victory of Lepanto. In 1876, the Society of Catholic Youth inspired a series of pilgrimages to the tomb of the Apostles. Subsequent special jubilees of Pope Pius IX were taken up ardently by the young men.

A new impulse was given by Pope Leo, who wished that the Superior Council of the Society should have its headquarters in Rome. "We love our young men," he said, "and embrace them with fatherly solicitude and affection, when we see them gathered around US to attest their devotedness. By their works of beneficence and zeal, and by the piety of their example, they are eminently worthy of the Church's favor."

We all know the hostility shown to the Church by the present system of education in Italy. Law, literature, history, were perverted to attack Catholic-

ity. Hence, Catholic students formed a *University Federation*, with branches everywhere there was a university or higher school. This was in 1892. Their device was "Faith, Knowledge, Fatherland," and a monthly review, *La Vita Nuova*, issued at Naples. Really magnificent Catholic work seems to be done by the Circles of this Federation.

A special work much favored by Pope Leo is that of the *Youthful Section of the Work of Congresses*, the members of which seem to aim ambitiously at enrolling the Catholic youth of the nation in social action for the defence of religion and the Holy See.

Thus is Italy literally covered over with a network of well-organized federations of young men, favored and inspired by the Bishops and the Holy See, and who must have an immense share in the present positive reaction against the doctrines and deeds of the revolutionists.

IV.

All over our own vast country Catholic associations of men form a network. Many of these are very large and very influential, or perhaps we should say powerful. The Knights of Columbus and the Hibernians have endowed two chairs in the Catholic University at Washington, and it was to the Hibernians that Bishop McFaul first appealed in his efforts at federation. The Young Men's Institute of the West has an immense membership. The Archdiocesan Union of Young Men in New York, besides its other good works, distributes Catholic literature to soldiers, sailors, prisoners, and the sick in hospitals. The Archdiocese of Philadelphia is remarkable for its excellent organization of Young Men's societies, both from a religious and literary point of view. To them and to similar societies in Ohio we owe the idea of Catholic federation. The Catholic Benevolent Legion, the Catholic Foresters, the Commandery

of Knights of St. John, the Catholic Knights of America, and others too numerous to mention, give us some idea of the forces commanded by the Catholic Church. All these societies are engaged in works of benevolence to those who are not members as well as to those who are. Many of them have taken public actions in Catholic affairs. The practice of their religion is insisted upon by all. As an example of what can be expected from our young men, we may recall that the Young Men's Association of Boston College at the close of the annual retreat a short time ago received Holy Communion together to the number of almost 2000.

Our German Catholic societies deserve a word of special praise. Their delegates to the number of six or seven thousand, representing hundreds of federated societies, meet annually in different places, to discuss social and religious questions. Lately they passed a very decided resolution concerning the necessity of Papal independence. Last year they protested against the inhumanity of the war in the Philippines and the hostility shown towards our Indian schools.

V.

When we consider this host of Catholic men associated together all over the country, of one faith and full of enthusiasm, docile towards their Bishops and faithful in religious practices, we readily understand what possibilities there are for greater good, and for the most influential and healthy social action. When we come more into harmony of organization and aim, what development of Catholic thought, life, and action must follow! We need to keep pace with our necessities and opportunities: we need to realize better our power and our responsibility.

This spirit is growing, as of course it should. It will undoubtedly become, daily more and more, the study of our societies, particularly of our young men's societies, to advance the interests of re-

vealed religion, to protect the rights of those who profess it, to cultivate and spread its great spirit—its active pity for the poor, the suffering, and the sinful.

A great field lies open before us. People are anxious to hear our side of the story. And it is surprising how easy it is to answer their difficulties. Catholic men have opportunities every day, often more than priests have, to remove stumbling-blocks and dissipate prejudice. Now particularly, every Catholic should be able to give an account of his faith, and this requires something more than the knowledge of the Catechism. The more intelligent amongst us ought to be acquainted with the problems of the hour, and able to speak and write so as to command attention concerning the Church's tenets and line of action.

We are numerous and free, and we have a message to deliver. There is in our country an innate sense of justice and chivalry, and our efforts for our religion are efforts for the best interests and greatest needs of the land which we love. In no country in the world, moreover, is popular organization so well understood and so skillfully managed. If, then, so much has been done in

Europe for social and religious objects, how much more can be done here!

"If a greater number of Christians," wrote Ozanam, "had but occupied themselves with the working class these last ten years, we should be more secure of the future." "Occupy yourself as much with servants as masters, with workmen as much as with employers. This is henceforth the only means of salvation for the Church of France."

"Nothing is easier," said Father Ramière, "than to awaken in the naturally generous hearts of young Christians an echo to all the great thoughts with which we can inspire them." "It is sovereignly important to accustom them early to share in all the joys and sorrows of the Church, and to have a vehement attachment to her cause as their own." The sorrows of the Church are keen, and every Catholic worthy of the name feels them naturally. Just, then, as we ardently love our religion, which is our highest interest, so should we study to organize our strength and thus make it more efficient.

" 'Tis time this fallen world should rise,
Let Youth the sacred work begin!
What nobler task, what fairer prize
Than earth to save and Heaven to win?"

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE.⁽¹⁾

IN his letter to the English bishops, commending their own joint pastoral letter on Liberal Catholicism, Leo XIII observes that: "The evils which you deplore and which you warn right-minded Catholics to shun, have generally their origin in an excessive spirit of worldliness, in a reluctance to any kind of Christian self-sacrifice and in an inclination to a soft and easy life." Among other virtues which he recommends as a remedy for these evils are "self-denial, humility and contempt of the perishable things of this world."

† The evils in question are those which the Holy Father had already enumerated in his Encyclical Letter on Christ the Redeemer. "Take away the supremacy of God," he wrote, "and the consequences are rejection of authority, contempt for justice, despair of immortality, a mad striving for the perishable goods of this earth, rivalries, envies, hatreds and all the iniquitous designs of anarchy and revolution, wars abroad, strife at home and a social life made monstrous by crime." We might analyze these evils and express them in more particular terms. We need only mention some which are more familiar to us than others—at least those which are daily recorded in our newspapers—to perceive that all of them originate "in an excessive spirit of worldliness, in a reluctance to any kind of Christian self-sacrifice and in an inclination to a soft and easy life." To these we owe the desecration of homes, rash and unhallowed marriages, divorce, a morbid dread of human opinions, intolerance of dogmatic religious teaching, irreverence, unbelief, a self-conceit amounting almost to self-worship, and a habit of self-deceit by which we hope to justify the mean design of living and thriving by another's loss or sacrifice.

"Reluctance to any kind of Christian

self-sacrifice" is a "hard saying"—so hard and so repelling that lately we have heard the deluded Tolstoi blaming all the miseries of humanity on the Christian spirit of sacrifice; worldlings abominate it, socialists execrate it, and even some Christians turn away sad when they hear the word: "If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me"; for this is the indispensable condition of a Christian life. Indeed, self-sacrifice is so preëminently and, in its true sense, so exclusively identified with Christianity that to speak of Christian self-sacrifice seems in a measure tautological. A pagan may do many things which wear a semblance of self-sacrifice, but without the motive which Christians only can have, it is profanation to apply the term to him.

There are many goods, advantages, pleasures which we cannot, for obvious reasons, enjoy as we would wish. If blessed with riches, ill health may prevent us from spending them on the satisfactions we crave; if endowed with bodily strength, a spiritual affliction may weigh us down; if attached to relatives or friends, we may behold them sicken and die without being able to aid them; if avaricious, fortune may elude our grasp; if ambitious, we may perish in vain pursuit of honor. Limited in our powers and resources we but too often attempt impossibilities or aspire to things beyond our reach. Dependent as we are on others we must restrain the desires and relinquish the projects which would lead us into conflict with them. We live here for a brief space only; we come into the world inheriting the defects of our ancestors, and we must leave it speedily without

(1) The Spirit of Sacrifice : the object recommended to our prayers during the month of May.

one of the good things for which we have craved so feverishly and struggled so violently.

All this means sacrifice to most mortals, and the word is painful because, unfortunately, they fret, and fume, and chafe at the thought that they are so circumscribed, so dependent upon others, so uncertain of life, so sure of death. Surely their spirit does not deserve the hallowed name of sacrifice. It means to set something apart as sacred, to dedicate or consecrate it, and even to dispose of it in a manner expressing its dedication to a being or a cause worthy of it. It consists not only in abstaining from what might harm one's body or impede one's salvation ; not merely in relinquishing the pleasures or advantages which are forbidden or dangerous, but in doing this because we deem these things sacred, as creatures of God, and, therefore, not to be used as our own or for any other end than that for which He has intended them. This, the true view of sacrifice, gives it an entirely new significance. The time, the energy, the ease, the pleasure, the means I sacrifice are all from God and belong to Him, and to sacrifice them is the highest tribute I can make to His supremacy, the most efficacious act of religion I can perform.

Without the spirit of sacrifice, therefore, there can be no real religion, no genuine service of God, no true love of humanity ; without readiness to give up time, labor, resources, one cannot have sincerely at heart the interests of a friend or of a cause. One may be kind, occasionally, or go out of one's way to serve another from interested motives ; but this is not the spirit of sacrifice or is it genuine self-sacrifice at all. The spirit of sacrifice is an abiding or habitual tendency or disposition to serve another regardless of one's own inconvenience or loss, and it is genuine only when prompted by a sincere desire for another's good, without thought of our own convenience or gain.

To keep God's commandments is the first sacrifice we are all called upon to make. "It is a wholesome sacrifice to keep God's commandments and to depart from all iniquity." (1) It requires self-sacrifice to love Him above all things, to be ready to suffer loss of this world's goods, of health and of life, itself, rather than grievously transgress His law. Reasonable as it is, sweet the yoke and light the burden, there are times when our own interests seem to conflict with it and it requires stern self-denial of our judgment to convince ourselves that our real interest is in observing God's law and in making a complete sacrifice of our will to adhere to Him.

To suffer adversity or affliction of spirit requires a spirit of sacrifice. "A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit ; a contrite and humble heart, O God, thou wilt never despise." (2) To be weighed down by sorrow, poverty, infirmity ; cut off entirely from the joys of life ; to be subject to some of the privations of the tomb before death and to bear all this with resignation requires an heroic spirit of self-sacrifice ; and, unfortunately, but few reflect how pleasing it is to God to accept, as from His hand, the trial which some deem a chastisement, others, a misery and few, a blessing. It is sacrifice of this sort that makes it so hard for many to embrace the true faith.

How rare a thing the spirit of self-sacrifice is ! How many people imagine they are willing to sacrifice themselves when in reality they are forever seeking their own advantage ! All seek the things which are their own and not the things of Jesus Christ. Were St. Paul living in our days he could add: All seek their own under the pretext that they are sacrificing themselves for the good of others. "For humanity's sake" has lately become a by-word among men who live, and die, and labor,

(1) Eccli. 35, 2. (2) Psalm, 50, 19.



and pretend to help others, while all along working solely for their own advantage.

To witness the crowds flocking to our churches one would imagine that the Church of God does not lack enthusiastic supporters, and that the clergy find in the laity devoted adherents and coöperators ever ready to sacrifice their energy and means for objects which concern them much more than their priest. It is true many of the faithful men and women, rich and poor, give valuable assistance to their pastors ; but how common it is to find parishes in which the burden of church, the school, the poor is left almost entirely to the priest. How humiliating to hear him beg as if he were pleading for himself ! How unreasonable that he should have to urge parents to send their children to proper schools as if he should be more interested in the little ones than the parents themselves ! It happens frequently that a congregation does not pay for the coal which heats the church on Sunday. What is to be said of the spirit of sacrifice in such a parish as this ?

One might suppose that parents would not hesitate to sacrifice themselves for their children, for their spiritual as well as for their temporal welfare ; and yet there are fathers and mothers who shrink from the responsibility and care of the children whom, by the law of Providence, they should bring into existence. When born, they are too ready to commit their care to others, not only neglecting to cherish and educate them properly, but too commonly confiding them to schools where

their faith and morals are lost or, at least, not cultivated as they should be, simply because they fear to sacrifice certain imaginary social or political advantages.

The spirit of sacrifice is still less common in public and social life than it is in the Church or in the family. In the world everyone seeks his own advantage and, instead of yielding aught to others, seems, on the contrary, to rejoice in their losses. We have all grown too familiar lately with the fine pretexts with which whole peoples enslave or impoverish others, and we know that too many individuals have learned to make public profession of magnanimity and self-sacrifice when in reality they are hypocritically seeking their own profit. We have our altruists in these latter days who pretend to revel in sacrificing themselves for the good of others, some of them so fatuously enthusiastic as to sacrifice virtue itself for some fancied good of a fellow being.

The real models of self-sacrifice are the followers of Christ who have learned to deny themselves, take up His cross and follow Him. They are in the sanctuary, the cloister and in the true Catholic home, everywhere with Christ for leader and model, and with Him solely for their reward. They alone know the true delight of suffering, laboring, spending their energies and their means for His sake, and they know how difficult this is for hearts set upon the pleasures of this world—nay, impossible, unless they obtain this grace by the prayers of those who have learned how to sacrifice themselves for God and their neighbor.

EDITORIAL.

THE ENGLISH CORONATION OATH.

Lord Salisbury's fears of arousing the Protestant lion, while he himself admitted that the Coronation Oath should be changed, seem not to have been justified. From all classes and from nearly all parts of the British Empire the voice of public opinion seems to accord with the Catholic protest. The declaration of the Canadian parliament had, no doubt, great weight; but it was the Irish party at Westminster that finally forced the government to take steps for the revision of the anti-Catholic royal declaration. There are, however, some curious controversies over the matter. Mr. J. Horace Round, usually so honest and clever a writer, maintains, with strange logic, in the *Contemporary Review*, that the disgusting words of the Oath ought to be retained, because, while they really are an outrageous insult to Catholics and expressly aimed at them, *they are not intended to be an insult*, but are necessary for defining the Protestant character of the English succession. And why should the royal succession be necessarily Protestant in an empire in which Catholics are over 10,000,000, and far more numerous than the Established Church in every country of the empire save England only?

Many Anglicans, especially of the High Church, see, *at first sight*, in the Declaration attached to the Oath, a denial "of some of the most important articles of the Christian faith." But upon more consideration, it is seen to be all right, at least as far as the Church of England is concerned. This is really *truer* (so to speak) than the High Church people imagine. What can be against a church which is now the same church that it was before the Reformation, whose dignitaries may be anything less than pantheists—if even less, and which is Protestant and Cath-

olic at the same time? It beats the philosopher Hegel hollow, for whom contradictions were the same while they remained philosophical ones.

Much more sensible and straightforward is the reasoning of Sir George Sherston Baker in the *Nineteenth Century*, who honestly condemns the English persecutors of the Catholics and all the ludicrous counterfeited plots, and brands the Declaration joined to the Coronation Oath as insulting, untrue and impolitic. With regard to its falsehood, he says that "the doctrines of Transubstantiation, the Invocation of Saints and the Mass, are not only believed by the Catholics, but also by the Greek Church, and by the Russo-Greek Church, including the King of Greece and Czar of Russia. The doctrines are believed in by all the Oriental Churches, whether in communion or out of communion, with Rome. They are to be found in the Liturgy of St. James—that is, the Liturgy of the Church of Jerusalem, venerable for its antiquity, and spread all over Syria. They are to be found in the Liturgy of St. Mark, the ancient rite of the Church of Alexandria, employed among the orthodox Christians of Egypt. The same may be said of the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom, the Liturgy or euchology followed by all the Greek Christians and by the Russian Church, as well as by the Georgians, the Mingrelians and the Bulgarians. The same may be said of the Syriac Liturgy of St. Basil, as well as of the Coptic Liturgy of St. Basil, used by the Eutychians, and the same of the Alexandrian Liturgy of St. Basil. According to the Declaration, all these liturgies, and those adhering to them, are 'superstitious and idolatrous,' including St. Chrysostom, St. James and St. Basil."

If the writer of this article be not a "real" Catholic, he ought to be!

Editorial.

FAST AND LOOSE WITH FIGURES.

Under the title "Mixed Marriages" the *Independent* of March 14 had a paragraph on the losses of the Catholic Church in Germany. The only authority which the writer of the paragraph seems to have used is Pieper's (not *Puper*—perhaps a misprint) "Kirchliche Statistik Deutschlands." The writer ventures, to make the assertion that it is "the most scientific work on Church statistics extant." He goes so far as to call it "the classical work" on the subject. This may possibly reflect the opinion entertained of the book in certain American circles. Not so in Germany. In a criticism of the work printed in a Protestant periodical ("Beweis des Glaubens," vol. 35, p. 458, Gütersloh, 1899), we read the following words: "Statistical works demand an incredibly painstaking reading of proof sheets, since mistakes elude the unprofessional eye so easily, and yet may lead to very unpleasant results. We regret to be obliged to state that in this regard the same care has not been exercised which has otherwise guided the author."

The critic thereupon enumerates some cases in point showing that the reproach, so serious for a statistical work, is entirely justified. Another critic, himself a distinguished statistician, the Rev. H. Krose, S.J. (*Stimmen*, viii, 1900), has exposed with even greater thoroughness the superficial and untrustworthy character of Pieper's work. In examining the book he discovered about one hundred false figures; whole columns in the statistical tables are confused or turned upside down. Pieper, we must conclude, is not an authority to inspire confidence. But the writer in the *Independent* has added on his own account several inaccurate assertions. Thus, he says, that between 1890-97 no less than 40,577 Catholics went over to Protestantism in the old Prussian provinces. But Pieper gives these figures for the whole period

of which he here treats—that is to say, from 1880-97!

Moreover, the writer in the *Independent* declares Pieper's Statistics of Conversions to be "the official statistical reports of the Prussian government," and bravely assures us that "every change of church relation or connection is reported to the government in Prussia." Such an assertion will draw a smile of pity from every reader acquainted with things German, betraying, as it does, utter ignorance of the public institutions of Germany. Pieper himself, of course, does not claim any such *official character* for his statistics of conversions. As a matter of fact, the statistics of conversions given by Pieper rest upon the reports of Protestant ministers and synods, which are collected and arranged for the different provinces by the Protestant church authorities. The Prussian government itself makes no statistical inquiries whatever with reference to conversions. Nay, the Prussian Statistical Bureau, which is wont to print in its official Statistical Handbook the reports of the Protestant church authorities concerning the affairs of the Evangelical State Church, has, up to the present, persistently refused to print these statistics on conversions, and has, thereby, plainly shown that among professional men these statistics are regarded as of no value. Indeed, it is quite evident that the Protestant church authorities are not in a position to furnish complete and trustworthy statistics of conversions. For they ascertain only the "conversions" to their own denomination, whereas the conversion of Protestants to Catholicism in most cases remain unknown to them.

For example, how can Protestant ministers in widely scattered *diaspora* districts, or in large city parishes with a fluctuating population, have certain knowledge of the number of persons in their district that have gone over to the Catholic Church, if the converts do not

report the fact to them? A legal obligation to make such report does not exist in Prussia. It would be an easy thing for the Catholic Church authorities to show in detail how untrustworthy are these Protestant statistics of conversions; in fact, they have done so repeatedly. As early as the year 1868, the diocesan authorities of Breslau established the fact that the Protestant tables of conversions for the diocese of Breslau played fast and loose with the truth, inasmuch as nearly 900 Protestants had become Catholics, instead of the forty-eight persons given by their tables, while the number of Catholics turning Protestant was insignificant. (See *Historisch-Politische Blätter*, vol. 68, p. 49.) Father Krose, *loc. cit.*, adds several recent examples, and then examines the question why it is that the Catholic Church authorities refuse to publish their statistics of conversions. "This," he says, "in the present condition of things in Germany, is not feasible. The Catholic Church, by giving detailed accounts of converts would, in many cases, expose them to great temporal harm and injury.

"In view of the coarse and bitter attacks oftentimes exceeding all the bounds of decency which, for some years, have been directed against the Catholic Church and its members by the so-called 'Evangelical Bund' and similar Protestant bodies, only wealthy and independent converts dare to make public their return to the Mother Church, and even in their case it requires the highest moral courage openly to confess their adhesion to the hated and vilified Catholic Church. In all other cases Cath-

olics must advise their converts either to change their place of residence, or to fulfil their religious duties very quietly, and we may say stealthily, lest they be persecuted for being true to their convictions, and injured in their business or profession." Anyone, in the least acquainted with the spirit of modern German Protestantism since the wars with Austria and France and especially since the *Kulturkampf*, must agree with Father Krose. It makes an honest man's blood boil to read in the German papers, day after day, the base, unscrupulous, often filthy attacks made on the Catholic Church and all that the Catholic believes and holds in veneration. One is forcibly reminded of the terrible picture Janssen draws in his sixth volume of the degradation of German literature in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The daily provocations committed by these pernicious associations are an alarming sign of the times; they seem intended to bring about a war of religion. An American can only wonder at the marvellous forbearance of these German Catholics, and their able journalists who have so disciplined themselves that they can check and hold in their pens.

Trustworthy statistics of conversions in Germany could only be had if the State were to take the matter in hand, and at the quinquennial census require of every inhabitant to declare (1) in what religious denomination he had been brought up and (2) to what denomination he now belongs. The result would certainly be quite different from what the Protestant tables of conversions would lead one to expect.

INJUSTICE IN THE SCHOOLS.

At the conference of college presidents and teachers, held in Chicago in the middle of April, Mgr. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, said: "Entering upon the new century the Catholic educational system in America must be prepared to meet with difficulties that will test its strength to the utmost. The unification of education under State control has established a mighty machine of secularized instruction, which threatens to destroy all private effort."

As a proof that Mgr. Conaty's words were not exaggerated, the school authorities in Chicago have a right to condemn any piece of ground they covet and thus use it for school purposes. Before the legislature of Illinois there is now a bill to give the Superintendent of Education a right to supervise and inspect Catholic parochial schools, and prescribe a course of studies in Catholic colleges. Yet schools are said to be, and truly are, the last refuge of liberty!

State control of schools is becoming more exclusive, and is falling into the hands of "professional educationist politicians." The tendency is, and in some places it is quite pronounced, to crush out private and religious education. In other words we are developing "educational socialism."

High-salaried teachers, whose school work often consists of fads and fancies; college work done in common schools; magnificent furniture; free books—all these are crushing out private schools and overburdening the poor by taxation. Roof gardens are amongst the last follies coolly proposed for the schools of New York. They are to be carefully protected from the disastrous winds, and provided with glass frames to force a longer growth, so that the tender children may enjoy flower culture from early March to the summer vacation.

Meanwhile the "Three R's" seem to be neglected. A meeting of teach-

ers and taxpayers in Chicago assert, *as an irrefutable fact*, that "the graduates of the elementary and high schools of that city are woefully deficient in the essentials of a preparatory education, reading, writing, arithmetic and English, contrary to the mandate of the Constitution of 1870"; "whereas the money appropriated for this purpose has increased from \$6,000,000 in 1896 to \$11,500,000 for 1901, and the annual cost per pupil in average attendance has increased from \$16.55 to over \$30. This increased expenditure has been caused by the *illegal* introduction of "fads, nature study, domestic economy, manual training, child study, medical inspection, algebra, Latin, etc., into the elementary schools; and the *flagrant violation of law* in creating new courses of study in the high schools, requiring an army of high-salaried special teachers, superintendents, managers, buildings, equipments, etc., to the virtual destruction of the academical departments of the high schools, the legal purpose of their existence." At the same time "some 30,000 children of the lower schools are still unprovided with suitable buildings, and thousands are unable to attend school for want of proper accommodations"; while it is "the almost unanimous verdict of the teachers, parents, and business community that the elementary schools utterly fail to provide a thorough common school education in accordance with the mandate of the Constitution." Then follows a denunciation of the Civic Federation bill, with a petition to the General Assembly to reject it.

The Civic Federation bill is a disguise under which the school experimenters are bringing up a measure already "promptly defeated by the unanimous action of the legislature."

The *Chicago Chronicle* joins in the righteous protests of the taxpayers of the city.

The Federation of German Catholic Societies have taken up the matter, too.

They have appointed a Vigilance Committee, and are preparing to send over 6,000 delegates and members to their convention in Chicago on May 19. Thus Catholics all over Illinois have been awakened to their danger, and the members of the Lutheran churches apparently are in sympathy with them.

The motives of the resistance of Catholics and of their extraordinary sacrifices—\$25,000,000 a year—for their own religious schools are understood and appreciated by many of the best and most prominent people in the country. An apparent concession to private schools in the revised charter of New York provoked very little comment. Referring to this, the New York *Sun*, one of the ablest and fairest of our great newspapers, said: "The complete secularization of the public schools has brought alarm to many devoutly believing Protestants also, as stimulative of religious indifference among the young, from among whom all churches must draw their recruits if they are to survive. Nor can it be denied that the influence exerted by the parochial schools is good morally, however much may be the opposition to the religious teaching in them. . . . There is at the present time a strong and increasing tendency away from religion and unless it is resisted in childhood it cannot be overcome. . . . Perhaps the event may show that Roman Catholics are not alone among Christian believers on their side of the issue; for religion and infidelity are now in a contest more desperate than any before waged between them in the history of supernaturalism."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The non-Catholic world has all along been assuming the credit of being the champion of woman's rights and woman's education. The claim is a case of false pretenses. Only Catholicity has championed her cause both as to her civil and domestic rights and her intellectual and moral education. A

contributor to the *Correspondant* of May 10, restricting his view of the question to the last three centuries, notes that Luther began by shutting up the convents; thus preventing women from achieving those splendid triumphs in education and charity, for which, under the inspiration of Catholicity, they have always been famous. That outrage was immediately followed by the introduction of other legislation in favor of men, viz.: divorce and polygamy. "There is no reason," said Bucer, "why men should not have as many wives as they are able to support." Meantime, Luther incessantly thundered from his pulpit against women: "A wife was at best a man's servant and not his equal"; when he rails at her for extravagance in dress, it is not because of the sin of it, but because she is spending her husband's money, etc. In the University of Wittenberg, which Luther rendered so famous by affixing his propositions to its doors, there were ninety philosophical theses defended in one year, 1595, in which the doctrine was taught that woman was not a human person at all. At the same time Henry VIII was amusing himself in England by cutting off the heads of as many wives as he could get and continued it till death put an end to his Bluebeard propensities.

The next movement against the Church was that of the Freethinkers in France. Diderot, who was the principal editor of the *Encyclopedia*, and consequently the universal mouthpiece of the atheists of those days, declares that the ideal marriage life is that of the Blacks of Otaheite, viz.: promiscuity; Rousseau's career is too well known. His consort was any one at all and his children were all sent to the Foundling Asylum. His famous treatise on Education deals only with the training of the lords of creation, and if Sophie is introduced, it is only because he has to marry Emile to somebody. In the seventy volumes of Voltaire there is

not a decent word for any woman. The Marquise du Châtelet who had sacrificed everything for him, is spoken of as one whose only defect was "to have been a woman." In his description of the national heroine Joan of Arc he is disgusting and obscene. Mirabeau, Robespierre and Danton who succeeded these philosophers never dreamt of woman but as a household drudge. They were pagans in their aspirations and treated their women as such. When Napoleon came, he made short shrift of the political Rights of Man, but by way of compensation he made every man a little emperor in his household circle. There was inequality everywhere ; in the civil and criminal courts ; in the tenure of property ; in the right to testify ; in trusts and trusteeship. Politically and legally men and women were on different planes ; and educationally also. For when the great University was established women were never thought of ; it was only for men. In Germany, the attitude to the weaker sex, if anything was worse. Goethe admitted no other link between man and woman than that of passion ; Schopenhauer says that women form an intermediate link between the child and man ; and that the male sex is the only true type of humanity.

During all the time between the beginning and the middle of the century, women were permitted to be religious only because religion was thought to be suited to weak minds ; but about then it began to dawn upon the world that these inferior creatures had all along in their convents and homes, been preserving a large portion of the civilized part of the race from the corruption of atheism and immorality. It was only then that female education by lay people was thought of. So that the present movement in Higher Education was not started out of any regard for women, as such, but out of hatred for Christianity. Had the nuns not withdrawn from unchristian influences such a large

part of the youth of the world, higher education of women would never have been discussed ; in point of fact the legislation of some countries aims at crushing the best educated and noblest representatives of womanhood by making it impossible for them either to give or receive an education.

Meantime there is another cloud rising on the horizon. That cloud is Socialism.

What does it forbode ? Read Herr Bebel's book entitled : *Woman, Past, Present and Future* or rather don't read it. In the dream of the socialist, she is to be man's equal ; with the same right to labor and the same right to enjoyment. To give her equal opportunities to labor, marriage is to be abolished ; co-habitation is to be permitted as fancy prompts ; what children may spring from such unions are to be taken from her, that her opportunities for work may not be lessened. What woman can contemplate such a condition of things without horror ? What would she be in a few years ? A childless, homeless, husbandless wreck. All beauty, all respect, all decency gone : a squaw for the future American and European Indian to trample on. With such a record, Socialism, Atheism, Protestantism have no right to pretend that they have worked or will ever work for the emancipation or the elevation of womankind.

PROTESTANT VAGARIES.

The position of a Protestant Bishop calls for a great deal of gentle diplomacy. His duties do not compel him to oversee, but to overlook ; and through what perforce he must see, he has to tiptoe with great delicacy, lest any of the many exquisite sensibilities of his outspoken clergy might suffer a strain. In case he makes a mistake, as he is very likely to do, he must know how to withdraw with great alacrity. He is an ecclesiastical constitutional monarch ; he reigns but does not rule.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

One of the important events since our last issue was the publication of the splendid essay of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, on Catholic progress during the century just elapsed. It appeared in the New York *Sun* of Sunday, March 24. The dignity, breadth of view, the well-stated striking facts of this remarkable article have undoubtedly made a lasting impression on the *Sun's* wide circle of readers. Nor was His Eminence's zeal in thus publishing the Church's message in a great secular newspaper a little to be commended, as also the fairmindedness of the editor. The Cardinal dwells upon the Church's vast field—the whole world—and her long battle of two thousand years, the fierce persecution from which she had just emerged and the enormous disadvantages with which she faced the century's dawn. Her marvellous machinery was, however, soon at work—her Vatican Council, her Popes, her missions, her tremendous fight for the divinely appointed way of handing down the Christian faith, namely by Christian education—this was her line and order of battle. Consequently came the multitude of prominent as well as of lowly converts, and the revelation that the Church, instead of being hostile to any lawful government, is by the very necessity of her being forever engaged in her gigantic toil for the strengthening of the very foundations of society.

Some of the papers have announced that of the seventeen army chaplains lately appointed out of the proposed twenty-three, only one is a Catholic. Yet probably more than half of the enlisted men are Catholics. Of the thirty-four chaplains already on duty, fourteen are Catholics.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters wrote an offensive article in the New York

Book World against Catholic worship. In consequence he has ceased to be an editor, and the publishers have publicly deplored that any offense has been given.

The Catholic Educational Journal, much needed and sure of a wide patronage, has been published at Milwaukee.

A ruinous strike was prevented in the coal fields of Pennsylvania by an interview with Mr. J. P. Morgan. One of the principal representatives of the workers was Father Phillips of Hazleton, Pa., who writes, "Time has worked wonders in the labor question, and brought about a happy condition of things impossible six months ago."

In two or three months, the government contract with our Indian Catholic schools will cease. The government offered to buy the schools, but the Church refused; and when the Catholic Educational Bureau was asked what children, hitherto under the care of the Church, would be left without school provision, it answered that it knew of none; the Church would look after her own. Hence there is a new call on the generous faith of the people, who, according to Mgr. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University, already contribute annually for parish schools alone \$25,000,000. A remarkable concession in the revised charter of New York allows the Board of Education to aid private schools from public funds. Why should it not since for years private establishments in New York, in which we have lost large numbers of Catholic children, have been aided in a similar manner? Those establishments are that of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society (Methodist), the Five Points House of Industry, and the schools of the Children's Aid Society.

The archdiocese of St. Paul, Minn., will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary on

July 2. Fifty years ago from that day, the first pastor, Bishop Cretin, was received by the solitary missionary, Father Ravoux, who was in charge of a few hundred Catholics. A log chapel served as the first cathedral.

The diocese of Brooklyn has lately been the theatre of the first reception of members in the United States amongst the Little Sisters of the Poor. While Bishop McDonnell received the eleven new members, the simple ceremony was witnessed only by the small community and 400 old people, many of whom were over ninety years.

At the end of March, the Dominican Sisters, of Albany, N. Y., took charge of the Catholic Guild of Philadelphia, composed of prominent ladies, whose object is to elevate and sanctify the homes of the poor while relieving actual necessity, and to provide a place where respectable girls from the country seeking city employment may be received. The community of Dominican Sisters give retreats to ladies and young girls, prepares children and converts for the Sacraments, and offer their own lives of penance and prayer for the salvation of sinners, particularly drunkards and blasphemers.

The exercises of a two weeks' mission, given to non-Catholics in Chicago by two Paulist Fathers, were attended by 1,200 Protestants; 1,800 copies of the little treatise, *Plain Facts*, were distributed, thirty-five persons were baptized, 134 are under instruction, and from 200 to 300 negligent Catholics were brought to the practice of their faith. On some days there were from fifty to seventy-five interviews between the missionaries and non-Catholics.

Statistics of the churches, prepared by Dr. H. K. Carroll, who was in charge of the United States Census of Churches in 1890, are published by the *Literary Digest* as "important and authoritative." Out of a total gain of 244,846 communicants made by American churches in 1900, the (Roman) Catho-

lic Church has 80,432. Next comes the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), with 47,381. The number of Catholic *communicants* is put by Dr. Carroll at 8,766,083. The total membership of the Church was estimated lately by Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, at fifteen millions.

The usually well-informed, though not always friendly *Independent* (N.Y.) occasionally furnishes its readers with absurdities such as this. It represents "the authorities" of the Catholic Church as "vexed and perplexed" over the alleged decrease of Peter's Pence; and quotes with satisfaction from "the French Catholic Journal," the *Eclair*, said to be "well informed on matters pertaining to the Vatican" and frank and philosophical in criticism. The *Eclair* has to say that "the Pope in having gained the name and fame of a diplomat has sacrificed the last remnants of his apostolic influence," that he "began to speculate like the princes of Rome," and of course lost heavily, so that "the halls of the Vatican resounded for a long time with the angry outbursts of the Pope"; "nothing was left but a small sum which had been lent to the Jesuits to erect the American College!" The American College was erected long before the reign of Pope Leo; it never belonged to the Jesuits; but on the contrary, when the honest government of the king of Italy undertook to seize it, President Arthur put in an effective veto, the College being American property. The *Eclair* is what is called in France a *radical* paper.

Archbishop Keane was invested with the Pallium in his Cathedral at Dubuque on the 17th of April. The ceremony was peculiarly brilliant, there being present Cardinal Gibbons, four Archbishops, twenty-eight Bishops, and 400 priests. A great many prominent laymen, and from distant places, came to honor Archbishop Keane. An eloquent and impressive sermon was

preached by Archbishop Ireland, during which he said that we have in the United States to-day fourteen or fifteen millions of Catholics.

THE PHILIPPINES.

Major-General Young, conferring with the President, said that, of the two great secret organizations, the Katipunan and the Sandatahan, organized by men of standing, the latter ordered and had executed murders and massacres, the perpetrators being shielded from justice; and that as long as it lives in spirit, American soldiers will be necessary to maintain peace and order. About 60,000 men, he considered, will be required for some time to come. The members of the secret societies swore to obey orders, and even to commit murder, the oath being signed in their own blood. Both societies, he said, were "composed of the simple-minded natives, whose spirit had been aroused by unscrupulous leaders."

"It is not an easy matter to convince them that the teachings of these leaders are all wrong." Many members, while they professed loyalty to the United States, gave secret information to the insurgents. It is useful to remember that these murderous organizations now condemned so strongly were never denounced by any American non-Catholic while their victims were Spaniards, or while forty priests were slain by them. On the contrary, they were on friendly terms with American commanders, from whom they received arms.

Judge Taft, we are told, took pains, during his visit, to impress upon the moslem Sultan of Sulu, that there was no intention to interfere with his rights, or the religion and customs of his people; that is, polygamy, slavery and Mahometanism. The United States gave a solemn pledge that the Catholic religion, also, would be respected in the Philippines; yet General MacArthur reports that crucifixes, religious pictures and statues have been

removed from the schools attended by none but Catholic children.

One of the most important questions, says the *Monitor*, to come before the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, next Autumn at San Francisco, is the question of a name! Yet this religious organization, which has not yet decided upon a name, and which has not one native member in the Philippines, proposes to have a bishop at Manila. In order to be able to live, he would be an army chaplain. The *Monitor* observes that he will be as solitary as a sparrow on a housetop, and that, at the present rate of growth even at home, the Episcopal Church will not need a name before very long. Meanwhile our separated Episcopal brethren honestly admit their failure in Catholic countries, and amongst the failures "the dispiriting episode in Mexico."

CUBA AND PORTO RICO.

The Benevolent Society of Divine Providence, the principal office of which is in New York, has been formed to care for and educate orphan and other destitute Cuban children. The directors are Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop Farley, Messrs. J. D. Crimmins, J. F. Daly, G. D. Mackey, J. McMahon and Mgr. Sbarretti, Bishop of Havana. The French Dominican Fathers, who went to Cuba some months ago from New York, have now a church, a school and a house at Cienfuegos. Their church and school are packed, and the Dominican Sisters at Havana are not able to receive all the children that apply to them.

The Methodist Bishop Chandlor, of Atlanta, Ga., is reported by the *Mirror* as saying that the "popular Protestant brand of piety—a semi-sacred æstheticism"—will never do for the Cubans.

From Porto Rico comes the news that 6,000 workingmen signed a petition to the President declaring that misery, and even starvation, is invading their homes.

ROME.

His Excellency Archbishop Martinelli was raised to the Cardinalitial dignity at the Papal consistory of April 15. There are twelve new Cardinals, ten of whom are Italian prelates and two are Austrian Archbishops. Mgr. Martinelli has been Papal Delegate in the United States for nearly five years, having been chosen in 1896. He was born near Lucca, in Italy, in 1848. At the age of sixteen he entered the Augustinian order. In 1871 he was raised to the priesthood. For several years he was regent of studies of the Irish Augustinians in Rome, and "promoter" or patron of the canonization of saints of his order. He was also a member of the Congregation of the Holy Office, of which the Pope is president. In 1894 he came to America as Provincial of the Augustinians. His brother, now deceased, was also a Cardinal.

Prince Prosper Colonna, Prefect of Rome, whose brother, Prince Mark Anthony, holds the highest civil post at the Vatican, although of an old and famous Catholic family which counted Popes amongst its members, made an offensive speech against his fellow-Catholics at the revolutionary celebration of the 20th of September. Lately the frankly Catholic members of the municipal council protested against obscene statuary placed near the railway station, and demanded the teaching of the catechism in a city orphanage in charge of Sisters. The "liberal" majority opposed them, and in consequence they resigned. Then some students of the government university heightened the interest of the event by means of a riot.

The Capuchin preacher at the Sistine Chapel on the Fridays of Lent announced to the Pope, after one of the sermons, that four priests of his order, one lay-brother and seven Tertiary Sisters, all Italians from the province of Milan, had been massacred by the savages in Brazil. The Holy Father

answered, "They are the first martyrs of the century."

Pope Leo has made Signor Roy of Vicenza a *marchese* (marquis) with right of succession. Signor Roy is the model employer of thousands of bread-winners, principally in the flax industry, near Vicenza and Ferrara. He himself, on Sundays, leads hundreds of his men in procession to the sanctuary of Our Lady.

OTHER ITALIAN NEWS.

An attempt to abolish prayer in the schools was met at Milan by a protest signed by 150,000 persons. The question of divorce and of obligatory civil marriage before the religious ceremony seems likely to come up in Parliament. At present the state does not recognize religious marriage in Italy, yet it has shrunk from divorce. Against the proposed legislation, the northern Bishops, under Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, have protested.

There have been serious disorders in Palermo and Naples, arising out of misery and labor troubles. At Palermo the people rose and demanded bread and attacked the public buildings, even women joining in the riot. Soldiers used their bayonets to disperse the crowd. The people are suffering acutely from want in Apulia and Abruzzi.

Unfortunately, the laboring men are being drawn into anti-religious socialism. This was illustrated by the strike at Monza. Two years ago, a large Protestant manufacturer near Bergarno erected a building where the women workers who came from a distance could stay over night. He placed it in charge of the Sisters of Charity. Signor Ricci, a liberal, imitated him at Monza. This, however, was too good for the labor union, which protested against the presence of the Sisters. Signor Ricci refused to obey the union, and a strike was insisted on by the latter. Previously, however, a meeting was called, and the meeting sternly condemned

the action of the union, which, nevertheless, pursued its plan, and 3,500 persons left off work, poor people, too, who could ill afford it. Meanwhile of Signor Ricci's 131 employees, 125 returned to work. At this point the town council of Monza most unjustly interfered, condemned Signor Ricci and the Sisters, and sustained the strikers. Whereupon the Catholic members of the Council resigned.

A better understanding is, fortunately, existing now between Italy and France, so that there has been much conjecture as to whether the Triple Alliance, expiring in 1903, will be renewed. It has really brought no advantage to Italy; but, on the contrary, leaves her crushed by the overwhelming expense of her excessive army and navy. She is menaced, moreover, commercially and financially by Germany, whereas she has a profitable commercial treaty with France. Signor Prinetti, Minister of Foreign Affairs and leader of the Right, is, it seems, avowedly Catholic and friendly towards France. So is the King, it is supposed. Even the Left is anti-Teutonic. A "treaty of neutrality" with France has been spoken of by statesmen. This would leave France free on her southern border, while her ally, Russia, could overawe Austria. The best Italian statesmen see clearly Italy's disadvantage in her quarrel with the Holy See. She is ever in danger of being forced by an outsider to restore the temporal power should events go against her. She would far prefer to restore it of her own accord.

FRANCE.

The senseless and heartless measure called the Associations Bill has been passed in the French Chamber of Deputies by 303 votes to 224; and so, in their own country, supposed to be free, religious men and women who live only for their neighbor, have been deprived of the benefit of common law and

liberty; while, by the supremest mockery, the Rights of Man, which precluded the Reign of Terror, are ordered to be placarded in all the public schools of France. Trouillot, the reporter of the bill, said it was a measure of liberty and justice. The mendacious statement was quite in keeping with the infamous attempts to calumniate the religious during the discussions in the Chamber. M. Plichon warned the Ministry that there were far more dangerous doctrines taught in France than the doctrines of the religious orders; that the real slavery was not in religious vows, but in the engagements of international socialism. Spoliation, he continued, would not end with that of the religious. To this Zévaès answered openly in the Chamber, "Certainly not!" and his answer was enthusiastically applauded. But when Zévaès urged the abolition even of the authorized associations, Waldeck-Rousseau reminded him that the state could not assume the charge of 70,000 orphans, infirm, old and incurable persons cared for by the authorized associations. Yet, according to the government doctrine, the vows of these associations are immoral! A very bold and remarkable speech was made by M. Prache, demanding that as religious were forbidden to form associations, the Freemasons, who were far more secret, should be similarly forbidden. From the authentic Masonic documents, from their own words, he showed their bitterly anti-religious doctrines and projects, their lack of morality, their present control of the government, their plot to pass this very Associations Bill. All this he showed, and the Masons present admitted it was adopted by them as a creed and rule. His citations from Masonic sources were loudly applauded by the gentlemen of the Left!

The respectable Republican press of France sternly condemns the bill! The religious orders are forbidden to teach, but the confiscation of their property was prevented against the desire of the

government. The decision as to its ownership is left to the law courts. The Premier graciously allows the religious to teach in the French colonies ! The measure goes to the Senate next, where it will linger some time and probably be modified. Then as to its actual application, the general elections must be considered and the fact that all similar measures have hitherto practically fallen through in France.

The dangerous and unjust character of the Bill is quite well understood ; it is seen to be a sop to the Socialists, who have one of their number, Millerand, actually in the Ministry, and who are in France, decidedly revolutionary. The Government is deliberately encouraging the men and the doctrines, whose fruit were the horrors of the Commune. Hence, protests have been made by men of all professions, positions and beliefs. There are most striking signs of a popular awakening and reaction. The nefarious measure has unmasked completely the men who control the government just now, and revealed the presence in the Chamber of a compact and disciplined body hostile to the persecution of the Church. Generally speaking, this body counts 239 deputies, many of whom are not Catholics at all, and all or most of them attached to republican institutions.

A committee, formed by prominent merchants, cultivators and manufacturers, representing 200 Chambers of Commerce, and 42,000 adherents, have published a statement signed by the heads of various societies and organizations and representing all industries and employments, in which statement it is estimated that by the Associations Bill, 20,000 establishments will be closed and 200,000 persons, patrons of trade, etc., will be exiled ; and that thus there will be a commercial loss of 200,000,000 francs. Moreover, 1,000,000 children, costing 1,000 francs each, will be thrown out of school ; and at least 100,000 will follow their teachers out of

France, and so the loss to trade will amount to 100,000,000 francs, making a total loss of 300,000,000. Further, the expelled religious will probably leave a debt of 75,000,000. Nor are those all the losses to trade, and all the injurious consequences. At least 10,000 merchants will be ruined, and 200,000 male and female employees will be thrown out of work. Think of the Edict of Nantes after all this !

The ancient radical, Lockroy, acknowledges that it is a mistake to expel the religious orders, and foretells that this piece of persecution will simply lead to the formation of lay associations and to a reaction such as took place in Belgium.

There are distinct and impressive indications of a Catholic awakening. All over France the people joined in a nine days' prayer for the religious orders. At its close the ladies of Lyons made a public vow to decorate the shrine of Our Lady of Fourvière. The basilica was reserved for men, the crypt for women. A thousand men arriving before the services began, could find no standing room on the first night. So great was the throng that the clergy could scarcely pass through. So many were not present on the height of Fourvière since the dread days of war in 1870. At Paris, the Cardinal went to Montmartre, and Masses were said on that morning for the religious in all the churches of the city at the same hour. The attendance at the Redemptorist Missions in Bordeaux was never surpassed within the memory of the people. Twenty thousand persons received crosses as souvenirs of the mission, and as a protest against the insults to the crucifix. A national pilgrimage to Lourdes is being organized for the end of April. In 1899, 50,000 men took part in the national pilgrimage to Lourdes ; now it is estimated that there will be 100,000.

Great mischief has been done by the strikes. Over 200,000 men were urged into a strike and excited to disorder at

ents before they can succeed in getting their share of the taxes for its support. These things the members of the Centre party in their fearless speeches proclaim before the whole country and thus shame the government into redressing the injustice. If the Centre party in Prussia had achieved nothing else these twenty-five years than the safe-guarding of the schools, they would for this alone have earned the undying gratitude not only of all lovers of the Church but of all lovers of their country.

The Centre party in the Prussian legislature have requested the government "to enact a law for the removal of the special restrictions and obstacles under which labor the religious communities devoting themselves to the care of the sick and to other charitable works, and to give them the same liberty that is enjoyed by other associations engaged in similar works." American Catholics will be astonished when they hear what these restrictions are—a grievous relic of the unholy Kulturkampf. 1. Any existing establishments of these sisters can be closed at any time by an administrative act—that is, by a stroke of the pen. 2. The ministers of worship and of the Interior are authorized to grant the admission of new members into an existing community—that is to say, they are free to grant or to refuse. 3. No new establishment can be opened, were it to consist of but two or three members, without the previous authorization of the above two ministers. The authorization, of course, can be refused without giving any reasons. This sword of Damocles, be it noted, hangs only over Catholic institutions; Protestant deaconesses, or any other charitable organizations, can move quite freely. All the speakers were unanimous in unstinted praise of the Catholic sisters, but not all were willing, owing to narrow Protestant prejudices, to vote for the resolution. The resolution, however, was passed by a considerable majority.

The annual subsidy of 6,000 marks for the education of Old-Catholic ministers has again been rejected by the Prussian legislature at the instance of the Centre party. They declare that they cannot vote for any money for Old-Catholics as long as the Old-Catholic law, which upholds the fiction that the Old-Catholics are simply Catholics, remains on the Statute book. It is one of the first Kulturkampf laws made by Bismarck.

The Prussian government has settled 4,277 families of German colonists in the Polish Provinces of Posen and West Prussia. Of this number 231 families are Catholics, more than 4,000 (28,500 souls) are Protestants. The government's policy evidently is little by little to destroy the Catholic Church in these Provinces.

The Prince-Regent Luitpold of Bavaria, celebrated, on March 12, his eightieth birthday with great splendor and amid the rejoicings of all Bavaria. Though he is personally not very popular, yet the celebration was very hearty, because the people of Bavaria are affectionately attached to the house of Wittelsbach. Considerably over a million marks was collected all over the kingdom and offered to him as a birthday gift, which he will use for the foundation of a charitable institution to perpetuate the memory of the day. The emperor sent the young crown-prince to represent him on the occasion, as he was unable to be present himself. Prince Luitpold gave his portrait to each of his ministers and to other prominent officials, bearing the motto: *Salus publica summa lex est*. It is the sentiment of Cicero, *De Legibus*: *Salus populi suprema lex esto!* Many people have found in the Regent's motto an allusion to the words which the emperor wrote in the "Golden Book" of Munich, when he visited that city some years ago. They ran thus: *Regis voluntas suprema lex esto!*

One of the most charming features of the celebration and which profoundly

touched the Prince-Regent was the homage of the school-children of the city of Munich.

The episcopal see of Metz, in Lorraine, bereft of its pastor by the death of Bishop Fleck, has remained vacant for several years. The German government which, by the terms of the French concordat, exercises the right of nomination, has presented to the Holy See the name of the Reverend Zorn von Bulach, a member of the old Alsatian nobility. The Holy Father refuses to preconise this priest, because he lacks some of the qualities that canon law requires in candidates for the episcopal dignity.

Dr. Lieber, the distinguished leader of the Centre party who, but a short time since received from the Holy Father, the cross of Commander of the Order of Pius, has just received another proof of the Pope's affection : he has been appointed Private Chamberlain of His Holiness.

In the German Reichstag the Centre party has brought in a resolution demanding legislation in reference to the domestic slavery existing in German East Africa. The slave trade has been stamped out and slavery itself exists only among the natives, the white settlers never having been allowed to hold slaves. All persons acquainted with the situation agree that it is impossible to do away with this domestic slavery at one stroke of the pen. Hence the Centre party proposes the following legislation:

1. The master is obliged to care for the slave in sickness and old age, and not to separate from one another members of the same family.
2. The master must allow the slave on certain days to work for himself and to keep for himself the earnings of such work.
3. If the master seriously neglects his duties toward the slave, especially by cruel treatment, he forfeits his rights upon the slave.
4. Facilities must be given to the

slave, by work or the payment of a sum of money, to buy his liberty.

The resolution was agreed to by the house and accepted by the director of colonial affairs.

AUSTRIA.

Everybody has noticed of late the almost simultaneous disturbances against religion and order in several Catholic countries. The truth is that anti-Christian secret societies, revolutionary, unpatriotic and unprincipled, being probably better organized internationally, are coming out a little more openly against the Catholic Church. Those societies by long and subtle plotting, and owing largely to the apathy of many simple Catholic populations as to parliamentary matters, have obtained control of governments which in no way represent the mass of the people. The movement in Austria is not only anti-religious, but it is downright traitorous. Why the laws against high-treason are not enforced more rigidly is not clear. At a recent meeting in honor of Bismarck's (!) birthday, April 1, Wolf, the instigator of the "Away from Rome" movement, was applauded during his speech by his followers with cries of "Away from Austria." The patriotic Austrians would not stand this from the pro-Protestant and pro-Prussian propagandists. A free fight followed, and the patriots had the best of it. This unfortunate movement has been "made in Germany," or inspired from there ; it is a part of the pan-German programme. Austria, the key of European peace and balance of power, is not at all in danger of disruption, if left alone. It has long been a united nation, and not more varied as to nationalities than many other countries. Its danger has been from without, and from its traitor sons leagued with the foreigner. At present the German-speaking portions of Austria are flooded by Protestant pro-Prussian tracts, and paid Prussian Protestant

ministers, who foster the "*Los von Rom*" movement. Of this the proofs are indisputable; they are in the offices of the Catholic newspapers. The real Austrian people, however, are waking up. While Father Freund, a Redemptorist, was defending the theology of St. Liguori, in the Church of St. Peter in Vienna, the crowd was so great that many could not enter. Quite contrary to Catholic custom, his discourse was three times interrupted by the applause of the people and their professions of attachment to their religion. Similar audiences heard Father Abel in the Church of St. Augustine, and the impression made on the city was profound. In mid-March there was a meeting of 4,000 persons at the Hotel de Ville, to protest against the disturbances in parliament and the pro-Prussian agitators. The mere enumeration of the associations, clubs, communes, etc., represented, would fill two large columns of a newspaper.

At the University of Budapest, the crucifixes were taken down from the halls during the night, and the directors seemed unwilling to restore them. The Catholic students in a body put them back. For this the ladies of the city presented them with a magnificent laurel wreath inclosing a cross which the students placed on the tomb of the late empress.

ENGLAND.

So general amongst English Protestants has been the sentiment against the anti-Catholic form of the Coronation Oath that the Government promises to appoint a committee to consider its revision. The Irish Party in Parliament, however, have been the principal cause of quickening Lord Salisbury's conscience. Moreover a Royal Commission is about to consider the question of a Catholic University for Ireland; and a deputation of Catholic Bishops and laymen are to be received

by the King. This is an entirely new departure.

A "Jesuit Oath" has come up in some literary circles in England, although denounced some years ago in Germany "by the most bitterly anti-Catholic organs as an utter fraud which no well-informed person could swallow." Father Gerard, S.J., pointed out that the real "oath"—which is not an oath at all, but the ordinary form of the religious vows, may be found in many public libraries.

The Holy Father has written to Cardinal Vaughan and the Bishops of the province of Westminster, confirming their condemnation of "liberal Catholicism" and rationalism, and urging the work of the conversion of England by prayer, particularly through the Association of the Mother of Sorrows. The Protestant *Church Review* praises very warmly the Holy Father's letter.

The question of Catholic chaplains for the navy is being agitated again, and probably will have to be for some time. There are some 10,000 Catholics in the navy, yet not one Catholic chaplain goes to sea: it is the halloved reservation of the Church of England. Ashore there are twenty-one Catholic chaplains, and provision is made at different stations for 148. Those are paid, but never in proportion to the Protestant chaplains. There is now an indefinite promise to send a Catholic chaplain with a squadron and with the hospital ships. The demand for something more precise made by the Irish members was rejected.

Even the Dissenters are drawing nearer to Rome. In their recent "simultaneous mission," over England, something very like confessions were heard in "inquiry rooms" and "compartments" fitted up on staircases and in corridors. The "inquirers" were finally called "penitents."

England, with a population of 32,091,907, spent last year on strong drink 133,521,443 pounds sterling;

that is £4 3s. and 2d. per head ! Scotland, with 4,313,993 people, spent in the same way £14,305,863 or £3 6s. 4d. per head. Erin, with 4,504,025 people, spent £13,064,414, or £2 18s. per head. She's the most abstemious of the three. In this way more has been spent than for all dairy produce used, more than for clothing, more than for rent of houses and agricultural property.

IRELAND.

The Boys' Brigade, 800 strong, made in silence and unbroken order the Jubilee visit to the churches of ancient Dublin on each Sunday of February. Under the auspices of the Dominican Fathers in the same city, St. Kevin's House, Rutland Square, will be opened for respectable girls coming to seek employment in the city.

The Bishops have spoken very plainly in condemnation of the Coronation Oath, and Archbishop Walsh pointed out the still greater grievances—unjust taxation, educational inequality, the ban—at least in the letter of the law—against religious orders, and the receiving of all legislation from the unkindly Sister Isle.

SCOTLAND.

Dean Bisset, of Nairn, recently in America, said that in no country of Europe, save perhaps, in Norway and Sweden, was the Catholic church uprooted as in Scotland. Bitter prejudice reigned to within fifty years. Now there is a great and growing change. At present there are nearly half a million of Catholics, two Archbishops with four suffragan sees, 455 priests (of whom seventy-five are religious), many female orders for teaching and charity, and one seminary, while the Catholics in larger cities are a "fairly compact and comfortable body."

BELGIUM.

On the 25th of March the Congress

of Catholic workers closed at Brussels. Its president was M. Beernaert, former Prime Minister. Many and distinguished persons attended. Amongst them were the Archbishop of Mechlin and members of the highest families of Belgium. The different sections treated of questions concerning religion, agriculture, universities, propaganda, Christian economy, etc. So practical was the work that it dealt with the practice of religion amongst the soldiers, and with the houses of working people, reports of success obtained being read. Subscriptions were received and the federation of workingmen's clubs strongly advocated. Over the Ladies' section presided the Countess of Oultremont. One of the important matters considered was the *International Catholic Work for the Protection of Young Girls*.

PORTUGAL.

Anti-Protestant demonstrations, provoked by the "souper" methods of the proselytisers, have been made by the people. These have not generally been noticed by the secular papers. The character of the 'verts in Portugal is notorious. They attend the Catholic service for their souls, and the non-Catholic for money and food. It has been reported that the Marquis de Carvalho, Grand Master of Ceremonies at Court, has resigned his position owing to the un-Catholic action of the King. The Marquis is a descendant of Pombo, who, in a former age, expelled the Jesuits.

DENMARK.

Copenhagen lately celebrated the 700th anniversary of the death of its founder, the great Catholic Archbishop Absalon. A tower built by him against the pirates was the beginning of the city, which now contains about half a million of people. In front of the Town Hall a great bronze monument in copper is raised by public subscription in honor of the Archbishop. Eloquent,

learned, pious, and endowed with uncommon physical strength, he became prime minister of King Waldemar the Great, and primate of Denmark. The country was indebted largely to him for its independence. He was the terror of the pirates and the patron of letters. By his directions the Cistercian monks of Soroe prepared a history of Denmark, the most valuable part of which is the *Danish Chronicle* of Saxo, the Archbishop's secretary. It required a threat of excommunication from the Pope to make Absalon accept the primacy of Denmark. He died in the Cistercian monastery of his native place, Soroe.

For the last fifty years the Danes enjoy religious freedom. There are at present about 9,000 Catholics in a population of about 2,000,000. There are forty priests, and in Copenhagen five Catholic churches, without about 600 children in the Catholic schools. About 100 boys attend a Jesuit college. There are two Catholic weekly papers, and a Catholic press by its publications aids much in dispelling absurd prejudices.

THE RUSSIAN RIOTS.

The English *Daily News* publishes from a private letter this account of the

repression of the students' riot : " The Cossack officer with all his might hit the nearest student, and the student, after balancing a little, fell to the ground. Following the officer, the sergeant pressed forward, hitting with the whip in his right hand, and throwing the students under his feet. Then followed the men. At first all became quiet, as if no one could believe that totally unarmed men were being beaten. A terrible cry broke the stillness ; a woman fell in hysterics. The crowd cut off and surrounded by a detachment of Cossacks, was crying and sobbing, but could do nothing. . . . The students retired towards the Kazan church, where service was going on, and there the last part of the tragedy was enacted. . . . The students were falling to the ground row after row. . . . The Cossacks were hitting till blood streamed all over their victims, but the policemen knocked them down to death. Hands were smashed and skulls split open. In the church the policemen were beating to death the unhappy female students who had thought of finding protection with the priests. The policemen seized them by the hair and knocked their heads against the wall."



The bound volume of the French *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is an attractive and valuable work, its very pretty half-tone pictures adding not a little. The *general intention* for each month is developed in a series of altogether superior essays, in which the matter and style are in accord. The great religious questions of the day and the great needs of Christendom—Progress through Christianity, Liberty of Teaching, the Religious Orders, the Propagation of the Faith, etc.—are treated in those *general intentions* with an elevation of view and a completeness not often surpassed in the same space. Under the heading, "Friends of the Heart of Jesus" we have short lives of saints and other remarkable persons in the Church; while the "Interests of the Heart of Jesus" embrace the most various subjects bearing on the progress of the Church—the frankest criticism of the absurd persecution of the religious orders; Freemasonry and liberty, the Paris Exposition and the Jubilee, social action of Catholics, educational injustice, the missionaries in China, civil burial, etc. Papal and other official documents from Rome, matter pertaining directly to devotion to the Sacred Heart, poetry of a high order and book reviews make up the rest of this publication which contributes largely to Catholic progress in France and elsewhere.

* * *

Life of Felix de Andreis, C.M. By the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, C.M. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

The Lazarist Fathers ought to be made very happy by the publication of the extremely interesting and valuable life of their heroic and saintly

pioneer in America. We hope they feel a twinge of remorse also for having withheld it from us for so long a time. We almost feel aggrieved. While being an inspiration for clergy and laity alike, as the distinguished Archbishop of St. Louis says in his Preface, it is very valuable as a historical document. Here is a remarkably holy missionary whom we, in the East, knew very little about, who was a great theologian, a poet, a linguist, a scientist, to whom some of the greatest honors of the Church were offered, and whom the valiant Bishop Dubourg disputed with the Pope about possessing, coming out here in the early days of the republic, suffering privation such as we read of in the lives of the saints, winning all hearts by his gentle and sweet manners and leaving a memory behind him in the West that time has not only not diminished but increased, and yet only now honored as he should be. In July 1816, De Andreis left the Harbor of Bordeaux for America in a sailing vessel, at a time when the coast of France was strewn with wrecks. On the long and wearisome way over, he transformed the ship into a religious house, and, amid the privations and sickness of the voyage, had his little band observe all the regulations of the strictest community life. They were almost out of provisions when they reached Baltimore and their escape from starvation, for they could not make the port, was due to Father De Andreis' prayers. It is refreshing to read his ecstatic account of the beautiful harbor. The horrors of the *Basin* were evidently unknown then, and the blue waters of the Chesapeake were not discolored and unfragrant as they are now. From Baltimore

they started by stage coach to Pittsburg. The dangers of the journey are minutely detailed in a letter of the holy man, and we notice that he puts "mosquitoes and wolves" together. Is it a bit of humor of the witty Italian or were mosquitoes larger and more ferocious in those days? After many an adventure they reached Pittsburg which then had only about 10,000 people. There were but few Catholics in the place and a single priest looked after the spiritual needs of the immense district. Of course, he was an Irishman, and his name was O'Brien, another of the unknown heroes of the Church of America. From Pittsburg they were to go to Louisville by sailing down the Ohio. It was just then that steamboats were invented but a trip on one of them was like an overland journey on an automobile at the present day and it was no wonder that poor Father De Andreis stood aghast when the captain asked him \$2,000 for himself and his eleven companions. He very wisely took a flat boat, although it meant six weeks of floating as well as every variety of hardship. Finally, he reached his destination, and the seminary at the Barrens was begun in a log hut. There is question of introducing the petition for his canonization. We sincerely trust it may be admitted. The more those old heroes of the early Church in the United States are held up before us, the more promise will there be of our emulating their holiness and endeavoring to reap the rich harvest which has sprung up from the seeds which they sowed in such sorrow. We need saints in our country.

A very attractive fact connected with the book is that it is really written by Bishop Rosati, who had been Father De Andreis' pupil in Italy, had labored with him here in America in the early days, and whom De Andreis saw as the first Bishop of St. Louis. Circumstances interfered with its publication long ago, but his grace the present

Archbishop undertook the work, and it is now given to the public. It cannot fail to do much good, and we trust it will win a wide circulation. Every priest should read it.

* * *

Christmas Tide. By Eliza Allen Starr. Published by the Author, 299 Huron street, Chicago.

Christmas is a long way off, but this exquisite little book will be welcomed at any time. It is only in paper cover, but it is well printed and lavishly illustrated with copies of the masterpieces which deal with the subject of the Nativity. It proposes to impart a better understanding of Christmas by a study of the liturgy of the Feast, and with that the first part of the booklet concerns itself. The latter half discusses some of the great paintings of our Blessed Lady, in the affectionate contemplation of which the distinguished author, as we know, has spent a large part of her life. The Madonnas are very dear to Mrs. Starr. "Madonna" is for her "the loveliest word in the loveliest of all languages spoken by the human tongue. The keynote of dogma, the cypher by which we spell out the Majesty of the Incarnation."

* * *

Batta. By the Rev. Joseph Sheahan. Catholic Library Association, New York.

The only reproach we have to make against *Batta* is that it is published in pamphlet form, and printed in type that calls for a microscope. Put the text in large letters, illuminate its pages and give it to a Grolier Club to bind. The book deserves it. Learning, cleverness, wit, and availability as a polemical barbette, are all to be found in it and more besides; not here and there, but from cover to cover. Its title is an irritant to curiosity and will force the most jaded bookman to prowl all through the pamphlet.

"Batta" is a Greek word with doubtful right to live; but it means "poly," and "poly" means much. It

is a rare creature, shy of the classics, but yoked in the scriptures with the word "logesete" which is the imperative for "say." Does "battalogesete" signify much talking, or does it imply a trope that disports itself before us denouncing "vain repetitions" as most Protestant theologues pretend? Such is the doubt this little book raises and lays. All the heretics from Calvin down (Luther was not let into the scheme, and is against his brethren on this point as on many others) shout with vain repetitions for the latter sense and have been holding it over the benighted papist for centuries back as the divine condemnation of rosaries and other Romish mummeries. The pity of it, for them, is that it does not philologically or contextually mean anything of the sort. It is plain "poly." "Vain repetition" was a lucky hit or a crafty device inserted in the King James version after Tyndale had made "batta" and its yoke fellow "babble" which our own venerated Kenrick accepts not only as "babble" but "gabble." "The archbishop was too much influenced," says the author of *Batta*, "by his Protestant reading and showed his predilection by adopting this mistranslation." The respectful reproach conveyed in a brief note on page 26, will apply to lesser lights than Kenrick.

Father Sheahan dispenses us with Greek or other learned luggage on this journey through scriptural texts and heterodox and orthodox exegeses. In fact, the traps are so light that even a child will enjoy the trip which ends in showing in its entirety what we caught glimpses of from the beginning; viz., that the Lord did not forbid repetitions in prayer, for He was not talking about repetitions at all; nor could He have condemned them, for He repeated prayers Himself; nor did He need to condemn *vain* repetitions for they condemn themselves; now did He speak of "babble" or "gabble" for reasons that are self-evident, as babble and gab-

ble are only glosses, and not nice ones; nor did He condemn much praying or long praying, for He prayed much and long Himself; but what He did forbid was praying much *after the manner of the heathens*. How did and do the heathens pray? "With prayers," says *Batta*, "that read like poems; in exquisite phrases which hypocritically profess to be extempore and gushing from an overburdened heart; prayers which, on account of the deity's presumably limited knowledge, require a statement of facts before the petition as framed, and which consequently exact many details about oneself, family, friends, business, country, etc., all of which involve length; the object being that no mistake may be made by the grantor. That is the kind of prayer Christ condemns; not because of its length (though it ought to be condemned for that, at least sometimes), but because of the insult to Almighty God, in supposing that He had to be informed of the state of the case. Such prayers are like those the heathen priests made to Baal. "Shout louder," said Elias, "perhaps he is out, or asleep." Shouting is not bad in itself but it implies limitations in the one addressed.

Besides, though ostensibly delivered at God ("delivered at" is good) they are, in point of fact, speeches for the audience. "Such prayer-speeches" Father Sheahan adds, "are not confined to the clever Pharisee or the cultured heathen, nor did they cease with apostolic times. They are sufficiently common in our own day and in our own land. Not to mention prayer-meetings, the opening of legislatures and other public occasions, our Protestant ministers do not neglect any opportunity of displaying their literary accomplishments in telling God what the country needs; and, once in a while, even a Catholic priest on like occasions gives a similar exhibition." (The word exhibition is well chosen.) "Who is there who has ever *witnessed* one of

these beautiful prayer-speeches who imagined that the orator was as anxious to have God hear him as he was to have his audience delighted with his effort?"

All this is very clever and is an excellent reply to the heretical revilers, anent vain repetitions in Catholic prayers. It is pounding the enemy with his own pom-pom; it is occupying his kopje. In brief, it is not the Rosary that the Lord condemns by "batta," but the average parson's prayer-speeches in which the dominie considerably directs the government of the universe.

The concluding chapter on "Thibetan Prayer Wheels" is novel and illuminative. He will not condemn them. He almost extols them. He does not say it, but suggests to his readers that perchance some travelling Bonze who sees our devotees at the slot with its prayer for coin and promise of gum stamped on its metal face, will tell his countrymen that we, too, are addicted to prayer wheels. What will he say to the rude letters painted with vain repetitions on fences and rocks imploring the wayfarers to "prepare to meet their God, or conveying startling admonitions of their spiritual peril"?

Is there not a family resemblance in the methods? Why, then, mock at Thibet devices which mayhap are only intended to present sacred texts to the eye for edification and thought? And why especially fall into panic lest our rosaries be half kin to prayer wheels? They are at most memorandums, and the thoughts they suggest are not written on them, but spring bright and warm from the mind and heart.

"I like to see words of Holy Writ," says Batta, "whether they be words of prayer or praise, on the walls of churches. I might not like to see them on a revolving sign, but that is a matter of taste. If the shooting of fireworks, the continual snapping of crackers and booming of cannon, the whirling of fire wheels, the waving of flags are proper means of glorifying a

national hero or celebrating a national triumph, it would astonish an Oriental to hear that all these motions and movements are right, and the movements of his Prayer Wheel are wrong. Catholics should be careful not to condemn any custom unless they are certain that they know what it means and that it is wrong. We should leave the invention of new sins to our Protestant brethren, and should rather rejoice in all good things done, no matter when, where or by whom; and as for indifferent things we should allow everyone the liberty to do them or do them not, as he will." To which sentiment we heartily subscribe, and would wish it applied to some of the devotions of European countries which timid Catholics, in dread of Protestant criticism, are so often in haste to condemn. *Batta* is a good, healthy book, and much more.

* * *

Mother Mary Baptist Russell. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Apostleship of Prayer.

This *Life* has already appeared in the MESSENGER. As our readers know Mother Russell was the sister of the distinguished Chief Justice of England, Lord Killowen. It was at his request that Father Matthew Russell, S.J., the editor of the *Irish Monthly*, told the story of the sister whom they both loved so tenderly.

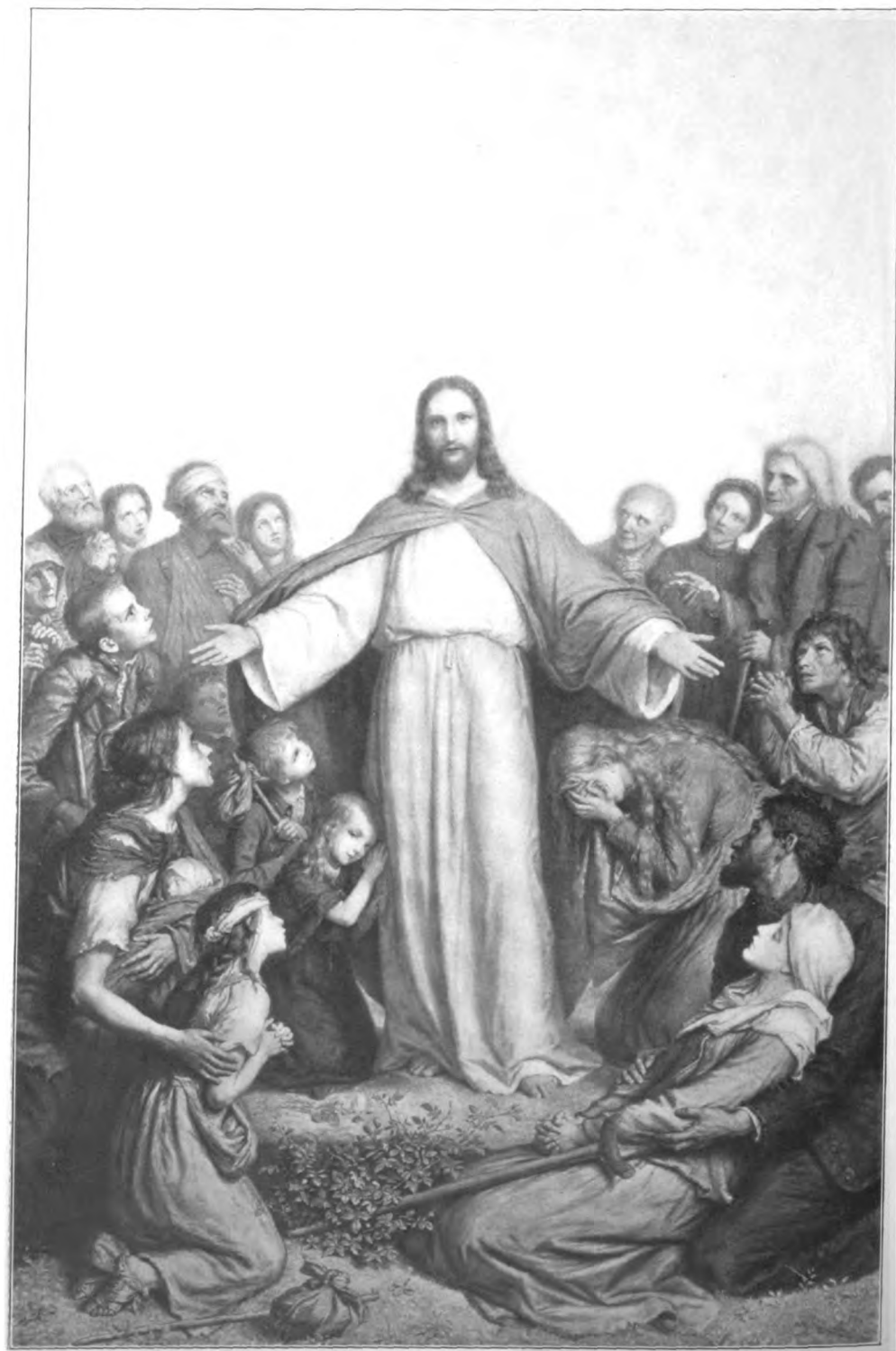
The *Life* is of especial interest to Americans inasmuch as the nun became a great woman in far-off San Francisco (far-off for Ireland, specially when she came over in the early fifties), while her two brothers were winning fame, the one in his native land, the other in England. The tender affection for the Russells for one another runs all through the book.

* * *

We need some January Supplements, and we shall gladly allow subscribers or Directors who may wish to return copies they cannot use, the cost of the numbers and postage for returning them.

WHEN the Church, in the days immediately succeeding her institution, was oppressed beneath the yoke of the Cæsars, a young emperor saw in the heavens a cross, which became at once the happy omen and cause of the glorious victory that soon followed. And now, to-day, behold another blessed and heavenly token is offered to our sight—the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, with a cross rising from it and shining forth with dazzling splendor amidst flames of love. In that Sacred Heart all our hopes should be placed, and from it the salvation of men is to be confidently besought.”

—*Encyclical of Leo XIII on the Consecration of the World to the Sacred Heart.*



"COME TO ME ALL YOU THAT LABOR AND ARE BURDENED AND I WILL REFRESH YOU."
ST. MATTHEW II. 28.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

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No. 6.

RAPHAEL'S STANZA OF HELIODORUS IN THE VATICAN.

By Georgina Pell Curtis.

WE read in the second book of the Maccabees that "when the holy city [Jerusalem] was inhabited with all peace, and the laws as yet were very well kept because of the godliness of Onias, the high priest, and the hatred his soul had of evil, it came to pass that even the kings, themselves, and the princes esteemed the place worthy of the highest honor and glorified the temple with very many gifts." There lived at that time a certain Simon, son of Benjamin, the overseer of the temple, a wicked man who was opposed to Onias, the high priest, and who strove to bring some evil on the city. Failing in his efforts to overcome Onias he went to Appollonius, the son of Tharseas, who was at that time governor of Celesyria and Phenicia, and told him that the temple was full of immense treasures, gold and silver, which might be brought into the king's hands. Appollonius carried this information to the king who commanded that Heliodorus, of whom all we know is that "he had charge over the governor's affairs," should be sent to Jerusalem to bring him the money and treasures. So Heliodorus set forth, pretending he was going to visit the cities of Celesyria and Phenicia, "and

when he was come to Jerusalem and had been courteously received in the city by the high priest, he told him what information had been given him concerning the money, and declared the cause for which he was come and asked if these things were so indeed." Then Onias replied that these were sums deposited to provide for the widow and fatherless and "that to deceive them who had trusted to the place and temple, which is honored throughout the whole world for the reverence and holiness of it, was a thing which could not by any means be done."

Nevertheless Heliodorus argued that he had the king's order and must carry out his command, and so persistent was he that fear and consternation spread over the entire city. The people flocked together in the streets, praying and making public supplication, girding themselves with sackcloth and calling upon Almighty God to preserve the things committed to their care, and not allow shame to fall on the city.

Meanwhile, Onias, the high priest, was prostrate in prayer in the temple, and whosoever saw his countenance "was wounded in heart, for his face and the changing of his colour declared the inward sorrow of his mind.



DELIVERANCE OF PETER—CENTRAL GROUP.

"For the man was so compassed with sadness and horror of the body that it was manifest to them that beheld him what sorrow he had in his heart."

Then the multitude gathered together in the temple, and they waited, in fear and expectation, the holy Onias "in an agony that would have moved anyone to pity."

Hither came Heliodorus surrounded by his guard and, having taken the money from the treasury was about to depart when "the spirit of the Almighty God gave a great evidence of his presence" so that the robbers "were struck with fainting and dread."

"For there appeared to them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, adorned with a very rich covering, and he ran fiercely and struck Heliodorus with his forefeet, and he that sat upon him seemed to have armour of gold."

"Moreover there appeared two other young men, beautiful and strong, bright and glorious, and in comely apparel, who stood by him, on either side, and scourged him without ceasing with many stripes."

"And Heliodorus suddenly fell to the ground, and they took him up covered with great darkness, and having put him into a litter they carried him out."

Such is the story of the first of the four frescoes in the hall of the Vatican, painted by Raphael and known as "The Stanza of Heliodorus." He was the first painter of his age to recover the long-lost thread of antiquity in his paintings. These frescoes in the State apartments of the Vatican, including those in the Camera della Segnatura, were done at intervals and took nine years to complete.

Ruskin says that in the Heliodorus Raphael attained the highest point of the art of composition, and that it is "without an equal in painting for movement, expression, idea and action." There is "no laborious effect, but each figure appears to be where it is of necessity."

The leading idea of this painting seems to be the direct protection that God gives His faithful servants. The subject is partly allegorical as well as historical. Heliodorus represents the robber barons who wanted to despoil the Church and overthrow it. Onias, the high priest, is Pope Julius II, the friend and patron of Raphael, whose pontificate was frequently harassed by the political operations of those who should have been loyal children of the Church.

Raphael wanted to show the Pope punishing the despoilers of the Church and obliging them to make a return for their robberies. Onias (whose likeness is that of Julius II) is on his knees imploring divine vengeance on Heliodorus and his followers. This is the keynote of the painting and its central object, without which the picture would be void of meaning.

The cavalier on horseback and the two young men with arms raised to strike Heliodorus are Angels sent by God in answer to the prayer of Onias, to punish Heliodorus for his sacrilege. This is effectively and almost dramatically brought out by Raphael in that he has left the whole foreground of the temple an open space, so that the eye is at once attracted to the high priest praying by the altar; also the vacant hall is that over which the avenging angels have just passed and it accounts for the way in which the spectators are crowded together on the other side of the temple, as if overcome by terror at the heavenly visitors.

In falling Heliodorus has lost his hold of the vessel containing the treasure and the money is scattered over the marble floor. He pays no heed to it as his whole attention is given to the advancing horse whose hoof is raised and just about to strike him. In his upturned face is depicted sorrow, violence and rage, while the expression in the faces of most of the spectators is one of fear, curiosity and astonishment. The avenging angel on the horse has a look of terrible and relentless purpose, while behind is the now disordered and terrified guard of Heliodorus, too frightened to give him any material aid.

Foremost among the crowd on the other side of the hall are a man and woman, more composed than the rest of the spectators and better dressed. The

man is Marc Antonio Raimondi, engraver of some of Raphael's most celebrated works. He is acting as one of the Pope's bearers, and has his left hand on the *sella gestatoria*, or chair of the Pope. The woman on the right hand is probably his wife.

The custom of the times frequently required an artist to introduce his benefactors in some of his masterpieces. On Raimondi's left hand, seated on the *sella gestatoria* is the pontiff Julius II. His appearance in the painting is conventional and has nothing to do with the history of the picture. It seems merely an act of homage on Raphael's part to his principal patron.



THE ANGEL AND ST. PETER

The other papal bearer is Giovanni Pietro de Folliari, of Cremona, behind whom we see the novices or virgins "that were shut up" and who came forth, some to the city and some to Onias in the temple.

The remaining figures in the fresco have no historical import. In this painting Raphael has excelled in strength and warmth of color so as to give something of the force of oil painting. He combined the beautiful with the antique and expresses more than any other painter purity, grace, nobleness of style and diversity of invention.

His method is free from all affectation and shows divine inspiration. Before he went to Rome in 1508, most of the State apartments in the Vatican had been painted by such artists as Pietro della Francesca, Luca Signorelli da Cortona, Bartolomeo della Gatto, Bramantino della Milano, Antonio Rozzi da Vercelli, and Pietro Perugino. Against such an array of talent Raphael entered unknown, untried and young in years, and he lived to exceed them all. Each of his great works in the Vatican is subject for special history. Heliodorus was painted in the second hall of the Vatican and was followed by the "Miracle of Bolsena"; both were executed prior to 1513, and in these frescoes there is a likeness of Pope Julius II.

The other two paintings, which comprise the "Stanza"—namely, "Attila" and the "St. Peter Released from Prison"—were painted after the death of Julius II, which took place on February 21, 1513. His successor, Giovanni de Medici, son of Lorenzo de Medici, who became Pope at the age of 37 years and took the name of Leo X, was devoted to art and was as warm a patron of Raphael as Julius II had been.

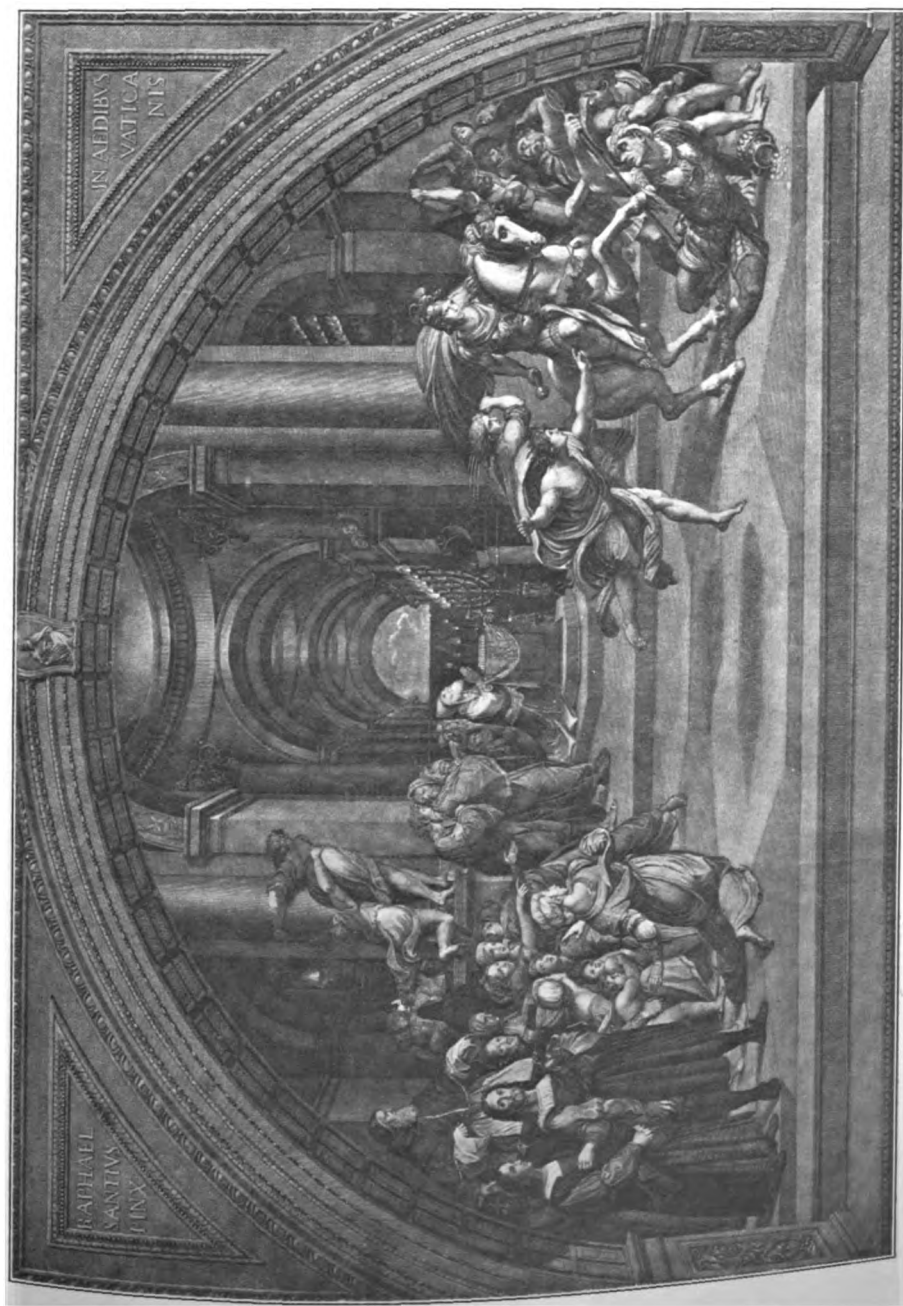
So Raphael has introduced the likeness of Leo X in the two pictures that were painted after Leo's accession—March 11, 1513. The fresco next in order to Heliodorus is the "Miracle of

Bolsena," and forms a sort of continuation of the idea that called forth the Heliodorus, illustrating as it does the direct intervention of God to put a stop to unbelief. Raphael here embodies an old tradition that, in 1263, when Urban IV was Pope, a certain priest who had lost his faith in Transubstantiation was saying Mass when he suddenly saw blood flow from the Sacred Host which he had just consecrated. This miracle took place in the Church of St. Christina, in Bolsena, and is commemorated in the feast of Corpus Christi.

In Raphael's time a heresy arose about the Holy Sacrament, which he has sought to combat both in this painting and in his "Disputa." In the "Miracle of Bolsena" the picture, as in Parnassus, is divided by a window. Raphael has managed to apportion the space with consummate skill. The walls on each side of the window are used to represent the steps leading to the altar. The unbelieving priest is regarding the stain of blood on the communion cloth with shame and confusion, while in front of him kneels the Pope, who is supposed to be Urban IV, but whose likeness is that of Julius II. The figure of the Pontiff is full of dignity. Behind him kneel the cardinals, quiet and almost impassive, while the appearance of the rest of the group—the stolid calm of the Swiss guard, the vivacious excitement and wonder of the Italian spectators, the rosy-faced children and the choir of young and refined novices, all combine to make a striking picture.

This painting has great truth and vigor of coloring; and, like all Raphael's drawings, there are expression and unity, and each figure tells, no matter how many appear in one painting.

The third fresco, "The Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison," and the fourth, "Attila," were done in the second year of the pontificate of Pope Leo X, and he appears in each painting.



HELIODORUS DRIVEN FROM THE TEMPLE.

In the St. Peter there is an inscription under the window which reads:

"Leo X, Pont. Max. Ann. Chr. MDXIV. Pontificatus Sui II."

This fresco was painted by Raphael to honor Leo X, who thought there was a similarity between the deliverance of St. Peter from prison and his own release after being taken prisoner at the battle of Ravenna, in 1512, when he was cardinal under Julius II, and was endeavoring as papal legate to protect the interests of the Holy See. His deliverance, which was regarded as almost miraculous, occurred exactly twelve months to a day before his elevation to the papacy; and it was this which suggested the subject of St. Peter to Raphael. The painting is on the wall right opposite the "Miracle of Bolsena," and like it is divided into three parts by a window. In the Bolsena, in spite of the division, the painting forms one picture only; but in the St. Peter the subject comprises three periods, and hence three different pictures.

In the centre over the window is an open grating. St. Peter is chained to his guards, and all three are asleep. He is visited by an angel who has come to sunder his chains. In the second picture on the right, as we look at it, the holy apostle is represented leaving the prison guided by the angel, whose figure, in the foreground, is full of divine beauty and power. The apostle, tall, dignified, grave, with white hair and beard, is in the shadowy background following his guide. On the steps in front of the angel are the sleeping soldiers, who fail to awake as St. Peter and the heavenly visitor draw near. The scene on the left of the picture shows the rest of the guard, waking up and still heavy with sleep. One of them, holding a torch, has just discovered the flight of the apostle and is giving the alarm. This rendering of three pictures in one was common in the early ages of painting among all peoples; but modern

critics think it a violation of the rules of art. Raphael did not adopt the plan from ignorance, as no painter was ever more loyal than he to the principle of cohesion of action and oneness of place. It is probable that he had to adapt his subject to the division of the wall made by the window, compelling him to paint above and on each side of it.

Another matter in which Raphael has been criticized is the fact that the soldiers, though supposed to be living in the time of St. Peter, are clothed in the steel helmets and arms of the sixteenth century. But we must remember that the picture was painted to show forth the escape of Leo X from the French at Ravenna, and consequently some symbolism of that period is introduced.

One of the chief beauties of this fresco is the wonderful effect of light and shade. The first and second pictures are lighted by the radiance from the angel—the third by the moon and torch.

This was an entire novelty in Raphael's day, and the position of the painting, which faces the light, increases the effect.

Only a few other artists, among them Rembrandt and Correggio, have made such a special study of the play of light and shade in a picture, as Raphael has done, and none have ever surpassed him.

The fourth and last of the frescoes comprising the "Stanza" is best understood by first outlining a little history. Since the invasion of Charles VIII in 1494, Italy had become a bone of contention over which the French, Germans and Spaniards were always quarreling. Pope Julius II strove manfully to rid the country of the foreigner, and Leo X, at that time cardinal, had upheld and seconded his aims. When Leo X became Pope he succeeded in accomplishing what Julius II had striven for. Leo was a diplomat and statesman, as well as a sound churchman, and



HELIODORUS AND THE ANGEL.

he enjoyed for a time the success of his labors. The foreign foe was completely vanished, and peace would probably have been permanent had not the death of Louis XII of France upset the existing condition of things. For two years from the death of Louis, Europe was more or less disturbed, until in 1515, when Francis I invaded Italy. Raphael has made use of this state of things to form the subject of his fourth fresco.

† In the time of Pope St. Leo I, western Europe was overrun by Attila and the Huns. So successful and terrible was the warfare they raged that Attila was called "the Scourge of God" because of his sword which was regarded as almost supernatural. A tradition was universal in Europe that Attila was met and vanished by Pope St. Leo, bearing the cross, and it is this legend which Raphael has used in his fresco.

Indirectly it commemorates the success of Leo X in driving the French out of Italy. In the painting, Attila appears in the centre of the picture mounted on

a superb black horse with white spots. Behind him a number of his followers are coming forth from a narrow mountain pass. In the background is Pope St. Leo and a train of his followers advancing toward Attila.

The Pontiff holds aloft the Cross and above him in the sky are the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul waving flaming swords. The background of this scene represents the open country near Rome. It has been said that "of all the conceptions of Raphael this, perhaps, most brilliantly displays in combination with resources of his own peculiar genius, those of a talent unknown before his time. We refer to the art by means of which he has managed to render clear and intelligible to the eye a subject manifold in its parts and the action of which, complex in its causes and from its effects, would seem to involve for the eye a necessary contradiction. Yet three different circumstances of the same action and, if you will, three moments and three movements which language would bring in succession before the mind, were here rendered

sensible to the eye when presented to the vision at once."

Language is hardly needed to express the sudden check Attila's army has received. The reining in of the horses, the disorder and desire to turn and flee evinced by the Huns with, on the other hand, the calm dignity of the Pope and his followers sure of victory, and the supernatural vision in the sky all speak for themselves. No vast army would have terrified Attila as the appearance of the Apostles, who say to him "Thou shalt go no further," has done. It is generally believed by critics that the barbarian chief alone is aware of the heavenly apparition and that his followers see only St. Leo and his retinue; but the fear and confusion of their chief is communicated to all his army. Two soldiers are pointing to the Pope who is mounted on a sober horse led by a groom and followed by a crowd

of ecclesiastics and attendants. Many of them were portraits of Raphael's contemporaries. St. Leo I is a likeness of Leo X. Conspicuous in the foreground of the picture and even more striking than the figure of Attila is a rider mounted on a magnificent white horse. Both horse and rider are remarkable for life, beauty and strength, and the sudden checking and drawing back—the rider seeming to throw his whole figure backward, as the horse almost falls on its haunches—shows how rapid the march and how sudden the check to the army has been.

In this drawing there is a likeness of Raphael and Perugino, as there is also in the "School of Athens." Either the Pope wished it or else it was a custom of the time. Certainly it does not imply any vanity on Raphael's part, for never was any great painter more modest and humble. The whole Stanza

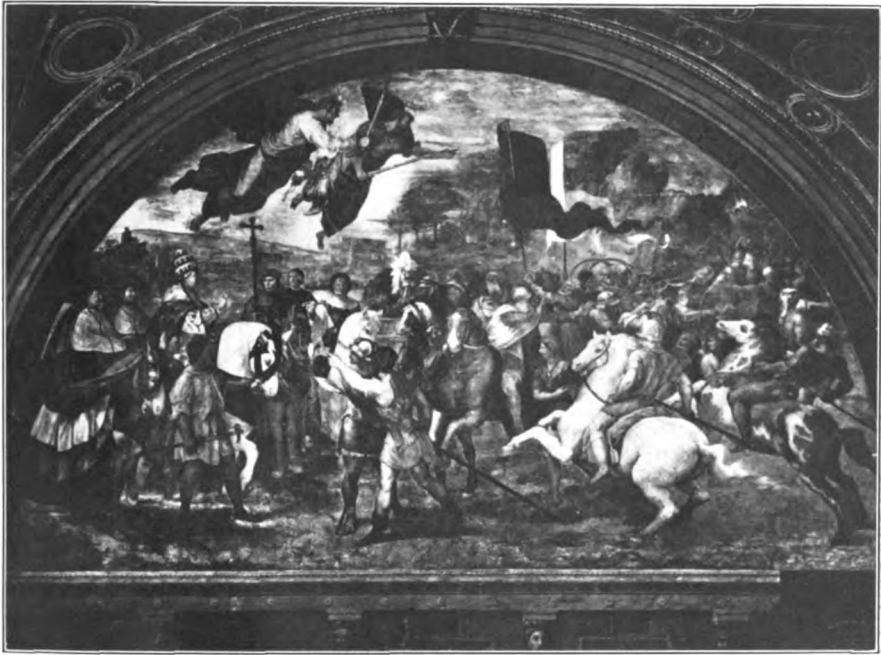
is a magnificent testimonial to the benefits the Papacy has bestowed on the Church and the world.

A number of small drawings on the walls and embrasures of the windows refer to the prosperity of the Papal states under Leo X. Eleven figures of women, with capitals on their heads, support the cornice and represent Religion, Law, Peace, Protection, Nobility, Commerce, Navigation, Plenty, Husbandry, Agriculture and the Cultivation of the Vine; and on marble slabs beneath are pictures representing Harvest, Rome protecting the arts and sciences, Minerva banishing discord, Agriculture, the Vintage, Threshing Corn, Abundance, Husbandry, Rome and the Tiber and the Navy.

It has been said that the Camera della Segnatura is



THE GUARD AFFRIGHTED.



LEO I PREVENTING ATTLA'S ENTRANCE TO ROME.

the superior in grandeur of design, purity of drawing and severity of execution; while the Heliodorus takes the first rank for dramatic force, boldness of execution and warmth of coloring.

Ruskin says that Raphael makes his figures think. If we compare the whole

tone and choice of subjects of Raphael and Michael Angelo and other artists of the middle ages, with the modern school of the nineteenth century, it may cause us also to think, first and chiefly, that it is the Catholic Church which has raised art to the highest plane it will ever attain.

ECCE COR MEUM!

By the Rev. W. J. Ennis, S.J.

WE gaze, sweet Lord, upon that Heart of Thine
 And see the spear-thrust and the circling thorn
 Ope-sesames to golden secrets born
 Of love's own wealth within a Heart divine.
 Whose lying lips drink rose-crowned chalice wine
 Of sense, which blinds the soul as mists the morn ;
 The selfish eyes from sorrow turned in scorn
 Are mutely dumb before that symbol'd shrine.
 The symbol on that Heart is one of love.
 Thus years ago the sainted Bernard writ.
 And sorrow crowned, the meek and pure from sin
 Alone can rede aright this treasure-trove
 With blessed Bernard who interprets it—
 "The outward wound shows wounded Love within."

WHY SHOULD THE POPE RECOVER HIS TEMPORAL POWER?

By the Rev. C. Coppens, S.J.

THE opportuneness of writing at present an article on the Temporal Power of the Supreme Pontiff has been suggested to me by a letter which I have lately received. It comes from an educated and pious Catholic who is daily brought in contact with intelligent persons alien to our holy religion, and who looks for clear and definite answers to give to their many questionings. The Temporal Power, which has been a live subject of discussion ever since the usurpation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel in 1870, has of late acquired increased vitality as a special result of the visits paid to the Eternal City by distinguished pilgrims, clerical and lay, who have had occasion to witness with their own eyes the evils resulting from the present deplorable condition of the Church of Christ in the city of her Supreme Pontiff. Many of these witnesses are men of great influence and ability, and they have spoken out in such loud and earnest tones as have commanded the attention of the whole civilized world.

The questions which my correspondent asks on this occasion will, therefore, be of interest to many readers of the MESSENGER. Here is an extract of the letter: "On what grounds does the Pope contend that the temporal possessions should be restored to him, after they have been wrested from him by a conquering foe? What difference exists between the conquest of this and other territories? These are questions put forth by those not in favor of the Temporal Power. 'Yes,' they say, 'these were given to the Popes once; but now they have been taken from them; doesn't that end the matter?' What solution of the difficulty is looked for? Some

Catholics, even, seem opposed to the restoration of these possessions."

USURPATION GIVES NO TITLE TO POSSESSION.

The first question is: "On what grounds does the Pope contend that the temporal possessions should be restored to him?" The answer is obvious. Robbery, or usurpation, cannot give the usurper a right to retain what he has unjustly taken nor deprive his victim of the right to reclaim it. Now, Victor Emmanuel and his government were certainly usurpers when they invaded the Papal States and took Rome by assault. They hypocritically pretended to defend the Pope against rebel subjects, and then stripped him of his army and his Temporal Power. Evidently, therefore, Italy has no right whatever to retain possession of Rome and the Papal States. It is, besides, a dictate of common sense that stolen property must be restored to its owner. If this were not so, any thief could rightfully retain what he has stolen, any robber nation what it has robbed. Might would become right. Napoleon III strove to have this robber policy of his received as an acknowledged principle of International Law; he called it the principle of *acknowledged facts*. By it he meant that if any country succeeded, no matter how unjustly, in getting firm possession of any territory or people, it could hold the same as its just and lawful possession. Men or nations might at times admit such iniquity and call it justice; they can call might right, but they cannot make it right. God has settled the case for Napoleon, as He will sooner or later settle it for all his imitators.

The only possible evasion from these evident truths would be the plea that nations need not observe the moral law nor the Commandments of God ; that the prohibition "Thou shalt not steal" was meant for private individuals, not for rulers or countries. But what honest man would uphold such a pretence ? On the contrary, kings and governments are strictly bound to give the example of justice to their subjects ; and, while human laws and lawcourts may cast a poor man into prison for stealing a few cents and protect those in power who steal millions of dollars, yet men cannot succeed in bribing the Supreme Lawgiver and Judge, with Whom there is no acceptance of persons, Who has the same scale to weigh the actions of rich and poor, of nations and of the humblest of their subjects.

The Italian government, then, having, by intrigue and by open violence, robbed the Supreme Pontiff of his Temporal Power, cannot justly refuse to restore it to its rightful possessor, no more than a highway robber can lawfully retain his booty. And this truth would apply if the victim of the robbery were not the Vicar of Christ but the Sultan of Egypt or the king of the Sulu Islands or any human being whatever. It is very true that the rights of the Pope to his dominions possess a special kind of sacredness of which we will speak further on ; for the present we insist on this principle alone, that successful theft, robbery or usurpation cannot deprive the victim of his rights, and that the usurped property must be restored to its owners.

NO RIGHT OF CONQUEST HERE.

But my questioner lays stress on the fact that the Temporal Possessions of the Pope "have been wrested from him by a *conquering foe*." Is there not such a thing as a *right of conquest* ? Yes, there is ; but it does not mean that a powerful nation has the right to plunder a weak one, or that an unjust war

can give a lawful claim to the possession of conquered territory. When a country has been unjustly forced into a war it can, of course, justly defend itself ; and, if it be victorious, it can demand of the unjust aggressor compensation for the losses in men and money which it has suffered during the war. By way of compensation, it may demand or hold territory formerly possessed by the aggressor, in such extent as is needed to repay it for the losses sustained and to secure it against future aggression by the same foe. The right thus acquired to territory or other property is what is meant by the *right of conquest*. It cannot be claimed by an unjust aggressor in an unjust war ; and, therefore, it does not belong to the government of Italy in its unlawful usurpation of the Pope's Temporal Power. This is not the right but the wrong of conquest ; it is not a part of civilization but of barbarism, which means the supremacy of might to the disregard of right. (See Vattel's "Law of Nations," book III, chapters xi-xiii.)

THE GUILT OF SACRILEGE.

The next query of my interrogator is this : "What difference exists between the conquest of this and other territories ?" There are several differences of great moment. The first is the difference between stealing from a church and stealing from a private party. The former adds the guilt of sacrilege to the guilt of theft. The Temporal Power of the Pope does not belong to him as to an individual or a member of a royal family, but solely as to the Supreme Pontiff of the Church of Christ. As such, the Pope acquired it, as such he holds it ; it would be a sacrilege for him to give it away and it is a sacrilege for any king or nation to take it away.

The second reason, why it is far worse to usurp the States of the Church than any other territory is that

the Temporal Power is necessary for the Popes that they may successfully perform the duties committed to them by Christ Himself. For He has appointed the successors of St. Peter to teach and govern His Church for the salvation of the world. Now they cannot do this efficiently while deprived of the Temporal Power which, for this reason, Divine Providence gave to them and has maintained in their possession for over thirteen centuries.

It is evident that, if the Popes are not sovereigns then they are subjects—there is no middle way. They would be subjects of Italy—that is, subjects of the Masonic ministers who control its policy and direct its legislation, and, therefore, subjects of the most mortal enemies that the Church has at present on the earth.

The government of the Freemasons in Italy, as in several other lands, has been engaged for years back in robbing the property of the Church and that of her charitable institutions, in striving to control the appointment of the Bishops, in drafting the clergy into the army, in forcing infidel schools on the Catholic population, in confiscating the seminaries and colleges in which the students of missionary countries were receiving a suitable education for their future heroic labors—in a word, the Italian government has left nothing undone to hamper and destroy the work of the Catholic religion, to cripple its resources, and to obstruct to the utmost of its power the influence of the Supreme Pontiff. If, as every sensible man maintains, the government must be for the benefit of the governed, Italy has shown itself to be totally unfit to govern the Pope and his Catholic subjects. It has played in their regard the part, not of a shepherd but of a robber.

HISTORY PROVES THE NECESSITY OF
THE TEMPORAL POWER.

Two years ago, when both the czar of Russia and the Protestant queen of Hol-

land had invited the Pope to send his representative to the International Peace Congress of The Hague, when all the other powers there represented would have admitted such an envoy as a matter of course, when the nature of the business to be there transacted—the promotion of peace for all nations—distinctly called for the coöperation of the most efficient peace-maker on earth, the Italian government alone objected to the presence of the Pope's representative at the congress and effectually prevented the Vicar of the Prince of Peace from exercising a most beneficent function of his exalted ministry. If the Supreme Pontiff had been a Temporal Ruler at the time, such an injustice to him would have been impossible. He cannot be efficiently protected against the recurrence of similar outrages but by the restoration of his Temporal Sovereignty.

History records, also, numerous instances of efforts made by various civil powers to interfere with the Pontiff's government of the Church. Thus the first Napoleon wanted nothing better than to have the Popes as his vassals, and by this means use the Church as a tool to work his own purposes. As he found Pius VI firm in defence of his independence, he had him carried off from Rome into France. There he would willingly have loaded him with honors if only he could make him the servant of his imperial will. But death freed the victim from the tyrant's grasp. Later on, however, he succeeded in extorting from Pius VII the most humiliating and injurious concessions, which would never have been yielded if the Pope had not been at the time deprived of his temporal power. When, towards the end of the middle ages, the Supreme Pontiffs resided for seventy years at Avignon, they were considered by many nations as tools of the French kings, and thus they lost the confidence of a large portion of their subjects—a fact which prepared Europe for the evils of the Reformation.

DANGERS OF THE SITUATION.

If any Catholic still doubts of the sad consequences likely to result from the subjection of the Pope to any temporal ruler, let him look at the Russian Church and see how it has become a mere department of the State. When Peter the Great became czar of Russia, he undertook to subordinate the Church to his sovereign control. It was at the time governed by the Patriarch of Moscow, who had made himself independent of his former superior, the Patriarch of Constantinople. In 1721, the czar suppressed the Patriarchate and instituted in its stead a council called the Holy Synod, of which he appointed all the members. Through this creature of the State, composed in part of laymen, all the doctrine, discipline and church government were revised and settled in detail; and to the present day all the officials and dignitaries of the Russian Church are required to subscribe to these changes, and they are in entire subjection to the czar's domination.

Now, if the Pope of Rome were the subject of any civil power, in particular of such an infidel government as rules Italy to-day, he would be in even a sadder condition than his predecessors were at Avignon; he would be in great danger of faring no better than the Patriarch of Moscow; and a synod, appointed by a Freemason government, might after a while be forcibly installed in the Vatican and substituted for the successor of St. Peter.

The statement just made may at first sight look like a false alarm; but it is not. First, the government of Italy is anti-Catholic enough to attempt the destruction of the Papacy by any measure in its power. Secondly, the people of Italy are so far reduced to impotence by the usurpers that little or nothing can be hoped from their resistance to such tyranny. Thirdly, if the attempt were made, foreign governments would look on as indifferently or complacently

as they now look at the present sad situation. Protestants generally would rejoice at a consummation for which they have devoutly wished ever since the beginning of the Reformation. And what would Catholics do? What are they doing to-day in the matter? Will they not stand listlessly by or be satisfied with idle lamentations? Will they become braver and more hopeful after the now-threatening danger shall have become an accomplished fact? True, Providence will not allow the entire destruction of the Pope's spiritual power; else the gates of hell would have prevailed against the Church, and Christ has promised that this will never be. But He has not promised that He would always provide for the Papacy such protection as would maintain it in its highest efficiency. He has left much, in this matter as in others, to the free will of men. He has allowed at various times the temporary eclipse of this sun of justice, as He did when Europe was divided between two claimants to the Chair of Peter. He has allowed the spreading of spiritual darkness over large countries formerly the brightest realms of light, to the ruin of countless souls. Were not most of the Eastern lands once Catholic which are Mahometan to-day? Were not all the northern parts of Europe Catholic which are now the stronghold of Protestantism? What may become of those lands in which Freemason governments are gradually obstructing the action of the Church more and more completely, as they are doing in Spain, Portugal, France and Italy, and to no little extent in Austria? If their progress be not soon arrested the Church in Europe may become as powerless for her great soul-saving mission as she is to-day in all the countries of South and Central America.

THE ENTIRE CHURCH IS THE SUFFERER.

But the evils resulting from the loss of the Pope's Temporal Power are not

confined to any particular region or regions ; they affect the entire Catholic Church. To give one example : The holding of a General or Ecumenical Council, when the occasion demands it, is of the highest importance for the welfare of the whole Church ; scarcely anything can be more important. Such a Council was summoned to meet in the Vatican, and began its labors there in 1869. But before it could complete its important work, it was compelled to adjourn its meetings by the approach of the Italian usurper. Its sessions have now been interrupted for the last thirty years. If the Pope could recover his Temporal Power they would, no doubt, be immediately resumed. Catholic progress is thus held in check by a usurping foe. Every Catholic throughout the world has a right to resent this—nay, is in duty bound to oppose it by every lawful means in his power. We American citizens in particular see no reason why we should allow our liberty of conscience to be interfered with by a foreign tyrant ; we should protest against it in terms as forcible as those lately used on the same subject by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal of England.

The following is an extract from his noble protest against this Italian usurpation ; and his cause is so evidently just that many English secular papers, the *London Times* among them, have for once freely opened their columns to Catholic writers on the subject. The Duke of Norfolk writes : " In demanding the liberty and independence of the Pope, we, as English Catholics, demand what regards and concerns ourselves—*res nostra agitur*. . . . There are in the British empire some fourteen millions of Catholics ; and, consequently, the question of Papal liberty is one which regards us not only as Catholics but as English. The religious liberty of a considerable element of British subjects is at stake. . . . We English Catholics, like those of the whole world, recog-

nize the supreme authority of the Pope both in dogmatic and moral questions, and in those of external ecclesiastical discipline. It is the Pope who nominates our Bishops and Vicars-Apostolic ; he regulates and superintends the religious Orders, and it is to the Pope that appeal is made in cases of doubt or difference.

" It is clear then that were the Pope to cease his protests and resign himself to the political and judicial position created for him by the government which occupies Rome, fourteen millions of British subjects would be put under the foreign influence of the Italian State, become lord and master of the Pope—that is to say, of the Head who governs and rules the Church in our country. That would be intolerable ; for the Pope's character and mission place him above all states and all nations, and above them he must remain to exercise his universal ministry."

MISSIONS AMONG THE HEATHEN.

There is still another very serious objection to the loss of the Pope's Temporal Power—namely, the sad effects it would produce on foreign missions among the heathen. From all missionary lands chosen youth have for centuries been sent to Rome to receive a thoroughly Catholic education in the various colleges maintained there for the express purpose of imbuing such students with the spirit of their holy religion at its fountain head. Only a few weeks ago a celebration took place in Rome at which addresses were read and discourses spoken in forty different languages, mostly by natives in their own mother tongue. Now the Italian government, instead of fostering and enlarging such missionary institutions, as the Papal government has always done, has exerted its power to impede their efforts and to cripple their resources. Year after year its confiscations are extended further and the total ruin of that

center of missionary activity may be accomplished.

It would not be the first time in history that the propagation of the gospel among the heathens has been arrested by persecutions of the Church in Europe. In the time of St. Francis Xavier, the work of converting India, Japan and China to Christianity was most auspiciously begun and it was rapidly progressing when it was everywhere checked by the spread of the Reformation. In Japan, for instance, through the influence of the Dutch Protestants, Christianity, which bade fair to gain the whole country, was entirely stamped out. If it had not been for the Reformation, all Asia and much of Africa would probably long before this have been rescued from paganism and brought into the fold of Christ.

Another deplorable check was given to the Catholic missions by the suppression of the Society of Jesus in the eighteenth century. This was effected by a combination of the courts of those same countries whose Masonic governments are now warring against the church in almost all the Catholic lands of Europe. If they succeed in their present persecutions of the Pope and of the religious orders they will cripple the missions beyond all calculation.

INDIGNITY OF THE SITUATION.

† Much might be said of the indignity offered by the Italian usurpers to the highest dignitary on earth, the sacred Vicar of Christ, the august head of the divine institution which counts nearly three hundred millions of members. That the comparatively little kingdom of Italy should attempt to control the liberty of this sublime authority is an outrage to his dignity and to the self-respect of all his subjects. It is worse than if a state of the Union were to usurp control over the District of Columbia, assume the management of its postoffice, appropriate its income, confine the President of the United States

in the White House, impose its laws upon the senators and representatives and make the meetings of congress all but impossible.

The strange plea is sometimes presented that Rome belongs to Italy. There were centuries when all Italy belonged to Rome or was subject to Rome. But there never was a time before the present when Rome depended on Italy. Italy is a geographical division of Europe; the very different sections of its population never till now constituted a nation. There was a collection of heterogeneous countries called kingdoms, duchies, principalities, republics, etc. One of them, Sardinia, since 1860 has, by treachery and violence, usurped successively all those independent powers and has finally made itself master of Rome, which it has made its capital in name, its subject in reality.

Since the defeat of the last pagan emperor by Constantine the Great, Rome has never been for any length of time the residence of any ruler but the Pope. Constantine was converted, A.D. 323; in 330 he removed to Byzantium, which from him is called Constantinople. During the following century Rome had only three short visits of an emperor. In 404 the seat of government was transferred to Ravenna, whose Exarch for a long period of time represented the Imperial power in the West. When the barbarians invaded Italy, Rome was protected not by the emperors but by the Popes. These were often forced to go elsewhere for awhile, but they always returned, and when in Rome, they never were the subjects of any other power. They cannot be. Even to-day the Italian government is forced practically to admit this principle by pretending to recognize the Pontiff's independence in his own Vatican palace. But while this arrangement respects his person and his home, it does not give him that liberty of action which he needs to fulfill the worldwide duties of his Heaven-appointed office.

SOURCES OF MISCONCEPTIONS.

My correspondent asks : " Why do some Catholics oppose the Pope's Temporal Power ? " The question, I take it, regards especially American Catholics. Now, 1. Americans generally, Catholics included, have accepted it as an axiom that governments derive their authority from the consent of the governed ; and they suppose that the Romans themselves have rejected the civil authority of the Pontiff and chosen Victor Emmanuel for their king. But this is far from the truth. The Romans have been compelled by main force to accept against their will the foreign dominion of Sardinia ; or, rather, they have not accepted it at all, but by abstaining from voting they are in a continued state of active protest. When Rome was taken, in 1870, the usurpers ordered a plebiscite by which the inhabitants of the city should annex themselves to the kingdom of Italy. A plebiscite is a vote taken by universal suffrage. All the males then who were of age in a population of 440,000 were urged to vote for the annexation. But the decent people refused ; less than 41,000 appeared at the polls, and these were mostly the rabble and imported agitators. The vast majority by abstaining from taking part in the solemn farce, strongly condemned the whole proceeding.

But even if all the Romans had voted to cast off the Papal authority, they would have had no more right to do so than the District of Columbia would have the right to cast off the authority of Congress and annex itself to Maryland or any state. The common good of this country takes precedence of the District's wishes ; much more must the common good of the 300,000,000 of Catholics which requires the Temporal Power of the Pope, determine the civil status of a section of country.

2. A second reason why some American Catholics do not see the need of the Pope's independence comes from their

ignorance of the state of things in Europe. The government of the United States does not meddle with religious denominations ; and, therefore, many Americans imagine that Italy would not interfere with the Supreme Pontiff's spiritual functions. But they are entirely mistaken in this. There is scarcely a country in Europe where the civil power does not strive to control the Church. In England Parliament controls the Established Church, in Russia the czar, in Germany the emperor. In France, Italy, Portugal, Spain and Austria, and in all the countries of South and Central America, the civil power is constantly abridging religious liberty in a variety of ways of which most of our countrymen have no idea. Hence their misconception of the Papal situation. Take as a familiar example of such interference with spiritual government, the *exequatur*, as it is called, or *placitum regium*, which is thus defined by the Standard Dictionary : " A prerogative claimed by secular rulers to exclude from their territory any Papal Bull deemed hurtful or unwise." It prevents the Supreme Pontiff from exercising his divinely appointed office of teaching and governing the Church except as far as sovereigns are willing to allow.

3. A third source of such error comes from ignorance of European history, or false information on the subject. Nearly all historical works in the English language give a totally false account of every event in which the Popes of Rome figured prominently ; and few are the important events in which the Supreme Pontiff was not a prominent figure as an actor or a sufferer. He is ever represented in English literature as the opponent of liberty, even when he is the victim of oppression. None have done more to protect the liberty of the people in Europe than the Popes. For instance, they alone could and did check the abuses of the Spanish Inquisition ; and still they are constantly spoken of, here and in England, as blamable

for its excesses. Thus a strong prejudice has been created against the Popes and against anything that enhances their authority ; and the sympathies of Americans, even of some Catholics, are unconsciously enlisted in the cause of those who oppose their Temporal Power.

4. Fourthly, many Catholics take too low a view of their glorious Church as if she were one of the sects and entitled to such privileges only as the sects enjoy. Her Divine institution, her venerable Apostolic antiquity, her three hundred millions of subjects that so clearly exhibit her universality or Catholicity ; the exalted sanctity visible in her sublime doctrines, in her abiding power of miracles, in the heroic lives and deaths of her countless saints—all these grand considerations are overlooked and she is apologized for as if she were an old mother in her dotage. Catholics have for their mother the immortal spouse of Christ, as they have God for their Father, and the Son of God for their Redeemer. They should speak up glorying and exulting in their happy lot. The American character loves what is grand and admires what is successful. Now, nothing on earth is grander than the Catholic Church ; nothing more successful in her extent, her permanence among all manner of assaults, her unparalleled influence, the union of her members in one faith amid the Babel of contradictory opinions in the sects. But, above all, the Catholic Church alone will be successful in lasting beyond the limits of time and in sharing in the glory of her Divine Spouse, ceasing only to be the militant Church on earth when she becomes the glorified Church of God in Heaven.

WHAT SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTY IS LOOKED FOR?

This is the last question we are called upon to answer. In one way it is the easiest. The only just, the only satisfactory, the only possible solution, without which the difficulty would always

remain, is the restoration of the Pope's Temporal Power. It is also the solution to which all the precedents of history point as the most probable. For, in numberless instances in the past, the Sovereign Pontiff has been in situations similar to the present. Often driven from Rome, often cast into prison, often put to death like his Divine Master, like Him he has ever risen and reappeared in his former vigor and glory.

But if it be asked, besides, how and when this will be accomplished, we must confess our total ignorance. Humanly speaking, our eyes can scarcely discern the dawn of a better day. It is possible that the very excess of the evil will bring the remedy with it. The finances of Italy are ruined, her taxes are exorbitant, her people are impoverished and the mutterings of deep-seated and widespread discontent are ominous enough. The former subjects of the Pontiff had been told that if once he were deposed they would have a united and glorious nation, victorious in war and opulent in peace. They have met, instead, with defeat, and disgrace, and poverty. All this may prepare the country to welcome back the mild and honorable rule of the Pontiff if the occasion will offer itself. In fact, the great majority of the Romans long for the return of the Temporal Power ; and God has a thousand ways of bringing its restoration about. Will He soon come to the assistance of His Vicar, as He has so often done, almost visibly, in the past?

One thing we know—namely, that, according to His ordinary providence, He requires men to do their share if they wish for His help. If we do not perform our duty now He will probably wait till much greater, or at least more visible evils shall awake us from our slumbers. Such was His usual conduct with His Chosen People of old ; such has also been His conduct in many periods of the history of His Church.

What then can we do? What must we do if we are worthy and loving children of His Spouse? We must, first of all, pray fervently and unitedly for divine assistance. When St. Peter was in prison, the Acts of the Apostles tell us that, "prayer was made without ceasing by the Church unto God for Him" (xii. 5). We must do the same. In fact, prayers have been said for the Pope after every low Mass all over the earth for the last thirty years. These have not been said in vain; yet, evidently, more is needed. Can we not all say them with more fervor and add many prayers besides? The exercises appointed for the gaining of the Jubilee indulgence give us uncommonly favorable opportunities to obtain extraordinary blessings by our united supplications. It is the Jubilee that has given the impulse to the present general movement in favor of restoring the Temporal Power; the Jubilee may accomplish much more before it is fin-

ished. We must continue and even increase our efforts till we succeed completely.

The next step must be unanimous and emphatic protests, in private and in public, in conversations, in speeches, and in writings, by every lawful means in our power, so as to command attention to our just claims and appeal to the conscience of Christendom for the obtaining of our rights. Will these means, prayer and protests, accomplish the purpose of restoring the Pope to his Temporal Power? They cannot do so by themselves. But if we do what lies in our power, and do it earnestly and perseveringly, then we can confidently rely on the Lord to do the rest. It was not mere human wisdom and virtue that protected the Popes in the past; it will not be mere human wisdom and virtue that will do so in the future. We must comply with the conditions; God must achieve the victory.

THE HEART OF GOD.

By Mary E. Mannix.

'TIS a lonely Heart—it has waited long
 For the sound of prayer, and the voice of song,
 For welcome footsteps that seldom come;
 The aisles are silent, the air is dumb.

'Tis a patient Heart; while the taper gleams
 Through the desolate gloom like a light in dreams,
 Hoping and yearning for some bright day,
 When souls awakened shall pass that way.

'Tis a Heart forgiving—the world grows old,
 Women are restless and men are cold:
 Oh! if they knew what a peace it brings:
 The Heart of God! Of the King of Kings!

THE "ANGLO-CATHOLIC" MOVEMENT.

By Francis W. Grey.

I.—THE ANGLICAN POSITION.

READERS of Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects," may remember how, in his "Oxford Counter-Reformation," he gives a description of the Established Church, as he was familiar with it in his early years. How it was "orthodox without being theological," and how "religion, as taught in the Church of England, meant moral obedience to the Will of God. The speculative part of it," he adds, that is, the creeds and all distinctive dogmas, "was accepted because it was assumed to be true." In his "Revival of Romanism," he tells of that famous "Knot of Oxford students," of whom John Henry Newman was "the indicating number," and the rest "ciphers" by comparison, who "conceived that the secret of the Church's strength lay in the priesthood and the Sacraments, and that the neglect of them was the explanation of its weakness." The truth of this picture is confirmed by other witnesses, less open to suspicion on the score of veracity, Dean Hole, among the number.

The churches were open once a week, at most ; the "Lord's Supper" was "administered" once a quarter, or once a year, with such treatment of "the consecrated species" as must make "the burden of the priesthood" weigh heavily, indeed, on the "Anglo-Catholic" clergy of to-day ; which forms, in fact, Newman's strongest argument against the validity of Anglican "orders."

"Whatever has been the message of the Church of England," said "Father" Dolling, at a recent meeting of the English Church Union, "up to fifty years ago it was a message without Sacraments. The Sacraments were

practically lost to England." This is the witness of an "extreme" man, not of an adverse critic, and must, as such, be accepted as the literal truth. The religion of "the Catholic Church in these Provinces" at the beginning of the Oxford Movement, was a religion in which the Sacraments had no place.

And to-day? "With all that remains to be done, who can hesitate to acknowledge the change that has come over the English Church? Sacramental teaching has taken the place of moral discourses and puritanic preachments. In place of quarterly or annual celebrations of the Lord's own service, weekly Eucharists have become the rule. . . . Where the Sacrament of Penance had, in actual practice, nearly disappeared from use, tens of thousands of her faithful resort openly to God's priests to be cleansed in the Precious Blood." (*Church Review*, January 3, 1901.)

"It is now more than sixty years ago," said Lord Halifax, in one of his presidential addresses to the English Church Union, "since it pleased Almighty God to grant a great spiritual awakening to the Church of England. There were men in those days—need I mention their names?—Keble, Newman, Pusey, to whom the vision of the Catholic Church had appeared in all its beauty. They saw the Church as Her Divine Founder intended Her to be—a city, not of confusion but at unity with itself ; One in Her Faith and doctrine, One in the main outlines of Her sacred rites." With such a vision present to their spiritual eyes, what have Anglicans done towards its attainments, its realization in their midst?

The Church : "A Divine Society

established by our Lord," not, certainly, by act of Parliament; not, surely, subject to the State or to any human authority. Yes, but "a Church with many branches in many lands," "National" churches, in fact. "For ourselves," we, in England, "are in that portion of the Church universal founded in these lands by Augustine and his Celtic fellow missionaries." Or, to quote another authority, "The 'Church of England' is a 'geographical expression' and nothing more"; it is "that portion of the Catholic Church situated within the four seas, the group of churches and dioceses . . . within this country." According to the Book of Common Prayer, it is "the Church of God, rather than the Church of England." In fact "Church-of-Englandism" is accounted by "Catholics" as nothing less than "heresy."

This is what is implied in the claim to "continuity" with the Church "founded in these lands by Augustine and his Celtic fellow missionaries," to be *the* "Catholic Church in England." "We have denied, and we deny again, that a new religious establishment was set up in England in the sixteenth century." It is admitted, however, that, at the Reformation a "breach" occurred with "Rome," but "Rome made the separation and Rome must mend it." The "justification" of this strange perversion of facts lies in asserting that "we" merely "protested" against the "mediaeval accretions" with which "Rome" had "overlaid the Catholic traditions of the Primitive Church"; to which, in fact, our appeal was made, and from which "we," at least, have never separated. The "Divine Society" had, in one "portion" or another, if not as a whole, fallen into error, hence the need of "reform," of a "return to the faith and practice of the undivided Church"—assumed, of course, to be "infallible." Lord Halifax, however, has yet another charge to make against "Rome"—namely, that

Pope Paul IV rejected the "overtures" made to him by Queen Elizabeth, by which she offered to acknowledge *his* supremacy if he would recognize *her* right to the throne!—that is, if the Pope would, to all intents and purposes, "legitimize" her in the eyes of Catholic Christendom and pass over her father's "divorce" as a mere "peccadillo" not worth all the fuss that had been made about it!

This is, in brief, the Anglican position in regard to "the Church in these provinces" of York, namely, and Canterbury. This "Catholic Church" is, "of course"—according to their contention—"an integral portion of the Church universal," which they have come to believe is the "Vicegerent of Christ," "a living body informed by the Holy Spirit," and, though they "recognize no infallibility as residing in any archbishop or archbishops," still "the whole Episcopal body"—Anglican, Greek and "Roman"—"is the divinely appointed vicariate of our Lord Himself. It is informed by the Holy Ghost, *and cannot err.*" [Italics ours.] The "Episcopate" is Christ's "vicariate," and, consequently, "infallible." But if the "vicariate" and the "infallibility" be shared by three "portions" at variance the one with the other, who is to decide their differences? Surely, from an "infallible vicariate" to an infallible Vicar is but a natural and divinely logical progression. Rather, the "vicariate" is "infallible" in proportion to its agreement and unity with the Vicar. The Visible Body must have a Visible Head and a single, living voice in all ages, and amid "the strife of tongues," however violent and contentious.

Thus far have "Anglo-Catholics" returned in the path by which their fathers were driven astray by the tyranny of Henry VIII, and of his "masterful" daughter, since the inception of the Oxford Movement, some sixty years ago. As "a portion of the Church

Universal" the English Church, according to their view of the matter—a correct conclusion if we grant their premises—is not possessed "of independent autonomy," but rather, "her life must be the life of the whole Church, and not a separate life." That is their conception of what "unity" involves. It is confessed that "the indivisible Church" is "outwardly divided" as a consequence of sin; still, "we are fighting against those who would deprive us of all those external links"—doctrine, ritual and such-like—"which proclaim our oneness with the rest of the Catholic Church."

Possessed of such conceptions of "continuity," and of "the unity of Christendom," let us consider, first, how these men stand in relation to their fellow churchmen, and then in relation to us, who are of the Household of Faith. As to their position in respect of the rest of their fellow churchmen, we must, necessarily, take into account their "sacramental" teaching and practices—that is, their "Catholicism" as opposed to the "Protestantism" of the so-called Evangelicals, or the "Liberalism" of the Broad Church Party. (1) And, as of chief importance, what is their teaching as to the necessity of those "sacraments" which, by their own admission, formed no part of the "Church's message" fifty years ago? "We want, I think," writes "Father" Dolling, "to realize that by far the greater number of people in England have given up the Sacraments, and that the one hope of keeping religion alive in our midst is by the restoration of the Sacraments." Therein, at least, we are cordially at one with him; yet since "the message of the Church," a short fifty years ago, was "a message without Sacraments," whence has "the Church" derived authority to deliver a message so totally at variance with that

which—according to "Father" Dolling—she certainly did deliver "up to fifty years ago?" Which is the true "Message of the Church of England," the former or the latter? To this question Lord Halifax and his friends give one answer, the majority of their "fellow Catholics," bishops, clergy and laity, a very different one. As to the consequences of the older "message," it is confessed that "a great proportion of the population of England is outside the influences of any religion whatever." That is the confession of "the Church in these Provinces" after three centuries of "independence," of "freedom from Roman tyranny"! Small wonder that they who realize most keenly what lies on that "Church's" conscience, are "all set for the revival of sacramental belief."

What, then, is this "sacramental belief" which is to be revived in the hearts of those who "live and die without the Sacraments"? We shall find a definition of it in the famous "Declaration of the English Church union" which thousands accepted, and against which an insignificant few "protested," chiefly for "opportunist" reasons. "We . . . holding fast to the faith and teaching of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, that, in the Sacrament of The Lord's Supper, the Bread and Wine, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, become in and by Consecration, according to our Lord's Institution, verily and indeed the Body and Blood of Christ; and that Christ our Lord, present in the same Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, under the forms of Bread and Wine, is to be worshipped and adored—desire, in view of present circumstances, to reaffirm, in accordance with the teaching of the Church, our belief in this verity of the Christian faith." The "present circumstances" refer to the "recrudescence of Puritanism," the attacks—that is, on "Penance and the Mass"—which, of late, have grown so

(1) This question will be again referred to in the second part of this article, when we come to consider the Catholic position.

bitter, and to which a statesman out of office, thinking "any stick good enough to beat" the wicked Tories, has lent his aid by means of a vigorous thumping of the Protestant "drum ecclesiastic."

This "Declaration" is certainly not in accordance with the traditional teaching of the Anglican communion. It is neither that Lutheran dogma of Consubstantiation, which, according to His Grace of Canterbury, is "tolerable" in the English Church; still less is it Calvinism; it is not even the "golden mean" of the "judicious Hooker." According to the *Church Review*, it means "Transubstantiation and nothing else," in which sense, any Catholic could conscientiously subscribe to it—in which sense also, if our friends will only say, plainly, that they so accept it, they will be by that much nearer "to the Kingdom of God."

It is in view of this "Declaration," that Mr. McGarvey's pamphlet, "*The Doctrine of the Church of England on the Real Presence, examined by the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas*" [Milwaukee, 1900], published "at the request of the Philadelphia Catholic Club," and highly lauded in the "Anglo-Catholic" papers, seems to deserve more than a passing notice. It is not, of course, the first attempt to "harmonize" Anglican formularies with Catholic Dogmas nor is it likely to be the last. Mr. McGarvey, however, "wishes to show that the Church of England has committed herself to no proposition on the subject of the Real Presence which has not been substantially laid down by the Angelical Doctor himself." Since it is, in very deed, "the Mass that matters," we welcome, only too gladly, any sincere attempt on the part of our separated brethren "to bring back the Mass" which their fathers banished three hundred years ago. If the Anglican formularies, as Newman endeavored to show in his famous "Tract XC," and as Mr.

McGarvey would fain have us believe, can be made to bear a Catholic interpretation; if Lord Halifax and his friends will accept, as authoritative, the definitions of St. Thomas, they will, in truth, have come a long way towards that unity for which they, as well as we, long so fervently, and pray so earnestly.

It is surely a pity, therefore, that Mr. McGarvey, in his anxiety to prove that the doctrine of St. Thomas—adopted, he says, by the Council of Trent—differs from "previous definitions," should have overlooked the explanation, furnished by St. Thomas himself, regarding these *apparent* "discrepancies." The truth seems to be that Mr. McGarvey proceeds on the ordinary Anglican assumption that "Rome," prior, at all events, to the Council of Trent, *must* have been "in error"; otherwise, where does "reform" come in? Therefore, all "definitions" not in verbal accordance with that of the Council of Trent are either "material," "carnal" or "gross" and "erroneous."

For example: Mr. McGarvey refers to the profession of faith required of Berengarius by order of Pope Nicholas, in 1059—namely, "That the Bread and Wine, which lie upon the Altar after Consecration, are not only a Sacrament but also the very Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that it is sensibly (*sensualiter*), and not in a Sacrament only, but in truth, handled by the hands of the priests and broken and ground by the teeth of the faithful," as "a most gross and erroneous statement, which no Roman theologian would think of making to-day." the inference he wishes to draw is sufficiently obvious: "Rome," which claims to be the infallible Church, does not teach "to-day" what she taught in 1059. Had he studied his St. Thomas a little more closely—and without Anglican spectacles which *are* apt to distort things—Mr. McGarvey would have found an explanation of this "gross and erroneous statement" in Part III of the *Summa*,

[Qu. lxvii, Art. vii, ad Tert.] where St. Thomas tells us that "The Body of Christ is not eaten *in sua specie, sed in specie Sacramentali*." That, therefore, the "breaking, eating, crushing" are to be understood "*in specie Sacramentali*," not of the Body of Christ "*in specie sua*."

After reference to various "material" and "popular" definitions of Transubstantiation, Mr. McGarvey comes to the Proclamation made in the first year of King Edward VI against those who should speak irreverently of the Sacrament of the Altar, in which he finds "distinct reference to the gross, and also to the spiritual doctrine of Transubstantiation." Here again, on the subject of "local and circumscribed presence" and of presence "substantially and by substance only," Saint Thomas could have enlightened him, for in Qu. lxxvi of the Third Part of the "Summa," the Angelical Doctor distinctly states (*in corp. art.*) that the Body of Christ is *not* present in the Blessed Sacrament "*sicut in loco*," but "*per modum substantiae*." In the "Ad Primum" of the same Article Saint Thomas explains the matter even more fully; which, for a Catholic, means that *this* is what "Rome" has always taught, no matter how heretics, for their own purposes, have wrested and misrepresented her teaching. In fact, if Mr. McGarvey wishes to make use of Saint Thomas as an authority which "Anglo-Catholics" and "Anglo-Papists" can equally accept, it must be on the understanding that the Eucharistic doctrine of Saint Thomas *is* the doctrine of "Rome" in *all* ages and under *all* circumstances.

AN ANGLICAN INTERPRETATION OF CATHOLIC DOGMA.

I have dwelt upon this matter at some length, not—as I trust our friends will believe—in any captious or uncharitable spirit, but simply to point out a certain tendency against which Lord Halifax

has found cause to protest—when exhibited by his own bishops—of measuring Catholic doctrine or Catholic practice "by what are supposed to be Anglican Standards." In this case Mr. McGarvey gives his approval, so to speak, to Saint Thomas and to the Council of Trent because they agree with Anglican definitions, as he interprets them, much as High Churchmen were *said* to accept the Bible because it agreed with the Prayer Book! And this instead of accepting the teaching of Saint Thomas or the Tridentine definition as an absolute standard, to which he should endeavor to adjust the teaching of his Communion—as he would fain have us believe it to be. The result of the course pursued by him is rather to put an Anglican interpretation on Catholic dogma than to give a Catholic sense to the formularies of the Church of England.

But, even so, we welcome Mr. McGarvey's attempt, hampered, as it could not fail to be, by the limitations of his spiritual conditions, since Eucharistic doctrine appears to be—if I may use the expression—"the line of least resistance" in the return of England to the Unity of the Faith. By the testimony of so unfavorable a witness as Froude, the leaders of the Oxford Movement were convinced that, in the restoration of the Sacraments to their due place in the Christian life of the nation lay the hope of "the Church Catholic in these Provinces" of becoming once again in fact, as well as name, "the Church of the English people"; which means that "the Sacraments" came first, "Penance" and "the Mass," pardon of sin in God's way, and Christ as the Bread of Life, the Food of souls; and, as men laid hold of a larger and larger measure of Catholic truth in regard to these, so did "the vision of the Catholic Church in all its beauty" become clearer and more distinct. And, therewith, the desire to find its realization in "our own portion of the Church Universal" became deeper, stronger

and more fervent in countless hearts as years elapsed.

It is this doctrine of The Real Presence which the Protestant Party has learned at last, that High Churchmen really do believe, as they profess. That the result of this should be "a distinct divergence of belief," must, I think, be counted as a real step in the right direction, since, in the deepening and widening of the "divergence" between "Catholics" and "Protestants" lies one hope, at least, for the ultimate return of the former to their "spiritual kindred."

It is, moreover, this very divergence of belief which has caused the "crisis in the Church" of which we have heard so much, and in respect of which Parliamentary legislation is again threatened, if the Protestant bigots can have their way—in other words, it is Doctrine—the real Presence and Confession *not* vestments or incense, which is the real object of attack. "It has now been admitted in both Houses of Parliament that it is not this or that detail of ritual that signifies but the teaching of confession and absolution and the doctrine of the Church as to the Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice." It is "Penance and the Mass," in fact, that have caused the present "agitation," an "agitation" which, as Lord Halifax truly asserts, is merely "a recrudescence of Puritanism." Nor in decrying "Popery" within the Establishment, have the Protestant Party been tender to the feelings of "Papists" generally. "Penance and the Mass," are not doctrines to which an Englishman takes kindly, and herein the "Anglo-Catholics" have borne and are still bearing, the brunt of that attack which was sure to come.

"Why is it," asks Lord Halifax, "that, whereas, formerly, in England everyone professed the same faith and there were no religious divisions, now, not only are the great masses of the population indifferent to the Church,

but, with the exception of America, there is no country in the world in which there are so many independent and conflicting religious sects as in England?" His answer is that: "So large a proportion of the inhabitants of this country, including so many professing members of the Church of England, are in the habit of entirely ignoring that great article of the creed, with all that flows out of it: I believe One Catholic and Apostolic Church"—that is, the Catholic conception of the Church as "a Divine Society," as "the vicegerent of Christ," is wholly, utterly, hopelessly at variance with the spirit of British Protestantism. Since, therefore, Lord Halifax and his friends are, to this extent, "Catholics" in a very real sense, their "Catholicism" is "the head and front of their offending." They are, also, to this extent, our allies, to be welcomed "because of the enemies they have made."

It amounts, I suppose, to a truism to say that for Protestants "the communion of Saints ceases with the death of the body." In this, again, Lord Halifax and his friends stand out in opposition to three centuries of "Anglican tradition," and have "revived" another "message" which "the Church in these Provinces" had forgotten, along with the Sacraments. "Belief in the Communion of Saints," says Lord Halifax, "for any practical purpose has not survived the suppression, in our public services, of those devotions, ascriptions and invocations which spring from any real belief in it, as the flower does from the root. The result is that our spiritual ancestry is forgotten, the Saints ignored, and the Blessed Mother of God deprived of that place in our hearts and of that reverence and honor which was to be hers throughout all generations." So that, in Mary's Dowry, Mary's praises are beginning to be heard in temples whence they have been banished for three hundred years, and this pious

Protestant layman stands up before all men to vindicate the honor and reverence due to the Blessed Mother of God. In what sense can he be called a Protestant? Is he not, rather, one of our brethren, setting *us* an example we should be ashamed not to follow?(1)

"It is a poor exchange," he adds, "for the *Cultus Sanctorum*, to have seen, as we have done, the growth of spiritualism both here and in America . . . It is a poor exchange for the solemn pleading of Christ's all-availing sacrifice at the funerals and in memory of the faithful departed to have witnessed the growth of memorial services from which all remembrance of sin has been eliminated." Is any apology needed for the length of such a quotation?

Mr. Athelstan Riley, another prominent "Anglo-Catholic" layman, gives a second, but hardly less weighty cause for the "confusion within the Church"—namely, what he aptly characterizes as "the perpetual attempt at compromise about the things of God which has so hampered the Church of England since the Reformation"—that is, once more, to use his own expressive phrase, the Bishops "are trying to govern the adherents of one religion by an authority based upon the principles of another." It is literally true that the party led by Lord Halifax are as

completely "out of touch" with the majority of their own Bishops as we should be, were it conceivable that one of them should be placed in charge of a Catholic diocese. It is not surprising, therefore, that the "Catholic" party should decline to accept, in advance and without reserve, any "decision" which the Episcopate may call on them to submit to.

Hence the charge of "lawlessness," so freely and persistently brought against them—a charge in which, I regret to say, some Catholics, forgetting or ignoring the motives of the accusers and not, certainly, rightly understanding those of the accused, have allowed themselves to join. On this subject, too, Lord Halifax has something to say: "To employ the Apostolic powers of the Episcopate for the purpose of giving effect to the demands of popular agitation and to invoke them against those alone whose principles forbid the disregard of Episcopal authority, is, as Dr. Newman long since pointed out, consistent with neither truth nor justice."

Speaking in the House of Lords in respect of this charge of lawlessness, Lord Halifax said: "The Bishops and the Synods are the real guardians of the faith of the Church. Will the Archbishops and Bishops collectively say that the Declaration (an Eucharistic doctrine), for the issuing of which I am no doubt responsible, is inconsistent with that Catholic belief which we profess every time we recite the creeds? If they will say so, clearly and unmistakably, with all due formality, they will certainly relieve themselves from trouble at the hands of the so-called Ritualists. As far as they are concerned there will then be peace." Such a formal pronouncement will most certainly *not* come from the present occupants of the Episcopal Bench, but it *might* come from a Bench filled with nominees of the "Protestant champion," Sir William Harcourt. In the meantime, "the

(1) *Devotion to Our Lady and the Saints in the Anglican Communion*. It is impossible, for obvious reasons, to obtain any statistics from "Anglo-Catholic" sources on this subject. But Lord Halifax, as we have seen, speaks openly of the *Cultus Sanctorum* and regrets its disuse—in favor of spiritualism. The lines of Keble, beginning, "Ave Maria! Blessed Maid," are, doubtless, familiar to most of us; but I should like to call particular attention to that most exquisite poem in honor of our Blessed Lady, "Days of First Love," by the late Mr. Chatterton Dix (an Anglican). It is impossible, by any quotation, to convey an idea of its devotional and poetical beauty; but I would ask those whose interest this note may arouse, to send sixteen cents to Messrs. Barclay & Fry, Southwark Street, London, E. C. (England), for a copy of it.

present agitation, and the attitude of the Episcopate with regard to it, is forcing upon us the question of the relation of the Anglican Communion to the rest of the Catholic Church."

Canon Gore, another leader of the party, has something to say on this matter: "There is, of course," he admits, "a good deal of contention as to how far the *jus liturgicum* of particular Bishops extends," but proceeds to insist on the need of "making it plain that we cannot obey Bishops under any circumstances where their injunctions are contrary to the prayer-book, and where the prayer-book rests upon Catholic judgment"—where, in fact, the "*verbum Episcopi*" contravenes the "*lex Dei*," as they honestly understand it. This may be, as some Catholics maintain, "a Protestant attitude," and the mere outcome of "private judgment"; but it seems more like appealing to the prayer-book, *insofar as it accords with "Catholic consent,"* against arbitrary Episcopal decisions, much as a Catholic priest would appeal to the provisions of Canon Law under similar circumstances. And, since there is no "higher court" to which "Anglo-Catholics can appeal, what other attitude, on their part, is consistent with loyalty to "the Church"?

Let it always be remembered, moreover, that, in this "crisis" the "Anglo-Catholics" are not the attacking party, except insofar as the mere profession of their creed together with its expression in ritual can be regarded—which it doubtless is—as an assault on the sacred citadel of British Protestantism. Even the *Standard*, which has certainly no sympathy with the extreme men, is constrained to admit that, "it is a simple fact that, in this miserable controversy, the ultra-Protestants have been the chief aggressors. Nobody has attempted to drive them out of the Church of England. Nobody has reviled the Bishops for not punishing their notorious sins of omission. . . .

The Broad Church Party, who, as a correspondent reminds us, have proceeded to lengths inconsistent with the Church's teaching, have been left severely alone." This is nothing but the simple truth.

"We have not demanded," says Lord Halifax, "week after week in the press, that such and such clergy, much as we may have disapproved their teaching . . . should be driven from the Church. . . . We have not endeavored to stir up popular clamour against practices we disliked by the dissemination of untruths. . . . We have not had recourse to violence and outrage. We have not been robbers of churches. . . . We have done none of these things, we have encouraged none to do them. Yet it is we who hold out the hands of peace and are endeavoring, by all lawful means, to win our brethren to more charitable thoughts, a wider toleration and a fuller acknowledgment of the truth." The methods alluded to, as practiced by the "Protestant" members of a "Catholic" communion, afford the student of men and things some insight into those of the sixteenth-century "Reformers." Statues have been stolen out of churches; "Masses" interrupted by cries of "Idolatry"; "consecrated hosts" have been exposed to blasphemous outrages by "priests in valid orders," one of whom wrote, proudly, to the newspapers, saying that, "the god whom the Ritualists worship is now in my trousers pocket!" The virulence of the "Evangelicals" against the "Romanizers" and "lawless traitors," has been in proportion to the real "Catholicity" of those attacked. Even the dead have not been spared—a memorial crucifix, raised by Lord and Lady Halifax to their dead children, was ruthlessly destroyed by "Gospel Christians."

This has been the relative attitude of the two parties hitherto. The renewed threat of Parliamentary legislation,

against "Penance and the Mass," has led to a certain degree of "reconsideration" on the part of those who have borne so much for conscience sake. According to a recent issue of *The Church Review*, "The drift of Catholic thought is rather towards believing that the compromise by which Protestants were retained in communion . . . has been tried long enough and has been found wanting."

If that drift of thought should settle down into a strong current of conviction, Protestants will have only themselves to thank," which seems to point to a deepening and widening of "the line of cleavage" between the "Catholics" and the Protestants—a cleavage which the "appeal" of the Bishops, *issued through the medium of the newspapers*, is not likely to arrest. What *might* arrest it, however, is bitterness, mockery, want of charity on our parts, refusal to admit the "possibility" of Catholic doctrine and practice except within the church. Such an attitude must, of necessity, drive the "Catholic" party back into the arms of their fellow churchmen, and arrest what is surely the "natural" development of the movement.

The chief threats of the "anti-Catholics"—no other name fits them so well—points to Disestablishment and disendowment. They do not, however, appear to be regarded with suitable awe by those against whom they are levelled. Disestablishment, according to their view of the matter, would restore convocation to its proper place in the economy of the church, and, to the church, herself, the right to choose her own Bishops, now nominated by the crown. As to disendowment, they hardly seem afraid of that, either, seeing that the clergy pay income tax on six million pounds sterling (\$30,000,000) of their *private* property, as compared with the tax on three millions (\$15,000,000) of *church* property—in other words the

"freedom of the Church" would cost her one-third of her possessions. (1)

But, while, to the "Catholic" party, Disestablishment and disendowment seem rather attractive than otherwise, the opposite party, as represented by the Bishop of Sodor and Man, seem to take a very different view. "It would be a crowning act of folly" for the Church, under present circumstances, to dissolve her connection with the State, and this because "the last three years have abundantly proved that, as a body, the ecclesiastical authorities"—his lordship's brethren of the Episcopate, in fact—"are either powerless or unwilling to restrain the lawlessness and license of a large section of the clergy." The Bishop of Sodor and Man, in short, allows his colleagues to choose between being accused of weakness or of sympathy with the "Romanizers." As the Bench is now occupied it would be difficult to say which charge fits the majority. Were the Church "freed from the tyranny of the State" each of them would, presumably, "gravitate" towards the party of his individual preference. There is no doubt, however, that the "Catholics" would capture a good many whom fear of the State now keeps within bounds of strict moderation and impartial "comprehension."

The Bishop of Sodor and Man continues: "What we had far better do is to act on an old example and to beckon to our partners in the Ship of State"—Jews, Nonconformists, Free-thinkers, *et hoc genus omne*—"to come and help us"—a truly Protestant use of Scripture, by the way; also, a truly Protestant method of "enforcing recognition" (the phrase is the Bishop's own) of what *you* hold to be "the law." The "Catholic" party look to Disestablishment and disendowment as a possible and hopeful means of re-

(1) The *voluntary* subscriptions raised, for all purposes, by Anglicans, amounted last year to £40,000,000.

gaining for "the Church" her "ancient rights and liberties"; they trust to the truth of their creed to win the day. The Protestant party prefer to lean upon "the secular arm"—a position they have clung to with persistent tenacity ever since the "Reformation."

So far the "Catholic" movement, as it affects the Anglican communion. It is merely consistent with it that our friends should speak of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in England as "Cardinal Vaughan and his schismatic hierarchy of anti-Bishops." That they should refuse to "purchase reunion by submission to the Petrine claims, or by acknowledgment either of Papal Infallibility, or Papal Supremacy." Yet they have "acknowledged" many things during the last sixty years; who shall say what they may acknowledge yet in God's good time?

In the meanwhile, what chiefly keeps them from attaining to that unity for which they labor so devotedly and pray so earnestly? The national character must, of course, be taken into account, not a lovable one, by any means, but one which certainly has, in a very real sense, made the British Empire what it is; one moreover, not wholly different from the American. But, in one word, it is their conviction that "Rome" is something extraneous, something unlawfully added to the "Catholic Church." They admit that *the Episcopate, as a body, cannot err*; but where and in whom is the voice of that Episcopate a living, infallible voice, to be found? The Primitive, undivided Church, they maintain, was infallible; the "Church universal," when once more "re-united," will be infallible

again. Yes, but in the General Council which is to "reunite the Church," who is to decide what is and what is not *de fide*? Who, in fact, is to preside? And, in the interval? Only "the strife of tongues"? The leaders of the Oxford Movement, so Lord Halifax has told us, saw a vision of the Church as of "a city, not of confusion but at unity with itself." Was that only a vision of the past, to be renewed, to be realized again "some day," not a reality for us who are now?

Surely, some spiritual obliquity of vision, the fatal inheritance of their fathers' sin, hides the fair City of God from eyes that fain would see her if they could. The hearts of these our brethren are hers, and yet they know her not. They call her "Rome," because in Rome her Divine Head has placed his Vicar, the "living voice" of His "Vicegerent, the Church," and, so misled by shadows, not of their own creation but rather of the lies and prejudices of 300 years, they cannot see their Mother who holds out her arms to them and fain would gather them in "as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings." The mists that hide the City of Peace, the Mother of us all, are not yet dispelled; therefore, "their eyes are holden, and they cannot see." Cannot: of their good faith those who know them best have no doubt at all. This, too, they know—having had experience—that, could these our brethren, who, in this land, have "borne the burthen of the day, and the heats," only realize that "Rome" is but a name for God's centre of unity, they would be with us in fact, as they are now, at heart.

A MODEL BOY-SAVING HOME.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE for Industrious Homeless Boys is the title of the noble institution that stands at the corner of Eighth and Pine streets, in the city of Philadelphia. Its name indicates its mission, which is the rescue of homeless boys, who are industriously disposed, from the vicious surroundings that are too often the sad lot of orphanages, as well as from the evil effects of neglectful or dissipated parentages. That the mission has been successful as well as salutary, and that the boys who are its especial care are eminently deserving of its benign protection requires no better evidence than the bright and happy young faces, with every mark of refinement and beneficent Catholic training that look forth from these pages.

It were well in these days of so-called "undenominational" and "unsectarian" education to remember the hackneyed truism that "the child is father to the man." Education in itself is not necessarily the means of salvation that the verbose exponents of the "public" and other "godless" systems of schools proclaim. Our jails and penitentiaries have their full quota of bank-wreckers and other "educated" alumni of our unsectarian schools. But education with religion is now, and always has been, the true guarantee of good citizenship and of civic probity, and it is and has been the only reliable basis for the upbuilding of individual character and of moral manhood. Its graduates may, and too often do, err; but these errors are in spite of, not because of their religious training. Hence, the attitude of the Catholic Church in the matter of education. Train a child in the way he should go and the Church leaves with confidence the development of his manhood in principles of integrity and morality to the character moulded under her influence responding to the

grace of God. Hence, too, the solicitude ever displayed by the Church towards the neglected and abandoned lambs of her fold, and hence her historic activity in their temporal and spiritual interests. This was the beautifully benevolent spirit that inspired a Vincent de Paul in the seventeenth century to initiate a work that has since covered the world with its saving influences. This was the spirit that inspired the *Œuvre Salésienne* in our own days, and raised up the venerable Don Bosco to propagate his divine work of mercy towards Christ's little ones; and this is the spirit that, with various modifications, has reared the many asylums, orphanages, protectories and homes that are truly the boast and glory of the Church in America.

“Poor abandoned children!” exclaims Dr. Charles D’Espiney, reiterating in his “Life of Don Bosco” the sentiments of that saintly man. “Could there be a more admirable work than that of taking special care of children whom neglect, ignorance and contact with depraved, perverted natures defencelessly exposed to the snares of evil?” For on the children depends the future happiness or misery of society.

Like many works that from inauspicious beginnings have attained great magnitude, St. Joseph's House in Philadelphia began humbly enough and with no great promise of success. Starting with the pathetic capital of twenty-five dollars, it stands to-day not only a monument to the zeal of the Catholics of Philadelphia, but also to the miraculous interposition of the Providence that never abandons those that put their trust in it. It would be impossible to estimate its benign influence or its potentiality for good on the lives of a class that is all too common in our large cities, and which but for the devotion of good Catholics might have grown to swell the criminal ranks of Philadelphia.

Ten years ago, the Rev. Eugene V. McElhone, chaplain of the Philadelphia Almshouse, commonly known as Blockley, impressed, in his daily rounds of that institution, by the evil resulting from the effects of vicious environment on young and unsheltered lives, obtained from the Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, Archbishop of the diocese, permission to start a refuge for homeless industrious boys.

With the large-hearted charity and tender fatherly interest in the lambs of his flock that have ever characterized the Bossuet of the American Church, His Grace donated the house at 732 Pine Street for the purpose, and the institution was opened in May, 1890.

Philadelphia was at the time well supplied with asylums and orphanages; but the class of boys for whom St. Joseph's House was intended was without shelter. There was especially the magnificent St. Francis Industrial School, founded by the Drexel family at Edgington near the city, and the "Protectory," which has since been erected in Montgomery county near historic Valley Forge, was then taking shape in Archbishop Ryan's prescient counsel. But the "Protectory" is intended for boys who are generally wayward; and St. Francis Industrial School received its pupils largely from its older sister establishment, St. John's Orphan Asylum, on Westminster avenue, in West Philadelphia, where payment or part-payment for the support of its protégés is generally understood to be a condition of entrance. The only condition absolutely essential to the admission of boys to St. Joseph's was and is that they shall first of all be homeless without any visible means of support, and, secondly, that they shall be industriously inclined. In a word, they must be *good* boys, abandoned to the world through no fault of their own. The *reformation* of boys evilly disposed forms no part of its programme.

Moreover, its inmates are so selected,

from a class in itself so deserving of sympathy and help, that no black sheep may creep into the flock to the detriment of his companions.

Philadelphia, when St. Joseph's was begun, had its full share of deserving, industrious and homeless boys, who, if left to themselves, might easily and naturally go the downward path, but if cared for and instructed in principles of virtuous and self-supporting manhood might, as the result has justified, more than repay in exalted Christian lives the interest and charity manifested in bettering their condition.

Some Catholics might, of course, urge that the work of reclaiming and rescuing its citizens belongs to the State equally with the work of educating them. And if, when the State is apathetic, they, themselves, of their own slender means, undertake this work, they might with unquestionable justice, look to the State for financial coöperation; but as no State aid is forthcoming in Philadelphia, the Catholics of that city have had to do the State's work gratis. This was and is the footing of St. Joseph's House.

At the time of its inception the orphanages had not room for all deserving young children applying for admission, not to speak of the neglected ones of larger growth. Homes being hard to find, boys went constantly to the bad, and if admitted to an asylum they could only be kept until their twelfth year, so many younger than they were waiting to be helped. Sometimes these were adopted by responsible families; sometimes they found indifferent and unremunerative employment. Very often they returned to the streets and wound up in the House of Refuge.

The object, therefore, of St. Joseph's House is to make of such boys—*homeless, deserving and industrious*—self-supporting, self-respecting and truly Christian men. To this end its protégés, after a rigid investigation of their condition and antecedents, are removed

from baneful influences and surrounded with all those associations of refined home life that unconsciously mould young lives to noble manhood. The result is a body of boys who, for courtesy, politeness and exemplary conduct, combined with a laudable ambition to become useful and independent citizens, would do credit to the best and most cultured parents.

The success that has attended St. Joseph's House during the ten years of its existence is due mainly to the zeal,

so great that, aided by the charitable Catholics of the city, the house had to seek new and ampler quarters at 727 and 729 Pine street. Since then it has gone on enlarging its premises until last fall the fine old mansion at the north-east corner of Pine street with an extensive frontage on Eighth street was purchased, directly opposite the stately and historic buildings of the Pennsylvania Hospital. The entire premises now occupy a quadrangle of real estate valued at over \$100,000, with a frontage



ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE, PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, 1901.

indefatigable work and excellent administrative ability of the Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, C.S.Sp., who, in October, 1890, succeeded Father McElhone as rector, Father McElhone's services, by reason of his long incumbency of the post of chaplain, being required at the almshouse. The house has since been under the direction of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost.

Shortly after their coming the demands upon its accommodation became

on Pine street of 110 feet, extending back on Eighth street as far as De Lancy street. And here it may be chronicled, in passing, that St. Joseph's and the Pennsylvania Hospital have always enjoyed the most cordial relations, the authorities of the latter institution being always ready to respond to the House in case of sickness.

The purpose of St. Joseph's being the rescue and education of deserving boys, the system pursued within its walls com-

bines the threefold development—mental, moral and physical—that is the basis of all Catholic education and of which Archbishop Ryan is so earnest and so eloquent an advocate. The head is not developed at the expense of the heart, nor the mind at that of the body. And in this St. Joseph's differs from the usual so-called Working Boys' Home, which too often is but a lodging-house whither the lads return for shelter at night, but which lacks those associations which impress upon the mind of youth the fact that "there's no place like home." The basis of the entire system employed is to teach the boys a family spirit and homelike attachment and, with this as an inspiring motive, the régime seeks



REV. DAVID J. FITZGIBBONS, C.S.B.

to train the boys as they should be trained, without giving them a pauper spirit or unfitting them for the struggle of life. There is none of that rigid discipline or severity of paternal scruple characteristic of the immortal Squeers and occasionally evident in State supervisors of the Brockway type. Neither the methods of Do-The-Boys Hall nor of benevolent Elmira would be tolerated under the mild and gentle rule of Father Fitzgibbons.

The boys live entirely at the home and those of the older ones who work outside by day are glad, when evening falls, to pass beneath the beautiful statue of St. Joseph that sentinels in marble the portals of the home. There is no appeal save to the hearts of the



SPECIAL CLASS, 1900-1901.

boys, and generously do they respond, feeling with youthful intuition that the home is truly for them a haven of refuge that seeks only their temporal and spiritual good. Industrious habits combined with religion being the best safeguard against temptation, the dignity of labor, the shame of wilful idleness and the consequences of lack of honesty and thrift are inculcated.

The younger boys pass all their time at the home where, under a competent corps of instructors, they receive a good elementary and business training, so as to be in constant demand in the commercial districts of the city. Those who are employed by day have classes for an hour and a half at night. At the same time, they are under the supervision of a prefect who, by periodic visits to their employers and an investigation of their conduct, inspires the confidence of the business community. The boys employed by day, too, are required to keep each a saving-bank account in the home, thus learning their first lessons in thrift. As a result of this, and showing the generosity and gratitude of the lads, they surprised some years ago the Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, a former assistant to Father Fitzgibbons, with a beautiful gift consisting of a valuable gold pyx and oil stocks. In itself the incident might not attract attention, but as an evidence of beautiful appreciation of former services done them, it is at once touching and inspiring. Such boys make friends and inspire confidence, and so it is that, year by year, they pass from St. Joseph's to positions of trust and many



OFFICE, ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE.

of them are now well advanced on the way of prosperity and honor.

It is a positive pleasure to cross the threshold of St. Joseph's and witness the spirit of boyish fraternity that is everywhere evident. Happiness is one trait that is written prominently in the candid looks and smiling young faces of the two hundred odd lads who have here found, under the patronage of St. Joseph, what is truly a "home." Gaiety, animation, industry, politeness, cheerfulness and gentlemanly demeanor are everywhere in evidence. Such boys make good men, and the State has reason to be thankful to the Catholics of Philadelphia for the earnest of good citizenship here assured it from a class which, if left to the State's tender mercies, might, a few years hence, make fine material for its penitentiaries.

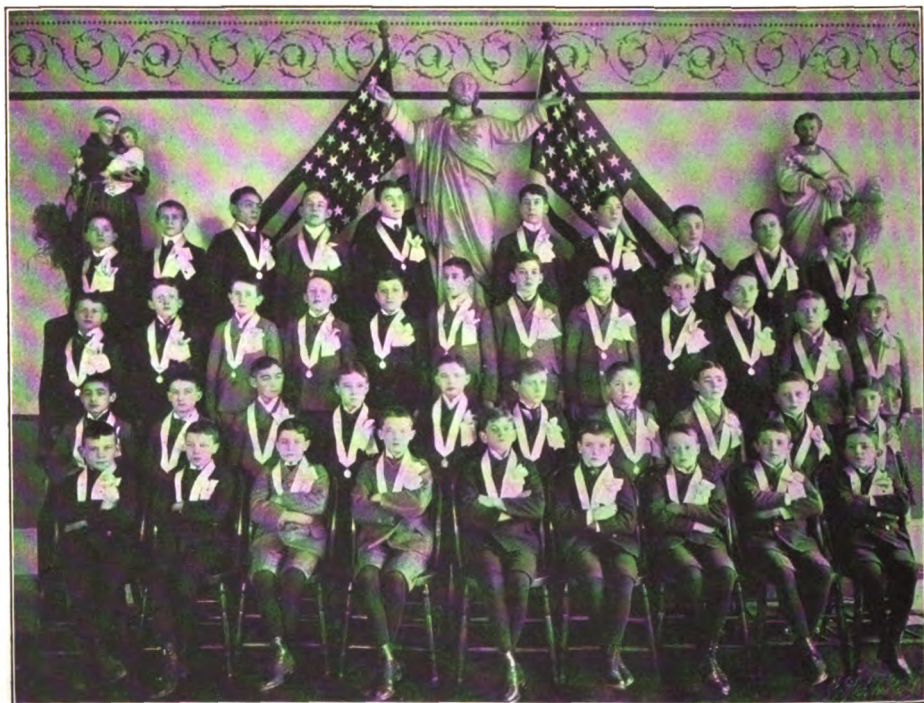
There is no evidence here of the *institutionizing* that too often degrades a sensitive lad. Uniformity of clothing is strictly tabooed, every lad wearing the clothes that suits his taste, so that, in the matter of garb, St. Joseph's more resembles a large academy than a

charitable institution. There is a fine *camaraderie* in classroom and playground, and a noble *esprit-de-corps* pervades the Home. Never was this better shown than when recently the *Catholic Standard and Times* inaugurated a baseball competition between the boys of the Catholic schools.

The parochial schools fought hard for the laurels of victory, but the sturdy lads of St. Joseph's eventually won the pennant.

And here it may be mentioned that

many features that make of St. Joseph's a "home," where the boys turn naturally for recreation and amusement. The boys have also a comfortable reading-room, well supplied with a carefully censored array of literature. Ball alleys and a swimming-pool are other features much patronized by the lads. Everything is supplied that boys in their own good homes would have; everything is eliminated that would unfit them for a manly up-hill struggle, while all is done to refine their habits and



GROUP CONFIRMED BY MOST REV. P. J. RYAN, 1901.

the gymnastic training given at the Home under an able physical instructor is of such a standard that, year by year, when the boys give their annual dramatic entertainment, the Chestnut Street Opera House, the Walnut Street Theatre and other great auditoriums have been packed with those curious to witness the calisthenics and gymnastic exercises for which St. Joseph's lads are famous.

This—the gymnasium—is one of the

bring out the gentle side of their nature—the purpose in view being to develop such a spirit of healthy ambition and appreciation of a better life that, when left to themselves, they will not relapse into their old ways or return to their former associations and environments, as so many "institution" graduates do.

"St. Joseph's Cottage" at Sea Isle City, N. J., is another great evidence that, in addition to the beautiful dormi-

tories with their snow-white cots and the large well-lighted and comfortable infirmary in the Philadelphia house, the physical welfare of the boys is scrupulously attended to. Every year the boys enjoy a vacation of three weeks in this seaside annex—an inestimable boon to the delicate ones among them. They have, besides, in the summer months, picnics and outings in Fairmount park and other suburban resorts, so that their lot may well be said to be “a happy one.”

training may be harmed, as in many institutions they are, but that is because they are *institutionized*. Individual development is neglected, the result being, in most cases, a weakling who feels himself a ward of charity and looks for support to his fellows. Treat an orphan boy as you would treat any other boy and he will respond. Give him hopes and ideas beyond the unhappy past and he will, if of the proper fibre, eventually reach higher levels. Such is the motive underlying the system



A CLASS OF ATHLETES, 1901.

It may be urged that it is a mistake to surround with comparative comforts boys who have a hard battle before them. But if a lad's ambition is aroused, if his courage is strengthened and if, at the same time, he be morally nerved by religious training combined with a good elementary education, the chances of success are in his favor. If boys who never knew privation go wrong, to be comfortable in youth is not in itself demoralizing. Poor boys without proper

in vogue at St. Joseph's, and experience is every year justifying it, the spirit of honor, trustworthiness, manly ambition, conscientiousness in the discharge of duty, being the rungs by which its graduates are climbing the ladder of success.

Some of the means employed to develop these qualities are worthy of notice. Every Sunday evening there is a special session of the entire household, teachers and boys included, and the



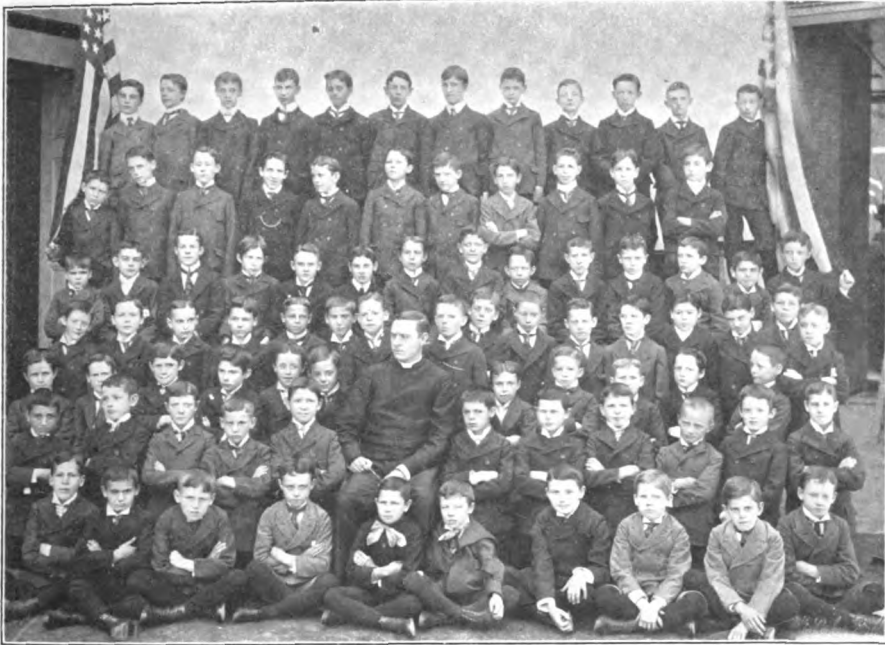
THE CHAPEL.

report is made of the conduct of the previous week. Any boy charged with violation of the rules or complained of by his employer is permitted to offer any explanation he may have to make. The boys themselves are chosen in turn as assistant prefects, the spirit of confidence thus appealed to responding in a greater steadiness and a trustworthiness evoked from the feeling that they share in authority. No one is condemned unheard, and a spirit of discipline without harshness is diffused among them; reliance on those in charge dominates them and bad habits are checked. Cared for thus at home and at work, boys and superiors make up one large and happy family.

But, as has been noted, lest discipline might grow irksome the boys have their literary and athletic societies, reading-room, swimming-pool, playground and dramatic entertainments, all tending to the acquisition of pleasant, useful and refining knowledge. Indeed, the dramatic entertainments given by the boys for churches and church societies rank with the best productions of older

amateurs, for whom Philadelphia is famous. All these advantages give them a bright manner, good ideas, self-respect and, what is most essential, hope in their future. Deprived of these advantages, how many unfortunate lads go to the bad! With them the boys of St. Joseph's have what is undoubtedly a home in every sense, whither they turn not only for shelter, and rest, and instruction, but where they find their friendships, their hopes, their interests, their amusements; and whence they pass at last as self-supporting youths assured of success.

One other feature of recent adoption, and one to which the Home looks for rich results in the future, is the formation a year ago of a special class of more advanced students, who, with marked talents, have evinced vocations to religion. The class at present numbers about twenty. These are given a classical curriculum to fit them for the higher sacerdotal studies; so that in time, trained as they are to the requirements of the boys from whom they come and experienced in their peculiar



SOME OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

needs, they may in turn take up the work of rescue begun at St. Joseph's, not only in Philadelphia, but in other cities. Thus has St. Joseph's inaugurated in America the great work begun in Europe by Don Bosco, and thus in time may it become the nursing seminary of apostles eager for the salvation of the neglected Catholic youth of our country. It is a noble mission and one eminently worthy of the support of our generous Catholic laity; for on our Catholic youth depends the future, vast with promise, of the Church in America.

That so great and beneficent a work could have been accomplished on the pitiable pittance of poor individual Catholics were indeed marvelous, did we not remember that God never abandons those that put their trust in Him. Without a penny of State or diocesan aid, it has gone on for ten years in its wonderful growth, dependent mainly on the widow's mite—its finances being principally drawn from annual twenty-

five-cent contributions of poor Catholics. What this has meant through a decade of struggle and pathetic perseverance, often in the face of seemingly insuperable obstacles, only those in charge can know. What it has meant morally is recorded in heaven alone, but the city is unequivocally the richer in the accretion of so many more good citizens.

St. Joseph's, however, much as it is doing the state's work, cannot look to either city or state for aid, as a Catholic institution. It must, therefore, depend for its support and future development on the sympathy and charity of the Catholic public. Its future development—nay, its present maintenance—is imperative; for hundreds are knocking for admission—the Catholic waifs and strays of a great city, for whom the enemy is ever on the lookout. If we ourselves do not save them the enemy will eventually have them; for they are well equipped for their own peculiar methods of boy-saving.

BILL SOWERS.

By Edith Martin Smith.



IN spite of the above title Mr. William Sowers — erstwhile gentleman and scholar, present tramp violinist and lover of whiskey, both good and bad — possessed not the remotest proprietary interest in the golden-haired boy who was known throughout the camp as his "kid." When I say no real ownership I mean in the eyes of the law ; for surely an intense love for any human being gives us a temporary claim and responsibility in his behalf, and the untiring devotion of poor, shiftless, Bill Sowers to the manager's little son, the one apparently commendable trait in his rather questionable character, had conferred upon him the title of "guardian," and upon Robert, the unsought honor of being known as his "kid." Both Bill and Bobby were comparative strangers in Pinos Altos, the population of which thriving settlement numbered only 200 souls all told — this did not include the dogs whose presence formed a sensible portion of the community. It was not a place that one would seek, except for the most sordid motives ; its social advantages were few and consisted chiefly of gatherings at the two rival saloons, and a semi-monthly prayer meeting held by a visiting Methodist parson, whose zeal, poor man, was worthy a better flock ; for, not infrequently, when he reached the camp, tired but earnest in his quest for souls, he would find the hall closed and the candid notice, "Congregation all too drunk to attend service," nailed to the door.

It was while Pinos Altos was in this

unenviable stage of its infancy that Bill Sowers appeared upon the scene. His entry was dramatic. The big vein in the Golden Goddess that has gone on increasing in breadth and richness ever since its discovery had not yet been struck ; for it was during the summer of '97 the big flood took place — a flood that will go down in local history as revealing the most valuable body of ore opened in that part of New Mexico. All night the rain had fallen in torrents and at daybreak the storm seemed to have spent itself. The jagged rims of the surrounding mountains were swathed in heavy clouds that deepened their customary blue into purplish shadows ; the sun was making persistent, if spasmodic attempts, to gild the "heaven-kissing hills" that bounded us in on all sides like the rough walls of a crater, when in the distance an ominous rumbling gave warning that a flood was on its way, and almost before the men had time to remove their tents and bedding to a place of safety it was upon us ! The swirling angry waters carried everything along in their impetuous current ; the primitive machinery, by means of which some of the boys were doing a little placer mining on their own account, was swept away in the twinkling of an eye, and the labor of months destroyed. Trees were uprooted and borne along like straws ; the carcasses of cows and all the debris that the mountain fastnesses had spent years in accumulating, went down with the inexorable torrent.

At this time there was only one mine being worked in the vicinity and that but fitfully as its owners were able to pay the miners, and the mercantile business of the entire settlement centered in a single store which dealt out groceries and drygoods, whiskey and hardware

with pleasing impartiality ; it furthermore did duty as a club for such as were socially inclined, and on this morning the entire population of Pinos Altos was gathered in front of O'Flanagan's store, which commanded a view of the cañon, to watch from this vantage-point the work of destruction. Foremost in the group was Mrs. O'Flanagan who enjoyed the proud distinction of being the only woman in camp. She might have posed as a modern statue of Maternity as she stood with her baby clasped close to her motherly breast and four little children, scarcely passed the age of swaddling clothes, clinging to her skirts. Indeed, an artist might search far and wide without finding a model whose expression could excel poor Bridget O'Flanagan's in true womanliness, though her features, it is true, hardly fulfilled one's ideal of the classic.

As the roar of the hurrying flood began to subside a sound of music was heard faintly from afar, as if the winds were regretting their mad carousal of the night and were softening into their accustomed melody.

"Well, of all times to selec' fur playin' on yore blamed old accordion, Joe Simmons, this 'pears to me the wust," ejaculated one of the men who was smarting under the loss of various domestic impedimenta. "Ain't the elements been making racket enough without your jinin' in?"

The speaker did not turn as he delivered these scathing remarks, for Mr. Simmons was the sole resident of Pinos Altos possessing any musical tendencies, and that the melodic transgression was his, seemed a foregone conclusion. "'Twant me;" replied Joe, who hailed from Virginia. "Don't you know that old accordion of mine can't give forth no such heavenly tunes as that?" Like many more pretentious performers, Mr. Simmons was apt to blame the instrument for his own lack of culture.

"Holy Mother and the saints defend

us!" broke in Mrs. O'Flanagan in an awestruck tone. "Look there!"

The assembly turned as one man and every mouth paused in its bovine enjoyment of tobacco chewing, as its owner gazed in surprised silence in the direction her finger pointed. Descending the rugged trail that wound in and out close to the cañon's edge, with the leisurely air of an actor responding to his cue, came a man with a violin. His face was lifted heavenward with the rapt expression one sees often depicted on the countenances of the saints, and as he walked he played. Such sad, sweet yearnings as throbbed from the quivering chords of that violin—every touch expressive of unutterable sorrow! It seemed a very symphony of suffering. The crowd stood spellbound waiting to receive him ; the silence of twilight appeared to engulf them while a hush like the twilight of sound fell upon them. He was ragged as an Italian beggar and drenched from the storm ; his clothes were muddy, too, as if he had fallen more than once upon the slippery soil. An iron-gray beard lent him a patriarchal appearance, but his age was clearly not much over fifty. As he neared the group he staggered and, holding his violin toward Joe Simmons who hastily advanced to receive it as something hallowed, the old man gasped: "Take good care of it, pardner," and then fell forward unconscious. It was a weird scene, but now the sun began to clear its radiant way through the dissolving mists and bathe in grandeur the neighboring hills, while over some more distant peaks the clouds still hung in heavy uncertainty. A bird commenced to trill its matin song and at that signal nature once more awoke. Kind-hearted Bridget O'Flanagan, having in her astonishment invoked all the saints in the Catholic Calendar with whom she was at all familiar, promptly turned her attention to the stranger who had thus unceremoniously thrust himself in our midst.

"Here Joe, me bye, take hold of his feet; I'll hold the head of him and we will get him to the cabin in the twinkling of an eye. Dennis [to the oldest child] run tell your father to have some whiskey and hot water ready and be quick about it—sure an' a drop of something warm will help the pore creature; it's starved he is from the looks of him. And here, you boys—all of you, don't be frettin' about your breakfast—its meself that'll give you a better meal than you're used to havin', only don't come loafin' round before it's ready. Dogs and men folks bother me when I am in a hurry. Come Joe," and the two moved off with their unconscious burden followed by a procession of young O'Flanagans, who took turns in carrying the baby, and as many of the "boys" as were not interested in the fate of their personal belongings. Bridget, as will be seen, was a power in the camp. She gave her orders with the *aplomb* of a commander-in-chief and they were as unhesitatingly obeyed. The influence that she wielded was felt by the most worthless man among them, for it was such influence as every good woman, however lowly, exerts upon all male creatures that happen within her sphere. An hour later, when the miners assembled in her five-roomed cabin to enjoy a well-cooked and substantial meal, they were told that the stranger was ill, in a semi-conscious condition, brought on, no doubt, by hunger and exposure. He had been put to bed in Denny's cot with dry clothing and a "drap" of the all-powerful and ever-ready panacea that plays such a conspicuous part in frontier life; but, as Mrs. O'Flanagan afterwards confided to me, what was usually conceded a good stiff drink appeared to be literally but a "drop" to the musical stranger. He kept begging for more until Bridget peremptorily forbade any further yielding to his request, and while breakfast was in progress he could be heard through the thin-boarded petition toss-

ing feverishly on his cot and calling alternately for his violin and his daughter.

"Sounds like old Shylock, doesn't he—my ducats or my daughter," observed Sandy MacPherson, a raw-boned Scot of literary tastes; but the man whom he addressed politely disclaimed any acquaintance with a person of that name. "so far as he could recollect," and MacPherson hastily changed the subject. In the meantime the flood had spent itself, and the men, nowise discouraged, set about repairing its ravages. John Stevens, William Ott and Sandy MacPherson had, for two years or more, eked out a splendid maintenance by placer mining, and by one of fortune's strange whims the very disaster that had wrecked their modest outfit led them on to the acquisition of wealth beyond their most sanguine dreams. An extraordinarily rich piece of ore had been carried down by the waters from its hidden retreat in the mountains. The men followed it up with the result that in a few weeks the "Golden Goddess" property was located. That was the beginning—the rest is ancient history in mining circles; for a wealthy Scotch syndicate took the matter in hand and three years later, at the time this story properly begins, Pinos Altos had made Gargantuan strides towards civilization. The lucky trio who organized the company wisely held the controlling stock, and consequently the balance of power, in their own hands, and it was to this fortunate circumstance that I owed my appointment as book-keeper for the company. My father and John Stevens had played together as boys in a little village back in Missouri, and when one is far away from home and family it is such touches as these that make the whole world kin.

These hallowed associations of childhood—how we cherish them as our helpless barks drift downward with life's tide! We are so reckless of our youth when we have it, so covetous as we see it disappear. Surely Pandora had been

kinder if she had let hope, which nearly always proves false, fly away with the other gifts and left *youth* behind; for the young are always sanguine and to the old there is no hope !

Mr. Muir, the superintendent, had been appointed by old MacPherson, chiefly, I think, because he was of Scottish descent, although a more satisfactory selection could hardly have been made, for Muir was a gentleman as well as a

pany into a most convenient modern residence ; for since the big mine had begun to be formally worked there were men in plenty hanging around camp eager for employment. The building of the boss's house was a source of revenue to many of these wayfarers and their comments on the subject of finishing and furnishing were both original and amusing ; for when one's life has been spent on the plains with prairie



"HOLY MOTHER AND THE SAINTS DEFEND US ! LOOK THERE !"

clever man of business, and in the management of such an enterprise as the one he had in hand, it requires diplomacy as well as brain and brawn to make it a paying proposition. As soon as things got in fair working order Muir sent for his wife and three-year-old boy, but from the preparations that antedated their arrival one might have reasonably expected a harem. It did not take long to alter the rambling, one-story adobe that had been put up by the com-

grass for a couch and the star-gemmed dome of heaven for a ceiling, he is likely to regard such accessories as porcelain-lined tubs, and butler's pantries as useless examples of sybaritism. From the outside the place continued to look like a barrack but once inside and all one's ideals of home were realized—after Mrs. Muir and Bobby came, that is.

Bill Sowers, who during these years had made for himself a permanent niche

in the heart of every man in camp by reason of his wondrous music, was employed by the manager as an accountant whenever the work accumulated, or, it might be more truthful to say, whenever he was sober. We soon discovered that drink had been this gifted man's undoing as, bit by bit, he related scraps of his history to Muir and myself; but he was cautious in these reminiscent moods and we surmised rather than knew that some great trouble had blasted his career and sent him wandering like Ishmael into this wilderness of the great southwest. There was no placing any reliance in the man as he candidly told us, for he could not resist temptation; but his violin made everyone his friend, and to sum up the situation in Mr. Simmons' graphic language, "Bill sure lighted feet foremost on his luck when he struck this here musical settlement!"

It was a red-letter day in the annals of Pinos Altos when the stage set down pretty, dainty Imogen Muir at the door of her future home since she brought with her Bobby, and Bobby brought with him an instant solution of the query of our humdrum life. If ever a child was destined to fill an aching void in bachelor circles, that child was Bobby! We had not realized before what a blank existence ours had been until we saw his big brown eyes, smiling upward through a tangle of lashes, and heard his baby voice break into laughter. No curls had Bobby—he was a man every inch of him and his height was just one yard! There was something strangely familiar in his baby face, as I grew to know him better, though I failed to trace any resemblance to either his father or mother; he had a slow manner of smiling and, at times, an unfathomable look of retrospection in his dancing eyes that haunted me constantly. Others remarked it, too, and the coincidence strengthened my half-formed theories on the subject of re-incarnation. Mrs. Muir brought

many luxuries from her eastern home that were novel to frontier life, among them a Swedish cook, a German housemaid and a colored nurse—the latter a typical old "mammy" of ante-bellum days; but all these innovations passed unheeded as soon as young Muir set his foot on the ground and announced that "he did not want any lunch as he had just ated four bananas," and that he "wanted to see papa's big mill wite away, now."

"Let me have him, Mr. Muir, while you look after your wife. I'd love to talk to the little chap." Muir hesitated, but the wistful tone of poor Sowers' voice struck Mrs. Muir, and pleaded for him; after one quick searching glance into the man's face she sweetly gave her consent. They were not long absent as Bobby had received orders to report for luncheon, a half-hour at most, yet in that time a friendship sprang into existence between this oddly assorted couple that was warranted to stand any test. Not one of us was afterwards able to supplant Mr. Sowers in Bobby's faithful heart, try as we might; he came directly after Mudder, Fadder, and Mammy Dinah, and *before* the puppy, nor could any amount of coaxing or bribery induce him to invert this order or change his new friend's place in the scale of his affection. On one occasion, after a business trip to Denver, I returned laden with all the toys that Master Robert's fertile fancy had been able to suggest before my departure. He was radiant with pleasure and I, as an out-of-season Santa Claus, basked in high favor for quite a while. That night, however, when he said his prayers at my knee—a choice he occasionally honored me with when I spent the evening at his parents'—I begged that my name might come before "Uncle Sowers'" in the "God blesses," but I presumed too far. "You can't be prayed for before my precious uncle 'cause he is a relation, but [with charm-

ing naiveté] I shall put you before Ponto."

At first Mr. Muir discouraged the growing intimacy between his offspring and the erstwhile tramp, but Bobby's persistent affection won the day and it wrought moreover, a miracle that we could not have foreseen. The child's love seemed to have awakened in Sowers whatever ideas of self-respect lay dormant; by degrees his entire appearance altered and he began to look quite like a gentleman; his manner had always betokened refinement and education, and gradually little niceties appeared in his dress, his long hair and shaggy beard were trimmed until they became a fitting frame to his sad, furrowed face, and even his music lost to a certain extent its minor strain and danced and sang in all sorts of lively cadences at Bobby's request. Muir, than whom a kinder-hearted man never breathed, was quick to notice the regeneration his little son had unwittingly brought about, and he often invited Sowers to his house hoping that gentler association would keep the poor old chap in the right path, and Mrs. Muir encouraged these visits. Indeed, they were a source of great pleasure to her, for she possessed the musical temperament to an unusual degree and, while not a gifted musician like Sowers, her playing was both artistic and full of feeling. She liked best, however, to accompany him as he played, and he once told her that of all people she best interpreted the changeful moods and emotions of his beloved violin. During these duets, Muir and I would sit with our cigars in dreamy silence, "swung by the might of music up to the spirit land," as we listened to the magic chords that laughed like sentient beings in ecstasy, or wailed like souls in despair.

One evening—each trivial incident of which now stands sharply out in the light of the events that followed—we three men were seated on the white-

washed verandah that had been changed into a retreat of shade and beauty by dint of much coaxing of wild creepers and the scarlet bean. It was Bobby's fourth birthday, and at his request Sowers and I had been invited to do honor to the grand event. Dinner was over, the wonderful cake disposed of, and the tired child had cuddled himself in "Uncle's" arms as a stronghold whence to defy the omniscient Dinah who, promptly at seven, was wont to swoop down like a good-natured and portly hawk and carry off her unwilling charge to bed.

The soft haze of Indian summer which is nowhere more inviting than in New Mexico, overhung mountain and valley, while from the neighboring hills was wafted a sound of tinkling bells as the goat herders drove their frolicsome flocks to water. The view at this hour was peculiarly pastoral for such a wild locality; the great mill had been closed for nearly a week owing to the non-arrival of some machinery, and the town slumbered as peacefully as a New England village on Sunday. Just as his wife was about to join us, Muir was called to the company's store, a block away, to answer a telephone message.

"Will not you crown the pleasure of this delightful evening by playing for us, madam?" asked Sowers, with the old-fashioned courtesy that sat so well upon him.

Now Mrs. Muir frankly admitted that when not beguiled by other people's music she was never so happy as when playing herself; so without demur she groped her way through the fast-gathering darkness to the piano and began to play. I have already spoken of Imogen Muir's sympathetic touch. This evening her selection was entirely new to me—a quaint, dreamy air interspersed with little trills of livelier melody. It suggested a young mother crooning lullabies to her babe. When she had finished I was startled by a groan from the man near me and by the

ghastly pallor that had overspread his face.

"What is it, Sowers—are you ill?" I asked, in some alarm.

"Hush, my boy; it is nothing—only the old pain." And Dinah, appearing at this moment, he placed Bobby in her arms and, staggering slightly, moved over to the piano.

"May I ask the name of that piece, Mrs. Muir, and where you learned it?"

"I do not believe it ever had a name, Mr. Sowers. I caught the air when a child from hearing my mother sing it. It was her favorite lullaby and mine, for my poor father composed it shortly before his death, when I was hardly more than a baby."

"And your mother's name?" inquired Bill, huskily. "Do not think me impertinent, madam; but I once had a dear friend who sang that selfsame air."

"Ah! perhaps he knew my father? He was a professor of music and very talented, mother said. I cannot remember him, as he died before I was three years of age. My mother's maiden name was Imogen Viéle. She was of French extraction—and father, two, was French. It was thus he derived his talent, for mother has often said that the Americans have execution but not the musical soul."

"And what became of your mother, if you will pardon an old man's curiosity?"

"She died when I was nine years old, but I remember her perfectly. We were devoted and inseparable companions; she always said that she had to give me a father's as well as a mother's love. Poor mamma! Ah, it was terrible when she left me! I am sure I should have soon followed, for my grandfather was a stern man who did not understand children, had he not placed me at a convent in St. Louis, where the mother-heart of each dear sister seemed to satisfy its emptiness by love and kindness to the unhappy little orphan. In that pure atmosphere I

grew gradually reconciled to my loss, for you know youth soon forgets."

"Alas no, madam," replied her listener sadly. "Childhood may forget, but youth never. They say time heals our griefs and, in a measure, this is true; but at what cost? At the price of faith, hope and all the dear enthusiasms that go towards making life endurable. To see one by one our interests decay, our friends grow cold, our erstwhile pleasures become a fresh source of ennui, and yet to feel no pang of regret—this is what time can do towards healing a great sorrow, and I question if the last state of the individual be not worse than the first. But you must excuse an old man's garrulity, madam, and permit him to thank you for a very happy evening. Good night."

"Will you not stay until Mr. Muir returns?" asked our hostess, who, with eyes bent over the keys had failed to note her companion's emotion. He declined on the plea that he was not well; indeed, he seemed suddenly to have grown old and haggard. I, a silent observer, had watched it all, and my memory was busy patching together such bits of his story as he had vouchsafed us, and recalling other tales of his vagabond life in camp before Bobby had come with childish hands outstretched to save this weakling soul from destruction. In a flash the elusive resemblance that Bobby bore to some I had known was solved, and at this result of my cogitations I felt relieved that the superintendent had been called away. Mrs. Muir was lost in painful revery, evoked no doubt by memories of her childhood's sorrow when I bade her good-night; she gave me her hand in an absent-minded manner and arose to go to her boy. Thus the evening begun with such laughter and jollity ended in shadow and I walked home feeling that I had been witness to a tragedy.

The next morning Bill Sowers did not come for his customary walk with

Bobby; for several months Dinah's office as nurse had degenerated into a sinecure since Master Bob would have none of her. "Uncle" must take him for his outings and the sight of the silver-haired old man and the joyous dimpled child wandering up the long

midst of his treasures and, with his head on Sowers' knee, croon himself off to dreamland. Then out would come Bill's *alter ego* and he would play drowsy soothing melodies until Bobby awoke. These were the poor soul's happiest hours; the men about camp



"GRASPING THE CHILD'S ARM AND THRUSTING HIM ASIDE."

dusty street to the hills beyond the town no longer attracted attention. Bill always carried his fiddle, for at times the young autocrat demanded music; but, as a rule, it was not taken from its case until, tired of gathering flowers and building stone fortresses, the boy would fling himself down in the

grew to respect his deep affection for the little boy and gradually the roughest among them dropped their chaff and let him alone. Heretofore there was always one or more idlers eager to lure him into the saloon, for Utopian, indeed, must be the community that is lacking in that small element which holds itself

in constant readiness to push a fellow being over the brink, and Pinos Altos did not pose as better than its neighbors. Had it not been so pathetic it would have been amusing to watch the sturdy, careless air with which Sowers would march past the *cantinas* when upheld by Bobby's protecting presence, and the stealthy way that he avoided all proximity to them when he was alone. After all, the supreme need of any individual lies in the nearness of another soul that can restrain his evil propensities and develop the best that is in him.

A week passed and we saw nothing of Sowers either at the office or the house. Extra work at the books hindered me from inquiring for him in person and an attack of indigestion, induced, no doubt, by too much feasting in his own honor, kept Master Bob indoors. To a message I sent he replied that he was laid up for repairs; but whether this meant physical indisposition or a relapse into his former habits we could not guess. I, alone, was in a position to divine the mental trouble that might have laid our friend low, but I held my peace thinking each day to go and have a talk with him and each day postponing it until the next. How rarely we take note, until it is too late, of the little things that we might have done to cheer and help those to whom we are bound by ties of friendship or kindred. It is this moral blindness that makes life so stern and death so terrible.

Nearly a fortnight passed before I again saw Sowers and when he entered the office I scarcely recognized him—he had changed so much and aged so rapidly. Once more he appeared the wild, forlorn-looking wanderer that descended upon us that memorable morning of the flood. I was alone in the office as Muir had driven to the railroad station the day before to oversee the loading of the new boilers we were expecting. The hauling of these heavy pieces of machinery up a steady grade

of three thousand feet is slow work, and at regular intervals along the road fresh relays of mules were waiting to take the place of their exhausted comrades. This was Muir's method of doing a two days' job in six hours.

"For heaven's sake, Sowers, what has been the matter?" was my greeting as the man took the chair I placed for him.

"Don't question me, old fellow, for I cannot answer even you. I am going away and I have come to say good-bye."

This was a surprise; I realized that it had taken all his courage to formulate such a plan, and that the past two weeks had been for him a long, silent struggle. In the face of all this I could not obtrude my suspicions upon his evident desire of secrecy, but I did my utmost to induce him to change his mind—to no avail.

"I go, as I came, a tramp," he said, bitterly. "It will be no farther than the Silverton station, however, as I have money to pay my way to Phoenix. You can say I am leaving on account of my health."

This was accompanied by a smile sadder than tears as he held out his hand to me. I pressed it warmly.

"Good-bye, old friend," I answered. "If you ever want help of any kind will you promise to write to me?"

"I have already written to you, my boy, and I have the letter sealed and addressed in my pocket at this moment. Some day I may send it and I trust you will think more kindly of me then. Good-bye."

Neither of us had mentioned the Muirs; whether he would stop there on his way out of town or not, I dared not ask; but I felt that he could not trust himself to a final leave-taking of Bobby. It was impossible to settle my self immediately to work so I laid down my pen and stood in the office door watching the lonely figure plod wearily up the dusty street, and standing there,

powerless to help, I saw it all happen—a sight that would to God might be blotted from the tablets of my memory! Afterwards none of us could tell exactly how it occurred—does anyone ever know just how such tragedies happen? They come upon us so suddenly, so unnecessarily that we can only bow our heads at an overwhelming Fate; yet often there seems no other purpose in a life than to assist as either victim or saviour at some such crisis.

There are two roads leading from Silverton, the nearest railroad station, to Pinos Altos which meet near the latter town at a point where the downhill grade begins. It is a dangerous piece of road; but one grows reckless of danger in the wild west, and no steps had been taken to improve the existing conditions. Dinah was taking her lively young charge out for a walk and near this place Bobby caught sight of his friend. The child was carrying a large flag and as soon as he spied Sowers he charged down upon him with a howl of delight, brandishing his brilliant banner and yelling like an Apache. The wagon with its heavy freight came round a bend of the road at this juncture and the sudden apparition frightened the mules. They gave a frantic leap which snapped the chain holding the brake in place, and, released from all curb, the wagon pressed rapidly down upon the astonished animals, terrifying them beyond all possible control of the driver. On they came at a mad gallop and, while the danger was most imminent, Bobby took it into his young head to cross the road. I was conscious of a shout, then a sickening sense of horror caused me to shield my eyes like a woman so that I did not see Bill Sowers fling his violin in the ditch and, with a single bound, clear the space that lay between him and Bobby, grasping the child's arm and thrusting him aside, as the eight mules, their terror increased by the shouts around them, dashed down the hill at mad-

dened speed. The leaders struck him and in a minute it was all over! Life was quite extinct when I reached the spot and kindly friends were bearing his poor, mangled form to the shabby room he had so lately quitted.

As the men stole softly in to look their last upon his quiet features to which death gave a nobility life had withheld, there was moisture in many eyes that had been long unused to tears.

I took Bobby, none the worse for his narrow escape, and crying loudly for "Uncle," to come, too, and delivered him to his mother, leaving all explanation to Dinah who, panting, tearful, and conscience-stricken, made a mournful bodyguard. When I returned to the chamber of death Muir was already there. His buggy had not been half a mile behind the runaway team and he had, of course, heard all the details of the tragedy. Pale and trembling, he walked excitedly up and down the narrow room, a strange contrast to the peaceful figure lying upon the bed before us. He could not dwell upon Bobby's escape.

"My God, Jack, think what I owe him!" he gasped. "If he could only have lived until I got here it would not seem so awful; but now there is nothing we can do."

True, there was nothing to be done; and, as we were leaving the room after giving final directions for the funeral, one of the men handed me a letter.

"I found this in his pocket, Mr. Holiday, and saw that it was directed to you. His purse and knife I have given to the boss; there were no other papers."

Touching his hat the man passed on and thus, sooner than he intended, I received poor Sowers' letter. It was not a lengthy one:

"DEAR FRIEND:—I may be dead and my troubles over when you read this for I am feeble beyond my years, and life, at best, is uncertain. I expected

to carry my secret with me to the grave; but, since Bobby's birthday, I have felt sure that you have suspected the truth, and I know that I can trust you. Imogen Muir is my daughter and Bobby my own grandchild. How proud it makes me feel to write this; but *they* must never know it. I shall not blight her life, poor child, as I did her mother's, no matter how great the sacrifice may be to me. She shall not suffer the disgrace of having 'drunken Bill Sowers' known as her father. Drink has been my curse from the start; it ruined the brilliant career that was mine for the asking; it caused me to leave my young wife in a fit of brutal frenzy, and, when a few years later I had accumulated a modest fortune and worked out, as I hoped, my expiation, I came back to the old Kentucky homestead to beg her forgiveness, they showed me a new-made grave and told me her father had taken the child and gone they knew not where. Think of it—my child! He was a reticent man of strong prejudices and he hated me because I was a musician. Then I suppose I went mad. I know I spent my last cent in frantic and fruitless efforts to trace my daughter; but here, as always, whiskey was too much for me. It clouded what brain I had and stranded me a physical and financial wreck in El Paso. There I lived, and drank, and starved until, in a fit of restless wandering such as often seized me, I drifted into your camp. You know the rest, and now I must leave this place which has become a heaven to me and resume my tramping. It would not be honorable to stay, neither to Muir, nor to her, nor Bobby. I dare not ask your advice for I

feel that your goodness of heart would overrule your judgment. The step I am about to take must be right because it is so very hard. Try and think kindly of

"Your old friend,

"ROBERT BÉRARD."

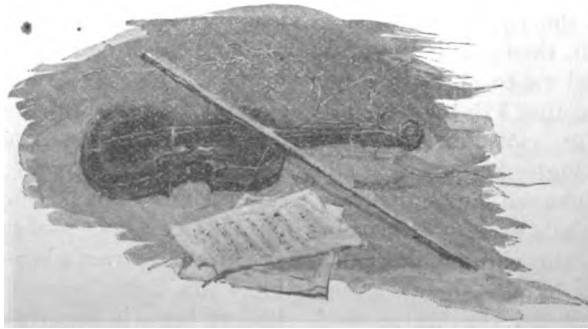
So my suspicions were correct! I sat for hours thinking over the sad situation and that night I sent for Muir and placed the letter in his hand. I knew I was breaking a tacitly enjoined promise; and yet, with the sight of that dead face before me, I could not bear that he whose life had paid the forfeit of his unselfish devotion should be buried as an alien. Muir was no less moved than I.

"A noble life misspent, a grand heart broken!" he exclaimed. "Would to Heaven we could call him back! And now I must tell my wife."

But this I forbade. He had made the supreme sacrifice, I urged, to spare her this knowledge and we had no right to render it abortive. My wiser counsel prevailed and Imogen Muir never guessed that the man who saved her boy at the cost of his own life was bound by any nearer tie than that of love for Bobby.

No honors that the camp could pay were denied Bill Sowers at the last. By the manager's orders, the mill was shut down, the stores closed for the day and all business suspended. To us who understood, it seemed a satire; and yet, no more could be done to show our respect and gratitude, and, in a lonely grave beneath one of the tall pines that give the camp its name, we left him with

the southing winds to sing his requiem. Thus fitly he crowned his work of expiation for "greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friend."



THE STATE MUST HAVE A RELIGION.

By the Reverend T. J. Campbell, S.J.

WHEN Europeans were savages, the monks had to turn farmers and teach the warriors to till the soil. In fact, a monk in a ditch is a familiar picture of mediævalism. Metaphorically, he has been often thrown into it since, by his enemies, in spite of the fact that the ditch-digging monk laid the foundations of our modern civilization. When knight-hood was in flower and the nobles were killing one another like good cavaliers who had a reputation to get or to keep, the clerics had to write the laws and plead in the courts as practitioners. Respectable laymen would not incur the reproach of reading and writing in the days of helmets and battle-axes. It was not the monks who kept them in ignorance, but the lords and gentlemen of that glorious period had a horror for study—a trait which their descendants preserve. Again, up to the time of the Reformation and a little after, the famous politicians of the world were bishops and cardinals. Wolsey and Richelieu and Mazarin and Ximenes were the splendid prime ministers of Europe for many a century—men of another stamp than the shadows that flit over the political mutoscope of our own days. But from the farm and the forum and the council chamber, the clerics have withdrawn and there is no evidence that they are bewailing the change. The stray abbé to be met with in the French Chambres, the small cohort of Germany and Austria and the harmless bishops in the English House of Lords are the wreckage of former conditions. Singularly enough a priest of Angers, with the peculiar name of Bosseboeuf (which is equivalent to Beef-lump), applied for admission to the French bar the other day, but his petition was very properly denied. Such occupations belong to other days, and

the priests were engaged in them only because laymen were incompetent. The clergy have very gladly resumed the normal occupations of their cloth and retired to the sanctuary.

"Why is it, then," asks a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who suggests many of these thoughts, "that the Church does not follow a similar line of conduct in the matter of education? For, lo! the State stands ready to accept the office of the pedagogue, even without a ferula, and with its vast resources it seems better fitted than the Church to impart information concerning the boundless realms which science has lately revealed and which all classes of society to-day are so eager to explore. In fact, education of any other kind than that the world has very little fancy for to-day.

The answer is unintentionally given by M. de Coubertin, a pedagogical authority of much weight on the other side of the water, and who is now writing in our reviews, not a Catholic, educationally, but for some people that will ensure him greater importance.

He declares that all education in the secondary schools and colleges resolves itself into "the study of the world and of man." That is a Frenchman's way of making a phrase; but he is good enough to explain that he means by "the world" the study of physical sciences; by "man," his linguistic, literary, philosophical and moral training.

If we had gone hunting for a statement we could not have found a more lucid, succinct and complete answer to the question, why the Church was so willing to abandon agriculture, laws and politics, and yet so persistently set its face against abandoning education. Because, namely, education implies the study of man and consequently his moral formation.

By her very nature, as well as by the explicit command of her Founder, the Church is committed to the work of man's moral formation. Agriculture, law and politics were merely accidents in her career and she could and did give them up; but ethics she is absolutely unable to relinquish. If she does so, she is dead. But she is not dead and can never die, and, consequently, her fight for educational control is an irrepressible conflict that must go on till the end. Ethics she must have absolutely, and she will cling to literature, and especially to philosophy, because they have a direct bearing on morals—a connection which the ploughshare and the lawyer's brief do not necessarily suppose.

De Coubertin's confession has a comfort in it, and we hope the sceptics among us will take notice. The atheist Prud'homme used to say that morality is at the bottom of our laws. He meant, of course, Catholicity. He might have added morality is also at the heart of all education. For the unescapable fact remains that no matter how man's mind may reach out into the vast realms which science investigates; no matter how rich he may be in information about the material universe which stretches above or beneath him, he will never rest satisfied if his questions are unanswered about what is of infinitely greater importance—namely, himself. These surroundings are the clothes that he can and must eventually discard; but, who he is, whence he comes, whither he is going, are questions that he is absolutely unable to dismiss from his consideration. They are the Banquos of the educational feast, and their utterances are the irrepressible clamor of the soul for religion, the cry for knowledge of the link that binds man to his Maker and of the consequent duties which are involved in that knowledge. Information about that link and discipline according to its precepts is education. All the rest is

leather and prunella. Listen to what one of the Solons of the other side says, Professor Jowett, the master of Balliol college, whose judgment certainly must have weight in this matter, especially as he rejects revelation. "Life is a shallow thing without religion and we can no more live without it now than formerly; it is always returning upon us and we cannot cast it off. We need the support of it in life, the comfort of it in death. There is no other principle by which man can be raised to a higher level of thought and action."

"If," says another English writer, "it be preëminently true that the proper study of mankind is man, then the exploration of the rest of nature must take its place as a necessary but subordinate branch of learning. This is what Chesterfield meant in speaking of his son's education: 'no botany or gimcracks.'"

"The question whether in the existing order of things the earth goes round the sun or the sun goes round the earth affects me much in the same degree as the question whether the buttons of my coat were made at Manchester or Birmingham. Buttons must be made somewhere—Manchester or Birmingham is a matter of indifference. But the question about myself cannot be at any time a matter of indifference." Even Rabelais says that "science without religion is a bane to the soul."

"The material universe," says another, "is a cloud-laden atmosphere around us, beyond which we are conscious of a great light; the investigations of the various sciences are efforts to pierce the gloom; but the centre of all is man who is compelled by his nature to ask what are his relations to that light which is seen glimmering afar and to struggle towards it out of his darkness."

It is around this point that the whole fight centres; not that the State objects to the teaching of religion—it does not; it cannot—but it wants its own religion. It has its own views of

man's relationship to the unseen or spiritual world beyond—sometimes affirming it, sometimes denying it altogether. If those views agree with the views of the Church, the Church is permitted to inculcate them in the schools ; and, if they do not, then the conflict begins. In point of fact the State is not worried about anything else except that one subject. Churchmen might teach all the sciences that were ever discovered ; they might be the most brilliant luminaries in the firmament of secular knowledge, and the State would be only too eager to assist and glorify their labors ; but it would do so only because that is not education—it is instruction. Education belongs to the State, and because the Church says it does not, the war is declared.

It is beyond peradventure true that if, as Brunetière points out, the principal purpose of education as understood by the statesmen of to-day is to fashion political sentiment then education does belong to the State, and it is perfectly logical in objecting to clerical interference ; nay, it is compelled, if it wishes to insure its own stability, to eject the Church from the office of educator, if the Church has different views, and to substitute teachers of its own who will mould the minds of the growing generation in conformity with the principles with which the State is governed. We do not say it is right. In fact, we are sure it is awfully wrong—but it is logical.

Nor is this a new departure in governmental policy. It is not a break in the historical continuity of its contention on this score. The old Roman emperors kept a firm hold on their schools and the philosophers only laughed in private at the gods. Was not even Socrates among the Greeks made to drink his hemlock because of his alleged unpatriotic doctrines and for running counter to the principles of the politicians ? Did not the pagan element of the Renaissance decry and banish the old scholastic theology in order that Mach-

iavellian principles might prevail in statecraft as well as in the morals of the community ? Luther preferred to have no education at all rather than have Catholic teaching in doctrine and morals, and so closed all the schools and universities in Germany that Catholic influence might be eliminated from social and political life. When the government of France became atheistic it abolished absolutely the vast educational system which had produced such splendid results in literature and science and had given to the nation the most brilliant period of culture that it had ever known, because the ethical principles which were inculcated in those schools were not those of the Revolution. Its own efforts on pedagogy, by the way, are the most comical things in history. Napoleon, in establishing State education in France, declared : " My principal aim is to secure the means for directing *political* and *moral* opinions. All schools belonging to the university shall take for the basis of their teaching loyalty to the emperor, to the imperial monarchy and to the Napoleonic dynasty." It would be hard to find a more brutal and bold declaration of tyrants' purpose to destroy not only human liberty but self-respect by the means of education.

This brutality, however, is not exclusively Napoleonic. " What ! " said Paul Bert, the French Minister of Instruction who, in 1879, closed all the religious schools of France, " Do you mean to tell me that the State has no ethics and no doctrine ? What is the code ? Can we not inscribe on our books of civic education ' Commandments of the State ' just as you write on yours, ' Commandments of God or of the Church ' ? " There it is pure and simple. The religion which this representative of the State insisted upon was State worship, just as when, in the Roman Empire, Rome was a divinity—a monstrous religion, of course, but a religion nevertheless. Men cannot get on without it

in one shape or another. It may be, as Clemenceau pointed out, now Jules Simon's God, and now somebody else's God, but God must be there. "Ah!" said Viviani, the other day, in the French Chamber, "if you find yourself face to face with that divine religion which throws the glow of poetry over suffering by promising a future reward, place over against it the religion of humanity which lends its glory to suffering by offering it as a recompense for the happiness of generations that are to come." This is one of the latest substitutes for Christianity, viz.: that ridiculous and hypocritical altruism which Viviani, while delivering himself of this sentimental and what the *Atheneum* would call "highfalutin" bosh, knew perfectly well that the hire-sute anarchist does not care a button for. That troublesome personage is out for his own advantage and does not propose to leave anything to the generations that are to come if he can help it and if they come.

Russia at the present time affords an excellent object lesson of how government must control student conduct and opinion at all hazards and instil reverence for the principles on which the state is built. The one thought that permeates everything there is the authority of the Czar. The church itself has no other reason to exist than to serve as a vast political machine at the head of which, like everything else, is the great unquestioned ruler. The most awful doctrines in religion and morals are permitted to be preached everywhere without molestation; but nothing is tolerated which would reflect in the least upon the autocracy of the state which is the emperor. Bonaparte never dreamed of such subservience. Hence, the nihilist doctrines taught and accepted in the universities could not be permitted and the Cossacks were sent with whips and clubs and swords to inculcate submission. They did it in Russian fashion and it will be inter-

esting to women to know that when the female students took refuge in the church, hoping that the presence of the priests would restrain the military pedagogues, they were, if reports be true, butchered before the altar.

This is very shocking, indeed, but it was inevitable; for, when a government employs teachers who are atheists or unbelievers and expels, with contumely, those who come with the message of Christ, it is forming an educated class of men and women whom it will have to kill later on to preserve its own existence. What is happening in Russia will happen soon in France, and some French Tartar, or a statesman, with Russophile proclivities, may have to mow down with his cannon those whom the absence of Christianity has made the enemies of all government. The coming infidels will not be as docile as the Christians of to-day, who, when robbed and exiled, say nothing and do nothing but go. Perhaps our own unwise statesmen who are taking down the crucifixes in the school-rooms of the Filipinos, and putting the irreligion of America in place of the Catholicity that has civilized and educated these Malays better than Puritanism did New England, may profit by the example of Russia and France.

Already those who are most interested in education among us are taking alarm. The President of Chicago University admits that he views with consternation the growing paganism of our school population that never hears a word of God or of the obligations of man to his Maker on six days of the week, and on the seventh never darkens the doors of a church. Murray Butler, the leading light of Columbia, proposes a scheme of a Saturday-Sunday-school, for inculcating morality, and thus combating the evil; as if the deserted Sunday-school could be made more attractive by increasing its dreary length. He describes the spirit which pervades the education of the present day as in-

dividualism, which is only another fatuously invented creed—namely, idolatry of self, which is suggested as a substitute for Paul Bert's degrading idolatry of the State; another turn of the kaleidoscope; another attempt to fill the void of the heart for God. Individualism he deems a scholastic triumph, though he traces it to Rousseau and the horrible French Revolution. The religion of Rousseau and the Revolution can never bring a blessing to any country, and it is hard to understand how a Christian man does not recognize that hideous fact. But some one else will have another idea to-morrow.

In view of all this might we not ask in passing what do those people say who are always railing against the union of Church and State?—a weakness that some Catholics are prone to. It is clear when a State undertakes to teach ethics it is undertaking to teach religion; but when it attempts to teach religion is it not attempting to establish a State Church with hired officials to inculcate the doctrine which the State has decreed it is proper to impart?—a poor substitute for Catholicity, indeed, as everything is that is not true, but a Church all the same. Nor can it be otherwise. For there never was and there never can be a State that is not in union with some sort of a Church; and the whole question resolves itself into this: Is it better to have the teachings of Christ in the schools, or the infidelity, humanitarianism, individualism state-worship or indifference or something else that the State chooses to foist on its victims? Catholics prefer Christ.

This necessity, which every State is under, of influencing the religious views of the student population is brought into new prominence lately by the sudden development of zeal which has broken out like an epidemic in various nations with regard to the Higher Education of Women.

Up to twenty-five years ago the

State never gave the question a thought and, although for centuries woman has been admitted into Catholic Universities, it is only now that in Protestant countries the matter presents itself to the public mind. Woman seems to be a new creature that has just appeared on the horizon and the clamors are loud and persistent that she should receive the same education as her more fortunate brother.

What is the reason of this new access of zeal? The *Revue des Deux Mondes* thinks it is because the question of woman suffrage is being agitated. The hitherto unprotected female is going to vote; she is going to influence the various governments of the world by means of the ballot, and hence it is of the greatest importance that her ethics (which means her religion) should be fashioned in accordance with national ideas, just as, for example, it is of importance that the school-books put in the hands of our southern children should not inculcate the principles which were nullified by the civil war; and, according to the *Spectator*, just as the Boer children must be taught English history.

Hitherto women have directed their own schools without molestation. They have kept them under religious influences, with the result of saving one-half the school population of the civilized world from the corruption of unbelief. The movement is on foot now to bring into their schools by means of State control the same anti-Christian spirit which has wrought such havoc in the schools of men. "Secure the women," says Bebel, the great leader of the Socialists. "With them is the victory."

Free compulsory education will be the chief instrument employed to achieve that end—that is to say, by means of legislative enactment or by indirect pressure, all schools, even those that are now under absolutely private control, will be under compulsion to adopt the free education and, consequently, to adopt the ethics of the State.

Compulsory free education is like compulsory free cotton-picking in slavery times. The negro got what were alleged to be free clothes, board and lodging ; but he worked hard for them. They were his by right. They were, in fact, as much a badge of slavery whenever they were flung at him as the compulsory cotton-picking to which he was driven.

Thus, too, compulsory free education, while being an absurdity that would be humorous if it were not so onerous in its workings and malign in its purpose, expresses a similar bondage. The white slave is told he has free schools ; but he pays heavy taxes for them which he cannot escape. He is compelled to get books that he hates ; to study what is against his conscience, and, worst of all, the driver who snaps the whip over him is the more or less ignorant but always arrogant fellow whom he has put into office. We are a great people. The old slave had not the option of choosing his master. We elect him and pay him for making our life miserable.

In pursuance of this popular belief that the government ought to have absolute control over all schools, public and private, a thing which is proclaimed as the palladium of our liberty, it is among the possibilities that our great convent schools may have to accept State surveillance or go out of existence. In France they are already doing so. State colleges for girls were founded there in 1884. In 1888 they contained 6,946 pupils ; in 1896 the number was 15,709. This must have been disastrous for the convents. Perhaps our turn will come next.

Suppose, then, that our Catholic young women are no longer to be trained in convents but are to be forced to accept the education of the State. If they accept the education of the State they accept the religion of the State, such as it is inculcated in the literature, philosophy and ethics which the State

insists upon. These things are inseparable. Now what are the religious views they are to get ? Let us take M. de Couberton's definition of education and see.

First. Literary formation. In the study of literature there can be no check whatever. Every, or almost every non-Catholic feels himself bound to denounce the mediævalism of the Index of Prohibited Books. The recent effort of the Boston Public Library to purify its shelves afforded abundant material for newspaper wit all over the country, and no doubt the burning of Ingersoll's works on the grave of a converted atheist was regarded as a mild piece of lunacy. To read what one likes is considered one of our unalienable rights. It is therefore to be expected that the young women in State schools will not only be invited but compelled by the exigencies of promotions and examinations to form an intimate acquaintance with authors whom her Catholic training made her regard as dangerous to her purity and her faith. She will be expected to know all about Voltaire, Rousseau, Heine, Balzac, Byron, Shelly, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Zola, Hume and Gibbon—in a word, all the pornographic poetry or romance of our own or other countries, all the calumnious histories whose chief object is to revile and misrepresent the Church to which she belongs, and all the screeds of the essayists of the day who utter their blasphemies in the Reviews or assail the laws of religion and society in their books and pamphlets.

It is hard for one to keep white amid so much soot, but independently of the degradation of soul that ensues upon familiarity with such literature, and of the pleasure that is generated for a gross kind of mental food, there is a spirit of rebellion against what is sacred and pure injected into the heart of the student that works incalculable harm on the gentle and modest spirit of a Catholic girl.

Secondly. What is the Philosophy

she shall have to read? According to a great educational authority, Hegel and Rousseau are the master-minds that pervade the modern schools. Hegel is a pantheist and Rousseau an unclean wretch both in his writings and in his life. Kant and Fichte and Schelling and Nietzsche and Schopenhauer and their fellow madmen are all to be a subject of study for her much-abused mind. Herbert Spencer will show her that there is no such thing as the supernatural. Darwin and Huxley will disprove Creation for her; and consequently the Fall of Man, Redemption and the whole sacramental system of the Church will go by the board. Multifarious writers on psychology will explain to her that there is no such thing as a spiritual and immortal soul, and that consequently there is no such thing as an after-life, and she will probably hear the ministers in the Protestant centres where she lives speak of hell as an illusion, judgment a myth and Christ as a harmless visionary.

Thirdly. Her ethics will be that of the Utilitarians of the day—Bentham, John Stuart Mill, Leslie Stephen, etc. She will be taught that the law of God which she was told was written on her heart and in which her conscience reads for her the dictates of right and wrong is an illusion, and that the real criterion of morality is what will give her pleasure, viz. : sensual pleasure. She will hear John Stuart Mill, who is a rabid Malthusian, explain his infamous doctrines about families and denounce the pains of motherhood as cruelty inflicted by the Maker—if there be a Maker. Rousseau will tell her that her children will belong to the State; others that the bonds of marriage, whose permanency alone can secure her honor and happiness, are altogether an affair of the State and rescindable at pleasure; that chastity is a violation of the inherent rights of human nature and the consecration of women in religious orders barbarous and inhuman.

Meantime, she will be shut off by her surroundings from those influences which had, until then, kept her soul aglow with love and admiration for those lofty ideals of womanhood realized in the Mother of God and the other saints of the Church; the associations for purity and piety in which she had been enrolled as a member will be no longer available, and the reception of the sacraments, which are all the more needed as time goes on and dangers multiply, will diminish in frequency or perhaps be interrupted altogether.

She may, for a time, steel her heart against these evil influences, but no human being can live in a vitiated atmosphere without being tainted.

Surrounded by all that great wealth can confer, dazzled by what appears to be exceptional learning, listening all day to covert or open attacks upon all that she has been taught to revere, deceived by sophisms and misled by lies, it cannot be otherwise than that all that in our eyes goes to make up the beauty and power of a Catholic woman should disappear. The process will be more rapid than with men, and the consequences more calamitous. A woman is more easily led by her feelings and will sacrifice more for what she admires and loves; she will be more rabid in her apostacy and more eager to destroy what she has learned to hate. A Catholic woman who has lost her faith will become a petroleuse in the lower classes of society and will mount the barricades; in the upper strata she will distil the poison of her bad heart upon those around and hasten the work of destruction.

Meantime, what is to be done in the Catholic convents and high schools for women before compulsory free education gets in its work?

The answer is easy. Train them well in literature, but in pure literature. There is enough of it to absorb the lifetime of anyone, man or woman. She can, more easily than

men, master the modern languages. With regard to the ancient tongues, she can discard Greek, at least for the present. It is not in the educational market now. As for Latin, if she cannot learn more of it than her brother does she must be a mental degenerate.

With regard to philosophy, although it is alleged that the feminine is inferior to the masculine intellect in dealing with the subtleties of metaphysics, she can get at least the elements of logic and travel along the leading lines of cosmology and psychology. Catholic women of the eighteenth century read a great deal of philosophy.

In ethics the same difficulty does not exist. It is simpler in its principles and quicker in its deduction.

The Catholic faith will have already made its axioms part of her nature and study will enable her to penetrate easily the sophisms of the enemies of Christianity, and to entrench herself securely in the proofs which Catholic moral philosophy well provide her with.

A short time ago a nun named Madame Marie du Sacré Coeur (but who must not be mistaken as belonging to the Society which we know as that of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart) uttered a cry of alarm about the deficiencies of convent education. As Madame Marie herself is admitted by her eulogist in the *Dublin Review* to have been very imperfectly educated, and as she is speaking from her very limited experience in a little convent in one of the poorest parts of France, her testimony need not cause any anxiety. She is not the first example of unfitness obtruding itself to champion a great cause. What was the chief reason why she was looked upon with disfavor by the ecclesiastical authorities we need not stop to consider, but evidently her seclusion in Auvergne has kept her in ignorance of what the rest of the world was doing. As regards her scheme for a central training-school to which the

various congregations might send their teachers, there are many points which might be urged in its favor, independently of the fact that such houses are not new things in Catholic education. As far back as 1859 one was founded in Bruges, under the direction of the Dames de St. André, and in 1898-99 the courses were followed by 125 nuns of sixty-four different congregations. A similar institution exists in England under the management of the Sisters of the Holy Child. Perhaps the Teachers College in New York, which is a belated realization of that idea, may serve as a home-thrust, and remind us that our rivals are profiting by our suggestions while we remain inactive.

An educational union of that kind, in order to become acquainted with other methods and to offset the unfamiliarity with many subjects which conventual seclusion necessarily entails, would have many advantages. At all events, it would obviate the frequenting of public assemblies in which nuns, we regret to say, are often seen, and which, while possibly being productive of a little and very little good, must, in the long run, be injurious both to the delicacy of the religious character and the regard in which religious women are held. But this is a matter for more serious consideration than can be given to it in the pages of a magazine. In any case, nothing should be left undone to put our colleges and schools for both sexes far in advance of all competitors. It is the Church that has given schools to the modern world, and the Church's schools should continue to remain in the forefront, which up to this time has been their acknowledged place. Perhaps even our antagonists might soon be compelled to admit that in them the best intellectual training can be obtained, and that the moral formation which they bestow is the strongest and most reliable support of the civil power.

O Cor Amoris Victima.

For Soprano and Alto with Organ Accompaniment, or for Mixed Chorus.

LUDWIG BONVIN, S. J.

mf Andante.

Soprano and Alto.

1. O cor a - mo - ris vi - cti - ma, coe -
 2. Cor dul - ce, cor a - ma - bi - le, a -

Organ Accompaniment or Mixed Chorus.

mf Andante.

li per - en - ne gau - di - um, mor - ta - li - um so - la - ti -
 mo - re no - stri sau - ci - um, a - mo - re no - stri lan - gui -

p poco a poco cresc. ed acceler.

um, mor - ta - li - um spes ul - ti - ma. Tu Tri - ni - ta - tis
 dum, far sis mi - hi pla - ca - bi - le. Je - su, vo - lup - tas

p poco a poco cresc. ed acceler.

glo - ri - a, iun - git Ti - bi se Fi - li - us, in
cor - di - um, cor u - re sa - cris i - gni - bus, di -

mf *f*

Te..... qui - e - - vit Spi - - - ri - tus, in
gnis..... ut or - - - nem lau - - - di - bus cor -

ritenuto. *ritenuto.*

Te..... Pa - tris..... sunt gau - - - di - a.
dis..... tu - i..... prae - co - - - ni - unt.

rit. *rit.*

O Cor Amoris Victima.

THE TAFT COMMISSION AND THE FRIARS.

By Lorenzo J. Markoe.

WE find the report of this Commission in Senate Document No. 112 of the "Congressional Record." It has excited so much interest on all sides, and yet been so lightly and superficially studied by many persons, that a brief review of such portions as deal with questions of special interest to Catholics would seem to be opportune. We have spent days in a careful reading and studying of the entire report and accompanying documents, and propose to lay the result of our investigations before the reader as far as they concern the question of the Friars.

The actual report itself would seem to be a somewhat composite affair. Certain phases of the immense task assigned to the Commission were assumed by the various members individually. For example: the question of the Friars was assigned, with other matters, to Judge Taft for investigation, and we are led to assume that the evidence collected in the case was placed merely before him individually, and that he drew his own personal conclusions and prepared that portion of the report. Schools and taxation were assigned to Mr. Moses, who, presumably, followed the same method. The various portions of the report then being patched together as one document, it is signed by all the members and mailed to Washington. If this theory be correct, we have not even the benefit of a thorough investigation of these two questions, of the Friars and the schools, by the entire Commission collectively—all hearing and weighing the evidence and then comparing notes and reaching a common decision; but we have simply the individual conclusions of Judge Taft and Mr. Moses, the first as to the Friars,

and the second as to the educational question; those conclusions being adopted by their fellow members as presumably correct and conforming fairly well to their own prepossessions in the matter. We are told that "each commissioner was expected to conduct investigations and examinations on the subjects assigned to him. Much formal evidence was taken and transcribed, but more was gathered from informal conversations when no stenographer was present."

One of the earliest questions to come before the Commission was a petition from the rector of the University of St. Thomas, to allow the College of San Jose to be opened to receive medical students as a part of the university. Even here one is struck by the peculiar way of mentioning the two parties to the suit. It appears that the college had been closed by Gen. Otis "on the ground that it was the property of the Government of the United States, . . . and held for the benefit of the people of the Philippine Islands for educational purposes."

The petition was vigorously resisted "by a delegation of prominent citizens of Manila." The report tells us that elaborate arguments were made "on behalf of the Philippine people" by Señor Don Felipe Calderon, and "on behalf of the Catholic Church" by Archbishop Chapelle and Archbishop Nozaleda of Manila. It is also stated that much the same question affects the control of the large hospital of San Juan de Dios in Manila. The report says that "the issue is whether the Spanish Government, in its admitted right to control the management of the particular trust property, was acting in its secular and civil capacity, or as a mere

agent of the Catholic Church under the concordat between the Pope and the Spanish Crown."

Catholics know that, whether the property was owned by the Spanish Government or the Catholic Church, it was, at least professedly, so owned and managed "for the benefit of the people"; but is there not a clear impression here in the minds of the members of the Taft Commission that, if owned by the Catholic Church, it was not "for the people" but for the Church herself? If not, then why make the distinction by saying that Señor Calderon appears for the Philippine people, but that the Archbishops appear for the Church? Señor Calderon simply appeared, ostensibly, for the United States Government, and both sides equally claimed to represent the interests of the Philippine people. We mention this seemingly small matter, not to pick flaws or raise minute technical objections to the Commission, but because it clearly indicates the state of mind in which it approaches the Catholic Church in the Philippines. The members of this Commission are all Protestants, with their strong Protestant prepossessions against the Church, and with not a single Catholic amongst them, or even one member who, to anybody's knowledge, ever had any dealings with Catholic questions; so that, without imputing to them intentional unfairness or injustice, we may truly say that they are utterly incapacitated by their preconceived misconceptions of the relations of the Church and her institutions to the Philippine people, from drawing just conclusions as to the actual feelings of the people towards the Church and her representatives in those islands! This will become clear as we proceed. The Commission agrees that "all the evidence taken, no matter what the bias of the witness, showed that the masses of the people are ignorant, credulous and childlike, and that under any government the electoral franchise

must be much limited, because the large majority will not, for a long time, be capable of intelligently exercising it."

The reader will please note this important statement in its bearing upon the peculiar duties of the Friars, as enumerated later on.

On page 17 we are told that it seems clear "that a great majority of the people long for peace." The Commission concludes from the evidence that the people are quite willing to accept "the establishment of a government under the supremacy of the United States"; but there is a terrible "conspiracy for murder" in existence amongst the insurgents, by which the people are terrorized and prevented from assisting in the suppression of the insurrection. The report reads: "Anyone suspected of giving information to the Americans concerning the insurgents is immediately marked for assassination. The ramifications of the conspiracy are so wide that it has effected the terrorism of an entire people."

On page 18 we read that "the difficulty the people have in communicating with the Americans, because of a want of knowledge of their language, character and customs would have a tendency to make them silent in any event."

It never seems to occur to the Commissioners, at any point in their report, to feel the slightest doubt as to the reliability of their own information, owing to this very difficulty of communication! Their evidence is collected through interpreters and translators and third parties; yet it is always reliable where it suits their purposes or conforms to their hopes and desires as to the native longing for American civilization and progress! Because of this "terrorism" by the insurgents on the one hand and absence of a medium of communication with the Americans on the other, the Commission deems it in no way strange "that the insurgents are

able to assume the role of amigos when pressed and hide themselves in barrios of the town if driven out of the mountains where they have their headquarters."

And again we are told :

"Not infrequently the municipal officers assume a double duty, one to the Americans and one to the insurgents."

But this double duty, the Commission believes, does not indicate that the sympathy of the municipal officer is with the insurgents, "but only that punishment for failure to render service to the insurgents will be much more bloody and severe than for infidelity to the Americans and the violation of the oath of allegiance."

As to the great task before them of civilizing all these poor people in the Philippine Islands, we learn on page 19 that "the possibilities that present themselves of improving the condition of the people in education, wealth, comfort and in the knowledge of how to govern themselves cannot but awaken the deepest enthusiasm on the part of every friend of civilization familiar with the actual conditions."

The Commission fully realizes that there are grave practical difficulties to be overcome. On page 20 it is remarked that "in the outset it is not too severe to say that the percentage of Filipinos who can be trusted to handle money in public office or to exercise any direct official control over their fellow residents without peculation or the imposition of illegal charges is comparatively small." "... they must be taught by better salaries and by the example of the Americans a different standard of integrity." "... the Filipinos have had no training except from being in the Spanish service or observing its workings. That service was notoriously corrupt."

But the Commission finds that the Americans "come with the idea of amassing a competence by their stay in the islands. They are exposed . . .

to constant temptations offered them by interested persons seeking to escape lawful burdens or to obtain fraudulent advantage. . . ."

Against these dangers the Commission seeks to guard by a system of legislation intended to lessen the temptations, and supply to some extent for the lack of honesty which it dreads in Spaniards, Filipinos and Americans alike! These facts being noted, let us now turn to the great question of how to dispose of the Friars. On page 23 we are informed that "excepting the Moros, who are Moslems, and the wild tribes, who are pagans, the Philippine people belong to the Roman Catholic Church." "In 1898 there were 746 regular parishes." "... all but 150 were administered by Spanish monks of the Dominican, Augustinian or Franciscan orders." "By the revolutions of 1896 and 1898 against Spain, all the Dominicans, Augustinians, Recolletos, and Franciscans acting as parish priests were driven from their parishes to take refuge in Manila. Forty were killed and 403 were imprisoned and were not all released until by the advance of the American troops it became impossible for the insurgents to retain them. Of the 1,124 who were in the islands in 1896, but 472 remain. The remainder were either killed or died, returned to Spain or went to China or South America."

Through the courtesy and assistance of Archbishop Chapelle "the commissioner to whom the subject was assigned was enabled to take the statements" of the Provincials of the religious orders and several bishops. Philippine laymen, American Catholic priests, army officers, Catholic and Protestant, and newspaper correspondents "were examined in great number."

As regards the character of the Friars, the majority of these witnesses were, of course, foreigners and comparatively recent arrivals, knowing next to nothing of the country or its various

dialects, and, therefore, cut off from all communication with the great mass of the population. The commissioner finds that "the Friar as a parish priest was usually the only man of intelligence and education who knew both the native dialect and the Spanish language well in his parish. His position as the spiritual guide of the people necessarily led to his acting as intermediary between them and the rest of the world in secular matters. In only a few of the parishes was there any other Spanish representative of the government of Spain than the Friar priest."

Amongst numerous facts stated by the Commission as having been obtained from the provincial of the Franciscans, we glean the following :

"They did not have civil registration here, and so they had to depend upon the books of the parish priest. These books were sent in for the purpose of this cedula taxation, but were not received by the authorities unless viséd by the priest."

"He was president of the board of statistics because he was the only person who had any education. He was asked to do this work so that better results could be obtained. It was against the will of the parish priest to do this, but he could only do as he was told. If they refused they were told that they were unpatriotic and not Spaniards. If they had declined they would have been removed from their charge."

"Every year they would go to what they call the sacramental books and get the names of all those who were twenty years of age. This list being certified to by the parish priest the names were placed in an urn and then drawn out. Every fifth man was taken"—to serve in the army.

"By law the priest had to be present when there were elections for municipal offices. Very often the parish priest did not want to go, but the people would come to him and say, 'Come,

for there will be disturbances and you will settle many difficulties.'"

"He was also a member of the board for partitioning crown lands. After the land was surveyed and divided and a person wanted to sell his land he would present his certificate, and the board would pass on the question whether or not he was the owner."

"He was also counselor for the municipal council when that body met. They would notify him that they were going to hold a meeting and invite him to be present."

"He was the examiner of the scholars attending the first and second grades in the public schools."

"He was the censor of the plays, comedies and dramas in the language of the country, deciding whether they were against the public peace or the public morals. These plays were presented at the various *fiestas* of the people."

Many other duties are mentioned which devolved upon the poor priest, in addition to his primary object of instructing the people in sound doctrine and morals. The Commission here makes this comment :

"It is easy to see from this that the priest was not only the spiritual guide, but that he was in every sense the municipal ruler."

On page 28 the Commission says that "it further appeared from evidence of other Friars that whenever a resident of any *pueblo* was suspected of being a disturber of the peace or a plotter against the government, or a dangerous character in other respects, no action was taken until the parish priest was consulted by the head of the insular government."

In all this we have a striking picture of the position of the Friars as a body of men, respected and trusted implicitly by both the government and the people; the first looking to them alone for the maintenance of law and order and keeping the people loyal to the existing

authorities ; the second looking to them for peace and quiet and training in the ways of civilization and Christianity, and for protection from corrupt or autocratic government officials.

It appears that in recent years a good many deportations took place to distant islands, and these the anti-Friar witnesses declared were the result of the Friars' influence ; but this the Friars themselves absolutely deny. The Religious Orders, through their heads in Madrid, had ready access to the Spanish Court. The Commission is, plainly, deeply impressed by the representations made to them, by the anti-Friar witnesses, as to the powerful political influence and control which this thorough organization gave the Friars in the affairs of the islands ! Doubtless, these gentlemen already knew a thing or two, by hearsay, about " Jesuitical " influences and wirepulling, and they were quite ready to swallow the pill presented to them, so nicely coated by the sharp Filipinos in Manila who have an eye on church property in the archipelago !

We must give the Commission full credit for striking the nail squarely on the head with unerring precision, when it remarks, on page 26, " the truth is that the whole government of Spain in these islands rested on the Friars."

Up to the revolution the entire number of troops from Spain in the islands did not exceed five thousand. The Friar remained in his parish for many years. The Spanish officials usually remained in the islands only four years, and often less. The Commission again sees a confirmation of the political " pull," to use a slang phrase, of the Friars in the fact that " the stay of those officers who attempted to pursue a course at variance with that deemed wise by the orders was invariably shortened by monastic influence."

This preconceived idea of Friars, as a thoroughly organized body of sharp politicians, is evidently carefully fostered and catered to by the advocates

of the " people's cause " in the islands as against the " Friars." It is plainly predominant in the mind of the commissioner and controls his pen when he writes these words, on page 27 :

" Once settled in a parish, a priest usually continued there until superannuation. He was, therefore, a constant political factor for a generation. The same was true of the archbishop and the bishops. The Friars, priests and bishops, therefore, constituted a solid, powerful, permanent, well-organized political force in the islands which dominated policies."

The splendid result of this organization, in the wonderful preservation and increase of these wild, barbarous and conglomerate populations, and their actual state of at least partial civilization, after three centuries of persevering application of this " solid . . . well-organized political force " and " monastic influence," whilst the negroes and the Indians in the United States and the natives in Hawaii and many other places, who have enjoyed the blessings of " Anglo-Saxon " civilization, have either dwindled away or still remain uncivilized and are being burned at the stake by their civilizers for their crimes—real or suspected—entirely escapes the attention of the members of the Taft Commission, so closely is their gaze fixed, by their adroit " loyal " adherents in the Philippines, upon the " political " dangers of " monastic influence " ! Anyone with an inkling of the history of religion in the Philippines must be painfully impressed by the utter absence, in this report, of any word of sincere or earnest commendation of the marvelous work accomplished, amongst a savage and untutored people, by these much-maligned Friars, who, by their ready access to the Spanish Court, were enabled to successfully frustrate every serious abuse of power by the Spanish officials in the Philippines, on the occasions when such abuse was attempted or contemplated by those who were

inclined to be dishonest, or—in the words of the Commission—"notoriously corrupt." We learn from Chief Justice Arellano, in this same Senate Document No. 112, on page 225, that here, as elsewhere, Spain had her official "Protector of the Indians," for the express purpose of shielding them from just such abuses of power.

"Politics" the Commission finds to be one grave source of danger in the domination of the Friars. They find another in the fact that they actually own property in the islands. Our astute, keen-witted Filipino lawyers (remember they had been educated by the Friars, so they ought to be adepts in politics!) having conveyed to the minds of the commissioners the impression of the dangerous character of the Friars, now pass naturally and easily to the serious aspect of permitting such a class of men to possess property of their own, and entirely under their own control, in our new possessions. And yet, even here, the natural American common sense of the commissioners enables them to state the facts with sufficient clearness for us to read between the lines with very little difficulty. We learn on page 27 that "the Augustinians were granted by the Spanish government a large estate in the sparsely settled province of Cagayan in northern Luzon, in 1880, with the hope that they might invest capital there and improve the country. The Recolletos acquired in the same manner and for the same purpose even a larger estate in the wild and unsettled Island of Mindoro in 1894. With these exceptions the lands held by the Friars have been theirs for more than a generation, and they have owned most of the valuable estates for one or two centuries."

Undoubtedly the Commission is far better qualified to deal with land titles than with religious phases of the Philippine problem: and Judge Taft finds that "prescription has supplied any de-

fect which might have been in their original titles."

He states that Señor Calderon himself concedes this point.

"Though he suggests that the Friars had such power to defeat claims against them under the Spanish régime as to furnish a just reason for suspending the operation of prescription."

Judge Taft's genuine honesty and uprightness are stronger than his prepossessions against the Friars as promoters of "monastic influence"; and he dismisses the suggestion of their unprincipled and relentless enemy with the remark: "The suggestion, however, is not believed to be a tenable one."

He also mentions the fact that "no adverse claimants to agricultural lands held by the Friars have appeared before the Commission or the Courts, except certain tenants of an estate lying near Calamba in the province of Laguna, and the issue made by them can be readily settled in the ordinary tribunals."

The mere fact of holding land, however, is not a crime; and it was necessary to ascertain what use the Friars made of their holdings. We learn on page 27 that the Franciscans are "not permitted to own property except convents and schools." The other three Orders "own some valuable business property in Manila and have large amounts of money to lend. But the chief property of these Orders is in agricultural land. The total amount owned by the three Orders in the Philippines is approximately 403,000 acres. Of this, 121,000 acres is in the province of Cavite alone."

The Commission has told us that in 1896 there were 1,124 Friars in the islands. The MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART says that before the war there were "some 2,000"; 1,124 Friars would each get about 360 acres or a little less out of this 403,000 acres; 2,000 would get about 200 acres. This is not deemed an exor-

bitant amount of land for one farmer to own in this country ; why should it be in the Philippines? On page 28 we read: "In the older provinces of Cavite, Laguna, Manila and Bulacan, the haciendas of the Friars were very well cultivated before the war and were quite valuable. On some of the estates large amounts of money were invested by the Orders in furnishing proper irrigation and other improvements . . . it is unlikely that the annual income from all their agricultural land ever exceeded \$450,000 (Mexican). The land was rented on shares in small holdings. Leases were given for three years, and no assignment was permitted without the consent of the Order. Tenancy usually continued in the same family and the tenant right seems, sometimes, to have been considered valuable. It is understood that for the last two years the Friars have not attempted to collect rents from persons occupying their lands."

Eleven hundred and twenty-four Friars would each get about \$400 (Mexican) as his annual income, according to the above figures of the Commission! Is this such a princely income for expatriating themselves and devoting all their energies to elevating an uncongenial people to a knowledge of Christianity and farming, exposing themselves to all the dangers and hardships of a climate which the Spaniards did not dare to face for more than four years?

Furthermore, we are not told that they *could not get* the rents during "the last two years," or were refused payment ; but that they "did not attempt" to get them. In other words: Whilst their tenants were in distress from the hardships and ravages of war, although they themselves were also being impoverished and ruined by the war, the good Friars would, not even ask them for their just dues ! They bear the expenses of improvement of the land, irrigate it, make it possible to cultivate it, and show the tenants how to make it

productive (for we must never forget that these wild barbarians were not agriculturists), and then, when the tenants are in any want, the Friars go still further and allow them the use of this improved property absolutely free ! This phase of the question, also, passes without any further credit from the Commission than the few words just quoted.

The Commission finds that the feeling against the Friars is a political antipathy, but "has in it also an element of agrarianism." We are told on page 30 that "for generations the Friars have been lords of these immense manors upon which, since 1880, they have paid no taxes, while every 'hombre' living on them paid his cedula, worked out a road tax, and if he were in business of any kind paid his industrial impost."

These were taxes paid to the Spanish Government—not to the Friars, as the uninformed reader might here infer. This would seem to imply that, previous to 1880, in addition to all that they were already doing to improve the land and transform the wild, roving bands of natives into peaceable, law-abiding cultivators of the soil, and remitting their rents when they were not as prosperous as they might be, the Friars also paid their own taxes to the government. And the fact that "since 1880 they have paid no taxes," the Commission puts in such juxtaposition to the payment of taxes by the tenants as to convey the impression that the monkish lords of the manors were rolling in wealth, and giving not even the usual taxes in return, whilst the poor, overburdened tenants were compelled, by hard Spanish laws and monkish greed, to pay taxes out of their scanty returns from the lands they cultivated ! Land was not taxed under the Spanish law, so that there was no special exemption in favor of the Friars as far as land taxes were concerned. We are not surprised to read this characteristic comment by the Commission on this same page:

"It is significant that it was in Cavite that the two revolutions broke out and that each in its beginning was merely a protest against the aggressions of the Friars."

Or, rather, was it not there that the insurgents could grab the richest lands from them at least trouble to themselves? We have searched in vain throughout the report and the accompanying documents for any evidence as to the nature of these "aggressions," beyond the list already given of the duties of parish priests—duties placed upon them partly by the Spanish government, despite their own unwillingness to perform such duties, and partly by their own people, who looked to them for protection against unjust exactions of government officials.

A third important question, considered by the Commission in connection with the Friars, was the charges of immorality preferred against them. Here the Filipino lawyers—relying, perhaps too confidently upon the supposed Protestant prepossessions of their American protectors—overshot the mark in their bitter zeal against their former pastors and teachers. We are told that "the questions asked covered all the charges which had been made against the Friars." Archbishop Chapelle had requested an opportunity for them to meet these charges before the Commission. Accordingly we find these men—who had left home and kindred to bury themselves amongst an inferior, degraded and utterly uncongenial people to whom they had given all their talents and superior educational requirements, and some of whom they had thus enabled to become bright, intelligent lawyers—now appearing before our American Commission to answer the vilest charges that their apostate Filipino pupils, inspired by their vivid oriental imaginations, could trump up against them!

The Commission paves the way for the introduction of this subject by the remark that "the Friars were exempt from trials

for offenses, except the most heinous, in the ordinary civil courts of the islands under the Spanish rule, and were entitled to a hearing before an ecclesiastical court, and even in the accepted cases trials must first be had in the latter tribunal." (Page 28.)

Elsewhere we are told that this was also the case as to soldiers, naval men and merchants; and it is made plain that the ecclesiastical, military, naval, commercial and civil courts were all, equally, courts under Spanish rule. Does the Commission here mean to imply that these Friars were exempt from punishment for offenses against the law? Many unthinking readers will jump to this conclusion; but it would be unfair to assume that the Commissioners meant to convey this impression; for it would be too gross an injustice to impute to men of their standing. Nevertheless, the introduction of this brief statement, preparatory to taking up the question of the immorality of the Friars and with no further words of explanation, was most unfortunate and ill-chosen on their part, knowing, as they must have known, the eagerness with which many Americans were awaiting their conclusions, hoping to find a peg on which to sustain their convictions of the degradation and vileness of these same poor Friars!

The commission waives aside the immorality question so far as it relates to the feeling against the Friars. It believes this feeling is political and agrarian, but neither religious nor based on opposition to their immorality. It infers, on the contrary, that the people were rather pleased than offended by that immorality, because it was thought a great honor for a woman to hold immoral relations with so important a personage as the parish priest!

"It did not shock the common people or arouse their indignation to see their curate establish illicit relations with a woman and have children by her. The woman generally did not

lose caste on that account, but often prided herself on the relation to the chief authority in the village and on the paternity of her children . . . it is conceded by the most intelligent and observant of the witnesses against the Friars that their immorality, as such, would not have made them hateful to the people. On the contrary, the Filipino priests who have taken their places are shown to be fully as immoral as the Friars, but the people do not feel any ill will against them on this account." (Page 29.)

It is certainly a little peculiar that not a single line of this testimony against the Friars is quoted anywhere in this report, nor is any of it submitted for inspection in any of the exhibits or accompanying documents ! We have only the conclusions reached by Judge Taft individually, after having this testimony translated for him or interpreted to him by some other party. And it is all pronounced unqualifiedly to be false and untrue by the bishops, provincials and others who are not "anti-Friar witnesses." So that even this disassociation of the question from religion is made a means of conveying a fling at the people under the spiritual rule of the parish priests or "Friars," and involving them also in the charges against their beloved pastors ! It is well that both should suffer together ; for "the disciple is not above his master." However, the commission records the fact that "the Friar witnesses denied the charges of general immorality, admitting only isolated cases, which they said were promptly disciplined. . . . There were, of course, many educated gentlemen of high moral standards among the Friars. The bishops and provincials who testified were all of this class."

It is well to bear in mind that it is precisely these "educated gentlemen of high moral standards" who deny so strongly and emphatically the vile charges against themselves and their

fellow religious. It is plain, however, that they were heavily handicapped, in the eyes of the Commission, by the fact that they were Spanish priests and Friars, who were considered by them to belong to a class of clergy entirely different from our American priests—of whom they seemed to have formed a very flattering opinion. These "Friar witnesses" evidently knew nothing of "Anglo-Saxon" ideas of civilization, and belonged to the Spanish or Latin races, which necessarily (?) stamped them as an inferior brand?

The Commission seeks to soften and extenuate the immorality charged to the clergy by ascribing it to those amongst them who were "brought from the peasant class in Andalusia, whose training and education did not enable them to resist temptations which, under the peculiar conditions, were exceptionally powerful."

The Bishop of Jaro had told the Commission of the trials and temptations of a poor Catholic missionary, enduring the hardships of a missionary life, concluding that if the priest "is not strong he will fall." The exactness of the translations made for the Commission is open to strong suspicion in several cases. In this instance, of course the poor Bishop was speaking in explanation of the "isolated cases, which they said were promptly disciplined" ; but the Commission sees in it a pretty strong corroboration of the charges of general immorality all along the line, so viciously and persistently preferred by the Filipino lawyers. The strongest conclusion that the Commission can reach in regard to the charge of general immorality is contained in these words, on page 28 : "The evidence on this point, . . . however, is so strong that it seems clearly to establish that there were enough instances in each province to give considerable ground for the general report."

It adds these significant words, indicating plainly how strong are

the Commissioners' prepossessions in the matter, despite their desire not to work too glaring an injustice: "It is not strange that it should have been so." They then make the statement regarding the Friars from amongst the peasants of Andalusia, and quote the testimony of the Bishop of Jaro as their reason for thinking it not strange that it should be so! Knowing nothing of the nature of the training given the candidate for the Catholic Priesthood, the severe tests of his vocation, the special care given to the selection of men particularly destined for the far-away missionary field, and the helps and special graces given by the Almighty to His chosen apostles, the Commission, very naturally, sees only the dangers, and is utterly unable to appreciate the safeguards thrown around such men by the Church and by her Blessed Founder Himself. They are Protestants, these American Commissioners. Mr. Worcester is a man who has already gone on record against the Friars, yet he is one of the Commission to pass judgment on the merits of their case; and there is not even one Catholic member to offset him on this carefully selected Commission! And this is American fairness and equity, placed before the Catholic people of our new possessions to win them over to our ideas of civilization and progress! The members of the Commission may have done their best, and we do not impugn their motives, but we cannot in conscience admit them as capable of judging in matters of which they necessarily know so little. On page 29 they find that "the charges have considerable truth in them." And they tell us that "Of course there may have been instances in which a Friar used his autocratic power to establish a relation of this kind against the will of the woman and her relatives, and these cases have lent themselves to deepen the colors of the lurid and somewhat overdrawn pictures painted by anti-Friar writers,

speakers and witnesses concerning the abuses of the Friars."

It is difficult to realize that these are the words of a man who has held the responsible position of judge in our civil courts in this country! He first takes it as a matter "of course" that there *may* have been such cases. There is not the slightest intimation that there *were*, but he is quite sure that there *may* have been. And, unquestionably, these cases that "may have been" are the very ones that fired the righteous indignation of the "anti-Friar witnesses" and caused their testimony before him to be so "lurid," deeply "colored" and "somewhat overdrawn"! Assuredly the reader will agree with us that we are very mild when we say that this Commissioner is scarcely "judicial" in his manner of expressing himself! He might, with perfect justice, have stated the case in a more truthful and less calumnious form, as follows: The charges of immorality against the Friars are based by their accusers on a "general report," which is not sustained by the evidence of the anti-Friar witnesses now before us; said evidence only tending to show at the utmost that "there were enough instances in each province" to "give considerable ground for" this report, leaving the case, according to the old style of verdict, "not proven." But as even this conclusion is opposed to the unanimous testimony of those men of "high moral standards" who have had experience amongst the clergy and people in the far interior—where other white men do not penetrate—for generations past, the burden of reliable testimony, according to the best rules of evidence, clearly proves that there are only occasional, isolated cases of immorality amongst the clergy, and that such cases are promptly disciplined when discovered by the proper authorities.

As one reads this interesting report he is more and more convinced by its own internal evidence that the witnesses

against the Friars are of precisely the same class as our A. P. A. assailants in this country. Their charges are a rehash of the same familiar charges circulated here against our own Friars and religious, and would be answered by our own bishops and provincials precisely as they were answered before the Commission in the Philippines. When speaking of the "general report" as to the *character* of the *Americans*, we are told on page 72:

"It is not remarkable that the masses of the people are densely ignorant and credulous to a degree that can hardly be understood by Americans, nor that they are easily imposed upon and carried away by the most absurd falsehoods as to our sinister purpose in reference to them."

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART for April quotes these words from General MacArthur's report:

"They [the Filipinos] have been maddened during the last five years by rhetorical sophistry and stimulants applied to national pride, until power of discriminating in matters of public concern or private interest has been almost entirely suspended." (Mess. S.H., p. 381.)

On page 30 the Commission makes the noteworthy admission that "the Philippine people love the Catholic Church." But then it accounts for that by the grandeur and solemnity of her ceremonial, which appeals strongly "to their religious motives." It adds: "It may be doubted whether there is any country in the world in which the people have a more profound attachment for their Church than this one."

It is well to remember here that they have known this Church only through the Friars, their bishops and parish priests nearly all being Friars! Perhaps the weakest point of this entire report is the attempt to uphold the convenient theory that the people are utterly opposed to the return of their pastors

"the Friars" amongst them. The contradictions, and self-evident desire to make out a case, are so glaring, that "he who runs may read." Fortunately, it answers itself most completely, and, from its own internal evidence, this claim falls to the ground. On page 31 it is said: "We are convinced that a return of the Friars to their parishes will lead to lawless violence and murder, and that the people will charge the course taken to the American Government, thus turning against it the resentment felt toward the Friars."

Then comes the significant statement that "the Filipinos, who are in sympathy with the American cause in these islands, are as bitterly opposed to the Friars as the most irreconcilable insurgents, and they look with the greatest anxiety to the course to be taken in the matter."

Remember that the Commission has already told us that many of these "Filipinos who are in sympathy with the American cause" are playing a double part, upholding simultaneously both the Insurgent and the American causes! In other words: The men who fought the Spanish government, who arrested, imprisoned, murdered and exiled the Friars, who established a system of "terrorism" and "conspiracy for murder" which has prevented the dear Philippine people from properly displaying their love and yearning for American ways and customs, are all one and the same! Strangely enough, the Commission here, without perceiving the striking fact, comes into perfect accord with the Friars themselves in their explanation of the source of the disturbances in the Philippines. We all know that the Friars have ascribed the disturbances and troubles of recent years to the terrible Katipunan Society, which has been seeking to fasten its grip upon the people, and at the same time to draw them away from Catholicism and into the welcoming arms

of Freemasonry! Here at last the cat is out of the bag!

The Commission, with strange blindness to facts, sees the terrorism when it applies to the acceptance of our foreign domination over the islands, but is unable to see it when the Friars are being forcibly arrested, torn from their poor flocks and cast into prison, where many remain "until by the advance of the American troops it became impossible for the insurgents to retain them." (Page 23.) Is it not at least suspicious that these poor people, who are so "terrorized" by these insurgents that they dare not give expression to their yearning for the arrival of our troops, are yet working heart and soul with those same insurgents in ridding themselves of their hated (?) pastors—pastors who are vigorously opposing those very insurgents in their efforts to "terrorize" the people? In confirmation of this, we find these words on page 30: "The revolutions against Spain's sovereignty began as movements against the Friars." "In the second revolution, as already said, at least forty Friars were killed and over four hundred were imprisoned."

And yet the Commission twists the following conclusion from these facts:

"Having in view these circumstances, the statement of the bishops and Friars that the mass of the people in these islands, except only a few of the leading men of each town and the native clergy, are friendly to them, cannot be accepted as accurate." "All the evidence derived from every source, but the Friars themselves, shows clearly that the feeling of hatred for the Friars is well-nigh universal and permeates all classes."

Were it not for this incidental allusion to it, we would not even have known the important fact that these "gentlemen of high moral standards" made this positive claim, and gave this unanimous and emphatic testimony as

to the feelings of their people towards the Friars.

In reply to this conclusion of the Commission, we would call attention to the following statement by the editor of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART for March, on page 294:

"... We know, meanwhile, that less than 100,000 Filipinos, or, to speak more precisely, about 25,000 Katipunans, are displeased with the Friars. Since we took possession of the islands we have not one instance of a parish rebelling against the presence or ministrations of the Friars, though Archbishop Chappelle has adopted the policy of reinstating them in their parishes; in fact, only a month ago, when in Nueva Segovia, the heart of the Katipunan district, an administrator was needed to govern the See during the Bishop's absence, a Friar, an Augustinian, one of the much-maligned Orders was chosen, and no one thought of objecting to the choice."

"And, in the April MESSENGER, page 381, he refers us to the "statement, under Episcopal sanction from Manila, that ninety-nine out of every one hundred towns, if free, would ask the Friars back or retain them and that in some places other priests have been refused admittance."

"Total number of Catholic souls shown by the church registry in 1898, was 6,559,998." (Report, p. 23.)

A few such facts as these are worth more in the way of evidence than all the nervous fears and anticipations of a Commission composed of newly arrived foreigners as to the probably awful results of the return of the Friars to their flocks. And, if it be true, as since reported, that the Friars will not return, it only proves that the Katipunan and the Commission have carried their point and have successfully expatriated them from their homes in the Philippines—the more shame to us for it!

On page 31 we learn that it was suggested to the Commission that "the

native priests who now fill the parishes are many of them active insurgent agents or in strong sympathy with the cause."

Of this they rather flippantly—as it appears to us—remark: "It is probable that a considerable number of the Filipino priests are hostile to American sovereignty largely because they fear that the Catholic Church will deem it necessary on the restoration of complete peace to bring back the Friars or to elevate the moral tone of the priesthood by introducing priests from America or elsewhere."

Here we have the familiar dodge of the secularists—set the secular clergy against the regulars and the priests against the bishops! The Commission also believe that the Friars "have not the slightest sympathy with the political principles of civil liberty which the American Government represents."

In other words, they believe the Friars too patriotic to be likely to accept our sovereignty in preference to the establishment of home rule in the Philippines by the Filipinos themselves! Is this, after all, the real explanation of the Commission's determined opposition to the return of the Friars to their parishes where they have ruled so peaceably and so successfully for many generations past?

But the Commission descends still lower in its effort to justify its opposition to the return of the Friars. On page 32 we are told: "The question for the prelate and statesman is not whether the bitter feeling towards the Friars is justified or not but whether it exists. It does not seem to us, therefore, to aid in reaching a conclusion to point out that all the civilization found in the Philippines is due to the Friars. Be it so. Ought they on this account to return to their parishes in the face of a deep, popular feeling against them? A popular bias or prejudice, deep-seated in an ignorant people, is not to be disregarded because it cannot stand

the test of reason or evidence. It must be reckoned with."

This, at least, has a familiar ring to it!

"I find no cause in him." "Take him you and crucify him." "I am innocent of the blood of this just man."

It is rather startling to us on this side of the ocean to find our Commission betrayed into an argument which directly undermines any claims which we may set up to sovereignty in the Philippines. If peaceful possession by the Friars, until ousted by men whom they were opposing in their efforts to spread Katipunan Masonry amongst their unsuspecting flocks, does not give them any lawful claim to a residence in their adopted country, which they have built up and civilized, at least partially, by long years of toil and patient labor, on what are we to base our claim of legal possession? If we admit that antipathy to the Friars is sufficient reason for driving them into exile, merely giving them such pay for their property as we may deem adequate remuneration for their long lives of self-denial and suffering for the people's moral and social elevation and for their valuable holdings which we arbitrarily seize by a wholesale confiscation; by what process of reasoning can we turn about and gravely assert that, although the very same people are opposing our forcible conquest of their territory with arms in their hands and are "carried away by the most absurd falsehoods as to our sinister purpose," yet this is merely owing to the "terrorism" of their leaders, and we must establish our rule by sheer force of arms, in order to continue the work which the Friars have carried on so long without any appeal to arms or any other methods than those of moral suasion and unflinching devotion to their people's welfare?

If peaceable possession, amidst a devoted people, lasting for generations, does not constitute a right to remain in possession, then when and by what

right will our claim to possession become valid? It strips us of all pretence at justice, and leaves us the one sole argument that Might is Right: We are here by force of arms, and by force of arms we will remain. Dare we submit our claim to a fair, uncontrolled plebiscite of the Filipinos? Or dare we submit the question of the expulsion of the Friars to such a plebiscite amongst their former parishioners?

The Commission frankly admits that "the Friars have large property interests in these islands which the United States Government is bound, by treaty obligations and by the law of its being, to protect."

But it thinks that "it would avoid some very troublesome agrarian disturbances between the Friars and their quondam tenants if the insular government could buy these large haciendas of the Friars and sell them out in small holdings to the present tenants."

This is the final suggestion of the Commission for getting rid of the Friars, bag and baggage. It tells us that "the proceeds of the land, which would sell readily, could be used to constitute a school fund."

On page 33 it is added that "if an agreement could not be reached, it is probable, though upon this we wish to express no definite opinion, that there would be ground in the circumstances for a resort to condemnation proceedings."

In other words, if there is any hesitation about going, on the part of the Friars, why not simply deport them bodily as the insurgents have done before us? The Commission having thus disposed, by the suggestion of this heroic remedy, of the vexed Friar problem, proceeds to apply a little salve to the presumably lacerated feelings of Catholics who may have some little self-respect and sense of justice still remaining, by stating that "it would seem the wisest course, wherever it is possible to do so without infringing upon the

principle that church and state must be kept separate, to frame civil laws which shall accord with views conscientiously entertained by Catholics—priests and laymen—and which shall not deal unfairly with the people of a different faith."

But, as if to force us to recognize the utter worthlessness of such professions of fair dealing by non-Catholics, however well-meaning they may be, the Commissioners immediately begin to hedge with the significant statement that "it would seem clear that any government organized under the sovereignty of the United States cannot devote public money to the teaching of any particular religion."

This is to pave the way for another outrage on Catholic feelings—namely, secularization of the Catholic schools in the Philippines. They then recommend what "is understood to be the Faribault plan" of education—a plan only adopted by our Most Rev. Archbishop on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, and which consisted in allowing our priests here in Minnesota, as a great condescension by the state, to come into their own parish schools as visitors to give religious instruction to their own parishioners, "at times when such instruction shall not interfere with the regular curriculum"—to quote the words of the Commissioners. They very truthfully add that "it is not certain that this would meet completely the views of the Catholic hierarchy," but they think "it is likely that it would avoid active hostility to a public-school system which might be a formidable obstacle in spreading education among these Catholic people."

To deal at any greater length with this report, in the space at our disposal, would not be practicable; but we have seen enough to make us wonder how certain writers can honestly express their satisfaction at the "judicial tone" and "fairness" of the Commission in dealing with the question of the Friars.

THE TRIUMPH OF A GREAT DEVOTION.¹

ON Friday, June 14, the doors of every Catholic Church in the world will be thrown open, and in most of them from dawn until evening crowds of the faithful will assemble to worship before altars beautifully decorated with lights and flowers and with a predominant symbol representing the object of their strongest devotion, the Heart of Jesus Christ. In every town and hamlet numbers will approach the altar-rail for Holy Communion; through the day they will linger about the church in posture of adoration before the Eucharistic Presence, and at night they will reassemble to listen eagerly to the eloquent story of the triumph of this devotion, to join with enthusiasm in the solemn consecration of the world to the Heart of Christ, and then close this blessed day amid the light and incense and music of the heavenly benediction service by bowing their heads lowly for the Eucharistic blessing—the foretaste of the longed-for “Come ye blessed of My Father.”

It is the Feast of the Sacred Heart, now celebrated throughout the world with every solemn sanction the Church can give it. There is no law or penalty enjoining its observance; it is not like the great feasts of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, a day of rest from labor; but on no other day of the year is some slight sacrifice more spontaneously offered, by every well-instructed Catholic, in order to testify to the powerful hold which this devotion has on the affections of the human heart. Year after year, as the feast recurs, instead of diminishing, the number and fervor of the devotees increase. The services, the decorations and, to some extent, the sermons remain the same; but the spirit of devotion to the Heart of Christ is ever growing and ever en-

abling its possessors to discover new fruits and new delights in the celebration of this day of the Master's own choice.

The history of this great devotion is an uninterrupted series of triumphs which are all the more glorious because the opposition to it has been so powerful and unrelenting, and the resources of its propagators so weak and hard to utilize. True, we can nowadays argue from its wonderful fruits to the divine impulse in which it must needs have had its origin; but in the beginning the appeal to a divine origin, viz., to the special revelation of Christ to the Visitation nun Margaret Mary Alacoque was regarded as blasphemous by its enemies, and as suspicious, to say the least, by those who should have been its friends. Cut off by the cloister from communicating to the world the nature, object and advantages of this devotion; impeded in many ways by her superiors, who naturally thought it strange that she should assume such a mission, the nun at Paray had few or no influential friends through whom she could impart her message. She knew too well that ecclesiastical authorities would demand credentials, which, for want of knowledge of her conscience, they could not pronounce authentic; and that heretics would incontinently denounce her as a visionary. Her first advisers, de la Colombière, Croiset, Rollin, were constantly obliged by prudence to restrain their zeal in promoting a devotion which seemed to some new, unnecessary, misleading, sensuous, and to others extravagant, anatomical, erroneous and idolatrous. In a country where so many were tainted by Jansenism, which kept people aloof from Christ, it was too much to expect that many would readily embrace a devotion which made Christ the most familiar object of their affections.

(1) The special object of prayer for June.

In a time of distrust in God's mercy, caused by the pestilential doctrine that Christ did not die for all men, men were slow to grasp the meaning of the symbol which Christ used to convince them of His love for all mankind. Sneers in public, machinations in secret, the press, the schoolroom, the court and council chamber, the Sunday-school and the convent cloister, every possible human agency, howsoever sacred, was employed to sow mistrust of those who were spreading this devotion, to debar them from the common spheres of influence, to vilify and malign their teaching and morals, and to supplant both by doctrines and practices as baneful as those of Calvinism. Heretical propaganda, political intrigue, even the perverted use of ecclesiastical influence and civil persecution, were all in vain. One glance at the figure of Christ with His Heart unveiled for our contemplation was enough to convince the simplest mind that Christ had died for love of all men, that all might hope in His mercy, and that instead of wishing us to keep aloof from Him, He longs to embrace us all in His love, and considers it as the greatest affront that we are cold and indifferent to Him. What matter whether the inspiration to appeal to men by the Heart of Christ had come by way of special revelation or not? The appeal itself was in effect a revelation which the human heart instinctively seized as genuine. It was so like Christ, so true to the image which the rudest imagination would strive to form of the shepherd seeking the stray sheep, of the father scanning the horizon for the return of his prodigal, of the divine guest at Simon's supper table bending over the Magdalen and accepting her love as reparation for her life of sin; and the conviction it inspired, as well as the attraction with which it drew men into close relationship with Christ, could come from no other source but Him.

It is not surprising that the image of

Christ inviting men to behold His Heart as the symbol of His love should have inspired the faithful generally with new confidence in Him, induced them to approach Him, and enlightened them with a clearer conception of the Incarnation, of His divine as well as of His human nature, of His Redemption and of His glorious life in Heaven at the right hand of the Father, ever living to make intercession for us. What is surprising is that the most learned theologians should have approved this new manner of representing Christ, and that those who are responsible for the integrity of Christian doctrine and piety should have not only permitted, but gradually sanctioned and commended in the strongest manner possible, the popular devotion to the Sacred Heart which has, we may say, characterized the Church since Margaret Mary Alacoque succeeded in making known to the world that Christ wished to be honored in this way. This may sound paradoxical to the skeptic, the non-Catholic and even to many Catholics who affect to reason for themselves, but who show how superficial and inconsistent they are by admitting the revelation contained in Scripture and yet questioning the possibility, or, at least, the fact, of special revelation since the time of the Apostles, even for the good of the Church. The world at large thinks that a Catholic, even when well informed, is necessarily credulous and eager to believe in the preternatural, that the authorities of the Church are committed to belief in miracles, visions, revelations and mystical manifestations of whatever sort. It is a pity that they cannot read Nilles' "*De Ratione Festorum SS. Cor. Jesu et Maria*," Marques, Gallifet's "*Adorable Heart of Jesus*," or any of the many noble works which recount the origin, history and triumph of this devotion, all of which prove plainly the reluctance, not merely of Catholic theologians but of the ecclesiastical authorities, especially of the Holy See, either to sanction the pop-

ular predilection for this representation of the Redeemer, or to designate a feast day for its solemn commemoration. The evidences of this reluctance would be positively shocking to a devout believer unless he were mindful of the solicitude with which the Church tries every seeming novelty in doctrine and practice, every spirit that claims to be of God. Had devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus effected nothing else than the scrutiny to which its origin was subjected; had it only served to show the attitude of the Church generally toward new beliefs and practices; had it merely been the occasion of such investigations as Gallifet's into the origin of other devotions, notably of devotion to the Holy Eucharist, or of such inquiries as Languet's into the nature of the visions and revelations vouchsafed to Blessed Margaret Mary; had it, finally, done nothing more than prompt the greatest theologians of modern times to examine it as a heavenly sent means of illustrating the nature and purpose of the Incarnation; it might still be said to have been blessed by a triumph of surpassing grandeur. It has done more. It has renewed and invigorated the sacramental life of the Church. It has made the tribunal of penance not the bar of rigorous justice the Jansenists tried to make it, but the throne of mercy. It has made the altar-rail the banquet table whither the children of the Church come for their true *agapæ*. It has made the hour before the altar as agreeable as conversation around the hearthstone, and it has created a longing for the last absolution and viaticum.

Those who practise devotion to the Heart of Jesus Christ are growing daily less and less strange with Christ in the Eucharist, and all the fruits of this august sacrament are poured out on them more and more abundantly; they doubt less, they yield less frequently, if at all, to the more violent passions—anger, lust, intemperance; their imaginations are chastened, their ways

are more meek and their affections are centered on the pure delight of a personal love for Jesus Christ.

Who can recall without a thrill of emotion the first intimation of the fact of Christ's devotion to us as expressed so vividly by the image of His Divine Heart? It may have come in a moment of affliction, of doubt, of remorse, despondency bordering on despair. In every instance it is like a new revelation of the Man-God. Without it, it is safe to say, no man can fully realize what the love of Christ means for him. Let one who has experienced it look back and try to estimate what a void life would have been without it. It has facilitated every sacrifice, softened every chastisement, allayed every grief, strengthened every purpose, confirmed every hope. In this view it is vain to attempt to measure the triumph of the Heart of Christ. His triumph is the conquest of humility over pride, of meekness over aggression, of faith over doubt, of hope over despair, of love over selfishness. Certain elect souls the Church has ever had who practised this devotion; through it in our day multitudes of souls can repeat of Christ the triumphant testimony of Longinus, after piercing His heart with a lance: "Truly this man was the Son of God"; and of Thomas putting his hand in the open wound: "My Lord and my God."

Two years ago by command of the Sovereign Pontiff the faithful in every part of the world united together in an act of solemn consecration of *the world* to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. His invitation was to embrace all men in the charity of Christ, and to interpret for them their sentiments towards Him, Jew and pagan alike, idolater, atheist heretic, none of whom, as he reminded us in his encyclical on the Redeemer, would think of ignoring or rejecting Christ if they could know Him as He is. Too often they know Him not, because His professed followers either fail to imitate Him, or else, while pretend-

ing to do so, betray characters which are wholly unlike His. The sordid, selfish and ambitious Christian repels men from Christ instead of attracting them to Him. The indolent and timid Catholic, who mistakes cowardice for meekness and who favors a policy of silence, or fears to seem aggressive when the rights of the Church are in question, is no credit to Christ, nor can he make others know, because he himself does not know, the Heart of Christ as a source of zeal and courage. In the struggle now raging between the powers of irreligion and Christianity, a struggle in which we shall but too soon have our share in this country—we have our share already in the field of education, in the Indian Missions, and in all our new possessions—we need all the

virtues which this devotion to the Heart of Jesus inculcates, patience, meekness, and self-sacrifice; but we need much more the virtues of fortitude, courage and the martyrlike spirit which dares demand what is just, even though the demand provoke persecution. Commonly the persecution is the creation of our own imagination, though this may not make it less painful. Too frequently we suffer denial of our rights for lack of the diligence and courage which are needed to present our cause properly before those who misunderstand us. It is worth our work and prayer to obtain that the Heart of Christ may triumph over our sloth and cowardice, and enable us to manifest to others the power of His love by its influence on ourselves.

PATIENCE AND PERFECT WORK.

No work is perfect without patience; hence to be efficacious prayer requires it as an essential condition. When the late Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., began his agitation for a change in the Coronation Oath, about five years ago, who would dare have predicted that we should live to witness a universal sentiment against the offensive clauses of the Oath, even on the part of the royal person who felt forced to take it? Who could have expected a few years ago that the Presbyterian body of this country would make public admission of the erroneous articles of its Confession about predestination, free-will, and the old superstition that the Pope is anti-Christ. These two facts prove that the prayer of the Holy Father, and our prayers in union with him, for the union of Christendom, for which we have been waiting so patiently, are not in vain. Already two great bodies of Christians are willing to repudiate what they have hitherto held sacred, partly because they begin to know it is erroneous, partly because the spirit

of Christian charity prompts them to do justice to the Catholic body. The manifested desire on the part of all better informed citizens to heed the plea of the Archbishop of New York for the recognition of Catholic rights in the organization of the public library system is another instance in point. Patience makes the perfect work, not the patience of meek submission or of timid inactivity, but the patience which prompts us to spend time and thought and energy presenting our views or claims until those who seem to be opposed to us understand what we consider right and just, no matter how our imaginations may lead us to magnify their ignorance or prejudice. Too often we may be to blame for both; for we are the only ones who can inform them properly and remove prejudices, if any there be. For want of patience we may either fail to take the pains required to instruct them, or spoil our labor by losing temper or indulging in raillery at their expense.

EDITORIAL.

A DEVOTION FOR ALL.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart sounds mystical to some and sentimental to others, who do not take the pains to study its meaning and to ascertain that it is in reality devotion to Jesus Christ, the symbol of His Heart impressing on us the boundlessness of His love and the perfection of His human nature, soul and body, worthy as it is of our adoration because it is united with His divinity. It is a devotion worth cultivating at all times. No other devotion has enabled men to know so much of Christ; and no other can offer such remedies for the evils which afflict and threaten humanity, for the greed and selfishness which beget socialism, for the pride which moves men to despotism. June is set apart for the special cultivation of this devotion in our churches, and, although our readers need no exhortation from us to attend the services held for this purpose, we mention them in order to take this occasion of wishing all a new insight into the spirit of Christ as the fruit of their devotion to His Sacred Heart.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

The Spirit of Christ is something sadly needed nowadays. It goes without saying that it is needed by all who are disturbing human society by an arrogant use of riches, influence, authority or by rebellious appeals to covetousness, ambition, independence. It is quite as much needed by those who should by counsel and example teach humility to the oppressors and due meekness to the oppressed. Nor are humility and meekness the only virtues actuated by this spirit. Magnanimity and fortitude were likewise characteristic of it, and these are even more necessary to-day than humility and meekness. It is not enough to accept humiliation and suffer wrongs; we owe it

to ourselves and also to those who oppose our principles to state our views fearlessly, and manifest the sincerity of our convictions by our readiness, if need be, to endure persecution for them.

A THANKSGIVING AND A PETITION.

When, two years ago, his Holiness, Leo XIII, decreed that the world should be consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, he mentioned among his other motives for this solemn act his own indebtedness to Him whose vicar he is.

"Finally," he wrote in his encyclical, "there is one motive which We are unwilling to pass over in silence, personal to Ourselves, it is true, but still good and weighty, which moves Us to undertake this celebration. God, the author of every good, not long ago preserved Our life by curing Us of a dangerous disease. We now wish, by this increase of the honor paid to the Sacred Heart, that the memory of this great mercy should be brought prominently forward and Our gratitude be publicly acknowledged."

The motive which then availed, with him and all the faithful grows stronger every year that he is spared to us, and as the time of the silver jubilee of his pontificate approaches, we may devoutly include in our petitions for his welfare a fervent one that his life may be prolonged for that happy event.

OUR NEW CARDINAL.

The ceremony of conferring the cardinal's biretta on Mgr. Martinelli in the Baltimore Cathedral was one of great solemnity. The numerous spectators, the large congregation, the visiting clergy, the distinguished prelates, bishops and archbishops, the music, the Mass and the sermon were all in keeping with the imposing event. The sermon was a masterpiece of apostolic eloquence. Outlining the exalted functions

of the College of Cardinals, the preacher, the Most Reverend P. J. Ryan, D.D., of Philadelphia, illustrated the need of these special aids and emissaries of the Sovereign Pontiff by actual instances of the assistance they render him in maintaining the integrity of the faith, guarding the faithful against dangerous tendencies of the age and specious pretexts for conformity with the world, in preserving the independence of the Holy See, in protecting the internal organization of the Church, its religious orders, for instance, now the object of persecution in so many European countries, in propagating the Gospel, and in effecting the unity of Christendom.

It was a sermon one hears but once in a decade, if, indeed, as often as that, and its special merit was that though it contained but the slightest direct reference to the central personage of the ceremony, it was throughout manifestly applicable to him as deserving of the high honor he had just received so humbly. The number and enthusiasm of the receptions accorded to the new cardinal attest the esteem and affection in which he is held.

A CONSPIRACY OF FANATICISM.

If any one desires confirmation of the Pope's view that the present hostility to the Church in France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Italy, is the result of a conspiracy among her enemies, he need only read the chronicle of events in these countries which we publish in the present number. "Indeed, one would think," he said in the consistory, held on April 15, "that a secret conspiracy had been formed among them for this very object. There are many indications of this in different quarters; they may be seen in the mobs that have been aroused, in the public clamors and threats, in the writings which influence the passions of the people and in the insults openly hurled against persons and things deserving of veneration." It is true that too often the newspapers, which are allied with anti-Christian

sectaries, exaggerate the accounts of their real or fancied grievances, and it is also true that timid souls magnify the power or union of their enemies and imagine that simultaneous outbursts of fanaticism in different places proceed all from the same source. In the present persecution of the Church in the countries just named evidences of a conspiracy are not wanting; the Pope is not wont to declaim against evils which have no foundation in fact.

SOME EVIDENCES OF CONSPIRACY.

In speaking to the Catholics of Vienna, at the end of a mission, Father Kolb made the following summary of some facts that go to prove the existence of such a conspiracy: "After many years of preparation, after having stripped marriage and the family, primary and secondary schools, and the Universities, literature and the press, of their Christian character, the Grand Lodges have given the word of command. In Spain a play full of obscene slanders is put upon the stage and this miserable production is the signal for a bloody persecution of the Church which finds a mad echo in Portugal. (1) Italy is engaged in a forty years' war with the church. France is enacting new laws for the destruction of the religious orders. In Germany all the unclean, noisome literature of the reformation period is brought to light again with all its lies and slanders, to undermine the Catholic religion and the Austrian monarchy. In Austria we behold a handful of insolent knaves befoul the most sacred sentiments of the monarchy and the ancient faith of the Christian world, in their warfare all along the line against the Church, against Christ, against Christian civilization."

In Lourdes, Father Coube, addressing more than sixty thousand men assembled there in pilgrimage, spoke in similar terms, calling on them for action

(1) See "Chronicle," Holland, Brazil.

for the political welfare of France amid demonstrations of patriotic enthusiasm which the presiding priest and the bishops present tried in vain to repress in order that the sermon might proceed in peace.

REAWAKENING OF CATHOLIC FRANCE.

This incident of Father Coube's sermon at Lourdes is interesting as a proof of the reawakening of Catholic France. It is well told in the London *Tablet*, which observes that

"What has chiefly aroused the indignation of some of the organs which support the present government was the preacher's reference to the next general election. In order to understand the offending passage it will be well to summarize the argument followed by the preacher. Christ, said Père Coube, had always shown himself *bon Français* and France had not ceased to act as God's soldier in the world. That duty was still pressing and he called on all present to join in the new crusade for liberty. God willed it and France willed it. Should liberty in their beautiful France belong only to miscreants and evildoers? Were Catholics going to resign themselves to be nothing better than pariahs in their own country? Was that tolerable? Did they not feel their cheeks fanned by the breath of liberty? And these fervid questions drew loud cries of no, no, from the pilgrims. At this point Père Lemius spoke to the preacher who begged his hearers not to applaud him. He then proceeded, assuring them that if they did not feel these things, it would be an evil day for France. 'Catholics of France,' he cried, 'awake, awake! We have had enough of the Church sleeping, let us restore the Church militant. This pilgrimage will be nothing if, as a result of it, we see no sword drawn. What should that sword be but the one placed in our hands by the Constitution of our country to which we are loyally subject, according to the desire of Pope Leo XIII? It is the electoral sword which separates the just from the bad. The Constitution gives us the right to use it, and religion makes of that right a duty. Soon the battle will begin. Well, then, know this: that, at the approaching elections throughout the length and breadth of the land, there will be but two candidates: Jesus Christ and Barabbas—Christ, in the person of Christians, or, in default of them, of the supporters of Christian liberty; and Barabbas, the anti-clerical, the anarchist, the communist. Do you mean to vote for Barabbas? No, a thousand times,

no!' It is this last passage which has been seized upon by the friends of the ministry in power and which was duly telegraphed by the agencies to foreign papers. Commenting on the agitation which has been going on concerning this address, the *Gaulois* points out the inconsistency of those who charge the Jesuits with working in the dark, and at the same time blame Père Coube for publicly alluding to a political question so intimately connected with religious interests. Unfortunately for the sincerity of the agitation, there is much evidence that two weights and two measures are employed, and it is still to be explained why only Catholic interference in politics should be denounced and resented. A Protestant pastor in Havre, though salaried by the State, has gone unreprimanded for speaking of 'the infamous acts perpetrated in China by the European armies'; another has been allowed to denounce the Catholic missionaries in China, whilst a third at Rouen, entered the lists against what he describes as 'that detestable patriotism called Nationalism.' After mentioning these examples, the *Gaulois* asks why the ministerial journals should preserve so significant a silence where Protestants are concerned, and be so ready to drag Père Coube in the mud for appealing to Catholics to make the best use they can of their votes as citizens."

It is plain that the machinations of the Radicals and Socialists must ultimately fail. "They have devised counsels which they could not establish." The world is not ready for their universal slavery.

HIS ONLY SALVATION.

The following extract from the speech of Prof. Jesse Lawson, vice-President of the Afro-American Council and formerly United States Commissioner to the Atlanta Exposition, is worthy of the serious attention of our readers who sometimes question the possibility of converting our colored brethren to the true faith. The speech was delivered before the Baptist Lyceum of the District of Columbia.

"As one of the leaders in a local Baptist Church and as speaking to an audience of Baptists, I say now that only the great and powerful Catholic Church can help us. [Great applause.] We may not all desire to join the Catholic Church at once, but we will see the way in time. I think it must be

God's will that we effect our salvation through the agency of the Catholic Church. The leaders have offered us protection and political rights within the folds of the Catholic Church. We are assured our rights as citizens and human beings and I see no other way in which we may save ourselves and save our future. We are being ground to powder by the white man in this country, and only the Catholic Church can save us. Let us take matters into our own hands now and let us act."

The address was debated after the speaker had closed, and each speaker greeted the idea of allying with the Catholic Church as the only way out of the problem and the only hope for the negro in America.

INCAPABLE OF TRUTH.

The closing sentence of this extract from the *Churchman* of May 18, the first part of which is true, illustrates this incapability.

"The service for newspaper men at half-past two in the morning, which the Roman Catholic rector of St. Andrew's church, Duane street, New York, began last week, as we announced some time ago, justified the innovation amply. Seven hundred men were present, not only newspaper workers but telegraph operators and postoffice employees—the city never goes quite asleep. It is gratifying to find so immediate and hearty a response to this generous desire on the part of our Roman Catholic brothers to allow no spiritual need that is within their power to meet to go unsatisfied. It is curious to notice, however, that the archbishop was obliged to ask authorization from Rome, whence the dispensation *to worship God at half-past two A. M. recently arrived!* (Italics and exclamation point ours.)

The *Spectator* of May 11 speaks of the Pope as having power to "create a saint!" To state the truth one must first take the pains to learn it.

WORTHY OF OUR CHARITY.

The following appeal is issued to the Roman Catholic people of the United States and Canada:

The City of Jacksonville, Fla., was visited on Friday, May 3, by a most disastrous fire. Unfortunately, practically everything the

Catholics in Jacksonville owned was right in the path of the fire and was completely destroyed.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception, erected in the year 1873, value \$20,000, was totally destroyed and nothing remains to show that a Church existed except a few scattering walls. The parochial residence, valued at \$18,000 was also totally destroyed. St. Mary's Home for Orphan Children was destroyed, and the orphans, who have been taken care of for so many years, were left homeless.

St. Joseph's Convent, which was completed only a year ago at a cost of \$45,000, was also destroyed, thus leaving without shelter or means of support the good sisters of the Order of St. Joseph.

So that to-day the Catholics of this city find themselves without a place to worship (except in two hospital tents furnished by the Government), without a home for the priests, without a home for the sisters and without a home for the orphans or school for the children. The Catholic congregation in Jacksonville is very small, being only three per cent of the entire population, and they are almost all in an impoverished condition; hence, unless we receive help from the outside Catholic world, it will be impossible to continue the work of Catholic progress in this community.

The Jacksonville Relief Association has issued the statement given below, which tells quite plainly the actual conditions in the city.

We call upon the Catholic people of the United States and Canada to help us in this great calamity. The immediate needs of the Catholics who have been burned out are being attended to in common with others by the Jacksonville Relief Association. Money is needed, however, to be used to some extent in relieving the destitute Catholic families, but mainly to be used in rebuilding the Convent, Orphanage, Church and Residence above mentioned.

Contributions should be sent to Very Rev. Wm. J. Kenny, or Bion H. Barnett, First Vice-President National Bank of Jacksonville.

Rt. Rev. John Moore, D.D.,

Bishop of St. Augustine.

Very Rev. Wm. J. Kenny,
Vicar-General Diocese of St. Augustine and
Pastor Church of Immaculate Conception.
Parish Council.

Wm. Byrne,

Hugh J. Dennin,

Francis P. Conroy, Secretary.

Peter A. Dignan,
C. Robio Bisbee,

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Sebastian Martinelli, received from the hands of Cardinal Gibbons, the red biretta of Cardinal, in the Cathedral of Baltimore, on May 8. There were present eighty-one Archbishops and Bishops; and, amongst the priests, representatives of all the religious orders. In a very remarkable sermon, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, touched on the great questions of Catholic interest to-day. The Pope, he said, surrounded himself by a sacred senate of eminent men, forming the College of Cardinals, to aid him in the government of the Church, in maintaining the integrity of Catholic doctrine, and in counteracting dangerous tendencies of the age. These, in the field of education, had led to the startling increase of youthful crime in France and elsewhere; in the field of undefined doctrines, they have led to dangerous opinions. In relations with foreign governments the Holy Father should clearly be free, and therefore needs temporal independence; and in preserving the organization of the Church and in propagating the faith, he must defend the religious orders, which meet much the same ingratitude as their Master.

The Catholic population of the United States and its new possessions, is now 18,386,387 at the very least. In the States we are said to be 15,000,000; but according to the Directory, 10,744,989. Porto Rico has 1,012,400 Catholics; the Philippines, 6,566,998; and Hawaii, 33,000. The Catholic population of Cuba is 1,600,900.

Two recent developments in religious work amongst workingmen are a Mass at 2 o'clock A. M. on Sunday morning, in St. Andrew's Church, New York, by Father Evers, for newspapermen, 600 of whom are reported to have been present at the first celebration; and the

opening of a Catholic Seamen's Club in Charlestown, Mass., under the auspices of the Alumni Sodality of Boston College.

The diocese of Newark has received for its new Bishop Very Rev. J. J. O'Connor, its Vicar-General and late administrator; and the diocese of Portland will be governed by Mgr. W. H. O'Connell, Rector of the American College, Rome.

The Pan-American Exposition calls attention to the Catholic population of the City of Buffalo, which is 150,000, or about one-half of the people of the city. There are over 22,000 children in the parish schools of the diocese.

In the recent destructive fire in Jacksonville, all the Catholic buildings have been destroyed, the church, convent, orphanage, and parochial residence, involving a total loss of \$113,000. The Catholic congregation is small and very poor.

THE PHILIPPINES.

The *Chronicle* (California) announces the appointment of Rev. Gilbert N. Brink, a Baptist minister, to "a position which will practically give him charge of the public schools of one of the large islands." His wife is a daughter of another Protestant minister. But when the Catholic people of the Philippines requested Catholic teaching in the schools, they were told it was impossible.

PORTO RICO.

The *Catholic News* of New York reports that a Mr. Teller, a Protestant minister, forced his way into a Catholic Hospital, and held a service notwithstanding the protests of the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity in charge. He reminded her of his position as chief of police, and threatened to have her arrested. The people of the city strongly condemned this act of fanaticism.

CUBA.

The Methodist Bishop Candler said, according to the *Standard and Times* of Philadelphia, that there were only twenty-one Catholic churches in Havana, and an average of not more than one hundred persons at the High Mass on Sunday in each church. The visitors at the churches were, he said, mainly children and negro women; while of the dozen Protestant congregations there were not more than 150 at each place of preaching. In point of fact, however, there are twenty-four places of Catholic worship and white men form a large part of the Catholic congregations. Owing to the heat, the late High Mass is not attended so well as the earlier services. There is Mass at twelve in many churches. It is estimated that the average Sunday attendance is 25,000. A reliable person visited the six principal Protestant places of worship during the advertised service on Palm Sunday. The Episcopal church had 125 Americans present, and apparently no Cubans; the Congregational, eighteen Americans, and a few Cubans in the evening; the Disciples of Christ, twenty-seven Americans, and no Cubans; the Baptists, 160—of whom about twenty were American. This is an old church in Cuba, and well endowed. Curiously enough, the congregation is said to be falling off since the American occupation. The Presbyterian church had fifteen Americans in the morning, and thirty-five Cubans in the evening; the Methodists had fifty persons of whom not more than six were Cuban: twenty Cubans, many being children, were present in the evening. It by no means follows that the Cubans present at any of the non-Catholic churches, especially in the evening, were regular members.

BRAZIL.

"The past Holy Week was celebrated in the many churches of S. Paulo with an extraordinary piety and devotion.

The principal churches were literally crowded to overflowing both at the morning and evening services. On Holy Thursday very numerous were the Communion, and for many an adult the first reception of the Blessed Sacrament. The Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Mary held a mission in their large church for the two previous weeks, reaping an abundant fruit. A Jesuit father gave successively, and with an unusual success, a three days' retreat to the gentlemen's and ladies' societies of Mt. Carmel, which are here very popular and embrace thousands of members, mostly of the best and aristocratic families of this great city. Two young gentlemen, thirty and twenty-six years of age respectively, having attended the retreat for the men, requested me to hear their confession. It was their first; and they, having been asked why they did not confess before, they answered, because they did not believe in anything ere that time, and were converted at hearing the missionary's instructions. I have reason to say that those were not the only cases. *Good Friday* was kept here as a holyday and observed very scrupulously. Crowds of people flocked to the churches on that day and, towards evening visited the images of the dead Saviour and our Lady of Sorrows. These visits lasted nearly all night during which time several processions sallied forth from various churches, carrying very devoutly the images of the dead Saviour and our Lady of Sorrows. A respectable young lady would impersonate the pious Veronica and sing at intervals during the time of the procession from a platform in a suitable tune: '*O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,*' etc., unfolding, in the meanwhile, the holy face of our Redeemer.

"In the night of Holy Saturday a different scene was displayed, through the work of some members of the so-called "anti-clerical league," with the view of aping their worthy brethren of Spain

and Portugal. They had the notorious drama *Electra* presented in one of the theatres by a juvenile company with little dramatic success. A handful of the most rabid leaguers, headed by a notorious atheist, sallying forth from the theatre made a great noise in front of the Benedictine monastery, shouting: 'Hurrah for liberty!' and 'Down with the Jesuits!' and breaking a few windows with small pieces of brick or iron. They were soon dispersed; but they were contemplating for the following night a more general and more destructive uprising. However, they were reckoning without their host. The president of the State, fortunately a man of good principles, issued severe orders against the rioters, and had for the following two nights all the religious houses and principal churches guarded by mounted police. He sent his own adjutant to the various religious communities, bidding them be of good heart and to rely upon his effective protection. Everything was afterwards quiet and peaceful. All the leading dailies of the city condemned, in strong terms, the savage and foolish attempt of the leaguers and spoke well of the religious orders. We received on that occasion many courtesies from our friends who volunteered to protect our persons and properties in case of need. We were, moreover, assured that nearly all the numerous students of the State University were in our favor. This brooding storm, thank God, *in tenues evanuit auras.*"

ECUADOR.

An "Apostate Cabinet" has repealed the law by which the republic was consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to Our Lady of Lourdes. Nearly all the teaching orders have been expelled from this land which needed them so badly. The Salesian missionaries, heroic sons of Don Bosco, were so brutally expelled by soldiery, that one young priest died on the way. The Capuchins of St. Francis and the

Brothers of the Christian Schools who taught nearly all the elementary schools are gone, too. And all this for the civilizing influence of the self-confessed murderer of the noble President, Garcia Moreno. Moncayo is his name, an ex-Jesuit. One of his colleagues in the government is an ex-religious, also. And a third was excommunicated by the Catholic Church for blasphemy. The president is a revolutionary adventurer.

ROME.

In his allocution after the creation of the new Cardinals, the Holy Father said that "neither Common Law, nor equity, nor merit," had availed to avert the destruction of the religious orders in different countries. The College of Cardinals now numbers sixty-seven, three less than the full number. There have been ridiculous reports as to the Pope's successors; amongst others, that he himself has appointed one.

At the end of April Pope Leo received the Belgian journalists, who presented 113,250 francs, their contribution to the Peter's Pence of last year promoted by the Belgian Catholic Press Association. Dr. Kelly, Rector of the Irish College, is made Coadjutor Bishop of Sydney, Australia.

On the twenty-first of April, the anniversary of the foundation of Rome, the Freemasons inaugurated and threw open to the "profane," or public, their new headquarters in the Palazzo Giustiniani. The Grandmaster, Nathan, by birth an English Jew, declared that Freemasonry was an association of simple beneficence, and not atheistical, although it would not define what the Supreme Principle was, but left each one to interpret for himself "the giant forces" of the universe. He said they were not against religion; but, nevertheless, carried on "a gigantic struggle" against *clericalism*, including the Catholic religious orders. Concerning this speech the liberal *Corriere* of Milan noted that the Grandmaster told what

Freemasonry should be, but not what it is.

FRANCE.

There are distinct warnings of a reaction against the Anti-Catholic ministry of Waldeck-Rousseau. In the bye-election of Rambouillet, in which the number of votes cast was remarkably increased, a Catholic was elected against a ministerial radical. The socialist protégés of the ministry are becoming unpleasantly exacting and equally dissatisfied. M. Méline, the leader of the sane Republicans, in a remarkable speech at Remiremont accused M. Waldeck-Rousseau of a policy of disintegration. France, he said, was in a crisis; there was an unholy alliance between the premier and the socialist minister Millerand; neither right nor justice was any longer recognized; the strikes were revolutionary; there was in fact the beginning of a social war. While M. Méline complimented Pope Leo on his policy, he condemned the irreligious legislation which seemed necessary to keep the ministerial party together. They were "blind and mad," he continued, who could not see the danger of disunion.

The religious scenes at Lourdes have been enthusiastic in the extreme, and perfectly orderly, notwithstanding the absurd newspaper report of an "outbreak." With any other assembly and under like provocation there would be an outbreak indeed. Over sixty special trains carried some 70,000 men, amongst them several senators and deputies, southward to the shrine of Our Lady. The speakers seem to have produced an extraordinary impression, especially Father Coubé, who spoke on Christian Valour, and asked his vast audience if only the few were to have liberty, and only the rascals to govern their country. They would soon have to vote, he said; and the choice would be between Christ and Barabbas. That was very plain, and especially very true. The speakers at times adopted a manner

of address by dialogue with the audience, and when the 60,000 men actually together raised their right hands and swore they would be faithful to God and their country, they swayed as a forest in a storm, and the scene became indescribable. The immense assembly renewed aloud their Baptismal vows and formed a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The last ceremony was the public consecration of all to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to His Blessed Mother revered as Our Lady of Lourdes.

PORTUGAL.

His Majesty Don Carlos, who it seems boasts of being a "liberal," and whose politics are made in London, has settled rather summarily the troubles of the religious orders. Some of their establishments have been closed by a royal order, and the rest of them have to be secularised within six months. This will lead to the exile of some of the principal orders. King Carlos will have no foreign superior over his Portuguese religious, but he hasn't the slightest objection to orders from Downing Street or from the Rue Cadet. There is rather a remarkable resemblance between the Royal Order and the French Associations Bill. So far is the voice of the real Portuguese Catholic people from being against Religious Orders that out of 80,000 people in the Archdiocese of Braga only 500 signed a petition against the religious. And so also with the national press.

ENGLAND.

The unfavorable ending of the debate on the Catholic University question seems, of itself, to have had little significance; it was directly due to a parliamentary technicality. Mr. Balfour, as usual, was emphatic on the side of justice to Catholics. "Ireland," he said, "was behind, but not through her own fault." No further action is likely to be taken until the royal commission investigates the matter. Trinity College will not come within the scope of

the Commission. The Presbyterians, as well as the Catholics, are displeased. In their synod at Dublin the Presbyterians decided that none of their members should appear before the Commission. On the morning of the debate in the Commons, Trinity College expressed its willingness to establish Divinity chairs for Catholics and Presbyterians.

The Liberals, fearing the loss of Protestant votes, have refused to serve on the joint committee for recasting the Coronation Oath. The committee, therefore, will be formed in the House of Lords. Meanwhile, Lord Braye's bill against the present wording of the Oath is not withdrawn in the Lords, nor Mr. Redmond's in the Commons.

In religious circles the question of ritualism has been accentuated by John Kensit's public protest against the confirmation of the "papistical" Dr. Ingram, new Anglican bishop of London. In reality the bishop is "Broad" in church matters, and used to be fond of giving "natural" explanations of the miracles of the Old Testament. On the other hand, some three hundred men of the Anglican congregation of St. Bartholomew's, Brighton, have written the Bishop of Chichester against the "Lambeth opinions" of the Archbishops of York and Canterbury; and assert that the Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice are doctrines of the "whole Catholic Church," which is "guided by the Holy Ghost," and that their rejection would prove the Church of England to be Protestant! In the same line of thought, Canon Gore, writes in his new book, amongst other beautiful things, that "the Christian sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist is the divine answer to fundamental natural instincts of mankind."

Our Catholic *Register* states that it is now quite certain that the young Lord O'Hagan, who died lately in South Africa, returned to the Catholic Church before death. The conversion

is also announced of two Church of England clergyman, Rev. Sydney A. Barrett, a distinguished preacher of Glasgow, and Rev. A. J. Bratt of Sheffield. Father Ralph Kerr's first Mass was served by his father, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr.

A new Protestant publication on the Bible, the *Encyclica Biblica*, so destroys the miracles of the New Testament, the character of the sacred writers, and, in general, the revealed truth, that it admits little more than that Our Saviour existed and that the New Testament contains at least some trustworthy statements concerning Him. The only proof for this wild criticism often is *merely the opinion of some critic*, generally a German. One of the editors of this work is actually a professor of Scripture at Oxford and Canon of Rochester. Yet the Church of England believes in the Bible! The *Academy* regards the publication as "the most serious blow yet struck at Protestant Christianity." And the *Edinburgh Evening News* affirms that the disciples of Bradlaugh would be quite in their proper sphere on the editorial staff.

The majority of the Junior County Council Scholarships have been won by the Voluntary or Denominational Schools, as against the Government Board Schools. Of 2,470 scholarships (outside London) from 1896 to 1899, the Voluntary Schools won 1392. In only ten of forty-five counties or divisions had the Board Schools the advantage; and in four they got not one award.

IRELAND.

A veteran of the Irish party in Parliament, Dr. Tanner, has lately dropped out of the ranks. Dr. Tanner was received into the Catholic Church about two years ago. Although "named" from the "Chair" in the House of Commons with a tantalizing frequency, he was popular with everybody. When so "named" he left the House, the *Tablet* remarks, "without any physical

assistance, and generally with a parting compliment to the Treasury bench, shouted at the top of his voice."

The Belfast Orangemen want no modification of the King's Oath and no Catholic University for Ireland. The Orange hasn't yet faded from Derry. The Corporation of this loyal city of Belfast numbers only one Catholic amongst its officials, whereas Catholic Dublin has amongst its most important and best-paid officials many Protestants.

Miss Ayling, step-daughter of Mr. John Morley, has lately taken her vows as Sister M. Agatha, in Dublin. The Sisters amongst whom she is numbered have charge of penitents.

HOLLAND.

The insulting play, *Electra*, which led to riot in Spain, was produced at Rotterdam on Easter Sunday. It was expurgated, however, beforehand at the protest of the Catholic societies, a Catholic police inspector supervising the rehearsal, to see that the objectionables passages were removed. At the Hague the play was presented unchanged, and the people publicly proclaimed their disapproval. The Burgomaster, a Protestant, forbade its repetition.

Dr. Schaepman, the leader of the Dutch Catholics, has been raised by His Holiness to the dignity of Domestic Prelate. This honor has been hailed with joy by Catholics and Protestants alike, the latter declaring that Dr. Schaepman is a man of whom all Holland may justly be proud.

The Catholic Congress of the Province of Limburg will take place on May 27 at Venlo under the presidency of the Bishop of Roermond.

BELGIUM.

The following despatch from Brussels, April 8, to the Berlin *Germania*, states that the Catholic Professors of the University of Ghent have passed the following resolution in reference to

Professor Renard who has left the Catholic Church and taken a wife.

"Whereas M. Renard, formerly a priest has left the Catholic Church under the pretext that his scientific studies have led him thereto; and whereas the marriage which he has contracted in defiance of the solemn vows that bound him, and the opposition which he declares to exist between science and faith, are calculated to lower before the public the entire body of Catholic Professors and the University itself; and whereas the Catholic Professors of the University of Ghent, by remaining in office, might seem to agree with the action of a colleague whom they regard as unworthy of holding a professorship: Resolved, that the said professors withdraw from the University and send their resignation to the king."

Renard was dismissed from the Society of Jesus years ago for disobedience to his superiors.

AUSTRIA.

The liberal *i. e.* anti-Christian Austrian school law which has been for many years in operation, has yielded the most lamentable results: a religious indifferentism that paves the way to complete infidelity, and a body of teachers who for the most part have not only fallen into religious indifferentism, but openly professed atheism and socialism. The Austrian Catholics have not been blind to these dangers; if they had, the state of affairs now existing would have opened their eyes. They have founded a Catholic school society with the object of recovering for the schools in Austria their Catholic character. In connection with this society we have to chronicle an important event. The heir-apparent, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, has, of his own accord and with the emperor's previous consent, assumed the protectorate of the Society, and when on April 18 the representatives of the Society sought an audience of His Imperial Highness to thank him for this

signal favor, he addressed them in words that caused a tremendous sensation all over Europe and filled the *Los-von-Rom* traitors with frantic rage. He said: "I am pleased with the tendency and action of your Society and I recognize and applaud your patriotic and religious work, especially in these days of the *Los-von-Rom* movement, which is also a *Los-von-Austria* movement and should be opposed by all means. I shall be your protector not only in name but also in deed. You have my permission to publish my words." These plain words from the mouth of the man who stands nearest to the throne sounded like a bugle-call and were received with unbounded enthusiasm by the Catholics who had chafed under the faint-hearted silence of those in high places; and with utmost anger, as we have said, by the traitors who openly insulted the archduke in the Austrian house of representatives and enacted one of those disgraceful scenes that have made them a by-word among civilized nations.

On April 21, at the close of a mission given by the Jesuit Fathers in the vast Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna, there was witnessed an imposing demonstration of Catholic faith. A procession composed exclusively of men, numbering more than 10,000, marched through the streets of the city. In the memory of men nothing like it had been seen in Vienna. Generals and officers of the army, members of the highest aristocracy, professors and university students commingled with the common people. It was a sublime protest against the infamous *Los-von-Rom* treachery. Before the procession started the vast throng was electrified by a ringing speech delivered by Father Victor Kolb, S.J.

Besides the imposing procession of men, there was another great religious manifestation seen in the streets of Vienna, which also was reported with displeasure by the anti-Catholic press. This was a jubilee procession made by

more than two hundred ladies of the high aristocracy under the lead of the Princess Hohenberg, wife of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand.

That the present persecution is, as Father Kolb declares in his sermon, a Masonic conspiracy, was suspected from the first and is now certain. The Masons themselves make no secret of it, so sure they seem to be of success this time. With cynical frankness they print the following two documents which the Berlin *Germania* copies from the Rivista della Massoneria Italiana, 1901, p. 38 and p. 40.

I. By unanimous vote of the Italian Grand Orient passed on February 15, 1901, the Italian Grand Master, Ernest Nathan, sent the following despatch to the French Grand Lodge: "Will you express to your august President (of the French Free Masons) the lively satisfaction with which the Italian Grand Orient watches the vigorous and faithful struggle which aims at lifting up and enlightening the conscience of the French people by confiscating in the name of the true religion of humanity the possessions of the congregations which they have usurped in the name of religion and have been using for the promotion of rebellion and reaction."

II. The Italian Grand Orient to the two regular Grand Orients of Spain:

"It is with pleasure that I communicate to you the resolution unanimously passed by the Italian Grand Orient on February 17, 1901. Our resolution shall bear witness to the fraternal solidarity between men, who, though of different nations, nevertheless represent the same ideas and aims of liberty, justice and progress. In the name of Italian Freemasonry the Grand Orient of Italy applauds the policy of the Spanish liberal party which has arisen in its manhood to fight for liberty and progress; and refuses to bind the fate of its leaders to effete dynasties that are enslaving the conscience of the people; and will not tolerate that the Jesuit sect

shall compel the national genius to bow to the demands of a dogma void of all religion.—ERNEST NATHAN."

At the same time that the Mission was going on in the Cathedral, Missions were also given in several of the large parish churches.

The Austrian Catholics are at last thoroughly aroused and it can now be confidently said that out of the evil of the *Los-von-Rom* movement Almighty God will draw great good in the re-awakening and strengthening of faith in the old empire. The Protestant preachers of Saxony have invaded Austria in considerable numbers to fan the treasonable *Los-von-Rom* movement. It is treasonable because it is anti-dynastic and means *Los-von-Habsburg*. Six of them were expelled as public disturbers of the peace. It seems that the Saxon government complained of this action and that, in consequence, the decree of expulsion was revoked in favor of two of these mischief-makers. Such is the weak-kneed policy of the Austrian authorities. But the curious thing is that Saxony, the cradle of the reformation, is also the hot-bed of intolerance. The Saxon government has the face to remonstrate when Austria expels *foreign* political agitators who cross her frontiers under the guise of preaching the gospel, whereas in Saxony itself a Catholic priest while travelling in that country, be he a citizen of the *German Empire*, be he Prince Max, nephew of the King, cannot even say Mass with impunity, let alone preach the gospel. *Difficile est satiram non scribere.*

The government of Austria has appointed the eminent historian Dr. Ludwig Pastor to the position of director of its Roman Institute for the study of Austrian history. As soon as it was rumored that this honorable appointment was in contemplation the anti-Catholic press raised the usual outcry to which we have long been used, that the interests of historical truth would not be safe in the hands of this Catholic historian.

Dr. Pastor's predecessor was a distinguished Protestant historian who for twenty years had been at the head of the Institute. That a Catholic should now be appointed and the one man who, by the unanimous consent of all competent judges, had made the most prolonged as well as the most successful researches in Italian libraries and particularly in the secret archives of the Vatican, seemed to these growlers an unpardonable piece of folly, nay a great wrong!

NOTES FROM GERMANY.

The German emperor is a man of versatility who possesses many gifts, one of which is a gift of oratory and this he displays, as all the world knows, on every available occasion. His imagination often outruns his judgment and he has sometimes excited the anger of serious-minded Germans as well as the ridicule of foreigners. But he is always sincere, that is, he says what for the moment is uppermost in his mind and more than once his speeches have been praised by Catholics. Some of those lately delivered by him are worthy of a brief mention in this Catholic Chronicle.

After his recovery from the wound inflicted by the hand of an epileptic and irresponsible young workman in Bremen he gave audience to several deputations who came to congratulate him on his escape. To the Presiding Officer of the Prussian House of Representatives he said, among other things: "Our youth is being more and more demoralized and we all, high and low, are to blame for it. Our boys must be trained to the knowledge and practice of Christian principles."

On April 25, he took the young crown-prince to Bonn, where, in the presence of the University authorities, the archbishop of Cologne and other dignitaries in Church and State, both Catholic and Protestant, the young man was matriculated as a student of the Rhenish University. At the *Commers*

held by the students and the whole professorial body in honor of the event, he said :

"Mighty men has the German race produced, by the grace of God, from Boniface and Walter von der Vogelweide down to Göthe and Schiller. They were men ! And men we need to-day, more than ever ! Strive to be men ! And who shall help you to become men ? One alone, He whose name we all bear, Who bore our sins and took them away, Who lived and toiled, our model, to show us how we are to labor, our Saviour and Lord ! May He implant in your hearts the sense of moral responsibility, that your motives may always be pure and your aims lofty. The love for father and mother, for home and country has its root in love for Him !"

The emperor interrupted his sojourn in Bonn to visit the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Maria-Laach. He has a real affection for the Beuron Congregation of the Benedictine order, whose first Abbey (Beuron) was founded by the munificence of the Catholic branch of the Hohenzollern. Four years ago he visited Laach accompanied by the empress. He then promised the Benedictine Fathers a costly marble altar for their church, which was built by the monks 800 years ago and is a perfect gem of mediæval Romanesque architecture. On the present occasion his sister Princess Victoria and the young crown-prince were in his suite. The emperor remained over two hours in the monastery and church, was exceedingly gracious, and to the Abbot's address made the following reply :

"It is with great pleasure that I have come for the second time to visit your order of whose genius and skill in fostering art and developing it on the lines of the old traditions I am well aware. Having heard from competent men how beautifully and conformably to the mediæval style the restoration of the Church of Maria-Laach is proceeding, I have

felt moved to come hither myself and see the work. I have given you the High Altar in memory of the great services rendered by the Benedictines to science and art. I gave orders to have the altar built in keeping with the old Romanesque style of the church, and I shall be pleased if in this I have succeeded and well content if the altar pleases you. Be assured that in future as at present my imperial protection shall be extended over your order, and wherever I find men banded together to promote religion and carry it among the nations, they can count on my protection." Here is a Protestant King pledging his royal word that he will protect in his dominions Catholic religious who at that very time are being persecuted by the governments of Catholic countries !

The "Toleration Bill" of the Centre party of the Reichstag. (See January MESSENGER, p. 104, February, p. 208). Some people glibly talk and write about the intolerance of the Catholic Church. It is well, therefore, that they should be reminded again and again of the intolerable tyranny and oppression of conscience that our Catholic brethren are suffering to this day in some of the most Protestant countries in the world. The Centre party's Toleration Bill is being discussed in Committee, and the outcome of the discussion is most gratifying. To Herr Gröber, one of the most distinguished members of the party, was committed the task of reporting on the laws existing in the several States of the Empire in reference to the free exercise of religion. The picture he draws is an appalling one, and not one member of the Committee, though there are bitter Protestants among them, dared to say a single word in defence of the oppressive laws. They all agreed that the present state of affairs was a disgrace and the sooner it was all swept out of existence the better for the country. In fact, the whole country seems to be ashamed of

it—except the Evangelische Bund ! Let us quote a few examples : In Heligoland, lately taken over from England, the law declares that in mixed marriages, when one of the parents is a Protestant, all the children *must* be brought up in the Protestant religion, even though *both parents* should wish to bring up their children in the Catholic religion. In Cologne a Protestant gentleman married a Catholic lady, and by legal instrument the Catholic education of the children was guaranteed. He moved into Braunschweig with his wife and children, and here the Government compelled him to have his children educated in the Protestant religion, because the law decrees that all children must be brought up in the father's religion. The legal instrument drawn up in Prussia was so much waste paper in Braunschweig. In Bavaria, a Protestant gentleman married a Catholic lady, and a contract was made before a notary public that the children should be brought up in the Catholic religion. He moves into Saxony with his children, and learns that here such contract must be made before a judge. He takes accordingly the necessary steps and is told that it is too late, because his children are over six years old, and must, therefore, be brought up Protestants ! There was nothing left for the honorable man but an appeal to the king, who exercised his royal prerogative of mercy and gave a dispensation. Now, think of the terrorism exercised by law upon thousands and thousands of poor, dependent or ignorant men finding themselves in the meshes of such iniquitous enactments ! No wonder that the paragraph of the Bill declaring it to be a law of the empire that "the agreement of the parents shall decide the religion of the children," was unanimously agreed to by the Committee.

The next paragraph of the Bill occasioned a lively discussion, but in the end was carried almost unanimously. It enacts that "no one shall be compelled

to take part in the religious service or religious instruction of another denomination but his own." Gröber explains the necessity of this paragraph. In Saxony, for example, the law prescribes that if, in the opinion of the local magistrate the religious instruction of a child is not sufficiently provided for, the child can be compelled to attend the religious instruction of another (Protestant) denomination, and after having thus attended a certain number of years, is legally held to be a Protestant.

The Protestant Missionary preacher Fritz Fliedner has undertaken the task of converting Spain to Protestantism. Once or twice a year he returns to Germany to report progress and replenish his purse. He delivers lectures in various places in which he tells wonderful stories of conversions, of the thirst of the Spaniards for "the pure gospel," of their frightful ignorance and superstition and of the obstacles thrown in his way by the "fanatical Catholic clergy." Speaking at Solingen during his latest collecting tour he gave out the story that during the late disturbances at Madrid the Jesuits fled from their Convent by a subterranean passage to the neighboring Ursuline Convent. As soon as this assertion began to be bruited about in the town a Catholic priest called a meeting in which he criticized Fliedner's lecture and branded this story about the Jesuits as a base calumny. No answer ! Thereupon the priest published in the Solingen papers a challenge. He made public a letter he had received from the Bishop of Madrid in which the latter absolutely denied the story. Fliedner, says the bishop, must prove his assertion or stand branded as a calumniator. To give him the means to prove it, he shall have free access to the Jesuit houses in company of the city architect and a notary public by whom the result of the examination shall be certified and published in the Solingen and Madrid papers. Should he have failed to do

this by the end of April, he shall stand convicted a public calumniator. The bishop in his letter adds that the Ursuline Convent is distant from one Jesuit house more than half a mile, from the others nearly two miles.

Dr. Hermann Cardauns, editor-in-chief of the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* celebrated on April 21, the silver Jubilee of his editorship of that paper. During these twenty-five years he has by his skill, energy and especially by his fidelity to principle made it one of the leading and most influential political papers in Germany. Together with the *Germania* it is the foremost organ of the Centre party. The other day a gentleman not of the Centre party stated in the Reichstag that in his opinion the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* was one of the best edited papers in the Empire.

Congratulations and presents poured in from far and near. The Archbishop appeared at the feast and presented him from the Holy Father with the decoration of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory. Dr. Cardauns had at first chosen a University career and had begun to lecture in Bonn as Privat-Docent. But realizing how utterly hopeless it was to expect to make his way in a Prussian University he exchanged the professor's for the editor's chair, while his friend von Hartling clung to his chair of Privat-Docent for thirteen years. Dr. Cardauns is also a member of the Reichstag, a distinguished author and Secretary of the Görresgesellschaft.

The Catholic people of Westphalia demand the re-establishment in Münster of a full University. From 1772-1818 Münster possessed a complete Catholic University. As a result of the annexation of Westphalia to Prussia, the faculties of law and medicine were transferred to the newly created University of Bonn while Münster retained only the faculties of Philosophy and Catholic Theology. The people are reclaiming their historic right.

This month of May the publishing house of Herder celebrated its centenary. The firm was founded in 1801, by Bartholomew Herder at Meersburg, on the lake of Constance, transferred to Constance in 1809 and to Freiburg in 1810. Though the founder had accomplished much, his son Benjamin who succeeded in partnership with his brother in 1839 and as sole proprietor in 1856, far surpassed his father. Through his energy the firm attained the extension and celebrity that have made its name known all the world over. He established the various branch houses, Strassburg in 1867, Munich and St. Louis in 1873, Karlsruhe in 1880 and Vienna in 1886. He was no less remarkable for his piety and nobility of character than for his spirit of enterprise, and was willing to run risks in the interest of the good cause. To his personal initiative and spirit of sacrifice we owe many scientific works which without his generous and far-sighted policy would never have seen the light. After his death in 1888 his only son Hermann Herder succeeded him. He has inherited the father's character and business ability.

THE FIFTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF CATHOLIC SAVANTS.

In our January chronicle, page 103, brief mention was made of the International Congress of Catholic Scientists held in Munich during the last week of September, 1900. The official report of this great gathering of distinguished Catholics from among all nations is now out. (1)

It is a stately volume of 517 pages. The frontispiece is very appropriate, being a beautiful etching representing the Blessed Albertus Magnus, the towering Catholic scientist of the thirteenth century. The idea of these Congresses took birth in France, being first sug-

(1) Akten des Fünften Internationalen Kongresses Katholischer Gelehrten zu München vom 24. bis 28. September 1900. (München, 1901. Herder & Co.)

gested by Mgr. Duilhé de Saint-Projet, Rector of the Catholic University of Toulouse and taken up with enthusiasm by Mgr. d'Hulst, Rector of the Catholic University of Paris. Both prelates are now dead. The Catholic Church has at all times been the foster mother of true science and has, in consequence, always possessed great scientists. She accepts the truth and rejoices in its possession wherever it may be found ; but Catholics are convinced that *as Catholic* scientists they have not been less gifted by nature than learned men of other denominations. The Church is not hostile to scientists that stand outside her pale, but wishes in friendly rivalry to share modern science with them ; nor do Catholics believe that the assured possession of the truth, whether in the natural or the supernatural order, is a bar to further progress, but rather serves as its strongest prop.

The Congresses proved a decided success from the first. A few data will illustrate their steady and continuous growth. The first Congress, held in Paris, in 1888, counted 1605 members ; seven discourses were given and seventy-two scientific papers read. The second Congress, also held in Paris, in 1891, counted 2,494 members ; there were six discourses and 125 scientific papers. The third was held in Brussels, in 1894 ; there were 2,518 members ; six discourses and 131 papers. The fourth was held in Freiburg (Switzerland), counting 3,007 members who gave eight discourses and 192 papers. The fifth and last, held in Munich, in 1900, counted 3,367 members ; nine discourses were delivered and the number of scientific papers presented was 251. It is but natural that the country in which the Congress meets should always be the most prominently represented. Thus, at the last Congress the lion's share fell to the Germans ; they sent more than 2,000 of the members and 160 scientific papers. If the Congress was to go to Germany—a wish that had

been already expressed at Brussels and again at Freiburg—Munich was certainly the ideal place for it. It is a beautiful city ; it is an art centre and loves to call itself “ the German Athens ” ; it boasts of possessing the second greatest university in the empire as well as a famous technical school ; it is a Catholic city. The Papal Nuncio opened the Congress in the name of the Holy Father with a splendid Latin oration. The Archbishop of Munich, the Minister of Public Worship, the mayor of the city, the *Rector Magnificus* of the University, all greeted the Congress in words of warmest welcome. The government, as well as the Universities, co-operated in the friendliest manner with the Congress by furnishing public buildings for the meetings and by throwing open public institutions for use and inspection. The princes and princesses of the royal house of Bavaria were conspicuous at the public sessions and were present at many of the separate meetings of the sections.

The six official languages of the Congress were Latin, the language of the church, English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. Besides the speeches just mentioned, eloquent and weighty discourses were delivered in full session by the famous French geologist Albert de Lapparent (who had been elected President of the Congress), by Professor Willmann of Prague, Mgr. Duchêsne, Baron Von Hertling, the Bishop of Salamanca, Professors Toniolo and Giovanozzi and by Father Grisar. The main work, however, of the Congress was done in the meetings of the sections. The Congress had divided itself into ten sections. Each of them held between six and eight meetings, lasting each from two to three hours. It was no holiday amusement. In these meetings were read and discussed, often warmly and at great length, the carefully prepared scientific papers, many of them of great value, that had been presented by members. As the meetings of the sections were all necessarily

held at the same time, any scientist who attended all the meetings of one could not attend any other. The field of science was divided as follows : Science of religion (leaving aside Catholic dogma which is the exclusive domain of the *ecclesia docens*), philosophy, law and sociology, history, history of art and civilization, Oriental sciences, philology and archæology; the last three sections—mathematics and the natural sciences held their meetings together. Each section had its own officers : President, vice-presidents and secretaries. Let us cast a brief glance at the report (pp. 403-451) of the work of the last-mentioned section. Forty-three papers were either read and discussed in meeting or sent in to be read. The substance of each is printed in the report. Many of the papers give accounts of discoveries or inventions made by their authors, then and there made public for the first time. For example: Mgr. Cerebotani, who has his laboratories in Munich, showed his colleagues the practical working of his wonderful invention in telegraphy (the "Quo-quo-versus-telegraph") and in mensuration. Father Wasmann published the conclusions he has reached during his fifteen years' biological researches on ant life. Papers were read in this section on geology, chemistry, botany, mathematics, astronomy, physics, various theories of earthquakes, medicine, biology and evolution, geography.

The speeches delivered in full session are printed entire in the report ; the scientific papers are given in summary or synopsis. This curtailment of the scientific papers was a departure from the practice of former Congresses which printed the papers in full. Very weighty reasons are given by the editor of the present report for making the change. He suggests, and the suggestion has been accepted in most cases, that the scientific papers be published in full in the periodicals devoted to the special branches of science. The Ger-

man Catholics possess a considerable number of scientific reviews and periodicals, most of them devoted to specialties, which the report enumerates in an appendix. They have six periodicals devoted to theology, two to philosophy, one to law, seven to history, one to philology, four to the arts, two to the natural sciences, and fifteen scientific and literary periodicals of a more general character. The flourishing existence of so many periodicals devoted to scientific pursuits, as distinct from political newspapers, illustrated family papers, ascetical and missionary periodicals, goes far to disprove the charge of apathy and intellectual stagnation which ignorant or ill-willed men from time to time hurl at the German Catholics.

Professor Hüffer, of Munich, upon whom devolved the enormous work of preparing the Congress and also of editing the report, concludes his labor of love with the following words : "The fifth Congress, if we may believe the friends who witnessed it, has proved a worthy successor to the preceding ones. Nay, in view of the greater number of members and of scientific papers presented, it may safely be said that the mother-idea of these Congresses—to wit, gathering together from time to time in one focus the scientific forces of the Catholic world—has, by means of this Congress, received a new impulse and a further development. The perfect realization, however, of the idea is a long way off yet ; future Congresses will reach that wished-for goal, to the honor of the God of sciences and of His Holy Church ; for the idea of our meetings as *world-Congresses* is an eminently Catholic one. They strive upon their field of action to present a picture of that world-embracing unity of the Catholic Church in which "there is no distinction of the Jew and the Greek." The spirit at least of this Christian brotherhood pervaded the Munich meetings. And thanks to

the fraternal sentiments of the men of science that had flocked hither from far and near, the beautiful word about "brethren dwelling together in unity" has been happily verified. The memory of this hearty co-operation on the part of representatives of all the sciences united in the same Catholic faith, will not die out, let us hope, in the hearts of the members of the fifth Congress. The writer of this report, as he recalls the labor of preparation and the harvest of success, looks back upon it all with joyful consolation. In speaking of the moderate membership fee which had to be paid, the author makes a charming remark which we cannot refrain from reproducing: "Out of respect for the religious habit and because of their voluntary poverty, scientists who are members of religious orders were exempted from paying the membership fee."

The standing committee has decided that the next Congress in 1903 shall be held in Rome.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. EMILE RÉGNAULT, S.J.

Father Emile Régnauld was born at Valence, in Dauphiny, on the fifteenth of September, 1829. At the age of eighteen years, Emile Régnauld followed his older brother to the novitiate at Avignon. In 1850 he was sent to teach at the college of St. Mary at Toulouse. He was ordained priest in 1861, and when the religious review, the *Etudes*, was founded at Lyons, he was appointed to the staff of writers on account of his finished literary style. His principal work was the "Life of Christopher de Beaumont," Archbishop of Paris. It was justly said of his direction of the Apostleship of Prayer that it was marked by singular wisdom, tact and charity. Father Régnauld was appointed by the Holy See to succeed Father Ramière in 1884 as Director General of the Apostleship of Prayer and editor of the French *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. For nearly ten years he continued at his post, until failing health announced the approach of death. His zeal and literary skill served not a little to make the *Messenger* what it has become—this periodical most widely spread in all the countries of the world; for there are thirty-two editions outside of France.



In and around Tadousac. By J. Edmond Roy. Mercier & Co., Levis, Canada.

When Canada becomes a great country what will be its capital? Quebec? Montreal? Ottawa? No, none of these; but Tadousac. Where is Tadousac? Tadousac is a little village of a few fishers and hunters, five hundred all told, lying at the mouth of the terrible Saguenay, where it pours out its fierce waters into the St. Lawrence and strives to hit the opposite bank almost forty miles away. Through a weird and deep gorge, Lake St. John pours its floods eastward until they meet the great river. This run of swift and sometimes unfathomable water is the Saguenay. It used to be dangerous even to cross its mouth, and the first explorers feared to mount the stream, though they fancied that if they could creep up between its gloomy and rampart-like cliffs, where evil spirits were supposed to keep guard, they might reach far Cathay. The spirits were not there nor was Cathay; but wild storms still roar through the deep chasm except where a little headland near the meeting of the waters juts out and forms a harbor which never freezes and never gets angry, though all around are storm and ice, and there Tadousac nestles.

It was a great place for the fur traders in the days when Jacques Cartier came, and the settlers and the government found something just as good as an El Dorado in the profits they made from the peltries. Here is where the first Jesuits came and tried to make Christians of the Montagnais. Quebec, Three Rivers and the rest were reached only later. No Jesuits are there now, but the *Jesuits' Garden* and the *Jesuit Fisheries* remain as reminders. The

story of those olden days is pleasantly told in this little book, as well as Tadousac's present condition and the vague hopes of its future greatness. Only a few consumptive Indians are left of the men that looked like guys or demons to the early missionaries, when dances or fights were in order. It is a curious thing to hear that Cartier brought over Huguenot ministers as well as Catholic priests. Evidently he was as liberal and as foolish as Baltimore, a little later. According to Higginson the character of the very first colonists left very much to be desired, but things grew better with time. Tadousac is a summer resort, but the Canadians love it even in winter. Delicious perversity!

Coram Sanctissimo. By Mother M. Loyola. B. Herder, St. Louis.

We always expect Mother Loyola to give us something worth reading. She does not disappoint us in this instance, for *Coram Sanctissimo* is an outpouring of the heart in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, written in a style that is bright and vigorous without losing the charm of its femininity. Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., suggested the book, wrote the preface and persuaded the good nun to publish some of her verses also; and in that he did well, for they are excellent; but why did she not persuade him to omit that ugly doubt which he puts before his readers about visits to the Blessed Sacrament? He finds no record, he says, that the practice existed in the church until quite recently. Well, what of it? People do not put on record that they warm themselves if they are cold, or eat if they are hungry. That Christians at all periods of the Church's life and in all countries of the world did not visit the Blessed Sacra-

ment outside of the regular liturgical services is inconceivable. Were those great cathedrals and splendid monastic churches and beautiful little chapels in towns and villages, upon which so much loving labor had been lavished, only like Protestant Churches, shut up when there was no service going on? Were all those symbols which we find in Christian iconography meant to be looked at only during Mass? Did not the bleeding lamb, the pelican, the ark of the covenant, the grapes and the wheat and numberless other suggestions which meet us everywhere in the old churches signify that the thoughts of the faithful were often with the Prisoner of the tabernacle? Were those exquisitely beautiful towers which they built apart from the altar and on which the sacred species were reserved deserted by adorers? Surely the people did not leave the altar during Mass to worship there; for what purpose were they then? In turning over the pages of Gautier's *Chévalerie* we see a picture of a young knight keeping his vigil of arms before a tabernacle. It is not the altar of the Blessed Virgin but of the Blessed Sacrament. Does not that suggest that others as well as knights visited the tabernacle and kept watch before it? Knights were not noted for a monopoly of piety. Again, in the account of the nobleman's day, in the same book, we find that when the family returned from Mass in the morning one of the cares of the chatelaine was to send candles to be burned before the shrines. Did those mediæval Catholics care for the saints and neglect the Lord? Were the famous Easter night vigils before the altar only an annual devotion? We agree with Father Magnier C. S.S. R., in the *Ecclesiastical Record*, Vol. VII, when he says: "One of the worst kinds of mistakes made by modern Protestantism and the criticism of the day [which latter applies to Father Thurston's suggestion] in dealing with matters of this kind, is to overlook the fact that the

chronicler deals with the extraordinary and the exceptional. . . . Now the Perpetual Presence, when once the faith had taken root in a land, entered into the daily lives of the people. The Holy Mass, the communion, the visit to the Blessed Sacrament were amongst the commonest of duties." Besides, was not the Blessed Sacrament frequently in the houses? Did not the priests carry it about with them even when on a journey? In point of fact, they were far more familiar with Christ than we. As regards the absence of any reference to the Blessed Eucharist in the meditation *ad amorem*, the very reverse is the case. St. Ignatius never entered into details. He merely suggested. But when he reminds us that God is living in us and working in us is it possible for one who has gone all through the Exercises to fail to know that the saint intended to have us see in the Eucharist the greatest manifestation of love exerted by this dwelling and working in us. Father Roothan makes a special note of this and says such is the thought of St. Ignatius.

The suggestion creates a most uncomfortable feeling, and we fail to see the use of letting off these spiritual sky-rockets. They do not illumine—they only scare.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. By Sir William Cavendish. Benziger Bros. 70 cents.

Sir William Cavendish must have been a very slick politician. He was Wolsey's "Gentleman Usher," but when Wolsey died he succeeded in ushering himself into the good graces of Henry VIII, and became Privy Counsellor of Wolsey's murderer. He showed equal adaptability when the youthful Edward came to the fore with Protestantism for a war cry. And when "Bloody Mary" ruled, the artful Cavendish was still in favor. And yet, in "*An Advertisement to the Reader*" he warns us, "Who pleaseth to read

this history advisedly may well perceive the mutability of honor, the tottering state of earthly dignity, the deceit of flattering friends and the instability of princes' favors." All which the adroit William has abundantly disproved in his own instance. That he married three wives and buried two of them is another excellent tribute to his skill in steering through the difficulties even of domestic life.

Throughout this account of "My Lord and Master," the author's piety is perpetually and copiously bubbling up. When he cometh to treat of "*Mistress Anne Boleyn's Favour with the King*," the said mistress being a "right glorious ladye," he lifts his eyes heavenward and says: "O Lord, what a great God art Thou, that workest Thy wonders so secretly that they are not perceived until they be brought to pass and finished!" And he tells you confidently, "he has written this history more at length that you may perceive whatsoever a man doth propose, be he prince or prelate, yet God disposeth all things according to His pleasure and will, it being a folly for any wise man to take upon him any weighty enterprise of his own will without calling upon God for His grace and assistance in all his proceedings." We agree with him, of course, especially when he deplores the fact that "princes do little regard the dangerous sequels that may ensue upon their voluptuous desires as well to themselves as to their subjects." The mind of this old chameleon takes on a sombre hue when he says, "What laws were enacted, what costly edifices of noble and ancient monasteries overthrown, what diversities of opinion then arose, what extortions were then committed, how many good and learned men were then put to death, and what alterations of good ancient laws, customs and charitable foundations were turned from the relief of the poor to the utter destruction and desolation, almost to the subversion of this noble

realm." He might pass for a man whose virtuous soul is in agony over all these evils, yet the accommodating Sir William appears forthwith when Wolsey dies as one of the commissioners for visiting and taking the surrender of religious houses, besides holding divers and sundry other lucrative posts in the shifting circumstances of those energetic days.

In fact, this little book is as much a portrait of Cavendish, unintentionally, of course, as of Wolsey, and, perhaps, of many another right worshipful knight of those days, who accommodated his piety to his purse and saw in it all the merciful providence of God. What wonder the laymen were so considerate of the king's feelings when not even a bishop in all that English hierarchy, except Fisher, was a whit the better. Fisher lost his head for it.

This shrewd gossip gives wondrous details, like old Froissart, not only of the jousts and tourneys and boar hunts and pious pilgrimages where the good king of France danced all night with his lords and ladies while the borrowed minstrels of the cardinal discoursed sweet music anigh the shrine, where the monarch in this devout fashion acquitted himself of his devoirs, but tells us till our lips water of the wondrous feasts they sat down to almost everywhere, and of the precious gifts they took away as favors. No wonder England, with so much luxury, was ready for a crash, especially as the funds were the fruit of extortion, the clergy in one instance being taxed fifty per cent. of their revenues to supply the nerves and sinews of wars that Henry entered into for fancy or spite.

Admitting frankly Wolsey's lowly origin, he speaks with pride, however, of his magnificence and wisdom in affairs of State, but loyally says nothing of the cardinal's scheming again and again for the papacy, and he is too good a courtier even to refer to the unsavory relations of the lusty king with other

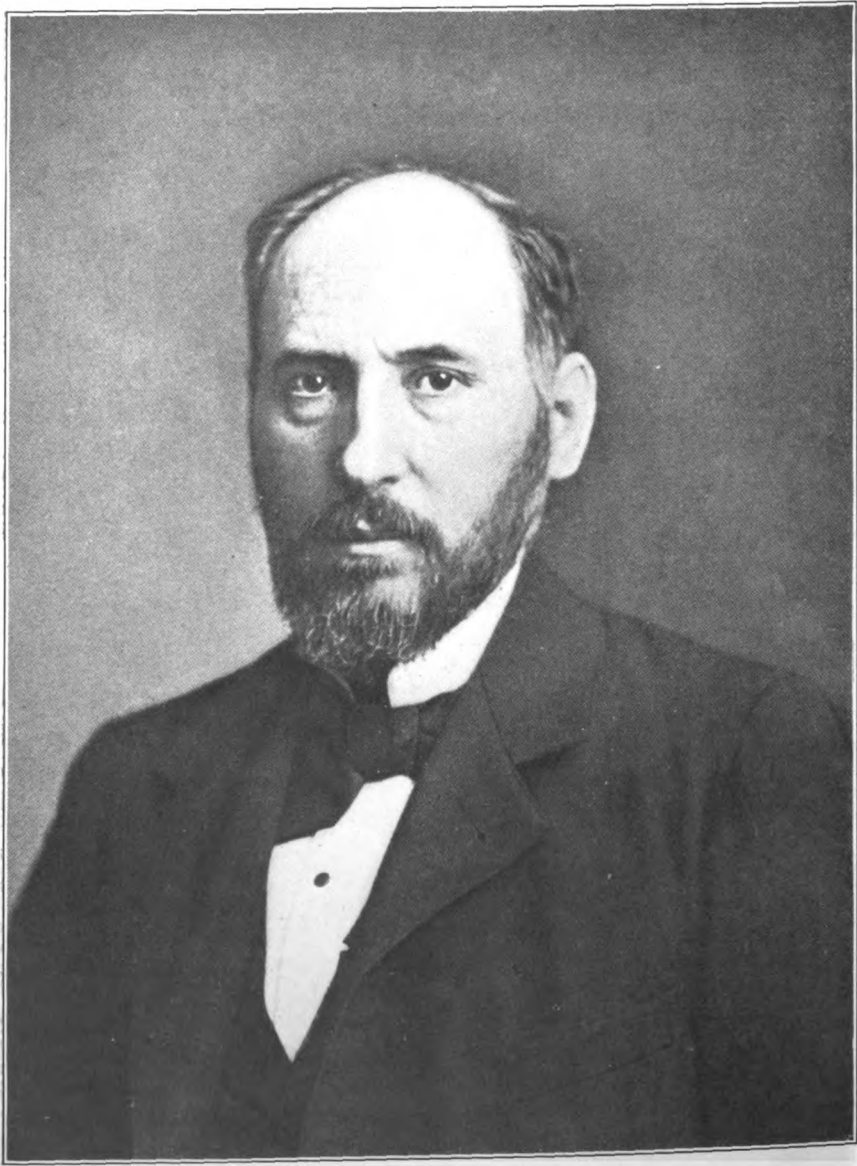
members of the Boleyn family than the "glorious Ladye Anne." The way the Constable of Bourbon discovers the treachery of Henry, by happening on the secret letters to Francis in the night attack on Pavia would make a sensational episode in a cheap drama but it is not true. It was not indignation that sent the Bourbon off to besiege Rome but the want of money to pay his German mercenaries. But the story fits in with the naiveté of the whole chronicle. Catherine's appearance before the Commissioners with a skein of red silk about her neck (for she was working with her maids) and her majestic departure from the court are told with that charming simplicity which the old storytellers had the knack of and their successors have lost. But who is this Mr. Griffiths on whose arm she leans? Is he aught to the maid—Griffiths who talks so delightfully in Shakespeare; or was there some confusion or misinformation in the mind of the great dramatist? It is refreshing to hear Cromwell addressed by the cardinal as "Tom," and we are glad to be reminded again that Shakespeare was in error when he makes that wicked old time-server receive the famous

speech: "Had I but served my God as I have served my king, he would not have left me in my gray hairs," etc. All that was said to Master Kingston who was conducting him to the Tower.

It is comforting to hear that Wolsey never omitted the divine office, no matter how busy he was; that his life was pure, although Queen Catherine in the play is of a different opinion; that he went frequently to confession, at least in his latter days, although the priest was alarmingly near the last moment when anointing him, and although the cardinal waxed wroth when he was told he ought to be shriven; and we are edified to learn that a hair-cloth was found on the body when it was stripped.

Wolsey was accountable for all the trouble. He indulged Henry in his pleasures and, although he was three hours on his knees pleading against the marriage with Anne Boleyn, he was quite willing to have a divorce for a French alliance.

It is a great pity the "honest poor man's son" ever became Lord High Chancellor of England. He and the world would have been better if he had flung away ambition from the beginning.



SANTIAGO RAMON Y CAJAL.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

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BURGOS AND THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTA MARIA.

By Mary F. Nixon Roulet.

IN the midst of a vast plateau, on the banks of the turgid Arlanzon—an insignificant stream subject to frequent inundations—lies the fair city of Burgos. Standing upon a hillside, at whose summit rise the picturesque towers of a ruined castle, the city presents a quaintly foreign aspect.

The eye of the traveller rests upon the cream-hued walls of the houses, the soft terra-cotta roofs of the tiling so much in use in Spain, the many church spires rising aloft like sentinels, and green parks and promenades stretching away toward the white peaks of the Santa de Covarrubias Barbadillos, where lie the most fertile corn lands in Spain.

It is a scene fraught with beauty and interest, yet upon one central point the eye falls and there it rests. As "all roads lead to Rome," in Burgos all paths seem to lead to and all eyes to dwell upon the one great marvel of its architecture, the Cathedral.

The see of Oca, eight leagues from Burgos, according to Spanish legend, was founded by Santiago *en route* from Galicia to Zaragoza, where he tarried at the old Roman colony whose foundation is ascribed to the grandsons of Noah. In the year 1075, Alphonso VI removed it to Burgos and enriched it by the gift of several of his palaces. It was declared *exenta* and depended directly upon Rome until the reign of Philip II

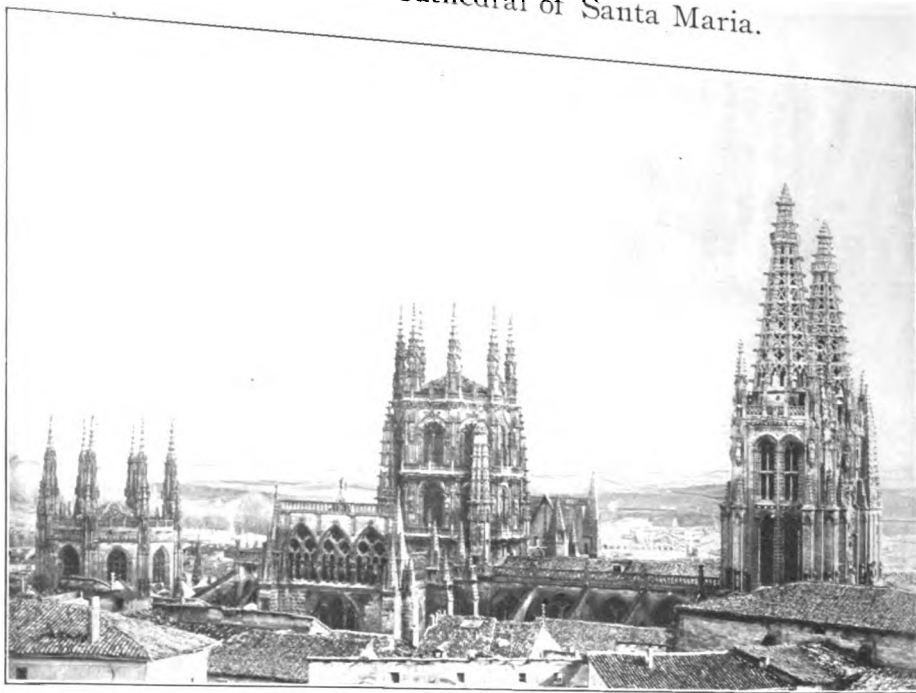
who obtained from the Holy Father, Gregory XIII, the grant of the privilege of its becoming metropolitan.

In 1221 was laid the first stone of the Cathedral, founded in honor of the marriage of Ferdinand III (*El Santo*) to Beatrice of Suabia. An English prelate, Bishop Maurice, had arranged the King's marriage and accompanied the bride from Suabia, and to his wise councils was largely due the King's success in the civil wars in which he was embroiled. He it was also who encouraged St. Ferdinand to begin the building which is to-day the finest specimen existing in Spain of thirteenth-century Renaissance Gothic.

The Cathedral was by no means completed during the reign of its founder; chapels, towers, spires, statues—all these marvellous accessories developed gradually until, in its beautiful perfection, it stands regnant as the queen of Gothic cathedrals of the world.

Even the unattractive approach, the uneven ground upon which it rests, the mean hovels which surround its base do not spoil the effect of this gleaming gem in the crown of Burgos. From every point of view it rises above the city. Fair and stately in its sublimity of conception and grandeur of detail, it is pure as some lofty sentiment in the work-a-day worry of the world.

Intricate as is the architectural design



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROOF AND TOWERS.

of this structure, a proper conception of it is the more readily acquired, from the fact that it possesses a remarkable trait of architectural perfection not always found in buildings of any type and especially rare among those conglomerate churches which have grown with centuries, and through countless vicissitudes have taken upon themselves the varied characteristics of the ages through which they have passed. A canon of church architecture is that the external forms shall be sharp projections or bold reproductions of the internal parts.

In the Cathedral at Burgos, from the principal façade, rise two superb spires which head the nave; in the center is the transept, or *crucero*, with its eight turrets, and back of that the delicate, open-work minarets of the Constable's Chapel. Flying buttresses project from the sides of the nave; gargoyles leer from the eaves; countless filigree pinnacles, airy with open-work fine as Mexican silver, rise against the blue of heaven, and from delicate canopied niches statues peer down upon the

passerby—angels, saints, the virtues, kings, prophets, martyrs,

“A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid—”

It is an array of statues, as de Amicis says, “so close, so various in pose, and brought out in such strong relief by the light background of the edifice that they almost present to the view an appearance of life, like a celestial legion stationed to guard the monument.” On the Renaissance transept alone there are twenty-four full *relievo* heads and twenty-four full-sized statues, while each turret, of which there are eight in number, is crowned with an angel holding an iron cross.

No conception can be gained of the marvellous completeness of the exterior or of its beauty. The white, marble-like Ontario limestone lends itself readily to architectural design and sculptor's art, and the carvings are as perfect as though cut with Angel hands, the traceries as delicate as if the genii of the frost had

“Carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-leaf fern.”

Not so lofty as the spires of Cologne, nor perhaps so delicate as the minarets of Milan, the twin spires of Burgos Cathedral are marvels of loveliness. They are so akin to Heaven as to seem

"Mountain-born, sweet with snow-filtered air,

From uncontaminate wells of ether drawn
And never-broken secrecies of skies."

The crocketed belfries rise in graceful dignity—Gothic in richest form—the dazzling effect enhanced by the delicately warm, creamy hue of the stone and open to the brilliant sun "for the gladness of heaven to shine through." The arches, tiny turrets, bas-reliefs and statues, almost bewildering in detail, form a perfect whole when taken *en masse*. It is as if the architect

"All night by the white
stars' frosty gleams
Had groined his arches
and matched his
beams;
Slender and clear were
the crystal spars
As the lashes of light
that trim the stars."

There are three main entrances to the Cathedral, the principal one being that on the west façade, the Puerta del Perdon (1), which consists of three portals, corresponding to the three naves. The pointed arches were formerly richly decorated with statues, bas-reliefs and carvings, but in 1794 the chapter was seized with a malignant attack of modernizing, and introduced a Græco-

(1) Gate of the Pardon.

Roman front far from being in keeping with the rest of the building. The only remnants of the former glory of sculpture are the Coronation of the Virgin, at the portal on the right, the Conception at the left and at the sides statues of King Alfonso III, Ferdinand III (*El Santo*), and Bishops Maurice and Arterio of Oca. The façade is divided into three tiers. The second stage, that over the portal, has an open-work balustrade corridor with countless charming little turrets and an exquisite rose window with trefoils. Over the second tier are large ogival windows with Gothic tracery and above these two highly ornamental windows somewhat reminding one of the Moorish *agimaces*, divided



THE PRINCIPAL FAÇADE.

by tiny pointed arches, pillarets and open-work roses, with eight crowned youthful figures, marvelously executed and retaining their pristine beauty despite the devastating hand of time.

The Puerta Alta (called also *de la Coroneria* or *Los Apostoles*), is one of the ingresses of the transept on the north. The arches are decorated in much profusion, with artistic figures of other curious mediæval subjects. In

asking the Castilian King for permission to found the Dominican and Franciscan orders.

The Puerto del Sarmental, named from a wealthy family which gave up its houses near by to the Chapter, is the Archbishop's entrance to the Cathedral. It has a superb arch decorated with forty-five statues of seraphs, cherubs and angels, holding, respectively, candles, censers and musical instruments.

Of all the entrances to the Cathedral none is more beautiful than the Puerta de la Pellegeria (1) situated in an angle of the transept to the east. Picturesque in style, the composition, in elegance of form and magnificence of detail, gives one an excellent idea of the Spanish silversmith work as adapted to architecture, fantastic in the extreme, the result is still harmonious. The statues of Santiago and St. John Baptist are perhaps as fine as any in the Cathedral, and the profuse decorations, minutiae of details, statuettes



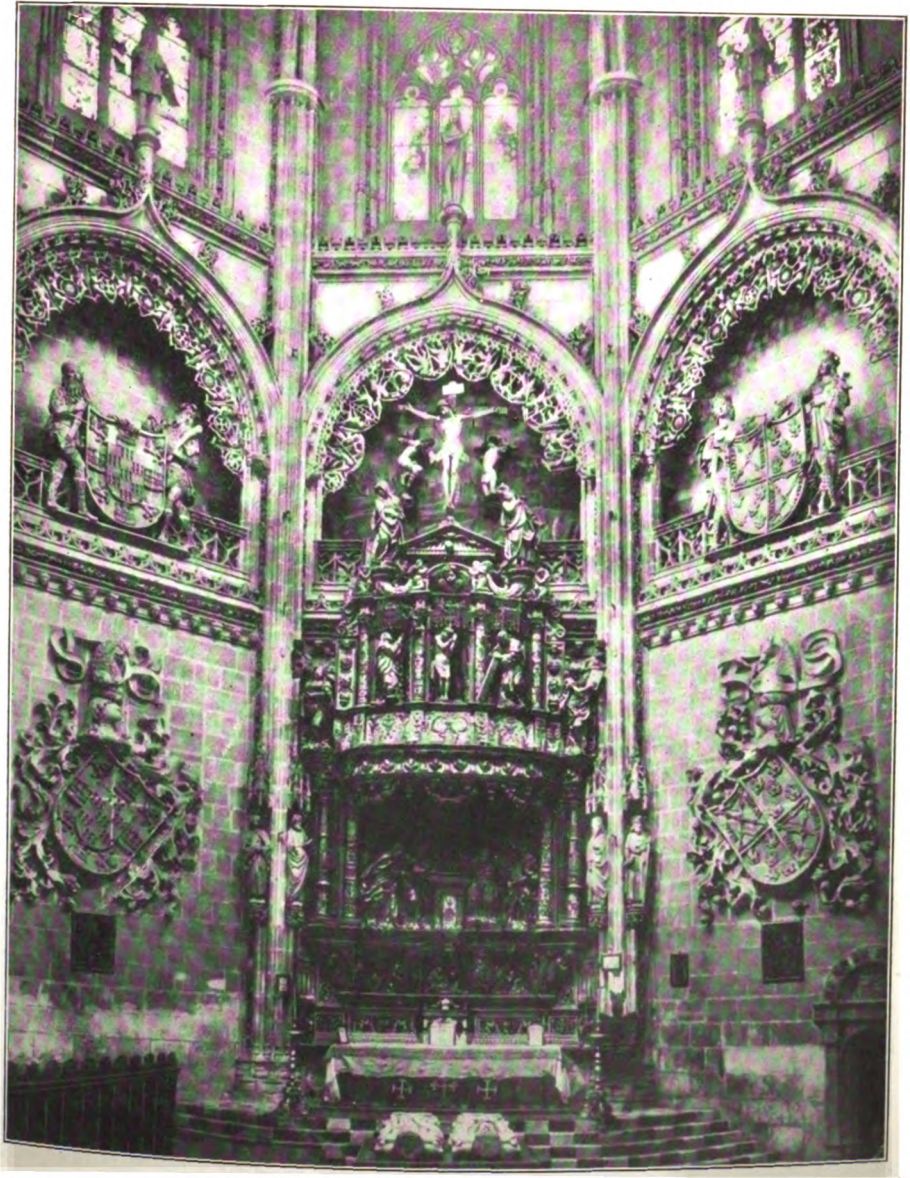
CARVINGS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LADY.

the center is our Lord, with the Blessed Virgin on His right and St. John on His left, both supplicating His mercy for the other figures which represent the good and bad angels, or the struggle between the good and evil, in rude but forceful execution.

Among the most interesting of the many statues are those of St. Domingo of Guzman and St. Francis of Assisi,

and carvings are almost bewilderingly beautiful. The whole is crowned with the escutcheon of Bishop Fonseca to whose generosity is due the magnificence of this entrance. It takes its name from the furriers' shops which once lined the street leading up to the portal.

(1) Door of the Furriers.



IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CONSTABLE.

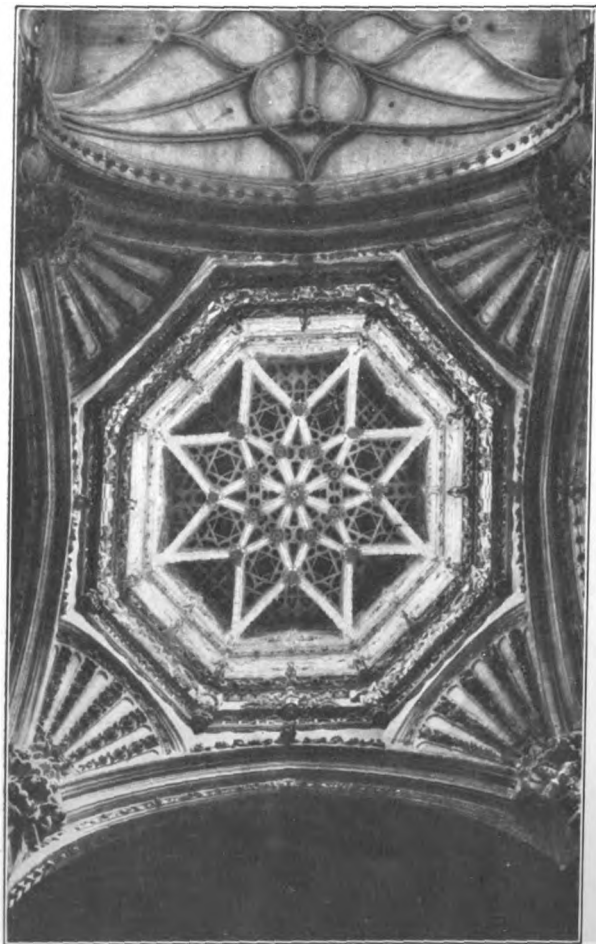
If the exterior of the Cathedral is beautiful the interior is no less so. The form is a Latin cross with chapels radiating from the apse—a favorite method in Spain. Cavilling critics have said that the Spaniards have no architectural genius, their great cathedrals are Moorish or Gothic, their architects are foreigners or natives who have studied abroad. While this might indicate that

The Cathedral of Santa Maria holds within its walls unsurpassed treasures of art and architecture. A French critic has said that the cloisters and portals of the Cathedral "form an admirable museum of French Gothic art from the somewhat stiff style of the thirteenth century down to the graceful ease of the fourteenth century."

There are three naves, bisected by

one running from the Puerta Alba to the Puerta del Sarmantal, and separating the choir from the great altar. The central nave is lofty and airy, the lateral ones smaller in proportion. There are no pews to spoil the splendid sweep from door to altar for, like all Spanish cathedrals, the nave is empty of seats, save for the tiny round cushions, or camp stools for those wealthy enough to pay a *parita* for a seat. The ordinary worshipper kneels uncomplainingly upon the stone-flagged floor.

Twenty octagonal pillars separate the naves, pillars, strong and massive, yet lightened in effect by slender shafts. Aloft upon the columns are the canopied niches with the saints and apostles in carven splendor. Their snowy marble garments gleaming in the pure white light from the windows, they gaze benignantly upon the worshippers below. The magnificent four-



THE TRANSEPT, INTERIOR.

architecturally they are not original, it certainly gives the lie to the oft-repeated accusation that the Iberian is too conservative to accept anything from a foreigner. The marvels of Burgos Cathedral evince his desire to weld with the native resources the best genius of foreign art.

teenth-century stained glass was destroyed by a powder explosion in the *Castillo* in 1813, and the building, old as it is, seems new and fresh. Here is not the dim, religious light of many old cathedrals but an air of pure and spotless calm broods in the holy aisles.

"Solemn the lift of high-embowered roof,
The clustered stems that spread in
boughs disleaved"

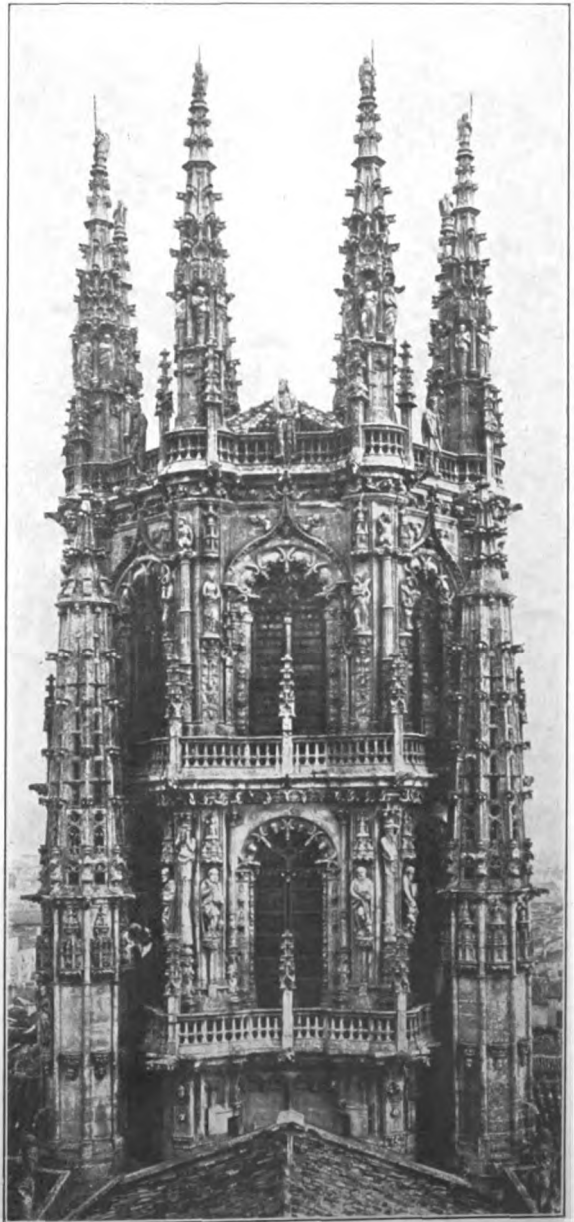
and the still white light of heaven seems almost to have descended upon a place peopled with prayerful memories of the past.

"Whichever way you turn," says Edmondo de Amicis, "you see eyes gazing back into your own; beckoning hands; the heads of cherubs peeping at you; draperies which seem in stinct with life; floating clouds; crystal spheres tremulous with light—an infinite variety of forms, colors and reflections dazzle the eyes and confuse the brain." There is life in the air, vitality in the active faith of which this glorious structure is the exponent.

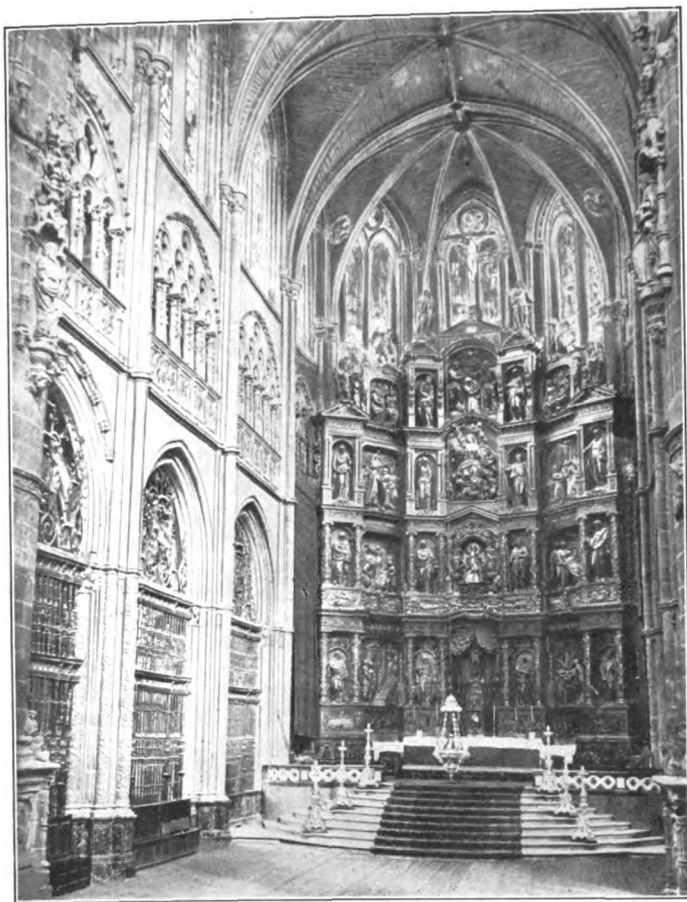
At the intersection of the choir and transepts stands the lantern, or *crucero*—one of the greatest marvels of this marvelous Cathedral. Without apparent reason, the original structure fell to the ground in 1539, the catastrophe having been foretold in a sermon preached some time before by St. Thomas of Villanova. Great was the consternation of the Burgalese, to whose hearts the Cathedral is dear, and they determined that it should be built even more gloriously than in its pristine splendor. Contributions poured into the chapter; from one street alone, Calle del Huerto del Rey (street of the King's garden) a thousand ducats was donated. The foundations were laid at once and

in 1567 the whole work was completed. The builders were Juan Castaneda and Juan de Vallejo, pupils of François de Cologne, and the architect, Philip Vigari, a Burgundian.

Upon seeing the finished work, Charles V said, "'Tis a gem! It



THE TRANSEPT.



THE MAIN ALTAR.

ral arches, lavishly decorated, holding angels bearing scrolls engraved with the date of building. Beyond are statues—angels, shells and busts—while seraphs wave banners bearing the versicle “I will praise Thee in Thy temple and glorify Thy name, Thou Whose works are mine.”

The rather fanciful decoration of the High Altar, gilded and very elaborate, has little of the chaste art of the true Gothic church and is rather too ornate for perfect beauty. Far more attractive is the stately solemnity of the choir whose superb wooden seats

should be kept in a casket so as not to be gazed upon excepting on great occasions”; while Philip II exclaimed, “It is the work of angels, not men!”

The four large piers of the transept rise like stately towers, decorated with sculpture of exquisite taste and beauty. The style of this portion is perfect Renaissance with Gothic ornamentation; the sculpture is classic and there is breadth of conception and boldness of execution. *Mezzo-relievo* figures of Charity, Justice, Prudence, Prayer and the Prophets decorate the first stage of the transept piers; in the second the pillars are fluted bearing shields of the archbishops; while in the third and fourth are twenty life-sized statues of the apostles, doctors of the Church, etc. From amid bunches of fruit at the cornices spring the four to-

are wonders of carving. There are one hundred and three walnut stalls divided into two tiers. In the lower tier the arms, back and seat are delicately carved and ornamented, while between them are pilasters almost covered with flowers, figures, animals, vines and foliage. The balusters have the quaintest of quaint figures, while the backs of the stalls are carved in scenes from the life of the Blessed Virgin and martyrdoms of the Saints. The upper tier shows an elaborate series of Old Testament scenes, the Creation, Deluge, the Story of Jacob, etc. Father Feijoo in the “*Cartas Eruditas*” tells us that St. Atiende rode His Satanic Majesty from Jaen to Rome in one night, and this quaint legend is one of those so charmingly illustrated in the wood carvings

of the choir. These carvings are surpassed by none in the world and equalled by few, Spanish art being wonderfully developed along this direction.

Of all the Cathedral statues there is none greater than that of St. Bruno. Examined closely it shows an elegant figure, one hand outstretched, the other holding a crucifix; a tonsured head, a fine, strong face, with deep-set earnest eyes. The lines of drapery are exceedingly simple; the pose, lifelike, majestic, grand. The crozier and mitre are at his feet, but the crucifix is in his hand, as if to typify that earthly greatness was not of much esteem to one who wished to live the life of the Crucified.

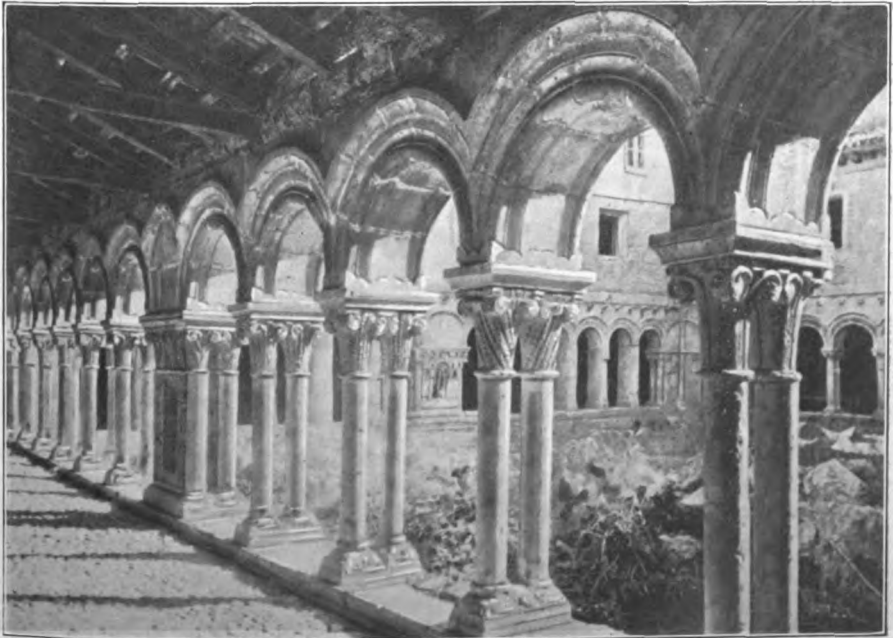
Fifteen chapels enrich this mighty Cathedral. They differ so greatly in style and proportions that they are scarcely in keeping with the main part of the church, yet each has some point of historical interest, some rare beauty or artistic gem. The Chapel of St. Tecla, almost a church in itself, is built over the spot where Alphonso XI instituted the Order of Knighthood of La

Venda, of which the Catholic Kings were brothers, *cofrades*.

High up in the Capilla Major hangs before the altar the white banner emblazoned with a crucifix and borne by Alfonso VIII, King of Castile, at the battle of Las Naves de Tolosa, fought July 16, 1212, when the armies of Castile, Arragon and Navarre delivered northern and central Spain from the sway of the Crescent, doing away forever with the power of Mahometanism.

The rather interesting Chapel of St. Anne contains an urn, about which is sculptured the genealogical tree of our Lord, beginning with Abraham. The very old Chapel of San Nicolas has a tomb with an upright effigy of Bishop Villahoz (died 1275), showing how bodies were interred at that date, standing bolt upright and embedded in walls. Nearby is a magnificently sculptured tomb, that of Archdeacon Fernandez Villigas, who translated Dante into Spanish.

The largest chapel in the Cathedral is that of Santiago, which serves as a



THE CLOISTER.

parish church. It contains several fine tombs, among them that of Pedro de Astudillo, who founded the Chapel of the Magi Kings in the Cathedral at Cologne.

The Chapel of San Henrique cost 100,000 ducats. The pavement and steps are of alabaster, and the stalls curiously inlaid. In the Chapel of San



STATUE OF ST. BRUNO.

Juan de Sahagun is the venerated Virgen de Oca. Here also is the tomb of the Beato Lesmes (*Hijo de Burgos abogado del dolor del renones*), whom Spaniards appeal to for the cure of Bright's disease. A legend in connection with him tells that the Blessed Lesmes distributed so much corn to the

poor that the constant bending over in giving his alms produced the disease in himself. On this account our Lord granted him the privilege of interceding for those afflicted in like manner.

The celebrated image of The Christo de Burgos is kept in the Chapel of Santissimo Christo de la Agonia. This image was, according to Flores, carved by Nicodemus after he and Joseph of Arimathea buried our Lord. It was discovered in a box floating on the sea waves and was preserved for some time in the convent of St. Augustine, and thence removed to the Burgos Cathedral in 1836. It is exceedingly old and modelled with great exactness. The perfect anatomy and the expression of agony are painfully realistic. The hair, beard, eyelashes, and crown of thorns are genuine, giving an effect exceedingly gruesome to the unimaginative Anglo-Saxon, but filling the Spaniard with religious awe.

Of all the fair Chapels of this marvellous Cathedral none is so beautiful as the famous Capilla del Condestable. It was founded by Dom Pedro Fernandez de Velasco, Count of Hara, of the house of the Infantes of Lara, five times Viceroy of Castile, Knight of the wars of Portugal and Granada. It was designed by Simon de Colonia in 1482. The style is the florid Gothic of the fifteenth century; its ornamentation is somewhat akin to the Saracenic, the vaulting pierced with the most elaborate tracery. The superb entrance is crowned with a semicircular arch in ornaments of crest work, clusters of pinnacles, tiny statues, and larger statues under canopies so delicately wrought as to look like filmy webs of point lace. The *Reja* is said to be the finest specimen of Renaissance extant. It dates from 1523 and the lock is so curiously contrived that no one can turn it who does not know the secret of a certain ingeniously concealed spring. The tomb of the Constable lies close to the steps of the High Altar, and is made of jasper; his effigy is of Carrara marble

and shows a fine knightly figure. He died in 1492 when he was viceroy of Castile, and he is represented as armed cap-a-pie and lying full length. The muscles of his hands and the elaborate details of his mailed armor are reproduced with a fidelity truly wonderful. In the sacristy is kept the tiny ivory altar which the Constable always carried with him in his campaigns, preserved to this day as a memento of the days when men were pious as well as brave and faith was a reality in active lives.

Most interesting are the noble Gothic cloisters which date from the middle of the fourteenth century. They occupy a quadrangle and are eighty-nine feet long by twenty-two feet broad. The outside walls are pierced with double arches, after the fashion of Moorish *agimaces*, subdivided by smaller arches, and ornamented with trefoils, pillarets, lancet work and marvellous stone roses. The doors given by Bishop Acuna are covered with su-

perb mezzo-relievos, representing our Lord's entry into Jerusalem and other Biblical scenes. Over the central arch is a curious carving of the Baptism in the Jordan, in which our Lord is represented seated in the water. Statues of David, Isaiah, St. Gabriel and the

Blessed Virgin decorate the splendid portal; also a curious and interesting head of St. Francis of Assisi, said to be an extempore portrait by the sculptor, taken at a moment when the great Saint was passing by.

The interior of the cloisters is chaste and less ornate but not less beautiful



THE SIDE AISLE.

than the rest of the Cathedral. There are many tombs, sculptures and carvings, fine chapels and statues of saints and Christian martyrs, purely Gothic and artistically correct in style.

The tomb of Canon Santandes, which dates back from 1523, is one of the

finest in the Cathedral, its carvings full of delicate details. There is an exquisite relief of the Virgin and Child carved in Ontario marble, the chaste features of the Blessed Virgin showing all the ecstasy of maternal love combined with holy awe at her marvellous destiny of being the Mother of God. This sculpture reminds one of Raphael's "Vergine della Seggiola." There is an uncommon boldness of conception and a freedom of execution not often seen in the works of mediæval times.

In one of the chapels of the *claustro* is a quaint tomb, that of Juan Cuchiller, a knight trenchant to Henrique III (*El Enfermo*). He appears to have been a *rara avis* among servants, as legend says he sold the *capa* from his back to buy food for his master. Loyalty to the King, however, is so thoroughly a Spanish trait that one is never surprised at evidences of great devotion to royalty. Cuchiller's effigy is of alabaster, and a little dog, the emblem of fidelity, lies at his feet, gazing wistfully at his master with true canine affection.

On the wall near by is affixed a heavy, dark coffer, the famous "Cofre del Cid." Legend and story run riot about that wonderful character, "Ruy Dias de Bivar, el cid Campeador." The "Cronica del Famoso Caballero" tells the tale of how, needing money for the conquest of Valencia—the Cid always needed money for the conquest of somewhere—the popular hero borrowed six hundred marks from two Burgalese Jews, Rachel and Vidas. He left with

them as security a locked chest which he assured them was filled with "all the jewels and gold flagons which in this world I do possess." Perfectly true was this statement for his possessions in that line were nil, and the chest was filled with sand. However, to his credit be it said, when he returned a conqueror from Valencia laden with the spoils of his successful warfare, he paid his debt to the last farthing and redeemed his coffer.

Many more legends lurk in the dark corners of the cloisters or throng the lofty aisles of the marvellous Cathedral. Everywhere there are traces of the

"Gay, tragic, rapt right heart of Spain,
Fed with the sap of old Romance,"

for to study Burgos Cathedral is to study the phases of religious belief and the many varying lights and shades of Spanish character and history. With the Spaniard, the Castilian in particular, his religion is the exponent of his character and his character explains his history. Grave, loyal, trustworthy, manly, silent, proud, the Castilian is devoted to his faith and to his Church. This devotion finds expression in the great cathedrals of the middle ages, and in the solemn, snowy aisles of the beautiful Cathedral of Santa Maria, the Gothic gem of fair Castile, its arched aisles, like some great primeval forest, embodying the nature of those free Goths whose home was woodland glade or forest depth, one seems to trace a people's love, a nation's faith.

SANTIAGO RAMON Y CAJAL.¹

A DISCOVERER IN BRAIN ANATOMY.

By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.

WHEN the announcement was cabled from the International Medical Congress in session at Paris, last August, that the prize of Moscow had been conferred upon Santiago Ramon y Cajal, a Spaniard, "all the world wondered." It has become the custom to think that with the exception of France no discovery of scientific importance was to be expected from the Latin countries of Europe. This thought implicates in most minds at least the suspicion that this scientific sterility is somehow due to the attachment of these countries to the Catholic church. It was of special interest then to have it announced by the most important meeting of the medical men of the world that the medical discovery of the last few years which in their opinion best deserved recognition had been made beyond the Pyrenees, in Spain. The review of the subject of brain anatomy in which Ramon y Cajal's investigations were so successful showed that all the important advances in recent years in this interesting subject had come from the two peninsulas, the Spanish and Italian, that are popularly supposed to be ecclesiastically benighted in the matter of science. The best work next to that of the Spanish professor was done by his predecessor in the same field, Professor Golgi, the distinguished Italian investigator, whose recent labors on malaria have made him so widely known and have revolutionized modern medical treatment of this world-old disease.

The prize of Moscow is given once in three years since its establishment by the city of Moscow in honor of the holding of the XII International Medi-

cal Congress in that city. It is conferred upon the man whose work in scientific medicine is decided to have been most helpful and suggestive to the medical profession in recent years. The decision as to its recipient is left to an international committee that is composed of the greatest medical men from the various countries, for it is considered a high honor to be one of its members. No higher honor can come to a medical man and there is no distinction that a member of the medical profession values more. To have it go to Spain put Ramon y Cajal's contemporaries somewhat into the mood of those who demanded long ago "can any good come out of Nazareth?" Not only did the prize of Moscow go to Spain, however, but all the medical world looked on and applauded; for surely the quiet, modest Spanish professor, Santiago Ramon y Cajal, whose patient labors in the midst of discouraging circumstances had revolutionized our knowledge of brain anatomy, deserved, if anyone ever did, the honor that came to him all unsought.

It was not the first noteworthy recognition that Ramon y Cajal had received from foreigners. Last year when Clark University, of Worcester, Mass., celebrated its decennial anniversary by a series of dissertations from distinguished foreigners, Ramon y Cajal was one of five European University professors who were asked to be present. Five years ago the British Association for the Advancement of Science invited him to deliver the Croonian Lectures—an honor that comes only to those who have notably enriched our medical knowledge by original investigations of a high order and distinct originality.

The man and his work are interest-

(1) See Frontispiece.

ing for reasons quite apart from medicine and the medical significance of his discoveries. Brain anatomy is of special interest to all who are occupied with educational questions. Discoveries that throw light on the intimate constitution of brain matter and thus serve to give hints as to the methods by which mind uses the intricate mechanism of nervous substance cannot help but aid in the management and training of faculties in as far as they are dependent on the material substratum of mental operations in our present state. Besides the life of Professor Ramon y Cajal is a lesson in the way genius is able to accomplish its allotted work, despite discouraging circumstances. Situated as he was, discoveries in minute anatomy, requiring delicacy of technique and high powers of the microscope would seem to be the last thing that might have been expected of him. That he rose superior to unfortunate conditions that would have disheartened a smaller mind adds a human interest to his life work and must increase our admiration for his success.

Ramon y Cajal was the son of the professor of anatomy at the university of Saragossa in Spain. After his graduation in medicine he entered the Spanish army and served for a year in Cuba in the early seventies. He contracted malaria in a severe form and was invalided home. For some years he acted as his father's assistant in anatomy at the university of Saragossa. At that time, as I have on his own assurance, there were no microscopes in use at the university though needless to say it was one of the most important of the Spanish universities. Minute anatomy, the knowledge of which alone helps to unlock the secrets of the function of the different tissues, was practically entirely unknown. With only the foreign text-books to aid him Ramon y Cajal began for himself the study of histology—the science of the intimate constitution of tissues. How difficult such

work is even under a skilled instructor, medical men all realize very well. The patience needed for the almost endless detail of the technical preparation of tissues for microscopic examination is immense. To accomplish it with only text-book directions to guide the worker is trying to a degree that only those can understand who have made many attempts to follow such directions yet have failed time after time because of the neglect of some apparently trivial precaution.

The state of anatomical science in Spain can be very well judged from the fact that microscopic anatomy was so neglected. Ramon y Cajal worked patiently on notwithstanding the fact that his investigations lacked the reward that comes from original investigation and discovery, for he was occupied only in repeating the observations of others and that his labor was without the stimulus of emulation from the work of others near him in the same field. For five years he worked patiently on in fecund obscurity. It was not till 1880 that he felt himself in a position to publish the results of his first original investigations. These were papers on inflammation and on the terminal endings of nerves in muscles. This latter article foreshadowed, though all unknown to its author, his life work. In 1881, he obtained by competition the professorship of anatomy at the small Spanish university of Valencia at the town of the same name on the Mediterranean coast.

From Valencia after ten years more of patient work in comparative obscurity Ramon y Cajal was to pass to Madrid. In 1892 he gained by competition the Chair of Pathological Anatomy at the University of the Spanish capital. Meantime, he was to accomplish some of his best work. When he reached Valencia after his appointment as professor there he found the arrangements for teaching in his department very meagre. He pleaded with the Minister

of Education for a better equipment for his laboratory than had been allowed by the income of the Chair of Anatomy in his predecessor's time. He promised that if his wishes in this matter were complied with he would have the original work done by his department quoted by foreigners as much as that of the laboratories of France and Germany. For he added, "it is a disgrace that among so many thousands of discoveries there is not one to which the name of a Spaniard is attached."

Cajal kept his promise well. In the middle eighties a series of articles on various subjects connected with brain anatomy began to attract the attention of the medical world. The new discoveries in nervous histology hinted at in these papers were so different from the ordinarily accepted views in what concerns the intimate construction of the brain substance that the correctness of the observations was very generally discredited. The fact that the report of these observations came from Spain made it all the more improbable to the scientific world that they had a reliable basis in trustworthy investigation. The European medical attitude in the matter was somewhat like the state of mind that twenty-five years ago ruled continental medical opinion with regard to alleged discoveries in medicine and surgery made in America. Magnificent advances, especially in surgery, have obliterated this feeling with regard to serious American work. The progress in histology accomplished by Ramon y Cajal and the group of observers he gathered around him was destined to do the same for Spain before his investigations were ten years old.

In 1891 the International Medical Congress, held every three years, was convened at Berlin. That session is remembered by the world generally because of the intense popular interest awakened in Koch's alleged cure for consumption. For medical men it marks an epoch in brain anatomy. Cajal's

discoveries were here first demonstrated to the medical world. A new era in brain anatomy and in the study of mental and nervous diseases was initiated, but of this the world was not to take any cognizance until the discoverer was awarded the prize of Moscow, nearly ten years later. It is always thus with genuine advance in science. The great discoveries do not make an instantaneous sensation, but, on the contrary, usually arouse opposition because their very newness involves the acceptance of unexpected ideas for which there has been little or no mental preparation.

When a supposed scientific discovery, especially in medicine, is heralded with loud acclaim it is enough of itself to make it suspect. Even Koch, though a great and careful investigator, was led into precipitate and false conclusions by the seductive attraction of popularity and imperial desire for notoriety.

Ramon y Cajal brought with him to Berlin the carefully prepared microscopic specimens which demonstrated the truth and accuracy of the observations he had been publishing for years. Great anatomists, like Kölliker and His, and investigators, like Virchow and Von Recklinghausen and Golgi, saw them and were convinced. The acknowledgment of the work of the new genius that had arisen was immediate and complete. Before this his articles had appeared in his own *Revista Trimestral Micrographica* (Trimensual Review of Micrography), or in *La Cellule* (The Cell)—the well-known biological periodical of the Catholic University of Louvain—but now the medical press of the world was opened to him. German and English and Italian medical journals hastened to make his work known. Then came an invitation to deliver the Croonian lectures for the Royal Society of London. His immediate predecessor in the lectureship had been the greatest of living medical authorities, Virchow, the father of modern pathology.

The discovery made by Ramon y Cajal which constituted the worthy basis for his honors and distinctions was the demonstration of the fact that the principal element in brain tissue is not, as had been thought up to this time, nerve fibres but nerve cells. Nervous tissue was supposed before this to consist of an intricate network of fibres. Nerve cells were known to be connected with certain of these fibres. More than this it was shown that the death of a cell body caused certain nerve fibres to perish never to be replaced. The cells were said on this account to exercise a trophic influence upon the nerve fibres—that is to say, in some mysterious way they presided over their nutrition, and when the cell-bodies perished the nerve fibres died, as it were, of inanition. The cell bodies represented the stomach, so to say, through which food for the life of the nerve fibres was absorbed. There was no hint of the true state of things that the cell body was the important element and that the fibres were only its branches.

Each nerve cell Ramon y Cajal showed was a distinct entity. Its branches touched but were not continuous with branches from other cells. This was a distinctly new idea. The felt work of nerve fibres in the brain had been an absolute mystery before. Fibres were supposed to anastomose—that is, to become continuous with other fibres until there was no end to the labyrinth of connections between them. Furthermore it had been thought that nerve fibres ran down from the brain to the muscles and that the nerve fibres in which sensation travelled from the skin or the special senses were continuous paths.

Ramon y Cajal showed that there was a series of nerve cells following one after the other from the central nervous system out to the muscles and skin. The branched ends of these nerve cells touched each other at certain points.

Along their course the nerve fibres were insulated from each other. At the ends, however, insulation was lacking and nervous impulses found their way from one cell to another at the terminal contact points. These nerve cells with their branches were given the name neurons by Prof. Waldeyer, of Berlin, and the neuron theory of the constitution of the nervous system became the accepted doctrine of nervous anatomists.

This new doctrine formed the basis for some most taking theories with regard to the methods in which the mind uses the brain tissues for the accomplishment of its operations. Most of these theories are founded on the presumption that the neurons or nerve cells with their branches being living cells have the power of free movement. We have no evidence of the movement of neurons in the higher animals, but they have been seen to move in the nervous system of certain of the worms. It is not too much to suppose them free to move even in man. Besides, as Ramon y Cajal has pointed out, there lie between the true nerve cells in the brain certain other cells—connecting and supporting cells. These under the influence of the will contract and expand, insert their prolongations between the branches of contiguous nerve cells and so prevent the contact of cells necessary for conduction.

The explanation of certain mental phenomena becomes more simple when these ideas are borne in mind. There are between the brain, the physical basis of consciousness and external surfaces whence sensations come a series of nerve cells or neurons. When these contract and so fall off from contact with one another all consciousness of sensation is lost. The conducting apparatus is interrupted. This happens naturally in sleep. In the resting state the cell is supposed to contract. When a person is hit on the head unconsciousness results, although there may be no actual injury of brain substance.

We have been accustomed to say that such states of unconsciousness were due to concussion of the brain—that is, to such a shaking up of the brain substance that it refused for the time at least to do its work. This explanation really meant nothing. It substituted the idea of shaking for that of injury, but gave no light as to the veritable cause of the resultant unconsciousness. If we suppose the neurons to contract, however, the explanation is easy. The shock to the nerve cells causes them to draw in their prolongations. This is always the result when living protoplasm is irritated. If the contraction is sufficient to cause separation of the neurons from one another, all consciousness of sensation will be lost because the paths of conduction are interrupted at one or more intervals.

The same thing happens in ether or chloroform anæsthesia. In these states, however, not all the neurons are affected but only the more delicate ones through which intellectual processes are accomplished and pain perceived. These higher neurons are much more sensitive to the action of narcotic drugs than are the lower neurons by means of which the principle of life rules over vegetative and animal functions in the human body. The functions of these lower parts of the nervous system are not interfered with and so while pain is not felt no serious constitutional disturbance is produced. The higher neurons continue in a state of contraction so long as the influence of the narcotic continues and so the depth and length of the anæsthesia can be regulated.

Hysterical states can be understood on the same theory. Neurons in a stage of excitement make unanticipated and unintended connections. Crying follows laughing without due cause and the disturbed state with frequent changes in the expression of emotion continues until the normal equilibrium of nerve tissue is restored. At the same time improper neuronic connections or fail-

ures to connect may leave certain parts of the body without sensation or may make it experience abnormal sensations. Feelings of heat and cold or even of pain may develop thus without having any objective reality.

Certain phenomena of memory become clearer on the basis of the neuron theory. Memory is, after all, the lowest of the intellectual faculties and the one which for its exercise in this life at least requires most dependence on matter. It is a faculty that is shared with man, to a certain degree at least, by animals. Changes in the brain it is well known very soon induce lapses or impairment of memory. The degree of remembrance for things constitutes a very valuable index in mental disease of the mental condition. Disturbances of memory are often associated with local changes in the brain. Peculiarly enough only a limited portion of the memory of the past may be affected by a lesion of the brain. This shows that the physical basis of the lower memory at least may be situated in different and non-continuous portions of the brain substance. A patient suffering from apoplexy has been known to come to after the stroke with the memory of a language recently learned entirely gone though the memory of a language learned in early years remained. In a word, we would not be surprised if an advance in our knowledge of minute brain anatomy would throw light on the mechanism of memory and elucidate some of its peculiarities as well as explain mysterious anomalies.

Everyone has had the experience of having to stop for some time in order to allow the memory to find a word or a name for us. We feel as we say that it is on the tip of our tongue. A dumb man once said to me in the sign language, through an interpreter, that the name was tingling in his finger ends. Efforts to recall the word often fail for the moment. We get words nearly like it, related to it, beginning with the same

letter, but not the word wanted. We feel at an utter loss. After a few moments there comes the consciousness that effort will be unavailing. We are as it were tracing wrong associations, connecting wrong lines of communication. We know that the memory left to itself will find the word after a time without conscious effort on our part. It may be hours or even days afterwards when the word sought for flashes out on us. Now what is the physical basis of this series of difficulties? We know that we have the word in our memories safely stored away. We are sure that it will come. Meantime the adequate expression of it fails. The nervous impulses for its expression must come through certain paths. For the moment those paths are interrupted. There is a sense of trying to set them straight but the effort proves a failure.

A moment like this is perhaps a suppremer consciousness of the spirit behind matter than comes to man at any time except in some of the higher flights of poetic inspiration or religious feeling. There is besides the calm realization in a moment of passionless introspection that precludes the possibility of self-deception of a force behind the matter in us that rules it yet at times finds it an inadequate instrument. Supposing that neurons can make and break connections somewhat as is done in the central office of a telephone directory, then this hesitation for a word is not difficult to understand. The paths of conduction necessary for the set of impulses that would give expression to the word are not directly connected. A command is given to make certain connections, but there is a failure to bring together just the proper cells. Various connections are made, most of them very nearly the ones through which the mind would express itself, but not just the right one. After a time this one is made and with a sense of joy the organism congratulates itself on getting over the difficulty.

A very striking illustration of the change of neurons required to convey ideas is furnished by the common experience when the mode of expression is suddenly changed from one language to another. For instance: If an English-speaking person has been conversing in German and is spoken to without warning in French, even though he may know French very well, perhaps even better than German, yet a perceptible pause follows the effort to express himself in French. During this pause something happens in the brain. After it has happened facility in the use of French words is easy. If the impulses that lead to the formation of German words are supposed to follow different paths from those along which the impulses for French words travel, then it is not hard to understand the necessity for the momentary delay until the new nervous paths are properly adjusted for their work. If the brain cells themselves or the intermediary insulation cells are movable under the influence of the will, it is not difficult to explain the brain changes that take place.

Disease, by eliminating certain factors of an intricate physiological problem, often enables us to explain phases of mental processes before inexplicable. Disturbance of mental processes by disease has helped to confirm the neuron theory. When certain sounds are heard a definite combination of neurons conveys the impulse from the ear to the brain. If this combination of neurons should be remade at the same time that any irritation took place in the ear there would be a tendency to fancy at least the hearing once more of the original sounds. When the higher intellectual memory wishes to recall a melody that it has heard, it is probable that it calls to its aid the physical basis of memory and remakes the combinations of neurons, originally conductive of the notes. Not infrequently some of the reflex feelings that accompanied the first hearing of a melody are recalled

by the attempt to bring it back to the mind. In diseased states of the mind such combinations of auditory neurons are remade without the influence of the will, and the insane are persuaded they hear sounds though these have no existence outside themselves. It is to be remembered that a majority of those who suffer from auditory hallucinations have disturbance of their organs of hearing. This disturbance initiates the impulses that set neurons into certain sets of combinations and even long speeches may be heard.

Illusions are readily explained on the same theory. When a man sees a rope, as Dr. Dercum has aptly illustrated, and imagines he sees a snake, some disease of the neurons causes a wrong combination of conducted impulses. A coiled rope has a certain resemblance to a snake but we have learned to differentiate them. The finer distinctions of sensations fail to be conveyed in their entirety when one of the series of neurons is diseased and erroneous ultimate impressions are the result. As is well known inhibition is one of the highest faculties often dependent on the will and diseased conditions soon cause impairment of it. Much of this alluring explanation of the physical basis of mental operations is as yet pure theory. Thanks to Ramon y Cajal's work there is a firm foundation of anatomical fact for some of the theory that promises to be of almost endless suggestive value in the farther study of physiological psychology. Some of the ingenious theories that have been built upon the neuron concept we owe to Ramon y Cajal himself. He has suggested explanations for instance of the facility acquired by frequent performance of certain habitual actions and even the increase of the memory capacity as the result of its exercise. We do not acquire new brain cells after the embryonic stage is passed, but the cells themselves become more perfect by exercise. It is not improbable even

that we acquire new branches or end tufts in our neurons if they are actively exercised. These branches enable us to make more and more varied and frequent combinations with other neurons. St. Thomas concedes the tenability of the opinion that all human souls are equal and that the differences in mental operations among men as we know them may really be due to differences in the instrument which the soul must use for the externation of its operations. There was a time when mere largeness of brain was thought to signify greater mental power. While large brains are as a rule the index of mental power above the average, this is by no means invariable. Of late years especially brains far above the average in weight have been found associated with very mediocre or even less than average mentality. Very small brains always mean idiocy and this is evidently due to a defect of the instrument the mind has to accommodate itself to. It is the state of development to which that instrument can be brought that is now the accepted index of the possibilities of individual mental evolution. Ramon y Cajal by pointing out where the physical basis of that development lies has given us another element for the better understanding of the mystery (the solution will never come) that surrounds the contact of soul and body, of mind and matter.

Besides the important problems of personal physiological psychology, however, this doctrine of the neurons, as demonstrated by Ramon y Cajal, promises to throw light on certain puzzling questions which concern the influence of minds on each other. Mind reading, telepathy, supposed hypnotic influences are to a great extent the merest delusions. Charlatanry is at the basis of most of the reported wonders in these lines. Muscle reading, confederacy and collusion will serve to explain much better most of the so-called marvels of these mysterious powers than any far-

fetches scientific conclusions. There is no doubt, however, that there are a number of obscure phenomena testified to by credible and capable witnesses which necessitate the existence of some foundation for the belief that one mind can, under special conditions and without the employment of any of the ordinary physical means of communication, influence another mind or even convey definite information. The researches of the English psychological society seem to provide the proper basis of facts for the assertion that such phenomena are real and not illusions.

There is at least the hope that such phenomena are not beyond the pale of physical science. The possible connecting-link between minds seemingly entirely isolated from one another in space has been pointed out by one of the greatest living physicists. Three years ago Professor Crookes, the distinguished physicist whose demonstrations in the realm of radiant matter carried him into a region of attenuated substance as little material as it is possible to imagine, took for one of the subjects of an address the present attitude of scientific minds towards telepathy, mind reading and other such mental phenomena. The address was delivered on the occasion of his retirement from the presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. This is the most honorable position that an Englishman of science can occupy and the occasions are usually taken for the expression of personal advanced views in recent science. Very naturally under the circumstances the address attracts widespread attention. Crookes' farewell proved no exception to the rule.

He said that if we accept the recent anatomical theory that the brain is composed of separate elements, nerve cells, then we must presume that each of these components, like every other bit of matter, has its moment of vibration and will under suitable conditions be affected; as, for instance, are the nerve cells of the

retina by vibrations in the ether. If another neuron situated not far away should acquire the same moment of vibration, there seems no good reason why they should not mutually affect each other through the ether. So far the explanation of telepathic phenomena has been obscured by reason of the lack of any known medium between the two minds in our present stage of existence. *Actio in distans*—that is, action without a medium to convey it from the agent to the acted upon—implies an absurdity. The ether supplies, however, the necessary medium. Only specially constructed brains, however, possess the faculty of responding to these etheric vibrations that pass unnoticed of the generality of men. Whether further thought along this line is to be fruitful of scientific data for the solution of the mystery of impersonal mental influence remains to be seen. Meantime a most attractive theory has been presented—one that will tempt to further investigation and observation.

The way in which Ramon y Cajal's work was done is typical of our present stage of advance in minute anatomy. It was not mere acuity of vision that enabled him to see what others had missed but it was the application of certain technical measures in the preparation of tissues. These made details of certain minute constituents of the brain tissues stand out with special prominence while failing to affect other parts. The special technique that helped Ramon y Cajal to his discoveries was not his own invention but was due to Professor Golgi, an Italian. Golgi, after making his invention known and demonstrating certain new elements in the nervous system, had turned from the study of the minute anatomy of the brain as likely to prove fruitless of any great discoveries and had devoted himself to the investigation of malaria. His work in this line soon made him world-famous. As a matter of fact when Ramon y Cajal took up minute brain anatomy the field had been

so thoroughly worked over by the greatest anatomists of the century, Rölliker, His, Deiters, Ranvier, Gerlach, Henle, Waldeyer, some of whom were still alive, that it seemed hopelessly enthusiastic to think of any great discovery. His work would recall that of Flinders Petrie, in Egypt, returning over the material that had already been investigated by careful archæologists. Yet Petrie gave us two new millenniums of Egyptian history and Cajal was destined to revolutionize nervous histology. When, in 1894, they conferred the degree of Doctor of Science (*honoris causa*) on Ramon y Cajal at the University of Cambridge, among other things the public orator said in elegant Latin, that may be rendered about as follows: (1)

"Martial, the Roman poet and countryman of Ramon y Cajal, would appreciate his modern brother Spaniard's work very much, for Martial had learned by experience that very little could be accomplished in life without silver." The reference is to the fact that it was by impregnating the nervous tissues with silver that Ramon y Cajal was able to make his discoveries in brain anatomy. The silver salts in the brain tissue blackened on exposure to light, but unequally according to the density and chemical constitution of the different parts of the tissues and so brought out the details of the intimate composition of the brain substance. The principle is akin to that employed in photography.

In other respects, however, silver has not been a prominent factor in Ramon y Cajal's life. His salary as a professor at the Spanish universities has been what we would consider a miserable

pittance. At the smaller universities it was in Spanish money, about 3,000 pesetas (this is supposed to be equal to about \$600 per year, but is at the present comparative values of our money and Spanish only equal to about \$500). At the University of Madrid, where he has been for over ten years, now the salary of a professorship in the medical school is 4,000 pesetas with a raise of 500 pesetas for every five years of service. His salary has been about \$700 then and is at present about \$800 per year. The amount of routine labor involved in his position is simply enormous. He teaches histology and bacteriology and makes all the microscopic examinations for the hospital besides taking all the photographs of cases.

In photography, Ramon y Cajal is very much interested. He made some of the first wet plates used in Spain, and was frequently applied to in his younger days, even by experts, for suggestions as to the manipulations necessary to assure good work. Ramon y Cajal is, what all the discoverers in the medical sciences during the past century have been, "a handy man." He is able to use his hands. He has a workman's skill in manipulation. If technical details fail to give him expected results he can detect where the flaw in them is and correct it. Theodor Schwann, Claude Bernard, His and Virchow and Pasteur have had this same faculty. It is often looked down upon by those whose genius raises them to levels of theory that transcend the merely material, but the highest success in original investigations in practical science depends on it.

Personally, Ramon y Cajal is a modest, absolutely unassuming man, without an external sign anywhere of genius. During his visit to America, two years ago, when he came just after the Spanish-American war, to deliver a discourse at Clark University, he made friends everywhere he went. There was not a trace of anti-American feeling in him.

(1) "Si poeta quidam Romanus regione in eadem genitus, si Valerius Martialis inquam qui expertus didicit fere nihil in vita sine argento posse perfici hodie ipse adesset procul dubio popularem suum verbis suis paululum mutatis non sine superbia appellaret."

"Vir celtiberis non tacende gentibus
Nostraeque laus Hispaniae
Te nostri Hiberi ripa gloriabitur
Nec me tacebit Bilbilis,"

He admired our institutions very much and while he saw some of their faults these were discussed in a spirit of kindly friendship.

In his laboratory and in his pleasant summer home just outside of Madrid, where I had the privilege of meeting him last summer, he is that most charming of cosmopolitans, the simple man of science, interested first in his work for the advancement of science and only secondarily in the other things that disturb the world around him. Affable and kindly, ready to show how his work has been done and how little he has really accomplished since so much lies behind as yet undiscovered, there is no trace in the man of the slightest consciousness that he is one of men whom the world loves to honor.

Unfortunately his health is not good,

or has not been for some time, though at the present writing it is much better than last year. His loss would be irreparable. Like all true geniuses he has raised up around him a school of young men who are doing excellent work in minute anatomy. Of these his brother has especially gained distinction. None of them would, however, replace the master. The affection of those around him show how much he is loved and honored, and there is hope that the care of friends will in the future suffice to keep off the strain of overwork. The world could not afford to lose the man who has shown us that good, yea, even scientific, good can come from beyond the Pyrenees, and that scientific truth is not the perquisite of any race, or class, or nation, but comes where the spirit breathes and when it will.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE "ANGLO-CATHOLIC" MOVEMENT.

By Francis W. Grey.

II.—THE CATHOLIC POSITION.

AT the Catholic Truth Society's Conference, held at Stockport, in September, 1899, Dr. Allen, the Bishop of Shrewsbury, gave it as his deliberate conviction that this movement, as such, is not towards the Catholic Church. The latest utterances of its leaders certainly point to the same conclusion, unless, indeed, the gentleman who writes the *Church Review* editorials, doth protest too much, as does happen at times, and it should be found—some day—that it was a case of "vowing *he* would ne'er consent, consented." Continuity, of course, seems, at first sight, a serious obstacle to surmount; but even continuity, by teaching them what the church was—a city, not of confusion but at unity with itself—may lead them to

realize what the Church, as her Divine Founder intended her to be, must be, which the "Anglican portion" certainly is not.

To us it seems so simple, does it not, that a divine society must be infallible; that the one Church, the vicegerent of Christ, cannot, under any conceivable circumstances, be divisible into three or more mutually antagonistic portions, by the sins of her professing children? That, even if, as they say, only outwardly divided and still possessed of oneness, in spite of apparent divisions, there must be some divinely appointed centre of unity in all ages and for the settlement of all possible contentions? Yet, if we could put ourselves in their place, the place many of us occupied in

the days that are now, thank God, "like a dream when one awaketh," the matter would assume a different aspect. Their state is by no means one of self-complacent content with their position—whatever dreams they may indulge in as to "the mission of the English Church," her place in "the great work of reunion." Rather, they realize keenly all the evil, all the scandal, all the harm to souls caused by their unhappy divisions, and pray that God would take away whatever may hinder them from attaining to "that peace and unity which are agreeable to His will." Yet for them the Anglican communion is the Church. How, then, can they contemplate the possibility of leaving it? Is it not their duty to stay where God has put them?

The truth is that, in order to find any ecclesiastical position at all resembling that of our Anglo-Catholic brethren, we must go back to the state of Christendom when Arianism, having run its course, was drifting, so to speak, back to orthodoxy, by the way of semi-Arianism. Arianism, in that case, would stand for Anglicanism prior to the Oxford Movement; the semi-Arians growing, from year to year, more Catholic, for the Tractarians and Ritualists. What, then, would have been the duty of those who, say, in Asia Minor, had, to all intents and purposes, returned to the faith of the Church? Their own bishops, Arian, semi-Arian or *quasi*-Catholic, would be, for them, the only Church within the sphere of their spiritual cognizance, as in that of their ancestors, for three centuries and more. Would the intrusion of a hierarchy, claiming to be orthodox and bearing a commission which the Provincials had long since ceased to regard as competent, constitute what our friends call a paramount obligation to submit to its jurisdiction? We answer "yes"; they answer "no"; and, between the two, lies the whole controversy between the two churches. What it is to decide that

controversy for himself only a convert knows, and God, who gives grace, strength and courage for the task. But, in proportion as Catholics do understand what submission implies for our Anglican brethren, so will their charity be widened, their patience increased, their prayers grow more fervent and more earnest. They will begin to understand, too, why Anglicans stay where they are from a sense of duty and loyalty to the church.

But if the Tractarian Movement, as such, is not towards us, what has it accomplished, from a Catholic point of view? "If it be true," said Father Sydney Smith, at the same Stockport conference, "as some hold, whether rightly or wrongly, that most of our converts do not pass through Ritualism on their road to us, the influence of the Ritualistic Movement is still discernible in them. It has acted on them as a finger-post, pointing out to them, in spite of itself, the Catholic Church as the natural home of those doctrines and practices which, in it [in Anglicanism, that is], they found admirable, but out of place." But Father Smith went further than this in estimating the character of the High Church Movement, so as to determine whether it is from God or not. To this end he instituted a comparison between the long ages that elapsed, after the Fall, until the fullness of time, and the state of England from the Reformation to the present day. May I say, for myself, that Catholics, who are not converts, can form no adequate idea of what Protestantism, British or American, really is? How Henry VIII overcame the reluctance of his faithful Commons, by hints as to their heads and swamped the resistance of the Bishops by fresh creations of lay peers, we are beginning to realize more fully than ever. That was the beginning of it, and history, until a comparatively recent date, has been a conspiracy of lies as far as England's ancient faith was concerned.

How strong the prejudice still is, Lord Salisbury hinted, in the House of Lords, in the discussion on the coronation oath. "We must remember," he said, "that an enactment of that kind represents the passions, feelings and sensibilities of the people by whom it was originally caused, and they have not died out. . . . There are undoubtedly parts of the country where the controversies which the declaration represents still flourish, where the emotions which they indicate have not died out." It is against this envenomed "Puritanism" that Lord Halifax and his friends have waged and are waging so stern a fight; now that it touches us more nearly, we begin to see, more clearly, that the passions, feelings and sensibilities adverse to Catholicism in any shape or form, have, indeed, not died out, but will have to be reckoned with in deadly earnest if we would defend the most sacred mysteries of our faith from any further possibility of such blasphemous outrage. The fate of Irish university education, like that of the Indian Schools in America, rests with men and women who are swayed by passions, feelings and sensibilities such as these. "Though thou bray *'a bigot'* in a mortar, yet will not his *'bigotry'* depart from him." And statesmen are afraid of bigots!

Remembering, then, whence and into what an abyss, England has fallen, in the sight of God and of His Church, "is it so unintelligible," asks Father Smith, "that some intermediating religion should be needed to bring these strayed wanderers back to the fold their fathers quitted?" A religion "in which the very fact of the admixture of error with truth can render the assimilation of truth more possible," to a people to whom "compromise" in Church and State is as the very law of nature? An Englishman is seldom logical; he distrusts Romanism and will have nothing to do with "a foreign religion." But he can be persuaded to accept Cathol-

icism under the forms and in the language of "our own Church." That, of course, is "Nationalism"; it is known as Americanism, also as Gallicanism. But it is a tendency which the conception of the Church's unity—a conception necessarily consequent on continuity—may, it is to be hoped, serve to correct. And this, since, by their own admission, there was a separation between England and Rome in the sixteenth, so there must have been unity between the two prior to that period; therefore, unity consists in the mending of that separation. Therefore, further, Nationalism must be discouraged, and Church-of-Englandism abjured as heresy.

But do the facts bear out Father Smith's allegory of the finger-post? Do they seem to show, that is, that Ritualism, in spite of the errors mingled with the truth contained in it, is teaching English men and women—inheritors as they are of more than three centuries of Protestant prejudice—some measure at least of Catholic faith and practice? We have seen in the former part of this article what "Anglo-Catholics" hold and teach concerning the nature, office and authority of the Church; concerning the Real Presence, Eucharistic adoration and "the Sacrament of Penance" in a Communion which fifty years ago cared for none of these things, which, in fact, repudiated them as Popish; and to a people the great majority of whom live and die without the Sacraments. "Has anyone," asks Father Smith, "ever tried to explain the distinctive doctrines of the Catholic faith—the Mass, penance, the nature, office and authority of the Church—to an average English peasant?" (He might have said to an average English Protestant.) He dwells on the difficulty of the task, the partial success, the aptness of the hardly won converts to fall away, as priests, in country missions especially, know only too well. "And yet consider," he adds, "how Ritualism is surmounting this difficulty which

seemed so insuperable." In country villages, in the slums of London and of other large cities, "an appreciable number have been trained to a love of ceremonial religion, a belief in the Real Presence and the practice of Confession." In other words, those doctrines and practices which, to all intents and purposes, *no* Catholic could have taught them—doctrines and practices wholly and utterly at variance with the spirit of Protestantism these people have learned and are learning from the clergy of the Anglo-Catholic party. Imagine, if you can, what obstacles a Catholic priest would meet with under similar circumstances—realize that what these men teach *is*, with all its limitations, *a* Catholic, if not *the* Catholic faith; and then measure their success by the practical failure of "the Romish priest" to make any impression except under very exceptional circumstances. It is to accomplish such a task as this that Ritualists have suffered in the past imprisonment for conscience sake; personal violence at the hands of protestant mobs; abuse in Parliament and the press—all that they have to endure today. Is it any wonder that they are steadily gaining ground?

"In other words," continues Father Smith, "three of the principal stumbling blocks in the way of accepting the Catholic faith have been, as regards that group of people, removed." He goes on to bid us think of the spiritual advantages which they must be deriving from these sources—as, indeed, their lives abundantly prove—which he compares to those enjoyed by Catholics "in the (doubtless rare) cases in which, through some accident, the host we receive is unconsecrated, or the priest who absolves us is without faculties." Such graces, though not sacramental, are certainly real—so real that we who do possess the sacraments may well feel ashamed that we put them to so poor a use when those so far less highly favored correspond so faithfully

to the measure of grace vouchsafed to them?

If this be a true diagnosis of the Movement what should be the feeling of Catholics towards it if not one of warmest sympathy—a sympathy, moreover, which will restrain us from saying hard and bitter things, from seeking to score a point in acrid controversy. "They misrepresent us," it will be said. Do they consciously, deliberately? I, for one, should be loath to bring such a railing accusation against men whose lives are the best proof of their absolute sincerity. Moreover, *if* they are "the Church," what can our Bishops be, in their eyes, but "a schismatic hierarchy of anti-Bishops"? What a man says out of an honest conviction cannot fairly be called misrepresentation. Even were it so, whose is it to set the example of charity and forbearance—theirs or ours? State the truth, yes; but do not call your opponent a calumniator or accuse him of dishonesty. "More flies," to quote St. Francis of Sales, "are caught with honey than with vinegar." "There is no principle," so Father Smith assures us, "requiring us to withhold our sympathy from the work, so evidently blessed by God, of those who in good faith remain" in the Anglican Communion.

There is, in fact, if I may be allowed to say so, no greater spiritual fallacy than that which assumes that the convert is a better man than he who stays where he is. More highly favored, no doubt he is, therefore, in danger of a worse condemnation if he receive this grace of God in vain. It is, comparatively speaking, easy to seek and to find peace in the fold of God's Church—so easy that our brethren whom we leave behind are apt to speak of Rome as "the coward's refuge." It is by no means so easy or so satisfying to the soul's craving to flee away from the strife of tongues and be at rest to cling to "God's church," in spite of her being "by schisms rent asunder, by heresies

distressed." To remain in communion with heretics—if so, perchance, you may win them to the truth—to stay where you are because you are convinced it is your duty to do so. To have come so far along the way that leads to "the City, not of confusion but at unity with itself," yet not to take the final steps because, till now, the light has not shone upon that portion of the journey; to say, to feel "one step enough for me." All this requires faith, courage, patience—shall we call it pride, self-will, self-deception? Surely, of each of them it is written, "To his own Master he standeth or falleth." To Him and not to us must they give account.

The attitude of Catholics, then, towards these, our brethren, so near, yet separated by so strong a barrier, not of their own making—a barrier they would fain cast down, did they only see how—should be one of warmest sympathy, of truest charity. "Charity," we know, "believeth all things, hopeth all things." It may be hard to realize *how* they can be in good faith; let us, at least, be charitable enough to believe that they are. We, who were once as they, may claim, in all humility, that the proof of our good faith is that gift of true faith with which God has been pleased to crown the first, which is no less His gift. If He has withheld that crown from them, "who art thou that repliest against God?" They are His, shall He not deal with them as He sees best? Let us believe this, too: that, in proportion to the good faith of their present position, is, and must be, the strength and vigor of their antagonism to Rome; of their determination not to submit to un-Catholic pretensions. Think of Newman in the mists and shadows of Anglicanism, and of Newman in the clear light of the city of God! "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

It is this good faith in their own communion as "an integral portion of the Church universal," as "the Church

founded by Saint Augustine," which must be taken into serious account, must be accepted as real, in considering the much-vexed question of reunion. This Anglican communion, for them, and so far as they, in England, are concerned, *is* "the Church." Rome, they maintain, made the separation—in rejecting the overtures of Queen Elizabeth—and Rome must mend it—which means that the Church in these provinces claims to make terms of reunion, on a footing of absolute equality, with the rest of Christendom. That is what Anglicans mean by corporate reunion,—that, and nothing else. They look to such reunion as might be effected between Moscow and Constantinople, or between the autonomous churches of Servia and Bulgaria. The concessions, in fact, must—as we shall see presently—come from Rome rather than from their side.

Let us consider this matter of corporate reunion somewhat more in detail. It was in 1896 that the Abbé Portal visited England and lectured on reunion to the English Church union. As a result of these conferences the Abbé Portal and his French friends, with a zeal that was certainly admirable but not wholly according to knowledge, founded the *Anglo-Roman Review*, the very name of which bespeaks its purpose—that, namely, of affording to Roman and to Anglo-Catholics an opportunity of discussing their differences like two high-contracting powers about to enter into an alliance after a long period of dissension. In the course of this well-meant effort certain charges were brought against the "Anglo-Papists," as the *Church Review* calls us—the Catholics of England.

In *Les Etudes*, of the fifteenth of August, 1896, there appeared an article under the above heading, from the pen of Father Sydney Smith, S.J. I feel that I cannot do better than to make full use of it, for our present purpose, for which, indeed, it, with much other

valuable matter, has kindly been placed at my disposal by the writer. The object of the *Anglo-Roman Review* was, in fact, corporate reunion—the reunion, that is, of one church with another church, of the Church in these provinces with that of the Latin obedience. The Abbé Portal doubtless knew and insisted that such "reunion" could only be effected by means of corporate submission to the Holy See as the divinely appointed center of unity; but he certainly did discourage "individual conversions," and his Anglican friends did, as certainly, "take heart of grace," at such encouragement from a Roman priest. Moreover, English Catholics were accused, persistently, by French, Roman and by British Anglo-Catholics, of being opposed to corporate reunion; and this, too, from motives which charity, at least, should have kept those from imputing to us who expressed—and, no doubt, felt—such keen anxiety for unity with us.

"If doubts had not been expressed in certain quarters," writes Father Smith, in the article referred to, "on this subject, it would have seemed superfluous to prove that English Catholics desire most earnestly the conversion of their countrymen." And this is true not of Englishmen only but of the large numbers of Irish, priests and laity, living in England, since "the spirit of the Catholic faith is essentially an apostolic spirit."

But, if we so earnestly desire the conversion of England why is it that we are not in favor of corporate reunion? Because the only way to Catholic unity, as Father Smith has pointed out and as all loyal Catholics know as a fundamental truth, whether by corporate reunion or individual submission, consists in the study and acceptance of the rights of the Apostolic See, of what our friends rightly term the Petrine claims *in all their fullness*. If so, how can there be corporate reunion between a communion which will not purchase reunion by

submission to Papal supremacy, and the Church which is founded on the Rock of Peter, and for whose members Peter's successor is the Vicar of Christ, head of the Church on earth, *not* as Lord Halifax is ready to admit, *de jure ecclesiastico*, but simply, absolutely, always, in all ages, under all possible or conceivable circumstances, *de jure divino*? What terms are to be devised short of the submission of those who are not in communion with God's centre of unity? Or must Christ's Vicar submit to the Anglican Episcopate?

"Rome made the separation and Rome must mend it." That, to-day, is the ultimatum of the Anglo-Catholic party. It is as well that we should refer to it again and yet again since it is, or seems to be, the key to the whole question of reunion. If it was Rome that separated from England, as they maintain, and not England from Rome, as we have always believed, obviously amendment on the part of the aggressor is the first and most imperative step, if the separation is to end in reunion. This is what the *Church Review* evidently looks for. "It should be clear, to men of good will, that the objective of the English Catholic movement is *not submission to Rome, but the amendment of Rome*." (Italics ours.) But, seeing that for Rome, the Petrine claims, the rights, the position, the authority of Christ's infallible vicar—the one point, above all others, that hinders reunion—are as truly *de fide* as the Doctrine of the Incarnation, where is the place of amendment?

Father Smith continues: "There is nothing that we Catholics desire so earnestly as to see England reconciled to the Apostolic See." Yes; but for that end to be obtained our Anglo-Catholic friends must see the Petrine claims as we see them and not cavil at the Pope's "unhistoric and un-Catholic pretensions"; must admit that the claims have, in short, nothing less than the authority of Christ Himself. That corpo-

rate reunion on these, the only possible conditions, would advance the cause of England's conversion more than a succession, however numerous, of individual conversions, English Catholics are only too ready to admit. But will our friends accept the conditions? Moreover, all that conversions cost to those who enter the fold and to those who stay without would, in such an event, be no longer necessary. It is the leaving, or the being left, behind that causes pain. If bishops, clergy and laity were reunited in large numbers, there would be no partings, no misunderstandings. But it is just this paramount necessity of submission to Rome which, so far, our friends are unable to concede. They look rather to Moscow than to Rome as the first stage, at all events, towards the unity of Christendom. What Moscow might or might not do—that is, the Tsar, the procurator of the Holy Synod—under the pressure of political exigencies, it would be rash, indeed, to predict. But such "reunion" would be as much the act of the "Holy Eastern Church" as the "Jerusalem Bishopric," in which Anglicans and Lutherans were to succeed each other, was the act of the Anglican Communion. But it also shows that, as yet, our friends, with all they have learned in sixty years, have failed to realize the One Infallible Church's need of a living, infallible center of unity, a visible head.

But what, after all, does corporate reunion necessarily involve, as Catholics understand necessity? First, That the Anglican bishops should make, in their own name and in that of their adherents, such overtures as the Holy See could accept. Is it conceivable that the Vicar of Christ should accept terms from "Catholic bishops" who look, not to submission to Rome, but to the amendment of Rome—that is, who expect to treat with the Holy Father as with Moscow; as, at best, *primus inter pares*—a *primus*, moreover, prepared to make

concessions, rather to demand them? Secondly, That these bishops should be able to bring with them the majority of their adherents. Once more, it would be rash to predict that this could never happen—in fact, after disestablishment, a disruption is always possible, if not probable, in which case, no doubt, the bishops with "Catholic" sympathies would gravitate towards that party. Such bishops, in making overtures to the "first bishop of Christendom," would, certainly, bring with them the majority of their adherents.

These two conditions satisfied, what would the Holy See exact? First, from the bishops a solemn and official retraction of all past heresies and a solemn act of adherence to the Holy See as the divinely appointed Teacher and Head of the Church—the confession, in fact, that it is Canterbury and *not* Rome that has erred; the admission of the Petrine claims as Peter's successor defines them. Secondly, A similar act of renunciation and of submission from *every individual* who should present himself (or herself) before a bishop or priest endowed with the necessary powers—the course, in fact, pursued in the reign of Mary. And this because no one can submit, by proxy, to a divinely constituted authority, but must make such submission personally and independently of all or of any others.

We are brought back once more to the question: How do the "Anglo-Catholics" stand in relation to their own communion? Are they in a majority? It is doubtless true, as Froude says, that "there is not a parson in England who has not felt, to some extent, the influence of the Tractarian Movement"; but it has been, in many instances, an influence causing bitter, strenuous antagonism, not by any means attraction, and this, not alone by rousing the opposition of Protestants against "Romanizing traitors," more, if possible, than against Rome itself. What is of more serious importance—since the Evangeli-

cals would, in any case, have gravitated towards the "orthodox dissenters"—is the fact that they have driven the broad churchmen, the "liberals," into being more broad than ever, every dogma they have regained having much the same effect on their own liberals as the decisions of the Roman congregations have on ours. As to the great mass of the laity nominally belonging to the Church of England, whose religion is what Froude defines as "orthodox without being theological" (!), their "conservative instincts"—good, old-fashioned Protestant prejudices—have, undoubtedly, been alienated by the "Catholic" doctrines and practices of the extreme High Church party. More, it is unquestionably true that in an Erastian, comprehensive communion, in which papists and calvinists exist by compromise, they have forced the inevitable issue between dogmatic Christianity and, those who, from accepting "the speculative part of religion because it was assumed to be true," have, for the most part, drifted into indifference or into open scepticism? And since, by their own admission, "a great proportion of the population of England is outside the influences of any religion whatsoever," and "by far the greater number of people in England have given up the Sacraments," the task that still lies before them is no less than to win these strayed masses back to "the Catholic Faith"—by means, that is, of the very dogmas that have, so far, served to alienate them.

But for the increase of scepticism Froude blames the leaders of the Oxford movement. "Worst of all," he says, "by their attempts to identify Christianity with the Catholic system, they provoked doubts in those whom they failed to persuade"—himself, for example—"about Christianity itself. But for the Oxford Movement scepticism might have continued a harmless speculation (!) of a few philosophers. By their perverse alternative, either the church or

nothing, they forced honest men to say, let it be nothing, then, rather than what we know to be a lie. . . . There might have been peace in our days if Achilles had remained in his tent"; if John Henry Newman had been content to be "orthodox without being theological"—which means that the Anglo-Catholics, by teaching definite dogma, by asserting the nature, rights and claims of the Church, have roused just such antagonism on the part of Protestants and of "Liberal Churchmen" as might have been looked for.

The Broad Church are, in fact, the "Liberal Catholics" of the Established Church, whose catchwords have a painfully familiar sound. "It is unreasonable to believe what you do not understand"; "Authority is the enemy of free research." Or, as the Dean of Ripon said recently, in the Convocation of the Province of York, the *Quicumque Vult* (Athanasian Creed) means "simply that some of the noblest men of this generation would 'eternally perish.'" It is with such "Liberals" that the "Catholics" would have to try conclusions in a disestablished church, just as surely as the Roman Congregations have to deal with the "Liberals" among ourselves; only in our case there is the infallible Vicar of Christ behind the congregations. Humanly speaking, among Anglicans, victory would depend on the strength of either party in the Episcopate.

One word, in conclusion, as to individual conversions, which cause pain and offence to our "Anglo-Catholic" brethren, so much so, in fact, that, were it not for such secessions most of the bitterness they feel towards Rome would probably disappear. That it is the duty of the Catholic clergy to receive those who are convinced, through God's grace, of "the paramount duty of submission" is evident. The argument of our friends, however, is to the effect that secession is tantamount to owning that all the graces hitherto received

as Anglicans—they say through the Anglican sacraments—are delusions of the devil. The experience of every convert is exactly the opposite of this. "Nothing," writes Father Smith, "constrains them to regard the graces they may have received formerly as delusions of the devil or as tricks of the imagination. On the contrary, they regard them as real graces in which they recognize the hand of the Holy Spirit guiding them towards the church."

As to the validity of Anglican orders, even should Moscow recognize them, the matter is wholly beside the issue from our side of it. From theirs, it might seem, considering what validity must involve, as if they would "rather not" than otherwise, were not their condemnation another cause of grievance against Rome. Otherwise, we might hope that they may come to recognize what "sacrilege" is, when committed by "priests" against "the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar"; also, what is meant by communion with heretics. What concerns us and them, however, is this: Is Rome God's appointed centre of unity for His One Infallible Church? Is "the Church in these provinces" in communion with Rome to-day, as the church of the English was from the time of St. Augustine to the reign of Henry VIII? If not, who is responsible for the separation? Not Rome, since Rome

is the Church. It is on the answer to these questions that reunion must depend.

They need humility, it is said; it is pride that keeps them back. It may be. If so, it is to God, and not to us, that they will have to give account. And on our part? Charity and sympathy, as Father Smith has told us, belief in the good faith of our separated brethren, in spite of appearances and under all circumstances; but with charity and sympathy, prayer. We should pray earnestly, unceasingly, that God may "show to them that are in error the light of His truth"; that Mary's intercession may avail to win her dowry back to the unity of Christendom. Lastly—and this concerns us more nearly than anything beside—we must be as loyal to the one divine Church as they have been to the vision of her during the sixty years that have elapsed since what was, in truth, their great spiritual awakening. We, as they, must put the Church first and realize, as they do, that loyalty to the Church *is* loyalty to Christ, "Who is the head of the 'body'" —loyalty, lest, through the irresponsible vaporings of "Liberal Catholics," those whom we would fain persuade to be one with us in the the unity of the Faith should have occasion, as of late, to point a moral concerning "the divisions that exist among Anglo-Papists."

VIEWS OF MANILA.

By the Rev. William L. Hornsby, S.J.



A FAMILIAR SCENE.

IT was the experience of the present writer, upon arriving at Manila last summer, to be accosted by one who was apparently a customs officer, somewhat abruptly, thus: "You are from Macao; where is that?" The question was a little surprising, but it was promptly answered, all in a breath—a rather long breath—while strapping up my valise. When at the end of the breath, and of the strapping process, I stood up to face my interlocutor, it was not without misgivings of having been made the object of an innocent pleasantry. But to my relief, I discovered on his countenance a slight smile, not of mischief, but rather of confusion. It was after all not a very singular piece of geographical ignorance in one who had recently come from a great country which has geography enough for ordinary school-days in its own half a hundred sovereign commonwealths and territories at home. It occurred to me

afterwards, that a traveller from the Philippines, so recently as before the 1st of May, 1898, taking his seat in a coach of the Union Pacific, say, might easily have heard from a fellow-passenger, who may have noticed the address on his travelling-bag: "You come from Manila; where is that?" But who does not know all about Manila now? Were there still any ignorance on the subject, no blame assuredly could attach to the editors, contributors and correspondents of newspapers and magazines, of every shade and description, who have striven with commendable zeal to enlighten the public at home, concerning the city unexpectedly awakened by the booming of Dewey's guns, in the morning twilight of the date above mentioned. It is not, therefore, with the hope of adding anything materially new to the much that has appeared in print about Manila and the Philippines that the present article is written; it is sim-

ply to offer a few views, objective rather than subjective, of some things already more or less known to the reading public.

There is the river to begin with. What a busy scene of life and traffic the visitor is hurried into as the launch conveys him from the steamer, up the mouth of the Pasig, to the wharf! On either side, the comparatively stately looking coasting steamers are busily loading and unloading; nervous little steam launches puff officiously here and there, while the numerous and varied native craft fill up the spaces between.

Landing in Binondo, the traveller takes one of the numerous vehicles of varied shape and form, more or less novel to the stranger, and is drawn to his destination by one or two of the little jack-rabbits, as some one has styled the representatives of the noble equine race in the Philippines. Our government horses and mules, especially the latter, which are really splendid animals, caused upon their first appearance no little surprise and admiration to the natives and even to the Spaniards, and it was averred that they were assuredly of the Anglo-Saxon race,



ORIENTAL HOTEL.

To the right, the venerable walls of the old city appear, picturesque but not imposing, particularly in comparison with the stately walls of great Chinese cities as those of the northern and the southern capital. How ineffectual such walls are in modern warfare is strikingly illustrated by the ruined fort of S. Antonio Abad, as it was called, which was one of the outposts of the Spanish defence on the day Manila was taken. The balls from the fleet pierced the walls, as a bullet would go through a window-pane, and a few shots were enough to wreck and silence the fort.

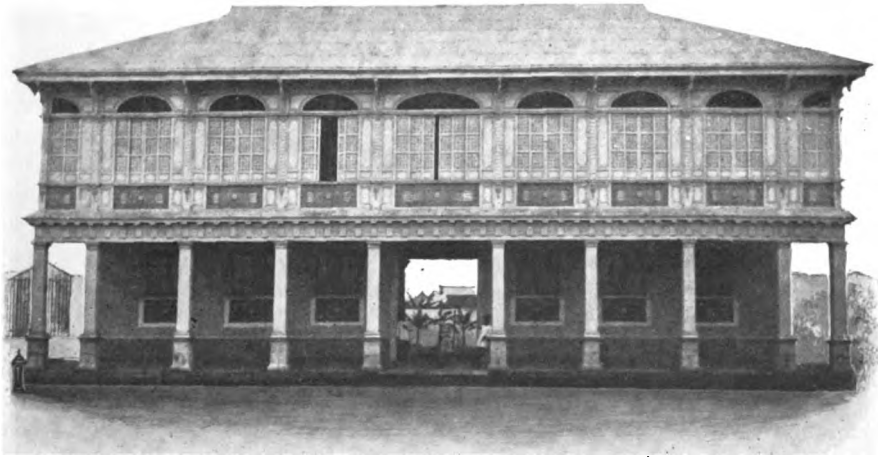
meaning no reflection apparently upon the race.

Binondo is the chief business quarter of Manila and it lies just across the river from the walled city. It should be called a suburb, if the name Manila be restricted to the old city *intra muros*. Binondo has the air of a modern business city—that is, of a foreign city in Asia—for the brown man and the ubiquitous yellow man prevail very largely over the white element. The buildings are low and not imposing, though many of the shops are bright and showy. The streets are rather wide and are crowded

with traffic, and along some of them old-fashioned horsecars still ply their slow and lumbering way. The Bridge of Spain, across the Pasig from Binondo to the walled city, was forever choked with traffic, and a number of soldiers on police duty were required to keep the movement going, which they did effectually enough by their oft-repeated command of "sigue, sigue," helped out with expletives not in Spanish, and by a moderate use of the rattan on the animals, if not at times on the drivers.

Intra muros there is the religious and official city. Residences there are, but

the high altar, and with its organ and the stately stalls for the canons it takes up no little room, and might be seriously in the way in a church less spacious than the Cathedral of Manila. The mere list of the orders represented within the walls by convents and churches, will suffice to give an idea of the large representation of the religious element. There are the Dominicans, Augustinians, Franciscans, Capuchins, Recollects, Jesuits, and just a little community of Benedictines. The church of the Augustinians is perhaps the most notable, if not for art and beauty at



MANILA RESIDENCE.

not many, and the turmoil of business disturbs not its quiet precincts. The palatial *Ayuntamiento*, or Town Hall, erected in recent years by the Spaniards, is now the official headquarters of the Governor-General and the Civil Commission. Near it is the old Cathedral, wandering all over an immense square. It is a building which, both without and within, impresses one chiefly with its massiveness and solidity. It has learned to be modest in height, by repeated and severe lessons from earthquakes, during the three centuries and a quarter of its existence. The choir of the chapter is just in the centre of the edifice, facing

least for its venerable appearance and its solid structure. The arch over the door is so massive as to remind one of the gateway in the wall of a fortified stronghold. It was built to defy earthquakes, and well have massy pillar and ponderous vault borne their part. It still bears the scars of battle, as, for instance, the loss of one of its towers, which was brought down by an earthquake of unusual violence in the year 1863, if I mistake not. The convent of the Augustinians is also a structure of striking massiveness, and the visitor feels quite carried back to the Middle Ages as he treads its long, silent corri-



MANILA STREET.

dors, with the doors of the cells on the one side, and on the other the arched windows in massy walls looking out upon the cloister and the mediæval church.

The Dominicans, besides their convent and church, have the University of St. Thomas and the College of St. John Lateran. The commencement of the University, in July, 1900, which was literally the commencement of the scholastic year, presented a picturesque and unique scene, being the first after the change of government. The President on the occasion was the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Chapelle, representing the Holy Father; on his right was the courtly and dignified figure of Judge Taft, representing the temporal powers that be, while on the left was His Grace the Archbishop of Manila, representing the church of the islands. All around the walls, on their benches of honor, were the professors, *Catedráticos*, some fifty or more, the monks in their habits, and the laymen in university gowns, all wearing a little satin cape of red, blue, yellow or green, according to their respective faculties. In the body of the

hall were the guests, while the students, it must be confessed after the long interruption of classes and the many changes and disorders in the land generally, were conspicuous for their absence.

The Jesuits have in the walled city a college, the *Ateneo Municipal*, and their beautiful Church of St. Ignatius. Outside of the city, at Ermita, is their Normal School with the observatory. The latter institution, under the able direction of the Rev. Father Algué, S.J., who is well known in America, has been too often described and written about to need further remark. The present writer was received aboard one of the numerous men-of-war at Shanghai, in the month of March past, and the first question of the captain was: "Are you from that great observatory?" His ideas of Manila and Macao, which the card announced, were a little hazy apparently, but what seemed to stand out in his mind above all was that all Jesuits in this part of the world must have something to do with the "great observatory" situated somewhere down in the China Sea. The fathers of the

observatory are publishing an important work, which is being printed by the American government in English and in Spanish. It is to be an exhaustive description of the islands—scientific, historical and statistical.

The *Ateneo, intra muros*, was founded in 1860 as a simple municipal school for primary instruction. In five years it developed into a school of higher studies and received its present name. It was supported by the municipality under the Spanish rule and the American authorities continued the allowance up to last winter. Then, however, attention was drawn to institutions receiving state aid and the authorities wished to introduce certain modifications. The fathers had to renounce the government allowance rather than admit conditions by no means compatible with their profession as religious educators. Such also has been the case with their Normal School. Both institutions, however, are still working on, and it is hoped that with a moderate fee for tuition and board, together with the alms of the charitable, it will be possible to continue the work of both establishments. They have no endowment or revenues, and depended entirely upon

the modest allowance received from the government under the Spaniards.

How popular the *Ateneo* is, and how its educational facilities are appreciated, appears from the number of its students. During the scholastic year just closing the number of boarders had to be kept down to something over two hundred for want of more room; the half-boarders numbered about a hundred, while the day scholars ran up to something like six hundred! The system of instruction, after elementary studies, embraces classical, scientific and commercial courses. There are many little boys, but the higher classes, both of the classical and scientific courses are well filled, quite in proportion with the large number of students. The boarders and half-boarders when at the college are always in uniform. The class-day uniform consults comfort and ease rather than grace or show, but the dress uniforms—for there are two, full dress and half dress, not differing greatly—are decidedly smart and pretty. A dark blue or black jacket, with brass buttons stamped with the college monogram, a fatigue cap also bearing the monogram, and neatly fitting white pantaloons set off to advantage the little



AUDA MONUMENT—THE PASIG RIVER.



YOUNG PEOPLE FROM ALVAY, LUZON I.



A FAMILY OF BUTANGAS.

Filipinos of the *Ateneo* and give them when in ranks all the appearance of smart little cadets. The half-boarders and day-scholars have their Mass every Sunday in the college church, and a general communion once a month; both exercises are frequented with regularity. The boys are now almost all Filipinos, for most of the Spanish families with children to educate have gone back home. There is, of course, a certain mixture of races. The American element is just beginning to appear, while here and there a pair of little almond eyes betrays the presence of blood from the great continental empire just beyond the arm of the sea. Drawing, music, gymnastics and declamation are taught as accessories, the latter two being obligatory. Music is naturally in great favor, as the Filipino is nothing if not musical. Much more might be said of this flourishing and interesting institution, but we must pass on. However, one article of the prospectus of the college must still be noticed, if only for the encouragement of the would-be boarders. It reads: "The boarders will be treated kindly in the college, in keeping with the education given there, and the food will be wholesome, abundant and choice, served five times a day." Happy little Filipinos of the *Ateneo* of Manila! That part of the programme is carried out to the letter.

The Jesuit Church of St. Ignatius, adjoining the *Ateneo*, is a most artistic edifice—a perfect gem in the line of wood-work. Its architecture is correct but not striking without or within; but

the beauty of its woodwork finish takes all visitors by surprise and elicits repeated exclamations of admiration. The panels of the compartment ceiling, the balustrade of the gallery, the relieves between the arches, the rich capitals, the ornaments about the doorways, the altar-pieces, the pedestals of statues, and



"KING OF THE INNOCENTS,"

From a Play in the *Ateneo*, Holy Innocents' Day.

above all the pulpit, are all perfect executions of rich and most artistic designs. The three altars of white marble are also beautifully carved. The eye is charmed as it rests upon one exquisite detail after another, while the whole produces the impression of a perfect

work of art, rich but not overdone, and absolutely free from anything like tawdriness or tinsel. The plain wood and marble are just what they appear to be, enhanced only by the exquisite workmanship of varied design and faultless taste. The plan was the work of a Spanish architect, but it was executed in every detail by native artists and workmen.

What kind of people, then, are those Filipinos, who are such accomplished musicians, so skillful and patient in all kinds of handiwork, so good and innocent under favorable circumstances, so determined and obstinate, as they have shown themselves, in armed resistance? Here again, if the American public is not perfectly familiar with the Filipino character in all of its phases and intricacies no blame to reviewers, editors, contributors, correspondents, nor yet to the tourists such, at least, as have not hesitated to write pages on such a delicate and elusive subject, after a few days spent in Manila with no personal experience of any better representatives

of the natives than their *cocheros* and *muchachos*, cabmen and servants. The present writer might be falling under his own condemnation were he to proceed to answer the question introducing this paragraph. It will be permitted, however, to give a few facts of personal observation and experience. The first Filipinos I met were college boys studying English at the Christian Brothers college, Hong Kong. They impressed one, first of all, with their politeness—true Spanish politeness—and then with their air of sprightliness and general intelligence. Some of them had made good studies in Manila. They had among them good musicians and some witty juvenile actors, and one evening they got up, on rather short notice, a creditable little entertainment. I put them down as not very different from lively, intelligent college boys elsewhere. It must be said, however, that they were not all of pure Filipino blood.

Next I met a Filipino who was of the pure race. He was from the provinces,

but was a man of means, had been educated in Manila, and spoke Latin freely and Spanish elegantly—if a foreigner may express an opinion. He had the easy, polite manners of a gentleman, but there was a certain provincial *naïveté* in his conversation, which was not unnatural in one whose farthest voyage had not passed Hong Kong. That, however, did not detract in the least from the good impression produced by the many ex-



ARCHBISHOP STREET—THE MUNICIPAL ATHENÆUM.



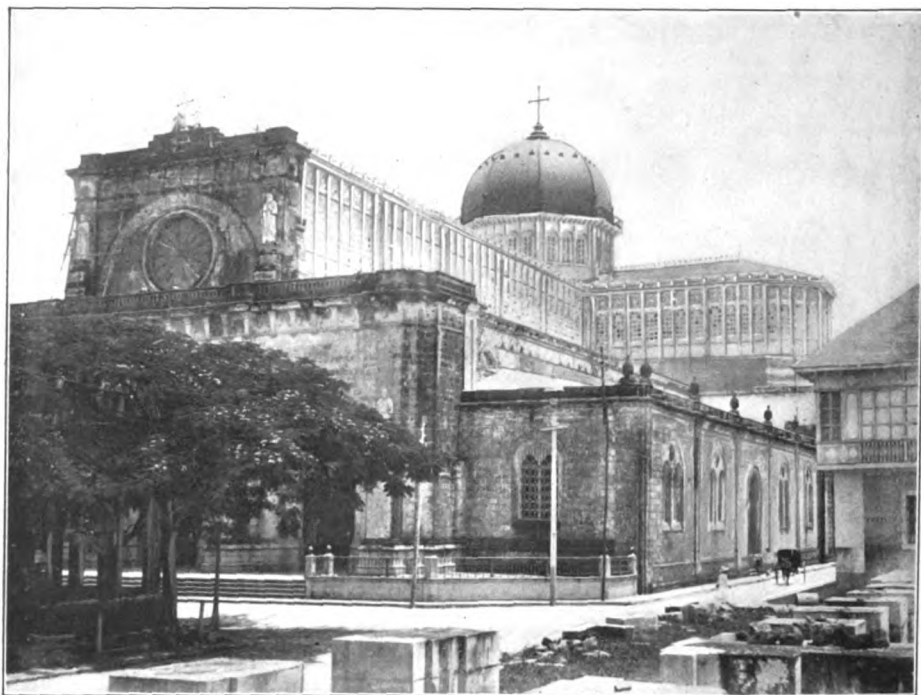
INTERIOR OF THE JESUIT CHURCH.

cellent qualities of mind and character which he showed in the course of conversation. We were fellow-passengers from Hong Kong to Manila. To one just leaving China it seemed worthy of remark that he spoke with tenderness of his family. In China, family ties are of the strongest—nowhere stronger perhaps—but they are the cold ties of rights and duties rather than of affection. Not that the Celestial quite “wants the natural touch”; but Confucius was much of a Stoic, and in the society upon which he has left his impress it is considered rather vulgar and bad form to speak with tenderness of family relations.

One other Filipino, whose acquaintance it was the writer's good fortune to make, was the proprietor of a tobacco factory in Manila. His factory was not one of those immense establishments, employing their thousands of hands and covering acres of ground; it was nevertheless no small factory, employing several hundred hands, if I remember correctly, and provided with steam machinery. His business had been

prosperous, and he was a man of means and position, but he received us simply in his plain blouse, and might have been taken for one of the servants or workmen. He was a pious and zealous Catholic, taking a leading part in the religious movements in the city, for which unfortunately he has since had to suffer. He was just fixing up in his establishment a very pretty chapel for his family and hands, and at every turn of the house there was some little reminder of the pious devotion and the good Catholic spirit of the inmates. The walls of his dining-room were adorned with frescoes, representing such appropriate and religious scenes as the Last Supper, the Multiplication of the Loaves, the Miraculous Draught and others.

This excellent man and good citizen fell under the proscription of the Katipunian lodges, and was pursued with such bitterness that he has had to expatriate himself. When I last heard of him he was seeking a place in some port of China, where he might settle in peace, unmolested by the emissaries of



THE CATHEDRAL.

the Manila lodges—no easy matter, as there has been a great exodus from that city on the part of the Katipunanites, hostile and disaffected as they are towards our government.

Without entering into political questions, it may be permitted to observe that our conquest and holding of the islands has not been of unmixed benefit to the inhabitants, if, indeed, it has been so to our country and people. Among other things we are now giving them schools to be supported, no doubt, out of their own taxes, which they not only do not want, but which they cannot avail themselves of, if they would educate their children in their religion—the religion in which the people have lived happily these three centuries and which they hold above all earthly considerations. Already has the word gone forth to found schools of their own, where they may exercise the natural parental right of educating their children as their conscience dictates. We are imposing upon them, then, the burden,

not unknown unfortunately elsewhere, of supporting two sets of schools. Nor can it be said that the example given them by our troops has been of the best. Certain vices which, though not unknown before the arrival of the Americans, were comparatively rare or less offensively public, quickly grew unfortunately common and flauntingly obtrusive, upon the appearance of our soldiers, fine young fellows though many of them are. Witness the saloon evil there which has not been exaggerated. It is a common fact of observation in these ports of the Far East, that certain classes of foreign visitors and residents lose the restraint which a sense of decency and respectability imposes upon them at home. The consequences are anything but edifying to the natives, as may be imagined, to the heathens themselves, not to mention Christians. One cannot converse with our soldiers, it is true, without feeling a certain sympathy with them, without feeling oneself taken with the open, manly, intelligent young

men who fight under our flag in these distant parts. But that only makes one regret the more that **there** should be such abuses among them and that they should lay themselves open to charges on the part of others, who are not so blind to their faults, as their fellow-countrymen are inclined to be. And then, how they have had to suffer from their enemies, not only enemies with rifles in their hands but foes also of a very different kind ! It was little, if any relief, in the hospitals of Manila, to pass from the surgical wards of maimed members and bandaged heads to the wards of typhoid fever or chronic dysentery, where boys, who had come out in the full strength of their young manhood,

were sinking as living skeletons, slowly but surely, into the grave. Such a sight, more than descriptions, makes one **understand** some of the horrors of war and intensifies the devout **wish** that **there** will soon be an end of the present troubles in the Philippines as well as in other parts of the world. May the new century, consecrated to the Sacred Heart of the Prince of Peace, be freer than its predecessor from such evils, and in particular may the blessings of a peace, solid and lasting, be speedily restored to the afflicted islands of the poor Filipinos, among whom hostilities and bloodshed have been the order of the day these five or six years.

THE BRIDAL OF MICHAELMAS EVE.

By P. J. Coleman.

IN Dublin burg by Dublin bay
The ruthless Sitric reigns ;
The haughty lords of Leinster pay
Him tribute of their plains.

A thousand vikings throng his deck,
A thousand ply the sword ;
A thousand berserks do his beck
From Norland firth and fiord.

Oh, woe for Wales, when on her coasts
His raven flag appears !
And woe for Britain ! when his hosts
Are out with reddened spears !

The plunder of a thousand shrines
Is in his galley's hold ;
His keels are crammed with Gascon wines,
His coffers clogged with gold.

Iona rues his robber bark,
And rifled church and fane
The passage of his pillage mark
From Thulè unto Spain.

The Bridal of Michaelmas Eve.

And there is fear in fort and fosse
By Scotland's sunset seas,
When burst his pirate prow across
The stormy Hebrides.

But dearer far than all his ships
From Shetland to the South
To him are Lady Blanid's lips,
The blossom of her mouth—

The mouth of Blanid, young and fair,
The child of Malachi ;
The virgin lily of the mere
Is not more pure than she.

Her hair is like the golden fern,
Her throat the torrents spray ;
Her eyes are like the mountain tarn,
So deep and dark are they.

And Sitric he hath sworn, alas !
By Wodin and by Thor
To wed the maid ere Michaelmas,
Or plunge her plains in war.

And to her bower on foaming barb
Hath galloped Sitric's thrall,
And bade the maid in bridal garb
Attend the tyrant's hall.

And in her train a hundred girls,
The flower of beauty sweet,
To wed a hundred Norland earls,
The captains of his fleet.

St. Michael's Eve ! In Sitric's tower
The revel roareth high ;
But there is woe in Blanid's bower,
A tear in Blanid's eye.

“ Now save me, by our plighted troth ! ”
She prays the prince of Meath.
And he hath thrust in reddest wrath,
A dagger in its sheath.

And all in bridal robes arrayed,
With brooch and torque and pearl,
In shrewd disguise of timid maid,
Hath gone to meet the Earl.

A hundred youths as damsels drest,
The comeliest in the land,
Each with a dagger in his breast,
Have hied them in his band.

“ Oh great Archangel militant ! ”
To Michael thus they pray,
“ The strength of God unto us grant
To strike at wrong to-day ! ”

“ Our shrines and hearths are brought to shame
Beneath the tyrant's lust.
Dishonored damosel and dame
Weep with their heads in dust ! ”

The feast is set ; the goblets shine ;
In jewelled horn and cup
The mead is bubbling, and the wine
Brims every beaker up.

The mighty wassail fires his brain :
Earl Sitric in his pride
Hath bade his bards begin a strain
Of welcome to his bride.

“ Our Norland maids are fresh and sweet,
But who hath Blamid's charms ? ”
Earl Sitric leapeth from his seat
To clasp her in his arms.

Earl Sitric leapeth in his lust
To clasp the Prince of Meath—
In his black heart the dagger's thrust
Hath found a bloody sheath.

The rafters ring with shriek and yell.
The tables rock and reel.
'Gainst Danish mail the hate of hell
Doth ply the Irish steel !

The wine is spilt, the banquet hall
With blood is reeking red.
The bridal is a burial
With none to mourn the dead.

In Dublin burg by Liffey side
The bells at morn ring loud :
The Prince of Meath hath won a bride,
Earl Sitric but a shroud.

CHAPULTEPEC.

By Edith Martin Smith.

WHATEVER disillusion the traveller may encounter in his journeyings through Mexico, Chapultepec must more than realize his most sanguine expectations. It is the spot to which he first turns, the picture which remains longest in his memory. Both nature and art seem to have given of their best in perfecting this ancient palace of Mexico's rulers. For six hundred years and longer, for aught we know to the contrary, it has been the residence of the nation's leaders; Pagan chief and Christian conqueror, Catholic emperors and Liberal presidents have alike called it home and enjoyed from its rocky battlements the wondrous view of those twin volcanoes crowned with eternal snow—a sight that is older than history. To the unhappy wife of Maximilian, poor Carlota, Mexico is indebted for many of the improvements at Chapultepec, "the Hill of the Grasshoppers." Here is an instance where Indian names stand us in good stead. Chapultepec sounds dignified enough, but its translation would seem trivial and inappropriate for such a lovely and romantic place. It was by Carlota's orders also that the Paseo de la Reforma was evolved into its present magnificent proportions. The Paseo begins at the "Iron Horse," the large bronze statue of Charles IV (after that of Marcus Aurelius, in Rome, said to be the finest equestrian statue in the world; it weighs about thirty tons and is cast in a single piece) and extends two and a half miles to the foot of Chapultepec. No city in the world can boast a lovelier boulevard than this, and for natural advantages I doubt if any can equal it.

As we drive slowly out through an avenue of lofty trees, *el castillo* rises

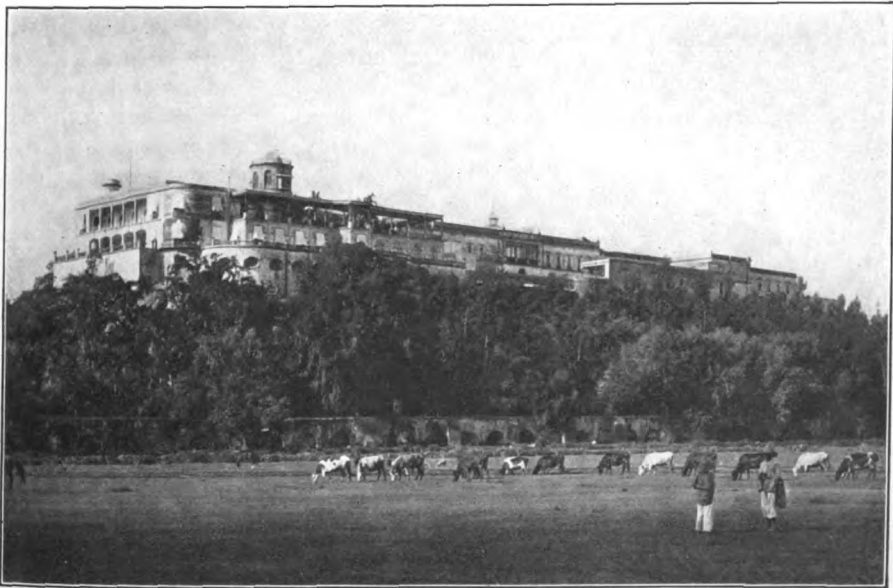
abruptly before us, perched like an eagle's nest on a mountain of jagged rock. With the snowy peaks of the two volcanoes shining through the gnarled cypresses and bathed in the pinkish light of the setting sun, the whole scene looks as charmingly unnatural as the picture on a drop curtain.

There are four circles in the Paseo, called *glorietas*, which are intended for heroic statues. The first contains a handsome monument to Columbus; the second, a memorial to Cuauhtemocztin, the Aztec hero. This was designed by Jimenez. Its huge pedestal illustrates in bas-relief two scenes in the life of the brave Indian chief—one showing him as a captive before Cortez; the other, the scene of his torture. The bronze statue at the top of the pedestal represents this chief advancing and about to hurl a javelin which he holds in his right hand. The feathered crown is on his head, and over his shoulders the robe of royalty. To this day the Indians hold his name in greatest reverence; and rightly, for had he been the ruling prince instead of Montezuma, their history as a people would in all probability have been greatly changed. Every year they celebrate the anniversary of his torture, and on this day the *glorieta* is given over to patriotic hilarity—if such a term as hilarious can be ever applied to these stoical, living statues in bronze. The third circle is dedicated to Hidalgo; the fourth, to Juarez, which latter gentleman can certainly have no ground for complaint that his memory is not kept green. There are no monuments to Cortez, for the Spaniards are not held in deep affection south of the Rio Grande. Continuing our drive, we come to a feeble attempt at a zoölogical exhibit; then a very pretty café,

where *helados* and kindred dainties are sold; and then our carriage enters the cypress-lined driveway that winds about the base of Chapultepec. Could these trees but tell their life story what a weird and exciting series of episodes we should hear! From their gnarled and twisted branches hang long streamers of gray Spanish moss which adds to their hoary, time-stained appearance. The monarch of them all measures forty feet around the bole and is called Montezuma's cypress. Flower-laden vines clamber in glowing profusion over the

spoke English in a rather schoolboyish fashion, to act as our escort.

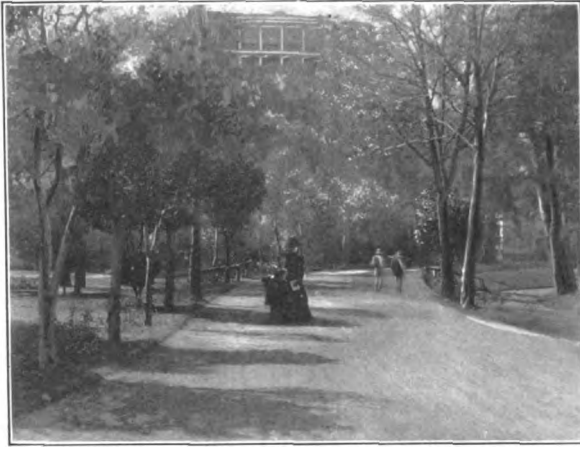
It is impossible for me to describe the beauty of this one-time home of royalty; not because of its decorations and furnishings which, although magnificent, do not surpass in taste and luxury the residences of many rich Americans, but the situation of the castle, its exquisite gardens and terraces overlooking, as they do, the distant lakes, and the city encircled by a chain of emerald hills, form a vista which neither pen nor brush could adequately depict—a picture that



CHAPULTEPEC.

rugged rocks that form the base of the castle, and many plants that we raise with infinite pains in our conservatories at home grow wild here, shedding bushels of sweetness upon the desert air. At any time it is difficult to obtain a permit to enter the castle, and when the president and his family are there it is quite impossible, but fortunately for us Mr. Diaz had moved into his town house, and we had a letter to General de la V——, commander of the Military School, who not only gave us the required permission, but deputized a charming little lieutenant, who

will not be readily forgotten by even the blasé sightseer. If beautiful surroundings exert an ennobling influence upon the character, then the dwellers in this ideal home should give a lofty standard to us less fortunate mortals. The courteous *mozo* who conducted us through the different apartments seemed pleased at my enthusiasm and when we were leaving presented me with a lovely rose from La Presidenta's garden. I have kept the flower and shall try to remember where it came from. One is apt to get these *recuerdos* rather confused as age increases and sentiment grows weak.



VIEW FROM PASEO DE LA REFORMA.

From the front terrace may be plainly seen the picturesque old aqueduct which, before the prosaic advent of pipes and hydrants, supplied the city with water. Along its great arches the soldiers of General Scott fought, inch by inch, the men of Santa Ana as they marched onward to the Capital. The name of Scott recalls an incident of the Mexican war that I heard for the first time while down there, although it may be mentioned in some histories. During one of the numerous skirmishes about the city a number of sharpshooters were concealed in a thicket near the hill of San Cosme picking off our best men as they advanced. A young officer until then "to fortune and to fame unknown" ordered a cannon to be dragged to the top of the hill and from this vantage point poured such a deadly fire into the enemy that they speedily dispersed. After the fight was over the commanding officer inquired the name of this young man. "Lieutenant Grant" was the answer, and thus our

future General and President wrote his signature upon the pages of American history.

There is a large granite monument erected in the grounds of Chapultepec to those brave Mexican laddies, boys of sixteen and seventeen, who sacrificed their lives in defence of this historic spot. Having just seen the Military Academy, which corresponds with our West Point, and all the

bright-faced students—soldiers in embryo—it struck me as deeply pathetic. The uniform of the Mexican Army officer is very pretty, black and red with the usual brass buttons and gold fringe; it is, moreover, braided in black silk cord, the design being more or less elaborate according to the rank of the wearer. None of these men has, as a rule, any pretence to a soldierly bearing; their uniforms fit them badly and they are all inclined to be *slouchy*. I saw very few officers or soldiers of fine physique in the lot. The Rurales, that celebrated guard that Diaz has turned from bandits into competent soldiers, are a most picturesque assemblage when dressed in their parade toggery of leather *calzones*, silver-trimmed sombreros and embroidered jackets; but it is only on such national holidays as the fifth of May (*cinco de Mayo*) and the sixteenth of September that the public is treated to this sight. Then the bands play *el Himno Nacional* and the excitable populace goes wild with enthusiasm.

A STUDY OF DR. HAECKEL'S RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

"Ex uno disce omnes."

By the Rev. C. Coppens, S.J.

DR. ERNEST HAECKEL is one of the foremost leaders of thought among the scientists of the present generation. His name on the title pages of his latest works is adorned with the honorable titles of "Ph.D., M.D., Sc.D. and Professor at the University of Jena." He is a prolific writer and, with certain classes of readers, as popular as he is prolific. For his "Natural History of Creation," he tells us, has run into nine large editions and twelve different translations (Pref. p. VIII). His pronouncements are quoted as oracles in many scientific works and tens of thousands of students swear by the words of this great master. He shines as brilliantly among the lights of the scientific firmament as Darwin and Huxley do to the eyes of the English-speaking world. The German writers, as a rule, are considered to be remarkable for depth and solidity of learning. For these reasons I have thought it well to subject to a careful criticism the most recent of Dr. Haeckel's works, "The Riddle of the Universe," lately translated into English. My readers will here see what is to-day the attitude of his mind towards the greatest of all questions of the soul; what men of his school consider to be the outcome of all the studies and speculations of the nineteenth century; but especially—for this is the all-important point—by what facts and reasonings they support their conclusions. In view of the fact that Darwin's explanations of evolution have been abandoned by the greatest scientists and that the tide has set in again towards the admission of manifest design in nature, what have such theorists to say in behalf of their

infidel speculations? How are they striving to save their sinking vessel from destruction? They are making desperate attempts do so; let us see with what success.

For this purpose I scarcely think that I could have chosen a book better suited than this one. Dr. Haeckel speaks clearly and boldly on the subjects he undertakes to treat; and his translator says of him that, "being one of the most prominent zoölogists of the century, Professor Haeckel has a unique claim to pronounce with authority, from the scientific side, on what is known on the conflict of science and religion." The professor himself seems to entertain the same confidence: "For fully half a century," he writes in his introduction, "has my work proceeded; and I now, in my sixty-sixth year, may venture to claim that it is mature. I am fully convinced that this ripe fruit of the tree of knowledge will receive no important addition and suffer no substantial modification during the brief spell of life that remains to me." His book is, in his opinion, a rich legacy of the nineteenth to the twentieth century.

What promises to make the work most valuable to the honest inquirer after truth is the claim advanced in the first chapter that all its inferences rest on observation of facts: "The means and methods," says the professor, "which we have chosen for attaining the solution of the great enigma do not differ, on the whole, from those of all purely scientific investigation—firstly, experience; secondly, inference." This is undoubtedly the right method. All that is further required to make such a

production truly scientific is that the experience be reliable, giving us the true facts in every case, and that the inferences be truly logical. There is no room in matters so important for rash assumptions or mere flights of fancy.

To do justice to the task which the professor had set himself, the solution of the vast "Riddle of the Universe," he justly felt that the knowledge of his own specialty, zoölogy, was not sufficient; he had to study and explain with a master's ability the entire Universe in all its departments. And, therefore, we are not surprised to find that he treats extensively, in so many chapters, not only of "the bodily frame," of "life," of "psychic gradations," but also of "the nature of the soul," of its "immortality," of the "evolution of the world," of "God and the world," of "science and Christianity" and of the religions generally, and finally of his own favorite theories of "monistic religion" and "monistic ethics."

TESTS OF THE DOCTOR'S RELIABILITY.

It is next in order to examine how far this legacy of nineteenth century philosophy is valuable to the present inquirer after wisdom. To judge of this scientifically we must follow the same method as the professor claims to have followed—namely, that of experience and inference; that is, we must examine how far his statements are true to the facts and his reasonings conformable to the laws of thought.

Whenever we come across a book whose reliability we wish to estimate, we naturally and wisely turn first to the portions which treat of matters most clearly known to ourselves. If we find these are correctly presented we conceive confidence in the writer's ability; if not, we justly conclude that we cannot trust his learning and exactness on other points. Applying then this reasonable test to Professor Haeckel's solution of the great "Riddle of the Universe," we will first consider his

treatment of religion, to which he devotes several chapters and to which he refers over and over again in every portion of his volume. We will next examine his philosophical and scientific teachings.

The 15th chapter, which is headed "God and the World," begins with a correct definition of God: "For thousands of years humanity has placed the last and supreme basis of all phenomena in an efficient cause, to which it gives the title of God (*deus, theos*)."

The doctor distributes all different "presentations of the God-idea" into "two groups—the theistic and pantheistic group." In the theistic view "God is distinct from and opposed to the world as its creator, sustainer and ruler." (p. 276.)

But the next sentence contains an unfortunate mistake, which is a source of endless confusion of ideas for the Professor. He says: "He [God] is always conceived in a more or less human form, as an organism, which thinks and acts like a man, only on a much higher scale"; and he calls God so conceived an "anthropomorphic god." He should have said that in theism God is "imagined," not "conceived," in a human form. The difference between "imagining" and "conceiving" is most radical. We cannot imagine anything except in a material form; for the imagination has the brain for its organ and, therefore, can produce brain-images only. Now, no brain can represent truth, virtue, a spirit, God, nor anything immaterial. But we "conceive"—that is, we understand—both material and immaterial things. All Christians understand, or "conceive," God to be immaterial. They may imagine, and even paint to the eye, the form of a venerable man; but they know that this is not the form of God; that God has no bodily form whatever. We suppose the professor knows that the Crucifix presents Christ nailed to the cross as man, not as God. In fact, he expressly admits that "in the

higher and more abstract forms of religion this idea of bodily appearance is entirely abandoned, and God is adored as a 'pure spirit without a body'"; but he adds without rhyme or reason: "nevertheless the psychic activity of this pure spirit remains just the same as that of the anthropomorphic god. In reality, even this immaterial spirit is not conceived to be incorporeal, but merely invisible, gaseous." (p. 288.) This persistent confusion of ideas of the doctor in religious matters promises ill for the exactness of his scientific knowledge and the reliability of his statements on any point.

HIS TREATMENT OF CHRISTIANITY.

His classification of religions is original: "The chief forms of theism," he says, "are polytheism, triplotheism, amphitheism and monotheism." (p. 276.)

By "triplotheism" he means the worship of three persons in one God, which he persists in misrepresenting as the worship of three Gods, and on which he perversely remarks: "It must be carefully noted what confusion this obscure and mystic dogma of the trinity must necessarily cause in the minds of our children even in the earliest years of instruction. One morning they learn (in their religious instruction) that three times one are one, and the very next hour they are told in their arithmetic class that three times one are three." (p. 277.) Not at all, learned professor. Every Catholic child is taught that the three Divine Persons are distinct from one another, yet so that each of them is the same God. Hence, three times one Divine Person makes three Divine Persons, not one Divine Person; and three times the same God makes only one God. If the professor cannot see what a child can see, he does not command any great reliance on his reasoning powers. The fact is, he seems not to know what is meant by the Blessed Trinity; and this inspires no confidence in his learning.

The reader would expect to find Christianity set down as a monotheistic religion, or, according to the peculiar contentions of Dr. Haeckel, as triplotheistic. But he soon discovers to his amazement that Christians are classed among polytheists. The doctor divides polytheism into "fetichism and demonism"; the latter, he says, "sees gods in organisms of every species—trees, animals and men." (p. 276.) To our great surprise we Catholics, especially, find ourselves classed among demonists, and not among the highest stages of these either, but far below. "It [demonism] reaches the highest stage in Hellenic polytheism in the myths of ancient Greece, which still furnishes the finest images to the modern poet and artist. At a much lower stage we have Catholic polytheism, in which innumerable 'saints' (many of them of very equivocal repute) are venerated as subordinate deities, and prayed to to exert their mediation with the supreme divinity." (p. 277.) Further on the doctor ranks the "musical angels" also among the gods; and by a big bound of his weird imagination he even deifies the Popes. "The Vatican council pronounced the Popes, as the vicars of Christ, to be infallible, and thus raised them to a divine dignity. When we add the personal devil that they acknowledge, and the bad angels who form his court, we have in modern Catholicism still the most extensive branch of Christianity, a rich and variegated polytheism that dwarfs the Olympic family of the Greeks." (p. 284.)

All this, my dear professor, contains some very bad reasoning. A monarchy does not become a polyarchy from the fact that the king has courtiers whom he uses as his ministers, and through whose intercession he loves to grant favors to petitioners. So, too, Christianity does not become polytheism because God has Angels and Saints as his courtiers and is hated by demons. I am much afraid that your reasoning in other por-

tions of your work is unreliable, seeing it is so unreliable in the familiar matter of religion. Then, too, in the statement of facts, you do not show the exactness expected from a man of science. You say for instance (p.284.): "In the most widely diffused form of Christianity, the 'virgin' mother of Christ plays an important part as a fourth deity. . . . The queen of heaven becomes so prominent, as is seen in many pictures and legends of the madonna, that the three male persons practically disappear." There is not a single country, probably there is not a single Catholic among the millions who have been instructed for their first communion, of whom this assertion of yours is true. Of course, I do not deny that you think it is true; but this only shows how greatly you are mistaken about patent facts of our own times. How much credit, then, can we attach to your statements about former events of history and of prehistoric ages, so many of which you pronounce upon with the positiveness of an oracle?

HIS HATRED OF CATHOLICITY.

One special source of error in Dr. Haeckel's statements and reasonings is an ill-concealed bitterness of feeling against everything Catholic. The scientific temperament requires impartiality of mind and control of the passions of the heart. That both these characteristics of a reliable guide to knowledge are wanting to the doctor when the Catholic church is concerned, is evident from countless passages in his writings. Thus he calls the Popes: "The greatest charlatans any religion produced." (p. 284.) Again he writes: "When the papacy attained to its spiritual despotism over the world" (p. 290); "The popes were resolved above all things to retain humanity in ignorance" (p.23); "During the whole of the Middle Ages, under the bloody despotism of the Popes," etc. (p. 291). Such slanders are out of date; no learned man believes them any more. He prefers Mahometan

to Christian churches and forms of worship. "How noble and inspiring do these mosques appear in comparison with the majority of Catholic churches which are covered internally with gaudy pictures and animal figures." Now no works of art are grander than Catholic churches and their ornaments. "Not less elevated are the silent prayers and the simple devotional acts of the Koran, when compared with the loud unintelligible verbosity of the Catholic Mass and the blatant music of their theatrical processions." (p.286.) This expression in particular, "the verbosity of the Catholic Mass" suggests the suspicion that the learned professor has never been present at a Catholic Mass, and "knows not whereof he speaketh." Certainly a low Mass, and most Masses are such, is conspicuous for the total absence of loud verbosity; and at a high Mass, a man of his intellectual standing ought to be able to distinguish between the Mass itself and the music of the choir that accompanies it; and that music, too, is often of the most perfect that is heard on earth. But the power of distinguishing between things related is not his *forte*, though it is an essential element in the makeup of a scientific mind.

WHENCE THIS BITTERNESS?

The hatred which Dr. Haeckel bears to the Catholic Church is so notorious that the *Critic* writes of it: "While we hold no brief for the Roman Catholic Church, we find his abuse of that organization vulgar."

Is there any special reason of this hostility and this abuse? There is; and we must mention it as some palliation for what is really inexcusable. Scientists who build up infidel theories of the origin of the universe, the evolution of organic life, the distinction between man and brute, etc., find there are two great obstacles to the acceptance of their speculations; the one lies in the stubborn facts of nature, the

other in the infallible teachings of the Catholic Church. The facts of nature they can often disregard, commenting only on those which seem to favor their hypotheses and ignoring or misinterpreting the rest, as lawyers do who support a bad or a doubtful claim. Of course, rival scientists will sooner or later give voice to the silent protests of natural facts, and refute the rash theories one after another. So, too, with the events of history, when these have been falsified. Thus we find that since 1850 there have been published, as Professor Hastings says in his "Higher Criticism," 747 theories known to him about the origin and authenticity of the Bible. Of these he counted some years ago, 608 as then defunct. Most of the remaining 139 are probably defunct by this time.

But usually some time will elapse before a new theory is disproved from the facts of nature or from historic records. Meanwhile, scientists cannot hush the living voice of the Catholic Church which God has wisely provided to safeguard His revelation. That Church can and does speak out from time to time, when the deposit of the faith is assailed by novel and false speculations. Her infallible pronouncements have never come in conflict with any real facts of nature or any true teachings of science. And, therefore, there is not any conflict between science and faith, as Dr. Haeckel and his translator imagine; but there often is a conflict between faith and rash speculations of scientists, and sometimes between true science and the views of some fallible theologians, as seems to have been the case in the condemnation of Galileo.

Thus it is easily seen why certain scientists hate the infallible church of Christ. With Professor Haeckel in particular it is a struggle of life or death between Catholic truth and his impious theories. Given a man who has constructed a theory destructive of all religion and morality, to the propa-

gation of which he has devoted his whole life, as *he* has done, and given the fact that the Catholic Church is the one ever-unconquered and open opponent of such pernicious views, we cannot wonder that such a writer will conceive a bitter, but to him a holy, hatred against that immovable rock of truth, and strive by every means in his power to injure the Church, or at least to belittle her authority.

But would it not be best for the Church not to interfere with any scientists, but leave them alone in their own province of thought? Unfortunately there is the trouble; they will not stay in their own province; they will invade the region of theology and play the Hun and the Vandal there. The theory of Dr. Haeckel in particular is diametrically opposed to Christianity. For Christianity directs all things to the service and glory of God and the eternal happiness of men, which is to be obtained by the observance of the law of God, while he denies the existence of God, of a future life, of immortality, of the freedom of the human will and therefore of the moral law itself.

DR. HAECKEL'S THEORY.

In fact, his solution of the great "Riddle of the Universe" is what he calls "monism," which is only another name for pantheism and equivalent to atheism. He declares this in so many words, saying: "Atheism affirms that there are no gods or goddesses, assuming that god means a personal, extramundane entity. This godless system substantially agrees with the monism or pantheism of the modern scientist; it is only another expression for it, emphasizing its negative aspect, the non-existence of any supernatural deity. In this sense Schopenhauer justly remarks: Pantheism is only a polite form of atheism. The truth of pantheism lies in its destruction of the dualistic antithesis of God and the world, in its recognition that the world exists in virtue of its own

inherent forces. The maxim of the pantheist, God and the world are one, is merely a polite way of giving the Lord God his congé." (p. 291.) No atheism could be more rank and open ; we shall hold the doctor to demonstrate it.

If there is no God, then, of course, there is no law of God. If every man is part of the one necessary being, he is independent of any superior being, and, therefore, he has no duties imposed on him; he can do just as he pleases ; might is then right, and morality, which is the bond of human society, is no more binding on anyone.

To speak more correctly, in Dr. Haeckel's "monism" there is no room for the words "right" and "wrong," "morality" and "immorality." For these distinctions suppose liberty of the will ; but the doctor denies the existence of liberty, and says : "The freedom of the will is not an object for critical, scientific inquiry at all, for it is a pure dogma, based on an illusion and has no real existence." (p. 16.) We are all conscious that we act freely ; all laws imply this ; all nations maintain it ; all human society is based on this conviction and cannot stand without it. And yet Dr. Haeckel summarily dismisses it without any proof ; and by doing so he gets rid of all moral philosophy and all religion.

Has he then no proof at all of his destructive teachings? Has he perhaps made discoveries formerly unknown to the world and which demonstrate the non-existence of God, of the spiritual soul and of all that mankind has held dear in all ages and all countries? He has made no such discoveries ; but he has a system, a theory, an hypothesis. He is not satisfied with Bacon's idea of science, as the study of nature and of such laws as induction logically derives from the facts observed. He blames Bacon and Mill for making "mere experience the basis of their realistic science." (p. 18.) His theory, he

calls "monism" of which he says that "it recognizes one sole substance in the universe, which is at once God and nature, body and spirit (or matter and energy)." (p. 20.) He adds that his "monism" is not "materialism that denies the existence of spirit" ; but by "spirit" he means mere energy of matter ; for he says emphatically : "We adhere to the pure, unequivocal 'monism' of Spinoza. Matter, or infinite-extended substance, and spirit (or energy), or sensitive and thinking substance, are the two fundamental attributes or principal properties of the all-embracing divine essence of the world, the universal substance."

The reader may ask here : "Do you expect me to understand this?" No, I do not ; for, it is all confusion. "Substance" is said to be an "attribute of substance" ; extended substance and thinking substance are called the "principal properties of the universal substance." It is all words, words, words—and no meaning, the usual language of him who said in his heart "There is no God." (Ps. 13.) And yet this nowadays is styled "science" and "philosophy" !

WHAT ARE THE PROOFS OF THE THEORY?

Does the professor prove that this theory is conformable to the truth of nature? His present book is directly intended to do so ; for this purpose "monism" is set down as the solution of the "Riddle of the Universe." To prove his "monism" he undertakes to demonstrate, chiefly, that there is no human soul truly distinct from the body of man and surviving the body, nor a God distinct from the material universe.

THE HUMAN SOUL.

To prove that we have no soul distinct from the body, he hits upon a very simple expedient ; he puts down a wrong definition of the soul, and then shows that such a thing cannot exist

without the body. "What we call the soul," he says, "is, in my opinion, a natural phenomenon." (p. 89.)

The soul a phenomenon ! It looks as if his knowledge of Greek were on a level with his knowledge of religion ! A phenomenon is an appearance (*φαινόμενον*, appearing); certainly the soul does not appear. If he had said that we have no soul, but that our thoughts were formed by our bodily organs, we should not agree with him, but at least we should understand what he meant ; but that the soul is a phenomenon is totally unintelligible. The soul is that unseen principle within us which does the thinking and the willing and makes the body live. It is always conceived as a cause while a phenomenon is an effect. Words have meanings sanctioned by universal usage which even scientists ought to respect. Doing away with the incorrectness of his language, the professor really means that we have no soul, but that our body does the thinking. He writes : "Sense experience and rational thought are two distinct cerebral functions ; the one is elaborated by the sense-organs and the inner sense-centres, the other by the thought-centres, the great centres of association in the cortex of the brain which lie between the sense-centres." (p. 18.) So the brain elaborates the thought, and there is no need of a soul to do the thinking ! It is the error which we have pointed out before, the confusion of thinking, or conceiving, with mere imagining, and, consequently of reasoning with mere association of brain-images

ITS IMMORTALITY.

From this same conception of the soul as a mere phenomenon or function of the brain, he concludes obviously enough, but with much parade of learning, that the soul cannot be immortal. He will give, he says, "a brief exposition of the sound scientific arguments against this immortality." (p. 204.) The physiological argument is that the

soul "is merely a collective title for the sum total of man's cerebral functions" ; if so, it must, of course, perish with the body. The histological argument "shows us the true elementary organs of the soul in the ganglionic cells." What wonderful cells these must be which can elaborate ideas of simple objects, as of God, of spirit, of justice, holiness, gratitude, or which can form universal ideas, as of substance, animal, man, etc. The experimental, the pathological, and the ontogenetic arguments show the connection between the brain and its images or imaginations, which are, of course, requisite for human thought ; but these are not the thoughts themselves. Finally "the phylogenetic argument derives its strength from palæontology and the comparative anatomy and physiology of the brain ; coöperating with and completing each other, these sciences prove to the hilt that the human brain (and, consequently, its function, the soul) has been evolved step by step." (p. 205.)

What an empty exhibition of big words, and all this to prove that the brain is not immortal ! Everybody knows that. But meanwhile he has neglected the one point to be proved, that the soul is a mere function of the brain ; yet he triumphantly concludes that "the old dogma of the immortality of the soul is absolutely untenable." (p. 205.) Such legerdemain occurs over and over again in his pages.

Another common trick of Dr. Haeckel's is to refute such errors as no one is guilty of ; it is the familiar pretense of putting up a straw man and then triumphantly demolishing him. Here is a specimen : Spirits "are usually conceived as aeriform beings." (p. 200.) This is the straw figure ; now see with what display of learning the ingenious professor demolishes it. "If the substance of the soul were really gaseous, it should be possible to liquify it by the application of a high pressure

at a low temperature. We could then catch the soul as it is breathed out at the moment of death, condense it, and exhibit it in a bottle as immortal fluid (*Fluidum animæ immortale*). By a further lowering of temperature and increase of pressure it might be possible to solidify it—to produce soul-snow. The experiment has not yet succeeded." (p. 201.) But it may be said the professor is only joking. Yes, he is joking in the same sense that his whole solution of the most important of all questions, "The Riddle of the Universe," is but a grim joke. And yet such men as he, in works like this, are supposed to be the lights of the age. They are indeed "the blind leading the blind."

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

How does the professor strive to disprove the existence of God? He devotes much space to the misrepresentation of the worship of the one true God. He writes, for instance: "The vast majority of these nominal monotheists have very confused ideas about the deity, and believe in a number of gods and goddesses besides the chief God—angels, devils, etc." (p. 280.) Then he exalts idolatry above Christianity: "In the light of pure reason, sun-worship, as a form of naturalistic monotheism, seems to have a much better foundation than the anthropistic worship of Christians and of other monotheists who conceive their god in a human form." (p. 281.) Next he glorifies Mahometanism at the expense of the worship of Christ: "Islam, or the Mahometan monotheism, is the youngest and purest form of monotheism" (p. 284.)

But to prove directly that there is no God he must, of course, disprove creation, and this he cannot do. He prudently shirks the difficulty and boldly declares that "this untenable myth was refuted long ago by scientific cosmogony, astronomy and geology." (p. 277.)

No doubt, many unscientific readers,

as well as many scientists who are ever looking for objections against religion, accept such empty assertions of his as equivalent to demonstrative arguments. And yet what does he really give us but a gross misstatement? How did astronomy or geology ever disprove the creation? Neither of these sciences even deals with that question. They can, at most, tell us of processes of evolution, not of the origin of things. And what right has he to call cosmogony scientific when, instead of logical conclusions from the facts of nature, it gives us only guesses and hypotheses without proof? There is a fair specimen of his cosmogonistic reasonings on pages 242 and 243. The passage begins thus: "From this great progress of astronomy and physics, which naturally elucidate and supplement each other, we draw a series of most important conclusions. I. The extent of the universe is infinite and unbounded, it is empty in no part, but everywhere filled with substance.

"II. The duration of the world is equally infinite and unbounded; it has no beginning and no end."

He has six more such wild statements, all of which he calls conclusions from the science of astronomy and physics. What a sad abuse of language! What astronomer ever pretended to have discovered the infinitude of the universe? Where is the telescope that is supposed to have reached a star at an infinite distance? And what does either astronomy or physics know about the beginning of matter? But reason tells us that matter could not have made itself, nor can a changeable being, as matter is, have a necessary and, therefore, a fixed existence!

We have another example of the professor's sleight-of-hand exhibited in passing over the difficulties without mentioning them, in his chapter on "Monistic Biogeny" or the origin of life according to the monistic system. (p. 251.) Treating here professedly

of the origin of life, he does not even touch upon its origin, but deals only with evolution from one organism into another. The late distinguished scientist Pasteur has strictly demonstrated the fact that life on our globe never arises from anything but antecedent life. Huxley himself reluctantly admits the same fact, saying: "The doctrine of spontaneous generation has received its final *coup-de-grâce*." ("Origin of Species," p. 79.) What does our professor say of the matter, so intimately connected with "The Riddle of the Universe"? He takes good care to say nothing of it.

WHY WAS THIS TRANSLATION MADE?

It is evident from this brief criticism that Professor Haeckel cannot be considered as an authority on the question he here undertakes to treat. He cannot even be considered as an authority in his own specialty, zoölogy; for he is never a reliable witness of facts, but ever speaks like a lawyer pleading a cause and adapting his facts to a special theory. The *Critic* says of him: "Professor Haeckel is a materialist; he calls himself a monist. His manipulation of scientific phenomena in their relation to religious ideas is familiar. He has no new ideas to put forth. His position is a trifle out of date."

And yet the translator informs us that this volume "The Riddle of the Universe," when first published in the original German, "found an immediate and very extensive circle of readers." This is a sad commentary on the mental condition of much of the reading public in Germany. He has chosen it himself, he says, in preference to so many other works of the same infidel school, to introduce it to the English reader, now that "the pens of our Huxleys and Tyndalls and Darwins lie where they fell," and "there is none left in strength among us to sum up the issues of that struggle with knowledge and sympathy."

What must we think of all English

infidel scientists if Dr. Haeckel had to be summoned to assist and guide them? And what must be the worthlessness of their whole school, both in Germany and England, if this volume was chosen by the translator as the most excellent of its productions? By the value of this work, therefore, that of all the others may be gauged: "*Ex uno disce omnes.*"

HOW FAR ALL INFIDEL SCIENTISTS ARE ALIKE.

But do not most infidel scientists disown any agreement with the views expressed in the present volume and if they do, how can their works fairly be gauged by this one? They disagree with Dr. Haeckel as Luther disagreed with Calvin, and Calvin with Zwingli—as all false theorists disagree with one another—namely, in their constructive speculations. Huxley disowned Haeckel's Monism, and Haeckel rejects Huxley's Agnosticism. Mr. Spencer builds up the religion of the great Unknown, and Mr. Frederick Harrison indignantly pulls it down to erect instead the worship of Humanity. But infidel scientists are one in their denial of God, of a spiritual world, of immortality, etc. It is with these radical errors we are here concerned, and with the exceedingly flimsy arguments with which they support them; and in this they are all alike. We need not be at any pains with regard to their several pet theories, since they all demolish one another's airy structures.

But it may be asked, even in their attacks on religion and morality, do not many of their leaders protest against Haeckel's views of "The Riddle of the Universe?" They object to his blunt and offensive statements of doctrines and arguments which it is the fashion to insinuate and imply but not to proclaim from the housetops. Dr. Haeckel is just now the *enfant terrible* of the infidel school of scientists. In his talkative old age he has given away the secret of the

craft, and there is, of course, indignation against him. That secret is that *the teachings of infidel scientists are not logical conclusions drawn by induction from well-established facts of nature*, and that, therefore, they are not science at all.

There has been, for the last forty years or so, a coterie of modern philosophers, so called, who have graciously deigned to do the thinking for the reading world. They admitted no one to their sacred circle who was not an unbeliever in God and immortality. Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall, Vogt, Haeckel and Virchow were among their leaders. They formed a mutual admiration society and supported one

another by their public credit. Anticipating the age of giant trusts, they had acquired a world-wide monopoly of what was called scientific thought. But their stock of science was excessively watered with mere worthless theories. Still they ruled the market of speculation. They wrecked the religious faith of thousands and robbed their dupes of all spiritual riches. But the bubble is burst at last. "The Riddle of the Universe" exhibits in all its grimness the naked skeleton of their worthless arguments. Of course, there are loud protests heard from leaders and from blind followers; but the general public is disabused, and true science and religion are the gainers.

THE CELTIC RENASCENCE.

By the Rev. D. Lynch, S.J.

I.

THIS is the pretty and appropriate name given to a modern tendency toward the revival of Celtic ideas, chiefly in literature. The revival took form late in the nineteenth century, although inspiration had been earlier at work. It is the "Second Spring" of a set of influences the power and extent of which in shaping European civilization are becoming, and are destined to become, a revelation to modern critics.

The reasons for Philoceltism have been manifold. Amongst them must be considered the growing power of the Irish Celts in all the new progressive lands, particularly the United States. In all English-speaking countries, in the field of journalism especially, Celtic talent and literary style exert now a marked influence. The Catholic re-action, too, of later years has not failed to emphasize the Celtic element in it; for the Celtic races, and above all the Irish Celts, have shown their characteristic loyalty to the greatest of all causes; they are a stronghold

of Catholic Christianity. The remarkable growth of Catholic thought and aspiration amongst English Protestants has turned rather fondly towards the early Irish missionaries and their institutions. Thus, the un-Catholic Dr. Fairbairn could write a short time ago:

"The characteristic of the Celtic Church is its tribal character and the degree in which it is propagated by saints and missionaries who are of its own blood. When the day begins to break we can see their figures moving in the glamour of the morning light and looking, as they move, more than mortal. . . . These men show how the Christian religion began to be and how it spread in Scotland. It was, in a sense, a native growth, organized according to Celtic ideas and customs. . . . The monasteries were missionary foundations, colleges where evangelists and preachers were trained."

A pronounced character of the nineteenth century, the fostering of a race sense, awakened an echo in the Celtic families, which prompted the revival of

their language, literature and music. Finally, one of the most potent causes of all is the character of Celtic literature itself, which has been frankly, critically, scientifically admitted to be a new wine in the old bottles of our press-wearied modern day.

The obscuring of Celtic influence in European civilization, and in particular of Celtic literary influence, is one of the riddles of history. Perhaps it was a part of the destiny of this strange race, the oldest and most remarkable in Europe, and who seem called to play yet an important part in human society, that they should have been hidden so long on the busy world's outward rim. Persons who passed muster for historians used to trace the origin of the Pictish and Scottish races of Scotland to an undistinguishable no-man's land. The Irish were seriously said to have come from Scotland. Ossian was declared to have been, in body and spirit, a product of Caledonia, stern and wild. Welsh literature was seen beginning its dim stream in the twilight of prehistoric times. And even the herculean labours of the Irish missionaries when Europe was barbaric were forgotten. It is true, indeed, that no historian or critic of any real weight ever denied Erin's claim to Ossian and his songs. The Picts and their language were Gaelic, almost identical with the Irish ; and some, at least, of the Picts were certainly known to be an Irish colony. As for the Scots, they were Irish, one and all, as their name shows, nothing being clearer in history than their migrations, in the fifth and subsequent centuries, from the motherland, then called Scotia. The Welsh language is relatively modern and stands much in the same relation to ancient Celtic as French does to Latin. Many of the Welsh or Cymric legends are admittedly Irish, North Wales, itself, having been long held by Irish invaders. Native Cymric literature was further influenced by Irish models and ideas. The prodigious labors of the

Irish missionaries were not so vividly remembered when their peculiar liturgical and monastic observances were changed for the Roman rite and the rule of St. Benedict, and when non-Celtic successors developed their work and gathered in the harvest they had sown.

While there is yet heard only too much of the shallow criticism which found but little in the Celt and his literature, great men have long since entered the field. Eminent French and German critics, particularly, have drawn public attention to the Celtic genius and its work ; and, later, Mr. Matthew Arnold has revealed the Celt in some degree to the more slow-witted Saxon. Oddly enough Mr. Arnold, sympathetic and intelligent as he is, is more than once positively unjust. When he says that "the *sensuousness* of the Celt made Ireland" (as she is), he surely forgets her history and the history of her children when they leave her. When he says that the Celt is "indisciplinable, anarchical and turbulent by nature," he will, no doubt, be believed by many people ; but he forgets his own praise of their extreme and characteristic loyalty and the ruthless rule of extermination which taught them only to rebel.

II.

The true characteristics of the Celtic races are not hard to discern or describe, for those races exist quite distinct still in their native countries. "No blood," said M. Renan, "was more unmixed ; no national character more inviolable." They developed their culture as a native growth and drew their inspiration from within. Even when they became Christian they were influenced, it is true, profoundly, their excesses retrenched and their character elevated ; but they received Christianity readily ; their natural disposition seemed to be in harmony with it ; and they retained their very marked personality with a deeper tinge added to their characteristic natural qualities.

Renan, himself a Celt, speaking of his own countrymen in Brittany or Armorica who were of Cymric stock, said that they were timid and reserved yet proud, living altogether within themselves, heavy in appearance, strong in feeling and feeble in action; at home free and unreserved, to the outside world awkward and embarrassed. But in this people, full of a "vague sadness" there was no "Norman vulgarity." Their neighbors, the Normans, were quite different. They were a people prosperous, happy to live, "egoistical as are all who make a habit of enjoyment." The distinguished critic adds, however, that "a very profound line of demarcation separates Ireland from the rest of the Celtic family." With all their Celtic individuality the Irish or Gaelic Celts have very different traits from the Cymry. Instead of being timid and reserved and self-centered, they are remarkably sociable and cosmopolitan. They are brave and daring, venturesome and decidedly warlike.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, who is evidently fond of the Celts and to whom they owe a deep debt of gratitude, sums up their character in the one word *sentimental*, much as the Irish poet does the praises of his native whiskey in the solitary epithet "sperrits." But Mr. Arnold means a good deal by this word sentimental. It expresses "an organization quick to feel impressions and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality, therefore, keenly sensitive to joy and to sorrow." Tom Moore was better; for him Erin had ever in her eyes a dewy tear-drop, lustrous a little with the suppressed radiance of her uncertain smile. And M. Renan, with his native quick and delicate perception, observed that the Celtic character is neither gay nor grave but ever in suspense between a smile and tear. The smile makes the Celt expansive and eager or impetuous; while the tear is the tribute of his tenderness and pas-

sion—"penetrating passion and melancholy." Mr. Arnold is right in attributing many or most of the traits of the Celt to his *sensibility*, his quickness to receive impressions, especially the more tender, delicate and elevated impressions. To this sensibility he traces the Celtic dash of genius, which, he says, would enter largely into the constitution of ideal genius. The passionate, penetrating accent of the Celtic genius; its piercing regret and peculiar longing; its lofty beauty and lively wit; the Celt's reverence and enthusiasm for genius and learning; his generous ardour and romantic spirit—all those things does Mr. Arnold admit and admire. But when he speaks of the "passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact" he seems to forget the penal laws and the various conquests of Ireland and Wales. Surely in them there was reason enough for indomitable reaction! The only pity was that it was so ineffectual.

Comparing the Celtic with other national types, Mr. Arnold has judiciously observed that the Greek had the same quick, emotional, perceptive temperament as the Celt, but he had still more the sense of *measure*, and hence his success in the plastic arts. The Latin had preciseness and clearness of reason. And both Latin and Greek succeeded far better in gratifying their senses with the productions of their own hands, in "an outward life, rich, luxurious, splendid." The failure to do the same is put down to the Celt as a proof of his weakness, if not worse. Here, as elsewhere, our English critic fails himself to understand the elusive spirit which he is endeavoring to describe. The Celt was preëminently spiritual. The things of the mind had far more attraction for him than the things which minister to ease and pleasure. He lived in his splendid visions, whereas the Latin managed matters of fact more dexterously and became master of them.

The English and German races are slower, more faithful to nature, unemotional, longer in developing, but more practical and finally more scientific. Mr. Arnold is particularly good on the Normans. The Latinized Normans had the high Latin spirit with Latin clearness. Not sentimental nor, strictly speaking, poetical; they had talent for affairs as the basis of their genius with strenuousness and clear rapidity for excellence and a measure of hardness and insolence for defect.

Mr. Arnold does not really do the Celt justice, though he chivalrously intended to plead for him. Probably like all Englishmen he could not fully understand him. He acknowledges that he was not thoroughly acquainted with Celtic sources, and his criticism is, here and there, contradictory. Renan and others had a far clearer insight. These have seen the Celts' "adorable delicacy in religious instincts," their chivalry—and many have traced the institutions of mediæval chivalry to the Celtic spirit—their attachment to desperate causes; their reverence for the dead; their peculiar view of life as a link in a quickly passing chain, "a gift received and handed on, a debt paid and a duty done"; their leaning towards the ideal; their characteristic desire of the unknown and the infinite, which clothed everything, even their saints, with the cloud of legend; their aversion to sensual excess, the character of their Christianity being its extreme rigor; their ready sympathy, which, when awakened, leads them anywhere, whereas harshness arouses only their uncontrollable detestation—a sympathy which shows itself in their singular vivacity of feeling for nature and which makes them place the little and the innocent nearer to God.

"No human family, I believe," says M. Renan, "has carried so much mystery into love; no other has conceived with more delicacy the ideal of woman or been more fully dominated by it."

Woman in Celtic life and literature is a vague vision, intermediary between the natural and supernatural worlds. There is no analogy anywhere except in the Christian Church—in the modesty of the Christian maiden and the sacredness of the Christian mother. The extravagant beauty and tenderness of the Celtic descriptions of the womanly ideal are equalled only by their delicate purity.

Compare with this all that we know of the pagan Greek and Latin conception of woman from their classics. Compare also the furies of the vikings and their neighbors in the old night of northern heathendom—"the disgusting blood-imbrued barbarism, the drunkenness of carnage and *disinterested taste* for destruction and death."

Even in Carlovingian poems, while they were yet classical, woman is a non-entity; love is brutal or not indicated. But at the Celtic court of King Arthur ladies, chaste as beautiful, are loved according to the laws of chivalry, and time is passed in learning civility and beautiful manners. In the magic circle of the Round Table the Middle Ages grouped all their ideas of heroism, beauty, modesty and love, while the immoral later imitations were totally unknown.

III.

Referring chiefly to the legends of the Round Table, M. Renan asserts that Celtic literature "changed the current of European civilization, and imposed its motives on nearly the whole of Christendom." The popular beliefs of France were, naturally, chiefly of Celtic origin, the Gauls being Celts and the Franks relatively few. In some parts of France they were only a handful, and relatively so few in the whole country that their language, manners and religion disappeared, so that modern France is mainly Celtic though thoroughly Latinized.

The Welsh romances of King Arthur

were "the source of nearly all the romantic creations of Europe." Not only this, but "the chatter of the later mediæval French and German imitators can give no idea of this (the original) charming manner of narration." The Norman *jongleurs* or *trouvères* copied the Breton romances and spread them everywhere through the castles of the Norman nobility.

M. Renan, who seems to have been acquainted with Welsh romances through their translations, chiefly through what is called the Mabinogion, does not tell us that in the *Red Book* of Wales the four Irish romances are alone called Mabinogion, and have been admitted to be "unmistakable relics of the period of the occupation of the coast of Wales by the Irish." Much of the mixed Irish and Welsh romances dealing with King Arthur are clearly based on Irish mythology. The king himself has been created or magnified by legend, for no one in Welsh history occupied so prominent a place. One of the suppositions, and not without foundation, is that the original prince was Arthur, son of King Aedan MacGabran, slain in the famous battle of Cattraeth, a district on the Forth, near the Roman Wall. The battle, fought, it is said, in 596, took place between the Britons and Scots under Aedan, King of Dalriada and the pagan Saxons with their British subjects. St. Columba predicted the victory of the king and his misfortune in the loss of his four sons. The name Art is known to Irish romance; and the legends surrounding the adventures of a prince of this name, son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, could easily have been transformed into those of the Round Table. According to Irish legend, Art left his own country and came into Alba, whence his legendary fame would have passed into Wales.

The Irish legends of Queen Mab and others similar, modified in Welsh mythology and translated into Latin, supplied to a great extent the fairy lore of

mediæval Europe, and were utilized by Chaucer and Spencer. They supplied Shakespeare, also, with the groundwork of *King Lear* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Of Irish legends of wanderings and prophetic visions, of many of which only the Latin text remains, the Wandering of St. Brendan, the Purgatory of St. Patrick and the Vision of Tundale were in all the languages of Europe. They were three of the five main sources whence Dante formed the plot of his *Divina Commedia*. Ariosto was much more under Celtic influence than Dante. And surely it is a most interesting study to trace the share which Celtic genius and ideals had in forming modern Italian literature, which, in turn, reacted so powerfully on that of most of the rest of modern Europe.

IV.

The Celtic spirit reveals itself in literature chiefly by its magic and its passion. "Nowhere else," says M. Renan, "has the eternal illusion clad itself in more seductive hues. In the great chorus of humanity no race equals this for penetrative notes that go to the very heart."

"The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished," writes Matthew Arnold, "gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still—the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are nature's own children and utter her secret in a way which make them something quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now of this delicate magic, Celtic romance is so preëminent a mistress that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature." Style heightened to magic

is peculiarly the Celtic tribute to literature. This magic, like the muse of all sensitive, passionate spirits, has a strong tendency to sadness. Hence the seductive melancholy of Gaelic national melodies—"emanations from on high, like memories of another world." The play of Celtic fancy, as contrasted with the classical, has in it a gleam of mysticism, an elusive charm, suggesting the infinite and aspiring towards it; it is beyond the sentimental rhetoric of the Latin, and the clear brilliancy of the Greek; while there is "a veiled and chaste sobriety" in all its splendid dreams.

The Celts are characterized by a profound and quick sense of justice, a just personal pride, exquisite loyalty and capacity of devotion. Responsive and constant in sympathy, they are just as quick and persistent in resentment. Hence, though a loved cause was desperate, they adhered to it with a Titanism—"a passionate, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact," and a Messianism, forever looking for a deliverer, that made them young and vigorous when the oppressor grew decrepid. Hence their literature thrills with piercing regret and passion, national and religious. England, queen of all the seas, having annexed heaven itself, as her Gaelic neighbors say, is haughtily presumptuous in her national poetry and luxuriously happy in her religious? "But when Irish poets imagined Ireland," writes Mr. Stopford A. Brooke, "she sits an uncrowned queen on the wild rocks of the Atlantic coast, looking out to the west, and the sorrows of a thousand years make dark her ever-youthful eyes. Her hair, wet with the dews, is her helmet, and her robe she has herself woven from the green of her fields and the purple of her hills. This Virgin Lady of Ireland, in the passion of her martyrdom, was the subject, after her conquest by England, of a crowd of Gaelic poems, and is still the subject of English poems by Irish poets."

V.

Those Celtic influences are excellently traced in English literature by Matthew Arnold, who asks "If your English genius is entirely Teutonic, how comes it that it differs so much from German, not only in style but even in length of words and formation of sentences?" Mr. Morley had said before Mr. Arnold: "The main current of English literature cannot be disconnected from the lively Celtic wit in which it has one of its sources. The Celts do not form an utterly distinct part of our mixed population. But for early, frequent and various contact with the race that in its half-barbarous days invented Ossian's dialogues and that quickened afterwards the Northmen's blood in France, Germanic England would not have produced a Shakespeare." Mr. Arnold goes on to trace "the sheer inimitable Celtic note" in the great dramatist, and succeeds admirably.

"One has only to repeat to oneself a line of Milton—a poet intoxicated with the passion for style as much as Taliesin or Pindar—to see that we have another side to our genius beside the German one. . . . The sense for style which English poetry shows is something finer than we could have gotten from a people so positive and so little poetical as the Normans. . . . Its [the Celtic nature's] chord of penetrating passion and melancholy, its *Titanism*, as we see it in Byron—what other European poetry possesses that like the English? The Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion."

Scottish writers show much more Celtism than the English. And it is not a little remarkable that amongst English authors most distinguished for imagery and style, figure prominently those of Scottish descent—Byron, Macaulay, Gladstone, the inimitable Ruskin and others.

VI.

The Celts have still their mission to

fulfil. "We are far from believing," wrote Renan, "that this race has said its last word. After having put in practice all chivalries, devout and worldly; gone with Peredur in quest of the Holy Grail and fair ladies, and dreamed with St. Brendan of mystical Atlantides, who knows what it would produce in the domain of intellect, if it hardened itself to an entrance into the world, and subjected its rich and profound nature to the conditions of modern thought?" Sir William Butler, the distinguished soldier and scholar, is of the same opinion. "The Gaelic League," he writes, "is doing a truly noble labor. You are opening the long-choked springs of a pure and beautiful knowledge; and by offering to a national mind which has always been hungry to learn, the revived art, music, and literature of its own, you are raising the surest barrier against the depraving influence—I might say the soul-destroying poison—of the modern book-stall."

The modern book-stall reflects two unhealthy aspects of the age—irreligion and immorality. The characteristics of the Celtic spirit, particularly of the

spirit of the Irish Celts, are directly opposed to these. "Of all the nations," writes Mr. W. T. Stead, "the Irish have preëminence for their fine sense of the supreme importance of stainless chastity. For the honor of their women is the point of honor with this chivalrous and ardent race." And as for religion, it is, we may say, their predominant passion. As no other nation suffered more for the ancient faith, so none was more exclusively under its control; and no other nation was, according to Pope Leo XIII, so faithful to the revelation received from Heaven. Our modern sterility can well afford to take a new impulse from Celtic faith and fancy and passion. Just as it was the appointed mission of the Irish monks at the dawn of European civilization to bridge over the abyss between the diseased and decrepid pagan empire of Rome and the barbarian tribes of the north, and to give the latter a civilization which the dying Romans were incapable of giving; so it seems to be the vocation of the missionary Irish race—for as a race they, and they alone, are to-day missionary—to resist the more subtle inroads of neo-paganism.

Christ's Church. The Rev. Homer C. Stuntz, superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Philippine Islands, reports that Rev. James B. Rodgers, senior missionary of the Presbyterian Church, and Bishop H. W. Warne, D.D., of the M. E. Church, have just performed the wonderful feat of uniting the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist Episcopal, United Brethren churches, and the Christian Missionary Alliance, the Young Men's Christian Association, American Bible Society and British and Foreign Bible Society, in the Evangelical Union of the Philippine Islands. We speak of "uniting" though "separating" would be a more appropriate term; for they have induced them to agree to divide the islands into distinct missionary districts, the Presbyterians taking the portion south of Manila, the Methodists north as far as Pangasinan, and the United Brethren church the coast provinces of La Union, Ilocos del Sur and Ilocos del Norte. The city and province of Manila is to be common ground for the Methodists and Presbyterians. The churches are to have a common name "La Iglesia Evangelica of —, with the name of the denomination in parenthesis if desired," not that it means anything, but just so "that Catholics will recognize all Protestant missions as one great force." The president of the Union is Major E. W. Halford, U. S. A., who, no doubt, will lecture occasionally on the separation of church and state, while he lends the prestige of his commission as an army officer to promote this evangelical, or, to put it plainly, anti-Catholic enterprise.

COMITY MAKES FOR UNITY.

Seriously, while we deplore the motive which animates these zealots, we see in it a hopeful sign for the unity of all true Christians in the one Church of Christ. Even though the men who have organized this union propose to act in concert against the Catholic Church, they have sacrificed their pe-

culiar religious views and much of the pecuniary advantage for which most of them have gone to the Philippines. They have overcome their mutual sectarian animosity in a measure that would be impossible here at home. They have yielded the one principle which can make one adhere to any Christian Church, the conviction that it has all the doctrine of Christ, and, therefore, that it alone is His medium of salvation. The natural consequence of this concession will be indifference on the part of those who have been moved to go to that distant mission by motives of fanaticism or of salary, and on the part of those who are sincere and earnest a more favorable disposition to examine and embrace the religion of the natives whom they have been engaged to pervert. The signs for the only true Christian unity possible are thus becoming more and more hopeful daily. At home many Episcopalians are daily approaching the Church and Presbyterians are relinquishing the doctrines which have hitherto kept them aloof from us. May we not hope that comity in the missions, even though prompted by the spirit of economy, will eventually force the best of the Protestant missionaries in the Philippines to recognize the claims of the Catholic Church which they now seek to antagonize?

A STEP FORWARD.

The *Educational Review* is of the opinion that "there is no mistaking the signs that the question of religious instruction in education is going to become a very pressing one. The discussion in the French Chamber of Deputies, culminating with the remarkable speech of M. Bourgeois, the general dissatisfaction in England and the increasing activity in the United States of those earnest persons who believe in state aid for schools maintained by religious bodies, all bear evidence of this fact."

It notes that in England, religious schools are helped by the State, while

the opposite condition of things obtains in the United States. Secondly, that whereas our State governments help all schools, even those of higher grades, in England aid is granted only for primary education.

The writer frankly admits that religious instruction is essential, and yet, that in our arrangement it is unprovided for. The attempt to foist ethics on the schools he rightly dismisses with contempt. Ethics cannot be taught without religion. There are only two solutions, he thinks, of this vexed question ; “(1) to take the view held by many Roman Catholics and Lutherans, that the school must be religious, not secular, and should be State-aided, and (2) to take the view that education transcends the school, and so while the school remains secular its work must be supplemented, if education is to be complete, by religious instructions given by the family and the Church.” Either one of these lines must be followed. “*The alternative is to destroy the completeness of education by omitting religion altogether.*”

This last phrase is consoling. It looks as if we were getting together. To admit that there can be no education without religion and that the substitute of a made-up ethics is useless, is the Catholic position. True, the writer would have religion taught at home and in Church, and yet the inference from his own admissions is that religion must be taught in the school if religion is not to be dropped altogether; for he says distinctly, and this ought to settle the whole matter, “that Protestant churches are, as a rule, shockingly lacking in any appreciation of their educational responsibility, and also, apparently, in any capacity to rise to it.”

Now does it not follow, we ask, that if religion must be allied to education, and if “the Protestant Churches, *as a rule*, are not only hockingly lacking in any appreciation of their educational responsibility but even in the capacity

to rise to it,” that there is nothing else to be done but to teach religion in the schools? These Protestant Churches presumably are made up of the intelligent and well-instructed and well-to-do portion of our community. If they are unable to teach religion, what will the individual families who constitute them do? Evidently they will be still more shockingly lax in this matter.

There is nothing left, therefore, but to teach religion in the schools, and we might animadvert that not only the Lutherans are with the Catholics in this contention, but many Episcopalians and Presbyterians. Bishop Johnston of the Episcopal Diocese of Western Texas, is quoted in the *Sun* of June 11, as saying, while arguing for the necessity of religious education that “the inability of the public schools of our land to teach any system of morals is going to lead, within a few decades, to a struggle the like of which has never been seen in this country, and it will be with a generation that will not believe anything at all. President Harper, of Chicago University, who is a Baptist, is of the same opinion. Gladstone made a similar prophecy with regard to England.

Why not, therefore, face the question without heat or passion? Purely secular schools cannot teach religion; Protestant churches cannot; *a fortiori* the majority of Protestant families cannot; and we are willing to admit that many Catholic families cannot, for many reasons, and even that the Catholic Sunday-schools are frequently inadequate. Therefore, let those religious bodies that wish to do so have schools where their religious tenets can be taught. That will not make them religious schools. Religious schools are properly those that we designate as theological seminaries. Let the State apportion for them their just share of the taxes they pay if they give satisfactory results in their ordinary school matters. That will settle the difficulty.

We are continually boasting of our Anglo-Saxon traits. But if Englishmen can adopt this system of state aid why cannot we do so here? Some may shout against it, but those who are doing what they judge to be not only right but necessary for the salvation of the country should not be deterred by a shout.

TRAFFIC IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

We are to have improved Sunday-schools. The churches have failed to organize and maintain them properly. They were content with volunteers who had no qualifications for their task but piety and enthusiasm. Educated parents hesitate to expose their children to the instruction of well-meaning but ignorant commentators on the Bible. The new movement is under the auspices of institutions like the Union Theological Seminary, the Episcopal Sunday-school Commission and another, which has hitherto professed to be non-sectarian, the Teachers' College of Columbia University. Perhaps this is the solution of the difficulty of supplying religious education for our children. The Churches have failed, and those who are at least equally interested with the Churches in the children, the parents, have failed to supply the imperative want of religious teaching, and now an organized and *salaried* service is to supplant both! Here is the serpent tail in the arrangement, the salary; for why may not our impecunious pedagogues traffic in religious as well as in secular instruction? It was so hard to reject the gratuitous services of volunteers, to tell an eager candidate that he does not know enough to teach a class in Sunday-school! But now, as a leading newspaper observes, "the specially trained instructor may soon be able to command a small salary, in which case greater discrimination of teachers will be possible."

IN CONNECTION WITH "ELECTRA."

The author of the famous *Electra* that made such a hubbub all through

Europe and even in America, is at it again in another fashion. This time it is the associations of young men in Spain that stir his ire. "Their members," he complains, "have a certain reserved manner about them that keeps them from the dissipations of other men of the world." That is not a bad compliment, though Mr. Perez Galdos did not intend it as such. Secondly, "They are absurdly pious and have only insipid books in their libraries." No young man likes to be designated as absurdly pious, so the president and some members of the association called on Galdos, though it was hardly worth while to have gone to such trouble. They showed him their association-building, with its gymnasium, its racquet court, its fencing halls, its theatre where plays unlike *Electra* are presented; where there are concerts and literary and philosophical tourneys, and what-not else besides. They opened their library to him and he saw that the only insipid works there were those written by himself. Really the Spaniards are a trifle too courteous. Galdos is said to have apologized as well he might. The wonder is that they were so much worked up by the attack which had been made it appears in an obscure Jewish newspaper in distant Vienna. Perhaps this choice of an organ implies that Galdos is a Hebrew; at all events, he has the business instinct. In this letter he was also moved to say with consummate assurance, constituting himself a sort of Petronius Arbiter in the matter of piety, that "the Spaniards were grievously astray in their devotions; that the Immaculate Conception, for instance, was a French idea." Forsooth! Why, little children are continually running up in the streets to kiss the priest's hand and to salute him with "Ave Maria Purissima," to which the answer is given "Sin peccado concebida." It is common with the older people as well. Devotion to the Immaculate Conception in Spain long antedates the promulgation

of the dogma. He is of the opinion also that "devotion to the Sacred Heart is cold, in bad taste and Jesuitical." Curious, indeed, that it should be cold when it sets the world on fire, or in bad taste when it has inspired all Christian art from the beginning, or that it should be Jesuitical when it was common in the Church fifteen hundred years before St. Ignatius was born!

It is singular that ignorant audacity, when it attacks the truth or morality, should attract such attention. Pearls of wisdom might drop from a saint's lips and there would be nobody to gather them up; but, says Donoso Cortes, declare boldly that two and two make five and the whole world salutes you as a thinker.

FRENCH UNIVERSITIES.

The London *Pilot* is not a Catholic paper, but its correspondence from France on Catholic subjects is sometimes enlightening. It tells us, in a recent issue, that within a few months after the law allowed it, there were five Catholic Universities founded in France. This was in 1875. It sounds odd to hear of permission to found Catholic Universities in what is supposed to be a Catholic country; but such is the fact. In a few years Paris, Lille and Angers could boast of establishments superior in some respects to those of the state universities. Battifol, in Toulouse, made that school the fountain head of apologetics in France. Paris had men like Lapparent, the famous geologist, and, till lately, the rest of the professorial staff held its own by the side of their colleagues in the Sorbonne.

Of course, the government had to step in, and one year after the establishment a law was passed excluding the professors of these universities from the examining-boards, thus compelling all applicants from the colleges to pass before State Officials. This has crippled these great foundations woefully; but while the writer says, in passing, that the moral standard of the Catholic Uni-

versities is very high compared to that of their rivals, he is quite sure that if this mean persecution on the part of the government ceased, they would outstrip the State Schools in every particular. "If you want to see real and productive activity," he says, "go to Louvain, and visit the biological and psychophysical laboratories; the philosophical and historical seminaries; go also to the newly born but thriving institution of Fribourg."

All this only goes to show where the blame is, if there is any shortcoming in the scientific character of Catholic education; not in the mental inferiority of Catholics; not in the antagonism or fear which the Church is credited with in regard to such studies but in the cruel injustice of the anti-Christian state.

CONDITION OF ITALY.

Dr. Siliprandi, an Italian ex-deputy, who assures us he is not a pessimist, thus describes the condition of his country:

The government is like a patient addicted to morphine, taking repeated doses to get rest from the rage of parties and the fury of individuals; with parliament, cabinet and country writhing in the contortions of petty quarrels of factions, localities and persons, the administrative body meantime coiling itself up in its shell, asleep—weariness, discontent, bitterness, melancholy, disgust everywhere—the whole nation, in fact, turned hypochondriac; a general lack of discipline in those who govern and those who are governed; a pronounced hatred of submission, and the old outspoken and conscious right to command on the one hand with the ready and willing obedience of former times on the other vanishing from the country. The time is coming when it will be perilous to appeal to government protection, disastrous to apply to public officials; dangerous to take a street car; hazardous to put a letter in the post; stupid to trust a secret to the telegraph and so on. Politics have be-

come a brutal fight of intrigues and mud-throwing from which men of sense and education withdraw, and where traitors and ruffians wax fat ; the best people in the nation are turning away shocked, paralyzed and helpless. The better classes huddle together formulating academic phrases which mean nothing but imply that honest men have nothing to do with the future, because there is nothing to be done; that the country is going to the devil and cannot help itself, and that anarchy, when the degradation becomes general, is to be the end of it all. The police, they say, will provide, provided the State saves the police.

Meantime there is nothing but plethoric centralization, in government circles, bureaucracy stricken with elephantiasis ; a withering of all the civil and military organisms ; public works colossally and stupidly undertaken in such a way that in every town a dozen millionaires suddenly sprout up ; plunder elevated into a fine art in all the departments, and everything costing twice as much as it ought. On top of it all a foreign policy, shifty, nervous, incoherent, now plunged in business, now frightened to death, and always crazily outlandish ; a colonial policy disastrous and bloody ; venality everywhere ; toleration of social propagandism ; the courts become the slave of the executive department, and seconding its views and its violences ; the banks turned into

political instruments, and politics establishing banks ; on every side disaffection, with no one fighting heartily for the national institutions because they lack both wisdom and strength, and are incapable of holding the classes in line ; ineffectual in administering justice and helpless in protecting religion ; in a word, the rule of action seems to be to make friends of our enemies and enemies of our friends.

Siliprandi says that this describes Italy. Benoist in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says the cap fits France also, and to a certain extent England and the United States. Parliamentary government in France, in the opinion of the latter writer, is a mistake, because it is based on no historic fact in the life of the nation. It is foreign and has been introduced into France by Anglophiles and Rousseau's philosophy. The New York *Sun's* description of the Hawaiian Parliament reveals an almost comical condition of things. What will it be in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba ? England tried it in India, and Paul Reinsch, in the June *Forum*, shows what a ridiculous failure it was. Meantime, de Cæsare, the writer in the *North American Review* for June, who thinks he answers Archbishop Ireland's Plea for Temporal Power, might contemplate his own country in this mirror that one of his old associates holds up to him and see if the Piedmontese occupation has benefited Italy.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

Catholics are not alone in recognizing and deploring the growth of certain evils which threaten the welfare of our country—notably divorce, suicide, and unbelief. Mr. Phelps, former Minister to England, estimated in 1889 that there were 35,000 divorces annually in the United States. The Hon. Carroll D. Wright collected, by order of Congress, statistics covering twenty years, 1867–1886. These showed that divorces have increased twice as fast as the population. According to the last returns (1890), there were 60,484 divorced persons in a population of sixty-two and one-half millions. From 1890 to 1899 there were in New York 3,508 suicides; in Chicago, 3,132; in Brooklyn, 1,453. For the fourteen principal cities of the country the average was 14,773. This year there were 183 suicides in New York from April 1 to May 6—that is suicides *reported*: how many were not! For three months the average in New York was two per day. In fifteen years there have been 2,000 lynchings. Of infidelity and the neglect of religion, it is unnecessary to write. Hence it is that Catholics are so strongly convinced of the necessity of training their children in their own religious schools. Bishop McFaul, in his letter on Catholic federation points out that a system of education without a positive, definite and *certain* element of religion in it gives indeed secular knowledge but not moral goodness. Bishop McQuaid takes up another Catholic standpoint. One third of the children of Rochester are taught in Catholic schools, the sum of \$350,000 being thus annually saved to the city in teachers' salaries alone. 'Tis scarcely fair that Catholics, mostly poor, should contribute this vast sum and at the same time pay heavily for

other schools of which they make no use. To retaliate on the Bishop for his statement of the grievance of Catholics in this matter, an A. P. A.—Mr. Sargent—moved for an injunction restraining the payment of salaries to the Sisters in St. Mary's Catholic Orphan Asylum in that city, but the motion has been denied.

Many Protestant ministers, and at least two Protestant Bishops, have deplored the irreligious consequences of our public-school system.

The discourse of Dr. Brann at the laying of the corner-stone of a new parochial school in St. Cecilia's parish, Englewood, N. J., presents the Catholic position on the school question as plainly as we have seen it stated anywhere.

The religious tendencies of the older bodies of Protestants seem to be all towards the ancient ways. The Presbyterians are revising their creed, purposing to reject some of its anti-Catholic features. The Protestant Episcopal Church inclines to change its name to a more orthodox one. And in the conventions of this church petitions have been made for measures against divorce and against destructive Biblical criticism, while permission has been asked to use in the church services the revised edition of the Bible, in which many of the old errors have been corrected.

Santa Clara College, California, has brilliantly celebrated its semi-centennial jubilee. The names of the veteran teachers Nobili, Veyret, Varsi, and Penasco, were recalled with gratitude and honor by the former students and their families. 250 of the "old boys" were back at the Alma Mater. Mr. Clay M. Greene, who had been resid-

ing for some months at the College superintending the preparation of the Passion Play, announced at the Alumni meeting his intention of becoming a Catholic. The address of Archbishop Riordan on this occasion was a scholarly exposition of the principles of Catholic education and an eloquent plea for the encouragement and support of those who devote their lives to it.

At the Conventions of the German Catholic Societies in Chicago, and of the Catholic Knights of America in St. Louis, the subject of Unity among Catholic laymen was discussed by the speakers, Bishop Spaulding addressing the former and Bishop McFaul the latter by a letter on the Federation of Catholic Societies. As usual the freedom of the Pope was advocated before the Convention of the German Societies, the address being made by Mr. Thiele.

THE PHILIPPINES.

According to a correspondent of the *Standard and Times* (Phila.), Mgr. Nozaleda de Villa, Archbishop of Manila, states that the natives demand their Friars; that the latter are not allowed to return by the American authorities influenced by Protestant ministers; and that, whenever they do return, they are received by the people with joy, but are sent away by the American officials in charge. This, the Archbishop says, is "a veritable persecution of the Church"; while the so-called evidence published against the Religious Orders consists simply of "calumnies" uttered by men who were known to be their enemies. A similarity is traced between the anti-Friar agitation and the measures against the Religious Orders in France.

CUBA.

Nearly every city and town has now a Protestant church, but few Protestants: the system of religion is uncongenial. The Jesuit College at Cienfuegos is largely increased. So at Belen (Havana). The latter has over 200 students,

100 being new. At the catechism classes taught in the College on Sundays there are 300 children, taught by former students—lawyers, doctors, etc. Others teach in different parts of the city of Havana. The Protestant missionaries imitate this work, but with little success.

The Meteorological Observatory has gained much credit by contrast with the mistakes of the official forecasts of hurricanes. Many steamship companies, including some in New York, consult the Observatory, and pay the expenses of the cablegrams. The Governor gives the free use of the telegraph lines during the hurricane season. Valuable information has been given to the government concerning climate, rainfall, magnetic data, etc. Hence, even enemies of the Church send their sons to the College. The government officials rather unfairly took to themselves the credit of predicting the Galveston storm, and seem to hint that nothing is done in the Island but what is done by them.

CANADA.

Forty-three per cent. of the population is Catholic. Hence the almost unanimous resolution in parliament against the British Accession Oath. A motion was made in the Dominion parliament lately to allow a system of "cheap divorce for the people." At the instance of the Catholic Premier, it was dismissed without a division. Sir Wilfrid Laurier warned the legislators to reflect before "they tampered with so sacred and so fundamental an institution as Christian marriage." The Senate has power to divorce, but uses it little. Only sixty divorces have been given since the confederation of Canada; that is, an average of two every year.

ROME.

The Outlook (London) says: "It is not Leo's mere teachings, but rather his practical success in their application that lends lustre to his life and will fashion the future of the Papacy. In many lands he has held the balance between

been decrying the obscurantism of Catholics, and praising the elegance, philanthropy, general superiority of the anti-clericals! The character of the newspapers in the hands of these gentlemen may be estimated by the words of the *Pueblo*, which proclaimed the other day: "Down with Jesus! In his name have been committed the greatest crimes of history." There are several papers in Spain of the character of *El Pueblo*.

PORTUGAL.

The law courts have dismissed the absurd cases introduced in consequence of the Miss Rosa Calmon incident. This lady, the daughter of the Brazilian counsel, being thirty-two years of age wished to become a nun, while her irreligious father prevented her by violence. The Jesuits had nothing whatsoever to do with the matter; but an unclean section of the press deluged the country with the well-known tales of immorality in convents, Jesuit assassinations, etc. Infidel secret societies, which honeycomb the country, although they are forbidden by law, have money enough to control a considerable number of newspapers. The patriotism of the members of those societies may be understood by the outrages to which they impel the lawless element of the population, whereas the country, in consequence of a period of peace, was steadily improving. The Conservatives were in power, finances were in a better condition, the public debt was being paid, religion was reviving. The Religious Orders, suppressed in 1834 by a masonic outburst, their property being seized to satisfy the greed of political agitators, were developing their works of charity and education. Thus, without the shadow of a cause, the international secret schemers, without conscience or country, and who are intolerance incarnate, seek to weaken and debase the simple people who love both their country and their religion. The people,

however, are being trained by the audacious attacks. There is an active campaign in Portugal led by the Bishops, who are protesting with the King against the persecution of the Religious Orders, and declaring the laws against them absolutely unjust, as being against the natural right of citizens to unite for the pursuance of good. The Holy Father has addressed a letter to the Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon, in which he praises the Bishops, priests and Catholic people of Portugal for their sympathy with the Religious Orders in their present persecution, and he has recommended to them his letter on this subject to the French Bishops as a guide for their action in the present political controversy.

The Jesuit Colleges have not yet been touched; but the residences with the houses of other Religious—numbering in all twenty-two—have been closed. In the midst of this anti-Catholic agitation, the young heir apparent, Prince Louis Philip, now 14 years of age, takes the oath of fealty to the Constitution, in presence of the King and of the two Chambers of the legislature. Putting his right hand on the Gospel, he solemnly swore to maintain the "Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion" as the religion of the State.

AUSTRIA.

Prince Ferdinand's defence of his country has rejoiced the nation. The societies of Bohemia will receive him at his summer residence of Konospischt, a delegation meeting him at the frontier. Adhesions to his professions rain from everywhere. A deputation came to beg that a member of the royal family should reside permanently at Prague. Prince Ferdinand will not allow the three million Prussophiles to carry on their traitor schemes of Germany's *world-politics*. The death of the good quiet Emperor Francis Joseph, instead of being a signal for disruption, will be, on the contrary, the beginning of greater consolidation. Instead of the Triple

Alliance, a new one, of France, Austria and Russia, is becoming more natural and desirable. The Catholic religion is just now the one great foe of the traitorous Pangermanism of some Austrians. There are eight millions of Austrian Catholics, who are kept faithful to their sovereign by their Catholic faith. At present, peace and business-like methods reign in the Reichsrath, the legislators' thoughts being turned to the more sensible and patriotic projects of internal national development. This is partly owing to the Balkan war clouds.

It was the Minister of Public Instruction who ordered the removal of the Crucifix from the halls of the Catholic University of Buda-Pesth. To anybody else it would have appeared only fair that if Jews or other non-Christians avail themselves of the teaching of a Catholic University they would be naturally expected to respect its religious emblems.

FRANCE.

The Saturday Review (London) thus judges the action of the government of France: its object was "to unite all sections of its supporters on the one basis they have in common—enmity to the Church. We have no demonstration in the debate (in the Chamber of Deputies) of any real danger to the existing régime that can be proved to flow from the machinations of any religious." There were "vague declamations . . . few or no arguments."

Some of the friends of the government are far from being united amongst themselves. The Socialist congress held in Lyons towards the end of May was anything but harmonious. In all the turmoil and increasing crime of modern France, it is pleasant to turn to the practically Catholic department of Ardèche, where the assises fixed for May 20 were not held because there were no cases to come up for examination.

This is the second omission of assises in three years. Within the last ten years crime has decreased by two-fifths in this part of France.

The Senate is hastening its work on the bill against the Religious Orders. A commission of eighteen members—twelve for the bill and six against it—has been appointed to consider it. It has been decided that the time allowed the Religious Orders to apply for authorization should be shortened from six months to three: this will facilitate the destruction of the Orders before the chance of a reaction through the general elections. The Senate has approved of a new article (18) in the Associations Bill, presented by Waldeck-Rousseau, which has been characterized by one of the "liberal" minority on the senatorial commission "a veritable spoliation." According to this modification, all gifts to the Orders for purposes of beneficence cannot be claimed by the donors—and so, as it seems, will go to the State or politicians.

The *Figaro* incident has been lively and is not yet exhausted. The early *Figaro*, while reflecting the life and wit of Paris, was of a conservative bent, and sometimes led the opposition to the anti-Catholic action of the government. Of late its character has been entirely changed under de Rodays and J. Cornély, going over to Dreyfusism and Waldeck-Rousseau's "republican defence." The *Figaro's* host of readers dropped it, and the profitable paper ceased to pay its usual dividends. The direction has been at least temporarily changed by the discharge of de Rodays and Cornély. The character of the latter as a political mountebank is plainly told in *L'Autorité* of May 9, by the editor, Paul de Cassagnae; and still the *New York Herald* continues to publish his letters as creditable reports of the situation in France.

IRELAND.

The population in 1841—the highest ever—was 8,196,597 : in 1901 it is 4,456,546 ; that is, the loss in 60 years is 3,740,051. It has decreased more than two millions within the last 50 years. At the same rate of increase as that of England, it would now be 16,393,194. The present population of England and Wales is 32,525,716. Ireland is now less populous than Scotland, and over 80,000 less than London (4,536,034). The Irish race, however, has not failed to multiply. John Boyle O'Reilly used to say that there were 10,000,000 of Irish birth or descent in the United States. There are at least 5,000,000 in Canada, Australia and other British colonies. There is a large number in England and Scotland. There are some in South America and elsewhere. So at least there are 20,000,000 of the Irish race. The old blind methods of misgovernment are shown in numberless other ways as in the decrease of population. Jury-packing—by “challenging” every Catholic—is admitted and is to continue : the House of Commons has rejected a bill for the correction of this abuse of justice. No wonder Mr. T. Healy and others advocated the abolition of grand juries, preferring, as they said, “open tyranny.” Archbishop Walsh indignantly points out that four-fifths of the emoluments of office are in the hands of Protestants in this utterly misgoverned Catholic land. He refers particularly to the Rotunda Hospital in Dublin, in which Catholics are ninety per cent. of the patients, yet the governing board consists of sixty intolerant Protestants. This Hospital receives large parliamentary grants—that is from the Catholic tax-payers.

Impoverished Ireland paid, in 1894, the enormous sum of 9,600,000 pounds in taxes ; that is, according to the decision of a Royal Commission, 3,000,000 more than she should. In 1900 she paid 11,170,000 ; or 4,500,000 in excess.

ENGLAND.

The new Education Bill has been called by its enemies “thoroughly Jesuitical” and said “to spell universal subsidies for denominational schools.” This does not appear at first sight, but the Bill gives room for favorable development. Its object is to provide local and popular authority for the supervision of education by means of educational committees drawn from the County Councils and aided by experts. Any voluntary, or denominational, school placing itself under this new authority would receive its share of the rates on the same footing as the board schools. The older school boards were often inefficient, unrepresentative, and hostile to denominational schools. Of these latter there are 14,359 with 3,043,006 children ; whereas the rate-supported board schools have 2,662,669 children.

The sacrifices and successes of Catholics in the one diocese of Westminster are told by Cardinal Vaughan. During the last ten years 182,000 pounds have been spent on school-buildings, while the children have increased by about 10,000. St. Edmund's College has been much improved and increased ; thirty-eight houses of religious women, mostly engaged in teaching have been established ; and six orders of men have entered the diocese. Fifteen new churches have been built ; others are in course of construction. Large schools have sprung up, or are now being erected. Either new missions have been opened, or new and permanent churches have been built in some thirty-one different places ; while 30,000 pounds have been collected by local effort for reduction of capital debt. Works of zeal and benevolence have grown amongst the people. The children of the Crusade of Rescue have gathered or offered 500 pounds. The number who approached the sacraments this last Easter (88,619) was larger than ever before ; and conversions range from 1,200 to 1,500 annually.

GERMANY.

From the fifth to the twelfth of May, the little town of Kaufbeuren, in Bavaria, was the scene of religious ceremonies such as have never been witnessed there before. It was the solemn celebration of the beatification of the humble Franciscan nun Crescentia, raised to the altars on October 7, 1900, as mentioned in the January MESSENGER, p. 103. All the bishops of Bavaria took part in the ceremonies and preached in turn as well as other distinguished pulpit orators. The Apostolic nuncio of Munich, the Bishops of Rottenburg in Württemberg and of Szatmar in Hungary were also present. It is worthy of mention that the present Bishop of Augsburg, to which Kaufbeuren belongs, is himself a son of St. Francis. Nearly sixty thousand Pilgrims and more than five hundred priests thronged the little town during those blessed days. Some of the royal princes and princesses and many members of the highest nobility also came to pay homage to the humble weaver's daughter. It was a memorable manifestation of faith and fervor.

As in the days of the old emperor William the house of Hohenzollern could boast of four generations in direct line of succession to the throne, so now for the same reason is there great joy in Bavaria. By the birth of his first-born to Prince Rupprecht the throne of Bavaria is now secured in four generations: the Prince-Regent Luitpold, his son Ludwig, his grandson Rupprecht, and his great-grandson, the new-born little prince. The happy event for which the devout young mother had prepared herself in a truly Catholic manner, took place on May 8, in the ancient city of Bamberg. The venerable great-grand-sire stood godfather for the child, who received the baptismal name of Luitpold, Maximilian, Ludwig, Karl, names that are illustrious in the history of the house of Wittelsbach.

Thoughtful men in Germany are becoming alarmed at the inroads of Alcoholism among the male population of the empire. As the habits formed at the university are kept up after university days and determine to a great extent the fashion among educated men, the agitation against excessive drinking has been taken up in university circles. Some months ago the *Rector Magnificus* of the University of Bonn called a meeting in the *Aula Maxima* for this purpose. The call was answered by thirty professors and about 400 students. Several earnest speeches were delivered by distinguished men and the students were exhorted to show courage and self-respect, to break away from human respect and refuse to bow to the slavery of compulsory drinking, which is one of the foolish and pernicious practices of the students in their club-meetings. "One of the hereditary vices of our nation," said one speaker, "is the demon of drink; we must fight this demon or the nation will degenerate and forfeit its distinguished position among the nations of the world." For some time past a club of "abstinent students" at the University of Berlin has been successfully combating compulsory drinking. Anyone acquainted with German student life will understand what high moral courage is demanded of a young man who would resolutely set his face against the tyranny of the drinking code. In this connection we are pleased to chronicle the fact that the first sanatorium established in Germany for the cure of Alcoholism has just been opened. It owes its existence to the efforts of the Catholic Temperance League and is conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Camillus de Lellis. The professors of medicine of all the German universities have lately addressed an appeal to the University Students warning them against immorality. They complain that immorality among University Students is alarmingly spreading. The distinguished member of the Centre party,

Dr. Gröber, in a speech delivered in the Reichstag, attributes the spread of this plague to the reading of lascivious and obscene books, and to the licentious plays put upon the stage. These sad signs of the times are a fresh vindication of the Catholic University Students' clubs and an additional proof of their absolute necessity.

Prince Alfonso de Bourbon has carried into execution his plan of founding an International Anti-Duelling Society. (See March MESSENGER, p. 298.) He has requested Prince Karl von Löwenstein to win adherents to the society and form one or more committees in the German Empire. A most happy choice. For there is no man in Germany who possesses the veneration and affection of Catholics to the same degree as Prince Karl. He has accepted the trust with the greatest pleasure and has published in the German *Adelsblatt* (the organ of the German nobility), a warm appeal for signatures. He tells the readers of the *Adelsblatt* that he has in a short time obtained 118 signatures, among them sixty-four from members of the nobility. The number, he says, would even now be incomparably greater, if army officers were free, without imperiling their positions, to give public expression to their convictions against duelling.

The German papers report that the Abbot of the Trappist Monastery of Oelenberg, in Alsace, has been or is to be proposed by the German government to the Holy See for the vacant Bishopric of Metz, in Lorraine. Abbot Francis was formerly a Capuchin friar, was expelled from Germany during the Kulturkampf and went to the United States, where he labored for eight years and after his return entered the Trappist order. The right of the Imperial Government to nominate the candidates for the Bishoprics of Alsace and Lorraine is not beyond question. Catholic affairs

in the two provinces are, indeed, regulated by the terms of the Napoleonic concordate, which, however, contains the following clause: "The first Consul shall exercise the rights which the Holy See had granted to the French kings; should the successors of the first Consul not be Catholics, new arrangements will be entered upon." As it can hardly be said that the Imperial Government is Catholic, though there are Catholic princes among them, it seems clear that the Holy See is not bound by the terms of the concordate on this particular point.

THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE GÖRRES-GESELLSCHAFT.

Our editorial in the April MESSENGER, p. 377 seqq., announced the celebration of the Jubilee of the Görresgesellschaft to take place in Whitsuntide week. The meeting, accordingly, was held on May 29, 30 and 31 at Koblenz, in the town, and the very same hall sacred to the memory of the great Görres, wherein twenty-five years ago had stood the cradle of the society. The Holy Father had sent a beautiful letter of congratulation to the Archbishop of Cologne, as honorary President of the Society that bears the name of the illustrious scientist and champion of ecclesiastical liberty, Joseph von Görres. Recalling the foundation, purposes, principles, and achievements of the Society during the quarter of a century of its existence, the Holy Father warmly congratulates them upon the work done, he encourages and spurs them on to unceasing efforts on the same lines and principles, and as an earnest of his good will and affection bestows upon the Society and all its members his Apostolic benediction.

At the first general meeting the eloquent Bishop of Treves, Dr. Korum, delivered one of the stirring addresses for which he is famous. "The Görresgesellschaft," he said in allusion to the an-

cient Greek phalanx, "is the scientific phalanx of the Catholics. It is an inspiring scene to see 3,000 Catholic men banded together for so noble an object. Many of you have sacrificed temporal interests and advancement for this great idea. I recall the words of a converted Jewish Rabbi who upon his death bed said to his wife: 'I have sacrificed everything else, in order that a cross may stand upon my grave.' In the Görresgesellschaft, too, there are many who sacrificed the hope of achieving worldly position that the cross might shine upon their works. May the spirit which first breathed life into your society never cease quickening it. . . .

"We have been hearing for some years with tiresome iteration, that we Catholics are dreadfully behindhand. Permit me to say that I do not in the least believe it. Think for a moment of the sum of truths that the Catholic church daily scatters over the world, from the youngest priest who teaches children their catechism, to our most brilliant writers, in papers, periodicals, books, and you will understand why it is that the world has not yet perished. All this we owe to Catholic science. No, I do not believe that we are inferior, but this I do believe and it should be emphasized: We have been pushed to the rear by our enemies! This also is true, that we have had our churches to build, our priests to support, our orphans to educate, and consequently have had scanty material means for the furtherance of science. But, thanks be to God, those times are past and gone, and henceforth we shall refuse to be pushed aside. . . . And who are they, I pray, who bestow the diploma of science? Are they not our enemies? And what right have they to bestow it? Have we not the same right? . . . Far be it from us to be proud and conceited. That others should tell us that we are inferior, let it pass; but that we ourselves should be always saying *mea culpa!* that I protest against! . . .

I salute you as Catholic men of science. We are not ashamed of the gospel. You, of all men, know how our faith exalts us, what light it sheds upon all human activity, and how, by faith true science is ever advanced and raised higher and higher. We Catholics are striving heavenwards. To the stars! To the stars!"

Professor von Hertling called attention to the essential superiority of the Catholic scientist over others in the clearness and firmness of his principles. In the camp of infidel philosophy it is admitted that confusion and demoralization reign supreme. The Catholic philosopher, on the contrary, stands on solid ground.

At one of the meetings a beautiful portrait of Görres, the work of a distinguished Catholic painter, was presented as a Jubilee gift to President von Hertling. We will close our brief account of the proceedings with a few items taken from the business report. The Society counts twenty-five honorary members, thirty-six life members, 2,944 full members, and over 800 associate members. The income for the first half of the current year reaches 26,000 marks, disbursements 21,500 marks. In the year 1900 the sum of 6,000 marks was expended toward assisting Privat-docents at Universities. A Jubilee gift of 20,000 marks collected among the Catholics of Germany was presented to the Society. The board of governors decided to invest this sum and use the revenue to further the various works identified with or fostered by the Society.

LATEST FROM GERMANY.

The Kulturkampf is still in force. It was believed that the government had given orders to its officials to let the Jesuits alone and of late they had been giving missions in various parts of the Kingdom. But as long as the iniquitous Anti-Jesuit law is not repealed, a fanatical government official can with impunity carry it out in spite of hints from head-

quarters. An article in the Berlin *Germania* tingling with indignation describes the latest outbreak of intolerance. Some Jesuit Missionaries had been invited to the Westphalian town of Lüdinghausen to open a mission on Trinity Sunday. The church was thronged for High Mass at which one of the Missionaries was expected to preach. Instead of the Jesuit the people saw their parish priest mount the pulpit who with tears in his eyes told them that the government had just ordered the forcible closing of the mission. The consternation and grief of the faithful were indescribable. The news spread like wild-fire through the town. And when the Fathers a couple of hours later left the town, they found all the streets decorated with banners and bunting and flowers. An enormous multitude thronged the neighborhood of the parish house, the leading citizens came to the house and in their name Count Droste-Vischering, an old student of the Jesuits, gave expression to the veneration and affection which the whole city felt for the Fathers. A procession was then formed, preceded by sixty little girls dressed in white and carrying flowers, the Fathers were placed in carriages decorated with flowers, and the whole male population singing some of their soul-stirring German hymns, escorted the Missionaries to the railroad station. The ladies of the town had preceded the procession to the station, where also the guilds with their banners were assembled. Never had there been seen such a crowd at this railroad station. The farewell scenes were most touching: men, women and children with tears in their eyes crowded around the departing priests and tried to kiss their hands. And when the train moved off, the air rang with the thundering shouts of the excited multitude. The Catholic people—these are the closing words of the report—the Catholic people will never rest till the Jesuit Fathers are restored to full liberty of action.

The *Germania* recalls the fact that the bill for the repeal of the Anti-Jesuit law has been passed four times already by the Reichstag and still the Bundesrath wraps itself up in silence. The patience of the Catholic people is well-nigh spent. If Socialists or Anarchists were to go to Lüdinghausen to preach their "gospel," or if the agitators of the "Evangelische Bund" were minded to insult the Catholic people of that town, no government official would interfere with them, but the gospel of peace preached by Jesuits is not to be tolerated. The Centre party, concludes the *Germania*, which possesses the full confidence of the Catholic people and is not entangled in alliances with other political parties, would be certain of the enthusiastic approbation of all its electors, if it should make the repeal of the Anti-Jesuit law an essential condition to any friendly coöperation with the government. We ask no favors, we only demand justice!

CHINA.

The missionaries are officially allowed to return to their fields of labor; but in some places, as in Che-li, it is impossible to do so owing to disturbances. The ravages of famine are fearful just now. In Shen-si human flesh, that of the dead mendicants, is being eaten by the starving people. Christians prolong a life of horror by consuming leaves and bark. Girls and young women are sold for a trifle. Ghastly details and trophies of the persecution are coming to light. At a former Christian centre in Shen-si the bodies of twelve young girls were found in a deep well, into which they had been thrown living. One of the late martyrs, Bishop Hamer, was taken prisoner while saying Mass, his hands and feet were cut off, and then he was nailed on a door. The girls and Christian women were taken away and sold to Mahometans. In one place, now totally destroyed, there were 1,000 adopted Christian children. Writing from Peking on the 6th of March,

Father Barnaba of Bologna gives details of the martyrdom of several native priests in July and August. One was impaled, and turned round and round on the stake driven through his body.

The French government, which ruthlessly destroys the religious orders at home, decorates, by the hands of M. Pichon, its representative, Sister Liautier, of the Sisters of Charity, for her heroic devotedness during the siege of Pekin, and her efforts to save 4,000 native Christians.

A WELL-DESERVED HONOR.

Our readers who have followed with interest our notices of Dr. Parsons' historical writings, will be delighted to know that his works have merited the following commendation from Leo XIII: *Dilecto Filio, Reuben Parsons, Presbytero Neo-Eboracensi:*

Dilecte Fili, Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem: Senis voluminibus quæ nuper edita ad Nos misisti duplicem assequutus es laudem, et utramque merito; alteram alacris ingenii magnæque eruditionis, alteram incensi studii ad Catholicum Nomen ab osorum calumniis vindicandum. Mens tibi in operoso labore exantlando ea unice fuit, ut depulsis erroribus ex historia quæsitis, facilius qui dissident ad Catholica Sacra adducantur. Hanc tibi mentem, Dilecte Fili, fortunet Deus! Nihil enim optatius Nobis est quam ut omnes unico Christi ovili, quotquot Ejus Sanguine redempti sunt, contineantur. Quo vero officii gratiam rependamus, Apostolicam, Benedic-

tionem Nostram, tibi caritatis testem, amantissime impertimus.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum die XX Maii, Anno MCMI, Pontificatus Nostri Anno vicesimo quarto.

LEO PP. XIII.

(Translation.)

To our beloved son, Reuben Parsons, Priest of the Archdiocese of New York :

Beloved Son, health and apostolic blessing ! For the six volumes which you have recently published, and which you have sent to Us, you have received two encomiums, both of which you have merited ; one because of your spirited talent and great erudition, the other because of your fervent zeal in defense of the Catholic cause from audacious calumny. In the execution of your laborious design, you have had only one object in view ; namely, such a refutation of historical errors as would impel separatists to enter into the Catholic Fold. May God second your endeavors, Dear Son ! Nothing is nearer to Our heart than the hope that the One Fold of Christ may soon shelter all who have been redeemed by His blood. And now, mindful of the privilege of Our office in your regard, We accord Our Apostolic Blessing to you most lovingly, as a testimony of Our affection for you.

Given at St. Peter's, in Rome, on the twentieth day of May, in the year MCMI, the twenty-fourth year of Our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XIII.



ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN'S ADDRESS AT
SANTA CLARA.

We hope our readers will read the eloquent discourse of His Grace Archbishop Riordan, delivered at Santa Clara on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Jesuit College there. Among other noteworthy utterances, it contained the following :

"The tendency of every school of learning which is not religious is necessarily towards Atheism or Agnosticism. Every question discussed among men, with the exception perhaps of pure mathematics, has a religious side and has its root in theology. All the natural sciences from molecular physics to astronomy force the mind to conclusions which are in conformity, or at variance, with Christianity. They either admit or they deny the existence of a Supreme Personal Being, or relegate Him to the regions of the unknown and unknowable. History and ethics, politics and social economy, history and literature have each a different meaning as they are discussed in the light of Christian principles, or receive their meaning from theories opposed to them. In the present state of knowledge, a non-sectarian school or college is an impossibility, and the influence of the college that eliminates from its course of studies all reference to religious dogmas and neglects to insist on religious practices while, on the one hand, it only partially educates, on the other it perverts or uproots the sources of the spiritual life which is the basis of character. To kill life poisoned food may be given ; the same result can be had by giving no food at all. Hence, Atheism and Agnosticism are creeds as truly as Theism and Dogmatic Christianity. Either can

be taught directly or indirectly ; directly by open and formal inculcation or indirectly by gentle or sarcastic insinuation." For these reasons the Catholic Church has established parochial schools for the children, colleges and academies for her young men and women, and universities for high learning.

Some Literary Items from Germany.

—Under the curious heading of "Poems of a Great Grandmother" the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* (March, 1901), give an account of a volume of poems of 1,400 pages quarto, written by the Princess of Arenberg, and edited by her daughter. The earliest piece of this enormous collection of 579 pieces is dated 1829, the latest 1900! About four-fifths of the poems were written by the authoress between the age of eighty and ninety, when she was nearly blind. Throughout the book breathes a deep religious spirit. The noble authoress reveals herself to us a resolute champion of religion, of supernatural truth and of Catholic convictions. She had become completely blind some years before her death, which occurred last March, at the age of ninety.

Every six years the Theological Faculty of the University of Würzburg has a prize to bestow upon the best and most meritorious religious poem. This prize was given for the first time this year. By unanimous vote of the Faculty the prize was awarded to Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Helle for his great religious epic "Jesus Messias." The author gave forty years of his life to this poem which, as competent critics tell us, is perfect as a work of art and worthy of its sublime theme.

Dr. Fastenrath, a great lover of Spain, where he lived many years, an admirer of its people and its literature, has introduced in his native city of Cologne a charming old Spanish custom called the "flower-games." It consists of a minstrels' contest held in the flowery month of May and the prize winners receive flowers artistically wrought in precious metal. The names of the authors of the poems are not known to the judges and are only proclaimed at the distribution of the prizes. This year the prize for the best *patriotic* poem was won by a man "without a country," the exiled Jesuit Father Guido Maria Dreves. He also won an honorable mention for a poem on "The Rhine." Father Dreves had sent in his poems with the motto: "I'm not a Prussian." He is indeed a native of Hamburg and consequently a Republican. His father, Lebrecht Dreves, was a convert and a distinguished poet. Father Dreves also has made a name for himself by the publication of several volumes of poems. He is known in the learned world by his great collection in twenty volumes of mediæval hymns for which he has ransacked the libraries of all Europe. "The Queen of Flowers" this year was the Infanta Maria de la Paz, wife of Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria.

Last, but not least, we have to chronicle the laurels gathered in Vienna and St. Petersburg by a monk and a friar. The people of Vienna have opened a decent Christian theatre in honor of the Emperor's Golden Jubilee and the director of this theatre has lately brought out the tragedy "Tantalos," written by the Benedictine Father Meinrad Sadil. It proved a very great success and the modest author was compelled to appear before the curtain to bow his thanks to the crowded house amid the tumultuous enthusiasm of the audience. It was refreshing to behold a Catholic priest in the place where usually are to be seen Ghetto-faces.

The friar is the Franciscan Father Hartmann, who travelled all the way from Rome to St. Petersburg to direct the presentation before the court and the aristocracy of his oratorio "Franciscus." This musical event had been placed under the patronage of the Grandduchess Xenia, sister of the emperor, and the proceeds, which amounted to about 17,000 Roubles, were distributed among several charitable institutions of the capital. Father Hartmann returned to Rome covered with honor and glory and has since been appointed director of a school of music in the Eternal City.

Spiritual Letters of the Venerable Libermann. Printed by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. Detroit, Mich. \$1.50. Paper.

This book will be of great interest to the apostles of the negro race but the seminarian is its chief beneficiary. The marvellous thing about these personal revelations is that they are the letters of a Jew. Libermann was the son of a fanatical Alsatian Rabbi. Disgusted with Judaism he imitated his brother Samson, left home and became a Catholic. In a few years we find him at the Sulpitian Seminary preparing for the priesthood, but, broken down in health, he was unable to continue. He must have profoundly impressed those who knew him even then, for he was actually called to be master of novices among the Eudists though he neither belonged to the Congregation nor was he in Holy Orders. This is amazing and almost bewildering under whatever aspect we consider it. Then follow some years of abject poverty, sickness, rebuffs from ecclesiastical authorities, spiritual darkness, all of which contributed to develop an extraordinary sweetness of character, deep humility and boundless trust in God. He finally established the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for the evangelization of the negroes. This relig-

ious body was subsequently united to the Fathers of the Holy Ghost who had a similar object in view.

Apart from the exquisite spirituality of the *Letters*, the *Introduction* brings out a most interesting phase of modern Church history. Libermann's conversion was coincident and connected with the call to the faith of other Jews whose families have since become famous in France; for example, the Mayers who are very likely the same as those who control the *Gaulois*; the Dreyfus—not the family of the Devil's Island lieutenant, however—but rich Parisian bankers; the Ratisbonnes whose conversion especially attracted notice and who, like Libermann, became priests; Drach, Goshler, Jules Level and others. Later on, when at the head of the congregation, Libermann was the guide and counsellor of great men like Rohrbacher, Gousset, Bouix and others who clustered around him. The death-bed conversion of the elder Casimir Perrier is recounted in one of the letters. "I hope to be pardoned," said the dying statesman, "because I never persecuted the Church and I am convinced more than ever that France cannot be governed without religion."

What strikes one most in these sweet, gentle and indulgent letters of Libermann is the absolute elimination of every trace of the Jew. He was completely and thoroughly Catholic. It was a conversion that was almost suddenly wrought by the right hand of the Most High.

The Divine Plan of the Church. By Rev. John MacLaughlin. Benziger Bros. 70 cents.

"Men," says Father MacLaughlin, "resent a lie except in matters of religion. While being especially sensitive on this point in minor matters they are willing to accept the most contradictory statements with regard to the most vital interests of humanity. They even go so far as to ascribe it to broadness of

view." "The existence of two schools of thought in the Church," says the Bishop of Ripon in a Congress of Anglican prelates, "is a wholesome condition of her life." "Better the open sea with its waves and storms," says the Archbishop of York, "than the unruffled lake with its still surface and sickly calm." "To reach the full force of this pregnant utterance," the author of the *Divine Plan* reminds us that "we must take off the glossy cover with which ingenious rhetoric conceals the true state of the case and reveal the bare fact to the naked eye. The drift of this waste of words is that it is better to have a 'bundle of sects' battling fiercely in the same comprehensive communion over sacraments, priesthood, worship, doctrine, than to have that agreement and peace which spring from solid and uniform belief." The author goes on to show the absurdity of supposing that the Eternal Son of God could have become Incarnate for the purpose, as He declared to Pilate, of teaching the truth, and then, in spite of that fact, permit the very opposite of what He taught to be admitted as part of the doctrine of the Church which He founded. The book is an excellent contribution to polemical literature, and delivers a strong blow to that miserable indifferentism in religious matters which is the curse of the present day.

Seven Lectures on Some of the Doctrines of the Church. By the Very Rev. Jas. W. Gordon. R. & T. Washbourne, London.

Was there ever a more modest writer than Father Gordon? Three or four times in his preface he protests that he did not want to publish these lectures, that he was compelled almost in self-defense to put them in print, and yet Bishop Horstman says "these admirable lectures are the best I know." Well all due deference to our beloved and warm-hearted bishop, is not this just a trifle enthusiastic? They are indeed excel-

lent, and if not the very best are really a welcome contribution to polemical literature. They are in reply to the attacks of the Dean of Ripon, and are concerned with the old shopworn Protestant bugaboos of the "Catholic Dislike of the Bible," the "Primacy of Peter," "Infallibility of the Pope," "Saint Worship," "Purgatory, Confession and Indulgences."

Being addressed to Anglicans there is more of the patristic element admitted in the development of the various themes than an American audience usually fancies. Cyprian and Irenæus, and Optatus of Milevis have a historical haziness about them that prevents the cis-atlantic heretic or heathen from being overawed by them. Barring a few high churchmen, the average non-Catholic knows little of the Fathers either ante or post-nicene, and their names and authority inspire no terrors. 'Tis true 'tis pity and pity 'tis 'tis true. Nevertheless, it is good to have them at hand; and this little pamphlet does that service for us.

There is a curious sidelight thrown on the mental attitude of a good number of Englishmen with regard to ecclesiastical authority by this two-penny publication. It appears that Father Gordon was severely taken to task and even called hard names for having given these lectures. "Some have said," he tells us, "that it was a piece of impertinence in me to dare to come forward to answer the Dean of Ripon." Imagine anyone in America being charged with impertinence in answering, let us say, Bishop Potter! The Dean of Ripon has the advantage of being very venerable because of his years, but did not any the less hesitate to come in the open for a fight. Nevertheless, it is a comforting thought that English respect for grey hairs resented his being struck. Would that we had more of that sentiment among us! However, once the old warrior gets into the mêlée he must be prepared to be unhorsed,

and it was an excellent rejoinder of Father Gordon when he reminded his hearers that if he had to hit the venerable Dean, it was only to defend the faith of the men who built Ripon Minster, whose revenues the venerable Dean was enjoying.

Manual of Sacred Rhetoric. By the Rev. Bernard Feeney. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

From far-off Oregon comes a book, which we trust we are not wrong in thinking is among the best that has yet been written on the subject of Sacred Rhetoric. We do not know if St. Joseph's College looks out on the Pacific; but at all events Father Feeney was not gazing seaward, but backward over the continent, on the many men in the ministry, who might have done infinitely better work in the pulpit, if they had had the proper training when young. It would decidedly be a help to religion if every seminarian in the country not only had this manual as a class-book but were made to pass examinations on it. The apostolically ambitious curate might leave it open on his table, and study it with affection, and even the venerable pulpiteer, who fancies he is too old to change his methods, will read it with profit to himself and possibly to his beloved flock.

Father Feeney is a teacher and an excellent one, and, while giving us a treatise which is thoroughly scientific as to the structure of the speech itself, adds other advice, as, for example, for the voice, and the care of it; bodily exercise; the avoidance of injurious habits, etc., all of which is very valuable and timely. Through all the teaching of the book there runs an apparently unconscious undertone of appeal, to make the pulpit more powerful than it is at present by bringing it more in touch with our changed conditions.

Plain Sermons. By the Rev. D. Browne. Benziger Bros. \$1.60.

Possibly *Simple Instructions* would be a better title for this book. Clear and brief expositions of the Creed, the Sacraments and the Commandments, they are plain and straightforward, making no attempt at the eloquence usually looked for in sermons. They will, however, supply excellent matter for the instructions at early Masses. It may be worth noting that the author makes a curious mistake in the book which some of his Jesuit friends might have guarded him against—namely, he frequently quotes Saint Alphonsus Rodriguez while the passages adduced are from *Christian Perfection*. Father Alphonsus Rodriguez is the author of that book but not Saint Alphonsus Rodriguez. The Saint was a Lay Brother who lived at the same time but in another part of Spain.

The Vicar of St. Luke's, by Sibyl Creed. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

The Vicar will find it hard work to get into the good graces of American readers though its language is what Englishmen would regard as Americanesque. Take as an example the opening of Chapter X: "Eloquence, eloquence, in thyself more powerful, more bewitching, than all the other gifts under Heaven given to man, and, therefore, perhaps bestowed by the Divine wisdom most rarely of all; beautiful eloquence, how simply and royally didst thou then enter into possession of thine own." This ecstatic utterance, in the phrasing of which punctuation is made light of, is to prepare us for the hero's remarkable display of oratory when "he brought about temporary oblivion of hostile ideas by merely leaving them alone; and the spiritual atmosphere mellowed and was clarified, while that moving voice of golden tones, pleaded, pleaded; the didactic, the argumentative, the destructive methods he passed by; he spoke as a lover might speak in the cause of his mistress, or like a child

asking for his parent's liberty." And what was he asking for? Candles. Goring was a high churchman who "went in" for altar lights, and "the mighty insinuation of his eloquence worked on at an unaltered height was the simple, subtle Celt's great secret." That's it! He was a deluderin' Irishman, soaring into the empyrean even when his subject was no better than parafine. Any old thing would have answered. Subsequently he was falsely accused by a tailor's daughter in hysterics, who wanted to marry him, and in the trial that ensued "the simple subtle Celt's great secret of eloquence deserted him; a black spot came in his brain" and the Irishman was mute. Evidently the Anglo-Saxon in him predominated. The average Celt would have revelled in the row. Meantime another girl falls in love with him and he with her, and she dies of it. Goring finally fades away into a Jesuit novitiate and disappears. The *Spectator* does not speak disparagingly of the novel. Is the *Spectator* losing its cunning?

An Original Girl. By Christine Faber. P. J. Kennedy, New York.

This is a tangled skein, and no doubt the feminine mind will find delight in its unravelling. Through 767 pages the *Original Girl* exerts her quality of straightforward truthfulness, of which we hope she did not have the monopoly, to the exclusion of others of her sex, on a rigid, hard-hearted, tyrannical and sphinxlike old tyrant of an aunt. That personage had been a charmer in her youth; had devoted herself unsparingly to bring up a younger sister who, after the fashion of younger sisters, has to marry a sea captain. The gay young captain takes to gambling and, like the reckless Indian who puts up his shirt as a stake, risks his ship and loses it at Monaco. There are other frills of bad behavior worked in also. All this congeals the currents of affection in the aunt's once kind heart; makes her write

awfully savage letters to her own discarded lover, and go off and live by herself in a big house by the seaside. The little daughter of the recreant sister is discovered, and is forced into her aunt's household, the aunt knowing the secret which the child does not suspect. Around this situation the plot revolves with politics, domestic scenes, board meetings, social functions, etc. The aunt, who is brought to the verge of death and insanity, is finally softened by the niece, and recovers; the ancient lover, who was instrumental in rescuing the child, reappears, and everybody, of course, gets married.

The story is interesting; there are some dramatic scenes in it, as, for instance, that of the wreck on the beach, which contrives to land Tom who is the hero of the story, sharp on time to die among his friends; for Tom was the rigid old maiden's brother and, by the same token, the *Original Girl's* uncle. The movement throughout is bright and constantly shifting. The "salad idiot" might have been left out, and Sarah's exclamations slightly varied. It is curious how the author would like to "take a shy" at the Land Question, but is afraid; and how she would like to make her characters swear, but stops short. The paternity of one famous bit of profanity is wrongly ascribed to a statesman; it was a railroad man—statesmen never swear. And what does the gentle author mean by "four per cent. on the dollar"? It is another venture near fields she would like to explore. The story is interesting, healthy and points a moral, and the book is well printed and illustrated.

A Seal of Our Lord's Love is rightly named, because it leaves its impress on the heart, a sense of resignation if one happens to be suffering, of calm if one has been dismayed at the prospect of a cross. It is neatly printed in twenty-five pages of less than a hundred words, each paragraph, introduced by orna-

mental initial in red ink, is so short that one can grasp it almost as easily as one of the sentences of the Imitation, and yet, like the same sentences, so full of matter for reflections pleasantly suggested as to make agreeable reading about a painful subject, suffering. Benziger Bros. publish it.

FATHER MAHER'S PSYCHOLOGY.

"George Grote, the chief of the secularist founders of the London University who resigned his seat in its first council because a dissenting minister was appointed Professor of Philosophy in University College, and again, sixteen years later, succeeded in getting Dr. Martineau rejected on the ground that no minister of religion is capable of professing philosophy, would assuredly turn uncomfortable in his grave if he could read the latest printed 'Minutes of the Senate,' of the London University, containing the report of the examiners on Father Maher's 'Psychology,' and the decision by which the doctorate of that University has been conferred upon the writer of the volume. The fact that the very first philosophical work which, solely on its own merits and exclusive of all other tests, was to win for its author the highest philosophical distinction of the University, the D. Lit. in Mental and Moral Science, should be an exposition and a defence of the system of psychology most approved and adopted by the Catholic Church; and that its author himself should be, not merely 'a minister professing any religious creed,' but a priest and a Jesuit, is a striking example of the retribution of history upon narrow anti-religious bigotry. That a Stonyhurst text-book, the most special feature of which is its antagonism to Associationism, should be the first to receive an 'Imprimatur' from the faculty of Mental and Moral Science, formed and nursed with such paternal care by Grote and Mills, is indeed a piece of truly poetic vengeance in its completeness.

That this 'Imprimatur' should come in the form of a distinction awarded but once by the University in the past seven years, and only ten times during the entire century in all branches taken together, makes it all the more welcome from a Catholic point of view.

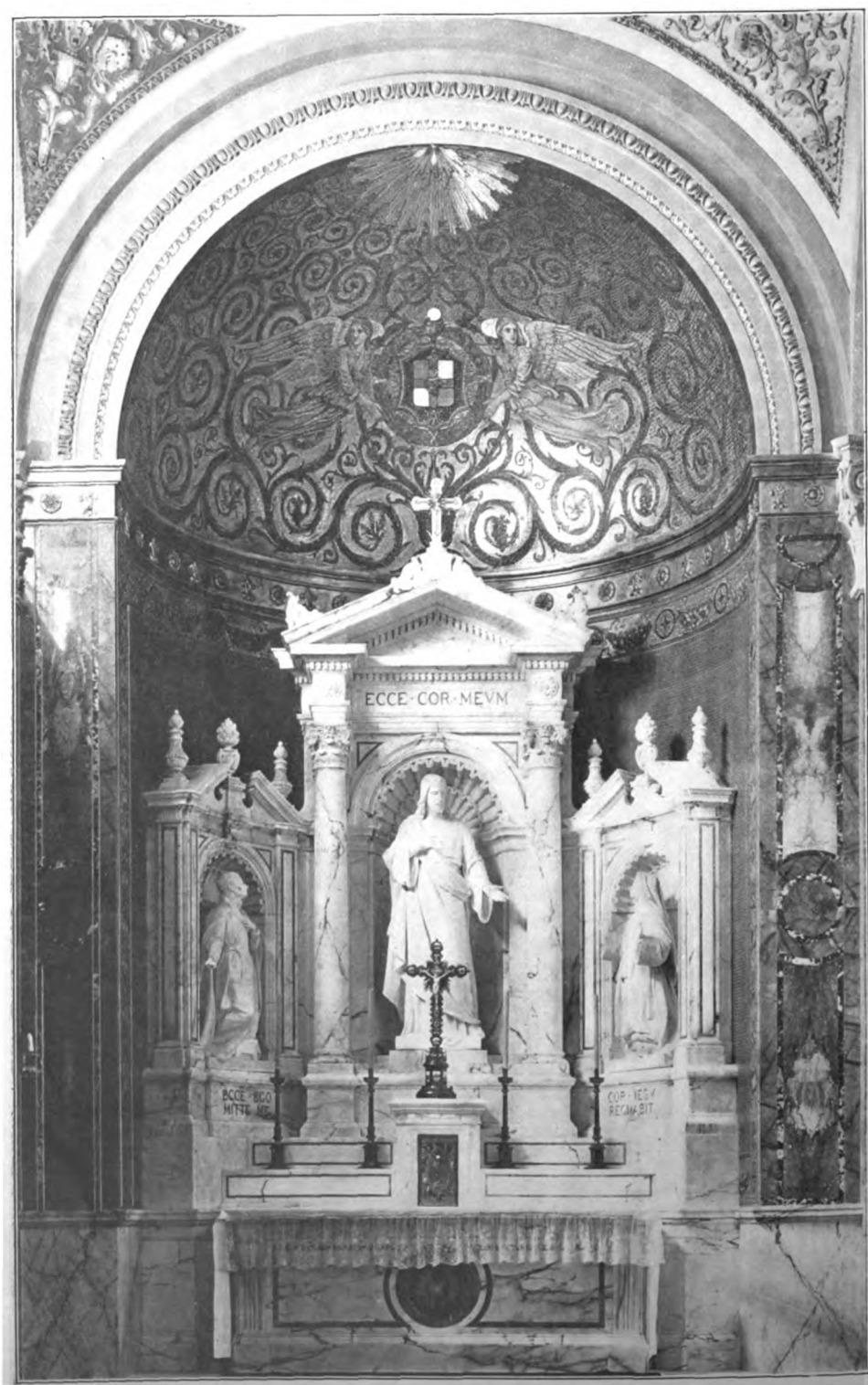
"Here is a passage from Minute No. 1135, which contains the Examiners' report referring to the last D. Lit. examination, the diploma for which is to be conferred on the presentation day next Wednesday. 'The Examiners' report to the Senate that Michael Maher, Stonyhurst College, has passed this examination. The examiners further report that Mr. Maher submitted as thesis, a work entitled 'Psychology, Empirical and Rational,' and that, in consideration of the special excellence of this Thesis, they recommend that the degrees of Doctor of Literature be conferred on him without further examination. The Examiners further report: 'The Thesis is undoubtedly sufficient without any further examination. The work offered, though primarily intended as a Manual, has many other claims to recognition. The writer is a good psychologist and a philosophical thinker of independent judgment. He claims that his work is a contribution to learning in the first instance, and the claim is made good. The references to scholastic writers make the work an addition of value to current English literature on the subject. The criticisms prove the author to be a man of acute power of mind both in his special subject of psychology and in the larger questions of epistemology and metaphysics which the plan of the work includes.

"'Examiners, S. Alexander and G. F. Stout.'" — *The Tablet*.

THE ATHENÆUM AND FATHER TAUNTON.

"It is nevertheless a pity that Mr. Taunton, while aiming apparently at a

comprehensive history of the English Jesuits, should have practically restricted his scope to their political action. 'With their purely domestic affairs,' he writes, 'I have but little to do.' He professes to deal with them 'only so far as they belong to English History.' Yet, in his more sympathetic 'History of the Black Monks of St. Benedict,' Mr. Taunton found it necessary to discuss at length 'the secret of their life, the spring from which they got their strength'; and the general reader who commonly labors under much ignorance concerning the spirit and government of the mysterious society, should at least be enlightened as to the secret of the extraordinary influence which a handful of Jesuits wielded in England. That secret must lie somewhere else than in statecraft. Indeed Mr. Taunton declares that 'Parsons and his followers only achieved a brilliant failure,' while Campion, Southwell, Thomas Garnett, and others 'did better work' and 'were the true heroes of the Society in England.' What sort of a history of the Jesuits then is this which treats with comparative neglect 'the true heroes' who did the better work? If this 'better work' of sacerdotal or literary activity has, in Mr. Taunton's opinion, substantially contributed to the strength or permanence of the Catholic body in this country, it is a result which many Protestants may deplore; but it is nevertheless one which most properly 'belongs to English history.' Mr. Taunton's book should have had another title. It is a history of Jesuit intrigues, Jesuit ambition and Jesuit misdeeds in general from a secular priest's point of view; but even in this respect, it throws no fresh light on historical problems, and is by no means free from inaccuracies of detail, and indeed the graver faults of partisanship."



A NEW SHRINE OF THE SACRED HEART, ST. IGNATIUS' CHURCH, NEW YORK.

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A NEW SHRINE OF THE SACRED HEART, ST. IGNATIUS' CHURCH, NEW YORK.

THE altar of the Sacred Heart just unveiled in the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. and Eighty-fourth St., is, like the High Altar recently described in the press, a fair illustration of modern American ecclesiastical art. The design is of the early Italian Renaissance of the fifteenth century and altogether in keeping with the style of the church, which is scrupulously carried out in all its details.

The altar of the Sacred Heart stands in a semi-circular apse in the southwest corner of the sanctuary. The material is delicately shaded Pavonazzo marble, inlaid with Numidian and Siena marble bands. The front of the altartable has the single mosaic decoration of a heart surrounded by a crown of thorns in rich and varied but by no means realistic coloring. The altar rises about twenty feet to fifteen above the white marble steps and platform. The back of the altar is composed of three niches, the middle one of which is flanked by two finely polished Corinthian columns of exquisite design. These niches are filled with three statues of immaculate white Carrara marble, forming a group of remarkable artistic unity. The middle figure, which is a little more than life size, represents the Saviour in the act of

revealing His Heart to one of His devoted followers, Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, a nun of the Order of the Visitation, asking her to labor for the extension of a devotion to His divine Heart, and assuring her of the triumph of His Heart over the hearts of men. Over the head of the Saviour is carved the inscription: ECCE COR MEUM (Behold my Heart). The statue of our Lord looks to the left and communicates directly with that of Blessed Margaret Mary, which is in a kneeling posture with hands outstretched toward the Saviour, expressing self-devotion and confidence in the triumph of this devotion to the Sacred Heart, despite her own natural inability to propagate it. This confidence is expressed in the words carved beneath the basis of her statue:

COR JESU REGNABIT

(The Heart of Jesus shall triumph.)

In the niche to the right hand of the Saviour kneels the figure of a young Jesuit priest, Père de la Colombière, who was the confessor of the Beata, and whose cause of Beatification has been introduced in the Court of Rome, whence he is called the Venerable Father de la Colombière. By special revelation made to Blessed Margaret Mary, he was called

to be the apostle of the devotion to the Heart of Jesus, and devoted his energies to this work during his all too short but active life. Underneath his statue we read the words of the Prophet Isaias :

ECCE EGO (Here I am)

MITTE ME (Send me)

to express his willingness to go and preach the devotion. The conception is a very happy one, which admits of a highly dramatic presentation, which the artist understood well to utilize. The execution leaves nothing to be desired. There is little doubt the altar of the Sacred Heart in St. Ignatius' Church, like its two predecessors in the same church, will hold a high place in American ecclesiastical art.

What lends a special charm to the altar of the Sacred Heart is its rich and brilliant setting. On either side of the apse extend up to the arch panels of highly polished Siena marble inlaid with strips of reddish African marble. The dome of the apse is richly decorated in gold mosaic. The design is the coat of arms of the League of the Sacred Heart in brilliant colors in the centre, upheld by two angels, and surrounded by wreaths of grapevine and wheat, traced in graceful figures to right and left. That portion of the apse on either side, which is not occupied by the altar, is richly ornamented with festoons of fruits

and flowers on a background of gold mosaic.

The altar is a gift of an Association attached to the church, popularly known as the League of the Sacred Heart. The fact is recorded in a Latin inscription carved on the basis of one of the piers which runs thus :



SS Cordi IESV

Apostolatvs Orationis Sodales

Hanc Aram Posvere

Anno IV Bilari

MCMI.



To the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus
The Associates of the Apostleship of
Prayer

Erected this Altar

In the Jubilee Year

1901.

The cost is estimated at \$12,000, all of which was given in voluntary contributions by the members of the League in less than a year.

The altar was designed by William Schickel. The marble work was done by Messrs. Batterson and Eisele. The statues are the work of Joseph Sibbel. The decoration was done by Messrs. Arnold and Locke. It is all American workmanship.



SAN FRANCISCO DE LA ESPADA.

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR.

By Georgina Pell Curtis.

“**V**ERILY a river went out of Eden to water the garden, and here are provided two: that river was divided into four heads, these by the blessing of God and our Lady Mary shall be divided into many to water this second Eden.”

So says an old writer on San Antonio de Bexar, having in mind the Catholic missionaries who, coming to San Antonio, established their missions on alternate banks of the river that winds through the city, and the out-lying country. But that was nearly two hundred years ago. At the present day the visitor to San Antonio is attracted, as were the good Spanish Fathers, to the two beautiful streams of water which are born in the north from a commingling of clear crystal springs, dancing brooks and deep pools that gradually form into rivers that flow

down into the valley and wind in and out of San Antonio. They run parallel to each other—if anything so crooked as these two bodies of water are can be said to flow in the same direction. The smaller one, San Pedro, is not more than fifteen feet wide. The San Antonio winds in and out of the city taking a constantly turning and twisting course, and is about sixty feet wide. In color it is a clear, milky green, its onward sweep quite swift, and its banks are bordered with beautiful green meadows, and trailing water grass. Here and there it is swept by long, graceful willows that dip into its waters.

Standing on one of its bridges toward evening, while valley and river and hill are kissed by the golden flame of the setting sun, the eye wanders over a scene that breathes forth a mingling of both earthly and heavenly beauty.

Yonder is a long, stone building with quaint dormer windows, sharp spires and projecting balconies. It looks red in the sunset light ; but in reality it is white, which contrasts with the brilliant green of the lawns that slope down to the river's edge.

Around the old-fashioned gardens walk two nuns, followed at a respectful distance by an old gardener. They go in and out among the flower beds, gathering long sprays and stems of the beautiful flowers which are doubtlessly intended to deck the altar on the great festival of Easter that to-morrow ushers in. This is the Ursuline Convent where the sweet-voiced nuns gather in the little ones of the flock. Yonder in the city is the Cathedral of San Fernando, on the western side of the Main Plaza. It has a curious mode with small, narrow windows which you can just see above the high wall which surrounds it. Back of this wall are some long, low buildings and dormitories, once used by the mission priests.

They are Moorish in character and are the only parts left of the original structure. The main part of the Cathedral is new, and was erected in 1868 ; but the interior contains a curious old font and some pictures and other relics of bygone times.

And now our thoughts come back to the vicinity of the bridge on which we have been standing and musing. The soft, southern twilight is gradually enveloping us. We hear the sweet chiming of the Angelus bell from the Cathedral, and then the sound of wheels, as up the road comes a train of the enormous canvas-covered trail wagons, drawn by four mules, that are returning to the country after disposing of their cotton and farm produce. Behind them we presently see first, the shaggy heads and then the strong, wiry legs of two Mexican burros or asses. They are piled high with Mesquite fire wood, whose roots and trunks supply the principal fuel of the city.

It grows to a height of four or five feet and covers the prairie in all directions ; the branches are tough and very thorny. One wonders if the burros are not being pricked by the thorns now ; but perhaps they are thick-skinned like the proverbial rhinoceros. When dry, this wood is very hard and of a rich, dark mahogany color. Many beautiful things can be carved out of it, and find a ready sale.

Carts and burros pass down the road ; and now the sun has sunk in the far-off west, and, as we turn slowly homeward, some one says, "Tell us of San Antonio de Bexar as it was two hundred years ago." So, gathered around a wood fire in the evening, for it is still early spring and the nights are cool, we heard the story of how the dear old Spanish missionaries came to this part of the world and of how they labored and suffered, erecting an enduring memorial to the glory of God and their own ardent faith and prayers, until they, too, passed to their reward beyond the sunset light, leaving the grand old Catholic missions and the beautiful Catholic faith in the hearts of their spiritual children.

San Antonio was first settled in 1689. La Salle had landed on the Texas coast in 1685 and probably some of his followers pushed on to the interior of the country. Of this early settlement and its origin there seems little or no authentic record. Both France and Spain laid claim to the country from the outset, and the right of either seems equally uncertain. Spain had many possessions in New Mexico, and France owned about the whole of Louisiana. Between these countries lay Texas, an enormous stretch of unexplored and unsettled country, but which Spain called a part of her province named the "New Philippines." France claimed that La Salle had sailed the shores of Texas westward from Corpus Christi ; had explored bays and rivers and given them

names; had built Fort St. Louis in 1685, and that a young Frenchman, Lord Huchereau St. Denis, in 1714, had covered the whole country from Natchitoches to the Rio Grande, leaving a settlement at the former place.

On the other hand, Spain declared that, in 1494, Pope Alexander VI had granted her the whole of the country west of a meridian that lay three hundred and seventy miles west of the Azores, and that DeAyllon, De Narvaez,

and missions of which a garrison or Presidio on the west bank of the San Pedro river, about three-fourths of a mile from the present main Plaza in San Antonio, formed one.

This mission was called San Antonio de Valero (the Valero after the Viceroy of New Mexico). In May, 1718, some Franciscan fathers from the college of Querétaro founded a mission under the protection of the Presidio, giving their new mission the same name,



BRIDGE OVER SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

De Leon and De Soto, between 1512 and 1538 had covered the seas from Cape Florida to Cape Catorce, and finally that Phillip II had denounced any foreigner who should presume to enter the Gulf of Mexico or occupy any lands that bordered on it. In 1715 Spain took matters into her own hands by sending Don Domingo Ramon with a company of soldiers and some Franciscan friars from Mexico to Texas.

Ramon founded a number of forts

San Antonio de Valero. The original foundation of this latter mission was on the Rio Grande in 1703. In 1722 both missions were removed to what is now called the Military Plaza, and on May 8, 1744, the foundation-stone of the present Church of the Alamo was laid.

Pope Alexander had deeded the country to Spain on the one condition that she should Christianize the natives. Hence the earliest record of the city deals exclusively with the missions and

their history. The work was truly a labor of love. Father Marest said, in 1712, that the task of converting an Indian was "a miracle of the Lord's mercy," and that it was "necessary first to transform them into men, and afterward to labor to make them Christians." Nine friars of the College of Santa Cruz of Querétaro and of Our Lady of Guadalupe de Zacatecas, with Father Antonio Margil de Jesus as Superior, established six missions in the northern part of Texas in 1716, and a few years later three of these missions were transferred to the sites they now occupy on the San Antonio river, viz.: Our Lady de la Concepcion, San Juan Capistrano and San Francisco de la Espada.

Hence it will be seen that while the missions were all Spanish and the work all done by Franciscan friars, they came to San Antonio at different times and in different ways, working, however, in perfect harmony for the salvation of souls. Too much cannot be said of what San Antonio owes to the wisdom and foresight of these men in choosing the location they did.

In fancy we can picture them traveling over the vast prairies, finding little water and less shade, until their wanderings brought them to the head of what is now the San Antonio river. At last they had found water and shade in abundance, and the grateful fathers rested awhile and decided that here was the place to establish their mission; so they set to work to plan and build. They were wonderful men, these old missionaries, who established the Gospel in different parts of the New World. To say Mass, baptize and marry the natives, instruct them in the truths of religion and bury them when they died, was only a part of their work. Frequently they also filled the rôle of lawyer, bricklayer, stone-mason, wood carver, artist, historian and doctor to the missions. The ruins of these buildings show remarkable skill in planning,

building, carving and painting; and all this work was done in the face of the greatest difficulties, hundreds of miles from civilization and without any modern appliances for making labor easy. But in time, all four missions were built. Besides the Alamo, they are the Mission Concepcion, dating from 1731; the San José, erected in 1720; the San Juan, in 1731, and the San Francisco de la Espada, also in 1731.

Originally the Church of the Alamo retained its name of San Antonio de Valero, but it was built in a large grove of Alamo trees. These trees, a species of poplar, are very common in Texas, and grow chiefly on the banks of rivers and streams. The wood makes fine timber, while the foliage grows very thick and high and forms a favorite roosting place for wild turkeys. The name Alamo means cotton-wood, and, in time, the Church was simply known as the Alamo.

It stands on the east side of what is now the Alamo Plaza, and about midway between the two rivers. The original mission was like a garrison. The church, built in a form of a cross, was nearly surrounded by buildings used as dormitories, storehouses and granaries. There were also a prison and a stockade or strong wall; besides this, inside the walls was a large convent yard and two irrigation ditches or *acequias* which supplied water to the inmates. These *acequias* are found in all the missions, showing how careful the fathers were to foresee and provide for a siege, and not depend only on the river for their water-supply. The convent yard was about one hundred feet square, and the general length of the building about 191 feet. The church had a beautiful carved façade with graceful twisted columns on each side of the door. Square towers rose from either end of this façade. The upper parts of these towers were used as beltries, and the lower floors contained the baptismal and vestry rooms. The roof was arched with an enormous



CATHEDRAL OF SAN FERNANDO.

dome over the main altar, and entrance to the convent buildings was through the choir. The interior of the church still contains some fine pillars which helped to support the high vaulted ceiling.

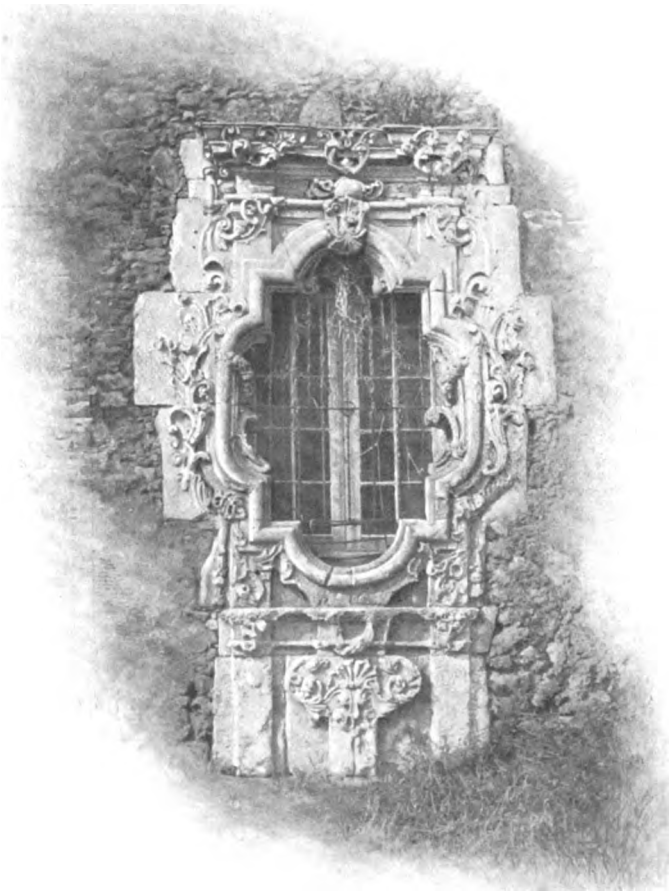
For nearly a hundred years this church stood in its beauty and strength, the scene of constant and active life, while the population of San Antonio grew and spread around it. The thick, massive walls were regarded as the safest refuge the country near by afforded in case of an attack. In May, 1723, the King of Spain ordered four hundred families in the Canary Islands to emigrate to Texas. A portion of these *emigrés* reached San Antonio and, settling near by, formed the town of San Fernando. The two settlements and their missions were later consolidated into one city.

It would be impossible in this article to follow the interesting history of the mission, step by step, or of the labors of the padres among their Indian converts, and Mexican and European *emi-*

grés; nor can we fully outline the history of San Antonio in its effort to drive out the hostile French and Mexicans. Texas has lived under eight different flags, and it was not until 1836 that there was fought in the Alamo the final and decisive battle which routed General Santa Anna, and which later, 1845, enabled Texas to be enrolled in the Union.

In October, 1834, a meeting was held by the people of San Antonio when the unanimous resolve was passed "to take Bexar and drive the Mexican soldiery out of Texas." A thousand valiant Texans under Gen. Austin camped around the Mission Concepcion, while in the City General Cos with his army took hasty measures to fortify against the foe. Then the storming of Bexar began which ended in victory for the Texans and the surrender of Cos and his army.

But peace was short-lived. The troops had foolishly been withdrawn, and the city left badly protected, so that



BAPTISTERY WINDOW, SAN JOSE.

it was not surprising that, on February 23, 1836, Santa Anna again appeared at the head of an army of four thousand disciplined men, and there followed the most desperate fight in the history of Texas. Inch by inch the Texans disputed the way until at last a little band of about one hundred and eighty men retired to the Alamo and barricaded the gates.

"Victory or death!" said the brave Texans, and death it was to every one of them.

and he was soon driven out again and his power broken. The Church was almost in ruins—both towers gone and the roof nearly carried away. It was repaired and for some time used as a U. S. Quartermaster's depot. Strong objections were raised by the Catholic authorities against the Church itself being used for secular purposes, and about this time arose a controversy as to who rightly owned the property, both the city and the religious authorities claiming it. Bishop Odin, of Texas, later

The heroes of the Alamo were Colonel Travis, James Bowie and David Crockett. Again and again Santa Anna stormed the building, but the fathers had built better than they knew, and it was not until the 6th of March that the Mexicans succeeded in scaling the walls, for break them down they could not. One by one the brave defenders in the Church were slain, Bowie, the last to die, being bayoneted as he lay on his cot, mortally ill, and likely to die anyway. Santa Anna's victory was short-lived

proved the Church's title to the property. The building stands at the present day subject to many repairs, and with much of the original structure gone, but still an object of deepest interest, its grey walls embodying the whole history of San Antonio's past, both spiritual and temporal, and forming the preface, as it were, to the four missions that lie outside the city.

Of these four missions the Concepcion is called the "first," meaning, not first in point of time, but in distance from the city.

It stands two and a quarter miles from the heart of San Antonio on the left-hand side of the road and on the east bank of the river. This mission as well as San Juan, and Francisco de la Espada, date their erection from 1716.

By this is not meant that they were built, but only that the foundation of the mission was in that year. Very likely for a long time rude wooden structures did temporary duty as churches, and it was not until March 5, 1731, that the present beautiful stone building

was begun. It was dedicated to *Nostra Señora de la Concepcion Purissima de Acuña* (the Acuña in honor of the Marquess Casa de Fuerte, Viceroy of Mexico, at the time the Mission was founded). The edifice was not finished until 1752, so it took nearly twenty-one years in the building. Like the Alamo, it was designed for worship, for Conventual purposes, and for defence; like the Alamo, also, it is in the form of a cross, only its towers and beautiful Moorish dome still remain



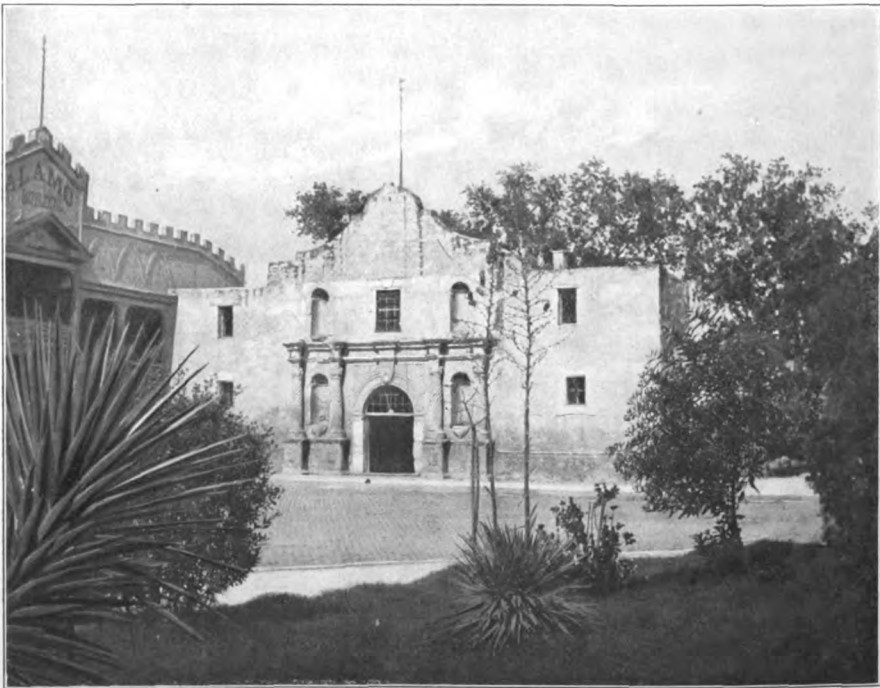
MAIN ENTRANCE, SAN JOSE.

intact. It is the best preserved of all the missions, and its grey walls and towers rising out of the dark foliage surrounding it and outlined against the deep blue southern sky, make a beautiful symphony of subdued and harmonious coloring—to say nothing of the romance that attaches to it. The front gateway is particularly beautiful. The façade is not an arch but a triangle, and the arch of the doorway is what might be called a divided polygon. In the centre of the arch is a shield with

Francis. On the top of the façade is a stone with the date 1794, and just below is a shield with the letters

M
AVE

There are two little stained-glass windows on each side of the upper part of the façade, the only colored windows in all the missions. Originally the whole front of the wall was frescoed with red and blue quatrefoil crosses, of different design, and with large yellow and orange squares to look like colored



THE ALAMO.

arms and devices, and on the portal façade are carved relief pillars, decorated on the sides with carved lozenges. Outlined at intervals on the portal façade are crosses and scrolls, and over the archway is outlined a device, meaning, in English, "With these arms be mindful of the Mission's Patroness and Princess, and defend the state of her purity."

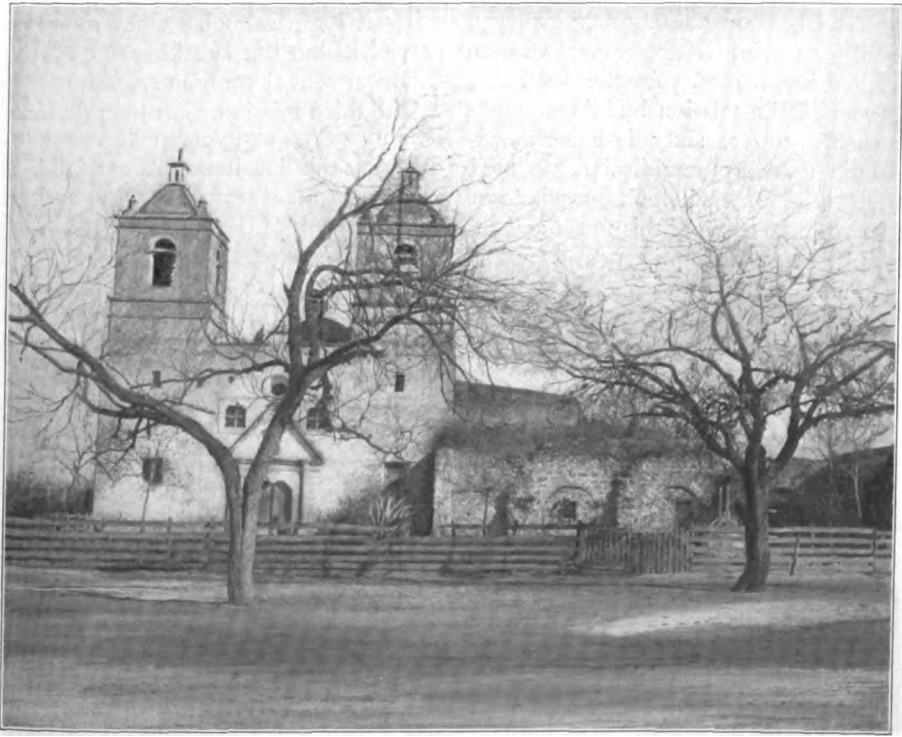
Above this, carved in the stone, is the flagellum, or knotted scourge of St.

stones. This frescoing is fast being obliterated, and was probably done to please the Indian love of color. The roofs of the towers are pyramidal, and just below are four look-out windows in the form of plain Roman arches. The wall of the central dome, and the side walls of the church are capped by wide stone serrations in the Moorish style. Inside the building, the vestry is in one tower and the baptistery in the other. The latter is quite dark, there being no

window, and the walls are frescoed, on one side a crucifixion, and on the other a Mater Dolorosa. A semi-circular font is on the south wall, the carving crude, but very artistic. The interior of the church is of stone with massive arches and without any windows, all the light coming from the dome, under which is the high altar. There are smaller altars in each transept, and Mass is still said here at stated periods for the Mexicans and farmers of the

headquarters of Father Pedro Ramirez, the superior of all the missions. At the present day the mission is in charge of an old German and his wife who show the place with much pride. The German makes very good wine from the fine grapes that grow in profusion over the cloisters.

Most beautiful of all the missions is San José de Aguayo, so called for St. Joseph and the Marquis San Miguel de Aguayo, governor of Texas in 1720. It



MISSION CONCEPCION.

surrounding country. The floor of the church is simply of mother earth, and there are some rough wooden benches in the nave. Outside there is the remains of a garden—all that is left of the original hundred acres that formed the mission lands. The ruins of a cloister still remain, and a quaint outside staircase runs up the back of the building, and was used by the friars to gain access to the sacristy. The Concepcion was the

was the first of the four churches to be finished, and stands about four miles from the city, being frequently spoken of as the second mission. It is more of a wreck than any of the others, only the front and side walls remaining; but it is the most graceful of all and has a charming arcade with open arches and the most exquisitely beautiful carving on the façade at the main entrance to the church, as well as on the doorway,

window and pillar capitals of the baptistery. The south window of the baptistery is considered one of the finest pieces of carving in this country. Delicate figures of virgins and saints, fair little heads of cherubs, and finely carved flower and leaf, with many conventual designs, delight the eye.

The building is partly Moorish and partly Renaissance. Originally it had as many ramifications as the Alamo and Concepcion, besides a large square where the Indian converts lived.

Near the main gateway is the granary, built with flying buttresses and with an arched stone roof. At the southwest corner of the mission buildings stands a belfry tower, sixty feet high, surmounted by a pyramidal stone roof, and with four small look-out windows. Between the angle of this tower and the south wall of the baptistery is a curious round tower built with solid wooden steps leading to the second story of the belfry tower. Above this are some odd stairs made of solid tree trunks, notched with an axe to form the steps.

These stairs lead to the look-out tower where a magnificent view of the surrounding country is to be had. Probably the Fathers used it to apprise themselves of the approach of hostile Indians or Mexicans. Leading to the baptistery from the cloisters are the remains of some beautifully carved double cedar doors, and one is filled with indignation on finding that not age but relic hunters have mutilated them. The same thing is noticed in other parts of the mission, where carvings have been chipped off. It is not the Texan or the Mexican who has done this, but visitors who ought to know better.

In this baptistery Mass is still said, and many little votive offerings, even including pieces of patchwork, are placed there by the simple Mexican women.

Two ancient Spanish pictures hang on either side of the altar, one a flight into Egypt, the other supposed to be a scene from the life of St. Joseph.

The beautiful carved stone figures on the façade are St. Joseph, the Blessed Virgin, St. Benedict, St. Augustine and St. Francis. Like the Concepcion the stone was frescoed in red, blue and yellow; but it is almost obliterated by time, wind and storm, and what is left is probably more artistic in appearance than the original coloring.

In 1859 some Fathers from the Benedictine Abbey of St. Vincent, in Pittsburgh, Pa., arrived at the Mission San Jose with the idea of restoring it, and using it for a school. They rebuilt a part of it, but the breaking out of the Civil war sent them home again.

The third mission, San Juan de Capistrano, occupies a very picturesque locality by the San Juan ford and bridge, about six miles from the city, and on the east bank of the river.

The Church was named in honor of Santa Giovanni di Capistrano, a friar of the Franciscan order, who was born in the town of Capistrano in the Abruzzi, in 1386.

The mission was built in 1731 and is more plain and simple in design than the others, and with fewer architectural features. The church is very old-fashioned in design, consisting of four square walls and a tower, the latter being a continuation of the east wall, with open arches where bells must once have hung. The roof of the chapel is gone except for one small room at the south end which has an adobe wall and is used as a sacristy, vestry and store-room for the few relics left of the mission furniture. The interior walls of the chapel are decorated with crude frescoes which are almost washed away by rain and weather. One can make out an Indian figure, a Roman arch and some Moorish conventual designs. Over the doorway the Roman arch is elaborately painted in red and orange in zigzag stripes, with square blocks of color. The pillars supporting the arch are twelve feet high; above these decorations are a series of figures of mu-

sicians performing on different instruments. One is a mandolín player ; on one side of him is a violinist and on the other is a figure with a guitar. The two others hold, one a viol and the other a harp, and the whole fresco is extremely curious.

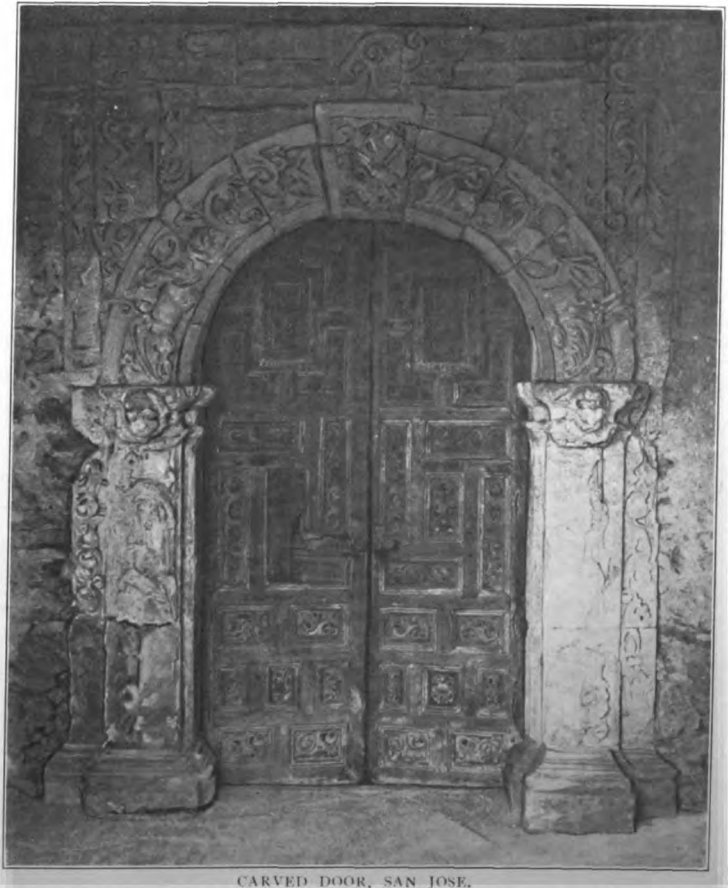
The colors are in black, red, orange and green, and one notices that the musical instruments are much more distinct and better preserved than the figures of the players.

Here and there on the walls are designs of flower-pots with a cross on a painted pedestal. Modern critics think these frescoes were added some time after the building of the mission and that they were allowed to gratify the Indian love of brilliant color.

Traces remain in this mission of the extensive barracks that the Fathers erected for many of their Indian converts and where they were allowed to live. A long residence on the mission lands was supposed to give them some title of ownership, for there is a record in San Antonio that, in 1826, Bartava de las Santos Lopez, conveyed three rooms in the Mission San Juan to the province of Texas for the sum of thirty-four dollars.

Ten miles

from the city and on the west bank of the river is the fourth and last of the famous missions—San Francisco de la Espada—dedicated to the great Franciscan founder. About the de la Espada there is some uncertainty. Tradition says it was so called because the old tower of the chapel was in the form of a sword-hilt, and that imagination supplied the missing blade; others say it refers to the vocation of St. Francis who, after a serious illness in his youth, was uncertain whether he was called upon to be a soldier or a priest. The front wall of the church is not unlike San Juan, with the addition of a small round tower at one end of the square which was evidently used as a place of defence and for firing on the foe. It is in excellent preservation.



CARVED DOOR, SAN JOSE.

The entrance door of the chapel is Moorish and recalls the beautiful arched doors of the Alhambra.

Opposite the convent wall is the well that was never forgotten in the building of the missions. A few Mexican families still live here in poor little huts and Mass is sometimes said in the chapel.

The old bells are still in the towers and are said to have been cast by the Fathers themselves. There are also some fine pieces of wrought-iron work in the chapel, undoubtedly done by the

same hands. One stops to wonder if there was anything these priests could not do and the wonder grows in thinking of the stout hearts and deep faith of these men ; of how they labored and suffered and overcame difficulties almost insurmountable. Time may destroy the work of their hands but there will still remain the broad rolling hills, smiling valleys and fair rivers of this enchanting country which they loved so well. What is mortal of them is now mingled with its dust.

THE DELUSION OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

By the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J.

MRS. Eddy is one of the great figures of the times. She is a notable addition to the white man's burden, especially of those white men who bend their necks to her yoke or who are puzzled by this new religious delusion. Her followers are growing apace, in numbers at least. "To-day," she says, "there is hardly a city, village or hamlet in which are not to be found living witnesses and monuments to the virtue and power of the Truth ; and during the seven years in which I presided over the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Boston, four thousand students were trained in the teaching of the new gospel." In her last pronouncement she claims 21,631 "communicants," 2,496 of whom have been added since last November.

Her adorers call her "Mother," referring no doubt to her maternal solicitude for their spiritual welfare, but chiefly because she has put upon the world a religious phantasy which she has called "Christian Science," a title which is quite misleading in its conception, for it certainly is not Science, and cannot, by any possible straining of the terms, be regarded as Christian.

Science, to be worthy of the name, must be based on plain uncontrovertible and unassailable truth. The revelation which Mrs. Eddy pretends to have received from God is not such, even if we have her word for it and, with all due respect to her, that is a good reason for doubting it. "The search may have been calm, buoyant with hope, not selfish or depressing," but a multitude of causes may have produced those delightful sensations. A declaration that is open to the suspicion of vanity, or possibly of pecuniary profit, can, with difficulty, enforce conviction. The reasons adduced are not acceptable or even intelligible to the average intellect, and the "experiments" or cures alleged in corroboration, are testified to by herself or others who are interested in the scheme, while the failures, which she says nothing of, have brought her adherents into the courts for inhumanity or mental aberration. However, as many modern sciences wobble as badly in some of these respects as Mrs. Eddy's, that may have encouraged her in so describing her illusion.

Science supposes a coherent system ; a rightly ordered method by which we may proceed from truth to truth to the

acquisition of the complete body of knowledge which the science in question professes to impart. This is especially to be looked for in days when evolution with its progression holds its sceptre over all investigators. But the book called *Science and Health*, which is her gospel, and a thorough acquaintance with which is declared essential for her followers, is the most indescribable jumble of unconnected untruths that ever a distracted printer put on his forms, or that an unfortunate enquirer was forced to examine. In fact, she very frankly informs us that we cannot hope to understand it by mere perusal. That must come from study; and modern Samaritan that she is, she picks us up when half dead and stripped of our intellectuals, and sets us on the road with copious marginal notes to help us out.

Here are specimens from the captions of a couple of her pages taken at random: "Odor and Catalepsy; Mathematics and Logic; Truth by Inversion; Divinity Childless; Thought Forms; Reptilian Demand." Alas! they do not allure or illuminate; and we more than agree with the prophetess. We cannot grasp even the marginal admonitions, much less wade through the indescribable chaos of the rest of the book, for which, no doubt, we should be grateful. We have attempted it once; have escaped alive and will never try it again.

Such things as the following meet us at every step: "Divine metaphysics as revealed to my understanding show me that all is mind and mind is God." ("Nothing that we can say about matter is true." "Electricity is not a vital fluid, but the least material form of illusive consciousness—a material mindlessness." "The theoretical mind is matter, named brain, or material consciousness." "Faith is higher and more spiritual than belief." "Let us remember that the harmonious and immortal man existed forever." "Gender is a

quality, a characteristic of mind, not matter." "The saying of the Master 'I and the Father are one' separated him from the scholastic theology of the rabbis." "As reflecting God, man cannot lose his individuality, but as a material sensation, as a dream of soul in the body, man does lose his individuality." "The supposition that corporeal beings are spirits is a mistake. So-called spirits are but corporeal communicators." "If Spirit or God communed with mortals through electricity, this would destroy divine order and the Science of the Omnipotent mind." "The earth's orbit and the imaginary line called the equator are not substance." "The Master said plainly that physique was not spirit." "Man is the idea of divine Principle, not physique. He is the compound idea of God including all right ideas; the generic term for all that reflects God's image; the conscious identity of Being, &c." "Identity is the reflection of Spirit in multifarious forms of the living Principle." "Nerves are part of a belief that there is sensation in matter."

Absurdities of this description are scattered with a generous hand through 600 pages.

As regards a discoverable sequence of ideas, or an orderly well-arranged development or growth of her variegated phantasies into anything like a system which could claim even remotely to be classified in the category of science, there is not the slightest vestige, or anything suggestive of an attempt at it. It is a perfect rag-bag of shreds and remnants, of fancies, platitudes, half truths, gross errors and extravagantly pietistic sentiments, to which her imagination and that of her followers have given every conceivable color and form, and to which they have attached spiritual and cabalistic significations.

As her writings are unquestionably most unscientific (not to describe them more harshly and perhaps more correctly) they are also abominably un-

christian. Mrs. Eddy, like her great fellow countrywoman, has gone forth with an axe, and there is not a portion of the ancient fabric of her New England Puritanical creed that she has not reduced to splinters. The existence of God, the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, prayer, fasting, hell, judgment, the Ten Commandments (except inasmuch as they are made to forbid tobacco and alcohol) humility, mercy, humanity and all the laws of common sense, lie in ruin around while she smiles on the wreck and holds up her bantling of Science to the world and dubs it Christian.

"Who," she says, speaking of the fundamental Christian dogma, "can conceive either of three persons as one person, or of three infinities in one infinity?" No, good dame, no one can; but that is not the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, although, no doubt, you state it to your satisfaction and fancy you are imparting light to your disciples.

"There is a dual personality in Christ," she informs us, "the unseen and the seen, the spiritual and material, the Christ and Jesus." Old Nestorius, centuries ago, would have welcomed her among his followers even if some flounces are added to his error. "Christ is eternal," she says, "Jesus is mortal," and in another place "Christ is the Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

According to her, there is no such thing as sin. It is all a dream; and you have only to will it to be rid of it as well as all of its ugly consequences in the way of sorrow and penance. "Fasting is a senseless belief"; "Christ never fasted." "Prayer is unnecessary as the All has already decreed what is good for us." "A mere request that God will heal the sick has no power to gain more of the divine presence than is always at hand," and her gloss on the Our Father, while being a curious bit of conceit, reveals the fact that she regards that form of supplication merely as a statement and not a petition. Thus:

Our Father which art in heaven;

Our Father-Mother God, all harmonious.

The "Father-Mother God" is delicious, for one who protests so fiercely against the anthropomorphic.

Hallowed be Thy name;

Adorable One,

Thy Kingdom come;

Thy Kingdom is come.

Thus she proceeds; never asking, never entreating, but affirming that the things which Christ bade us ask for, *are*.

What we have noted are only a few of her scandalous travesties of Christian doctrine. Her treatment of Holy Scripture, if we may be permitted, at the risk of levity, to illustrate it, is like that of the old preacher whose wrath was aroused against the top-knot habit common long ago in our grandfathers' days. When he found a text suited to his state of mind, he thundered from his pulpit, "Top-knot, come down." He was perverting for his purpose the well-known passage: "Let him who is on the housetop, not come down." Now this female hierophant treats Holy Scripture in precisely the same scandalous fashion. Thus, for example, to bolster up her nonsense about *mortal mind*, she says: "According to the Scripture, I find that God is true and every *mortal mind* a liar," while the text is "every *man* is a liar." She inserts her word mortal and adds mind to it, for the sake of her theory about the wickedness of mortal as against the spiritual mind. In the same blasphemous and frivolous fashion she wants to prove that atonement means making ourselves one with God and she accordingly hyphenates it into "*at-one-ment*." The word "Adam," she informs us, "is from the Hebrew Adamah, signifying the red color of the ground, dust" (elsewhere she calls him red sandstone). "Divide now the name Adam into two syllables," she says, "and it reads *a-dam*, or obstruction. This suggests the thought of something fluid, of mortal

mind in solution, of the darkness which seemed to appear when darkness was on the face of the deep, and matter stood opposed to spirit as that which was accursed." The conviction is forced on us by this and other things that this old lady, even if she be at the head of a sect, is an irreverent joker, or a most intolerable scoffer. The wonder is that when she made Adam "red sandstone" she did not find the modern designation which sometimes describes him as a brick.

After all it is merely another way of the spirit of evil to destroy what respect remains for the Scriptures, and another proof that her creed is not what it calls itself. Its blasphemy is not Christian, and its inanity is not science. "The First Commandment," she says in one place, "is my favorite text." Oh, dear! And then she preens herself to sit upon it in her usual fashion! For the illumination of her followers she devotes a hundred pages for other favorite texts which she deceptively entitles "A Key to the Scriptures," and then hangs it as a tailpiece to her Christian Science.

Her dominant idea is, as we all know, to eliminate disease from the world, not by drugs, for they are material and are consequently evil, but by the conviction elaborated by the large *m* mind, viz.: that there is no such thing as sickness. "Sickness is a dream, a delusion, an error." Christ's main or only purpose, according to her, was the healing of diseases without medicine. He was the first Christian Scientist, and his apostles were *students*. This last conclusion she works out philologically from the word "disciple." Like the Master, the Students practiced the Science but their successors lost the art. Mrs. Eddy, at this late day, found it out. "No human pen or tongue taught me the science contained in this book." "When apparently near the confines of mortal existence," she is good enough to inform us, "standing already within the shadow of the death-

valley, I learned these truths in Divine Science, that all real Being is in the Divine Mind and Idea; that Life, Truth and Love are all powerful and ever present; that the opposite of Truth, viz.: error, sin, sickness, disease, death, is the false testimony of the false material sense; that this false sense evolves in belief, a subjective state of mortal mind, which the same mind calls matter, thereby shutting out the true sense of Spirit. I won my way to absolute conclusions through divine revelation, reason and experiments."

But the question of her Christianity is put out of court absolutely by the bald fact of her being unquestionably an out-and-out pantheist, which, to her, is a most appalling appellation. Indeed, with fine feminine frenzy she shrieks that she is not to be so described.

"Pantheism is a belief in the intelligence of matter" she says, "but the Christian Scientist does not admit matter, and, therefore, cannot be a pantheist." This, by the way, is a specimen of her "science." "But, oh!" she proceeds, "when will the ages understand the Ego, and see only One God, One Mind or Intelligence? In Science it can never be said that one has a mind of his own distinct from God the All Mind." The dear old lady! Is she really having some fun and humbugging the world, or is she humbugging herself? In a hundred different fashions she is so extravagantly pantheistic that she out-Hegels Hegel himself in her advocacy of it and the grim old German wag must look up from his abode in Orcus and envy her the grip she has on a *το εγώ* quite her own. His was a mere babe to it. Listen to it. It is on the fly leaf of her great Apocalypse:

I, I, I, I myself, I,

The inside and outside, the what and the why;

The when and the where, the low, and the high,

All I, I, I, I myself, I.

She modestly disavows the authorship of this label; but, as in virtue of her system everyone else is contained in the I, it may as well be ascribed to her as to any other pantheistic poetaster.

She says indeed "Man is not God, the Ego." But she continues, "Like the ray of light that cometh from the sun, man is the outcome of God." This is pantheism. To say that "All is Mind, and Mind is God" is pantheism; "Soul is God, unchangeable, eternal, and man coexists with and reflects soul" is pantheism; "Spirit cannot believe in God for spirit is God," while it contradicts Christ Who insists upon belief, is pantheism; and, finally, to assert: "In Science it can never be said of a mortal that he has a mind of his own distinct from God" is the flattest kind of pantheistic error. Such statements are met with at every step. Evidently the writer does not know the very meaning of the words she uses.

The only difference between Hegel and this modern maid or matron of the mist is that from his *I*, he evolves the whole world material and spiritual alike. His is a simple method, but she applies another force, and while her Mind with a large *m* is already the "All," her mortal mind with two small *m*'s (which, as far as a good-natured man can make out, is the sentient principle of the body) evolves "tumors, ulcers, inflammation, deformed spines," and the rest of the world, including, no doubt, this book. It does not give them any reality, but it only erroneously imagines them to exist. They are "dreams, shadows, dark images of mortal thoughts which will ultimately flee before the light of the Mind," with the large *m*.

She is a skeptic, of course, besides being a pantheist, deep in all the slough of Idealism and, worst of all, she is a Manichean. She has debarred God from creating the material world. The material world is evil. The *mortal mind* which is bad, created or imagined that. Perhaps all this is modern Chris-

tianity, but it is not the Christianity of Christ.

As regards the cures that are said to be wrought by this sect it may be said, in general, that there is nothing in religion that appeals so strongly to our lower nature as the claim of supernatural or quasi-supernatural powers for healing disease. The grossest and most degraded forms of worship, like negro fetichism and voodooism, attract throngs to their foul rites by a similar pretense. Thus, a few years ago, the mad Prophet in Jamaica had thousands of excited blacks bathing in the filthy waters of a once clear creek in the hope of a cure for their disgusting maladies. We commend this thought to "the titled earl and the most cultivated and intellectual circles of Boston" who flock around Mrs. Eddy. A religion whose chief object is the cure of bodily ailments is not, to say the least, an intellectual creed. Those whom it appeals to most are the ignorant and the savage. The voluptuous Herod wished for a sign; and so did the mob of deicides at the foot of the cross.

It appears, and on very credible authority, that a certain number of Catholics have been affiliated to this new sect and accept its doctrines. While regretting it, we fear that such is the case, for there is a set among us (small we trust) who are eager to be in touch with the latest movement, and to be able to discuss knowingly with their fashionable and worldly and irreligious associates the newest fad of science and religion, so as to display their intellectual prowess and the broadness of their religious views. Thus Theosophy and Occultism and Buddhism captured a few, and they would probably discuss Mahometanism or any other subject that came up. They must be allowed to flutter a while, we suppose. They are not amenable to reason, but are nevertheless gravely accountable to Almighty God. Holy things cannot be thus trifled with even by light minds.

But there may be others who assert that they have been the recipients of help, in the matter of health, through Christian Science. In the first place, it is at least possible that, after the excitement has subsided, medical science may explain the phenomenon. But, putting it at its best, supposing that it mystifies the investigators, that the cure was not imaginary nor temporary, but real and permanent, that fact, even if it were true, would not warrant not only a Catholic, but any sane person in adopting, in consequence, a false and unchristian doctrine. Otherwise I could abandon my faith because of my poverty, or in order to advance my worldly ambition. The very basic principle of my religion is that I should adhere to it in spite of poverty, humiliation or sickness; nay, that, like the martyrs, I should die for it if need be. St. Paul even tells me, that if an angel from heaven taught me another faith, I should curse him, and an angel would probably bring me the gift of health if he came to me. Faith in Jesus Christ and not in Mrs. Eddy, or Luther, or Calvin, or Blavatsky, or Buddha, is the only means of gaining eternal happiness and avoiding eternal woe. That is the greatest possession I have, and I cannot sacrifice it for health of body or any other consideration whatever. To get my health at the price of being an enemy of Jesus Christ, of reviling and despising his doctrines, is not a wise or permissible exchange.

Secondly, even if I do not lose my faith, but especially if I do, the very gift of health, though I do not think so, may be my ruin. It would have been infinitely better for many a man to have died in his youth, than to have gone on to the disasters of later years. Many a child for whose recovery in infancy a frantic mother had pleaded, has turned out to be a curse for her in after life. It must not be forgotten that if God has promised to grant us temporal favors including health, in answer to prayer, he does so only on condition

that they will be conducive to our spiritual good. "What father," he says, "if his child asks him for bread will give him a stone, or for fish and will give him a serpent?" The bread may seem bread to the child, and the fish, fish, but the father knows better than the silly child who is clamoring. There are worse disasters than sickness, there are worse ruins than death.

Thirdly, the evil spirit is a deceiver, and has, by his superior intelligence and, perhaps, by the permitted control over certain forces of nature, the means of producing effects which have the appearance of being supernatural, but which are really not so, and which he intends for our harm. The soothsayers in the court of Pharaoh had powers which produced terror and consternation and were intended to influence the monarch to destroy the people of God. The witch of Endor, to whom Saul resorted, called up the ghost of Samuel from the dead; but it ended in the suicide of Saul, the destruction of his army, the almost utter ruin of his country, and his own eternal infamy; for his head was cut off, his armor suspended in the temple of Astaroth, the goddess of impurity, and his body on the walls of Bethsan for the vultures to feed on. And what is true in these two typical cases, is true for all who resort to those wonder workers who have not upon them the seal and stamp of Jesus Christ. Let us remember that their power is often pretence and deceit, and there is every reason why the evil spirit should help them for his own ends. Commerce with the enemies of Christ commonly ends in the temple of Astaroth, and the vultures.

But is it not true that cures without number followed the teachings of Our Blessed Lord? It is; but curing the sick was not the object of His mission. His compassionate heart had pity indeed on the multitude, but His miracles were intended primarily and chiefly to bring conviction to the blind and ob-

stinate generation whom he addressed. They were to speak for Him: "If you do not believe me, believe my works." He never wrought a miracle for Himself. He was hungry and thirsty, in suffering and in pain; but He warned His disciples that it was necessary to undergo all that in order to enter into the glory of heaven. It is, perhaps, worth noting here, that these Christian Scientists, though, of course, unaware of it (for they are, in fact, deplorably ignorant in almost everything), are in reality reviving one of the earliest heresies in the church—that, namely, of the Docetæ who taught that the sufferings of Christ were not real but only apparent. Strauss and his followers taught the same blasphemy. It is thus that the clouds of error keep continually rolling back over the human mind. In fact, most of the philosophical vagaries of the day are only the revamped nonsense of the past.

The Apostles, also, had the gift of healing but they used it only as the voucher of their divine mission. They invariably spoke in the name of Jesus Christ, attributing no power to themselves, and always precluding the exercise of it by humble prayer and supplication, all of which things are not only conspicuously but professedly absent in this modern thaumaturge who is diverting, at times, in her experiments, while avoiding the doctors. As with Christ, the Apostles never used these powers for themselves but "gloried in their infirmities as the stigmata of their Master, knowing that in these infirmities their virtue was perfected." Read St. Paul's account of the multitude and variety of his sufferings, and see how awfully and dreadfully real they were; but from them he never attempted to deliver himself. The science which he had of Jesus Christ made him know, as it makes all other Christians know, that anguish and pain are not evils of themselves, and are certainly not dreams, but are conditions of life permitted or sent by a merciful God

to enable us to atone for our sins or the sins of others, and to make them a means of gaining a happiness which can never be interrupted by pain or sorrow. If it be for our advantage or the glory of God that these sufferings should be taken from us in some miraculous way, He will relieve us of them; for the same power exists in the Church now as in the time of the Apostles. The great servants of God in the Old and in the New Testament, like Moses and Elias, and Gregory and Francis Xavier and a host of other glorious ones, have given sight to the blind, and health to the sick, and life to the dead; but it was only that God might be glorified, that His teaching might be affirmed and men be strengthened in virtue. The same thing is going on to-day at Lourdes, not for all indeed, but for those whom God chooses; that their spiritual condition may be bettered, that the world may be taught purity at the feet of the Immaculate, and that it may be convinced by the divine manifestations at her shrine that the Church which honors her is the pillar and ground of truth. Preternatural manifestations that have nothing to do with Christ, and especially those which propose to discredit His teachings, even if they masquerade under His holy name, are from the Spirit of evil and lead to damnation.

But what is the psychological explanation of this strange freak in human nature that has elevated this folly into such prominence at the present time? How is it, that this book of Mrs. Eddy's can have gone up into its two hundred and twelfth edition; that she is able to build gorgeous temples of her cult in the richest localities of great cities; that the public prints give her space and that her coming among her disciples is like that of a divinity?

On the part of the chief manipulator of the scheme there is a strong suspicion of commercialism. As each of her disciples is obliged, as an essential to their understanding the creed, to buy

her book and to compel the victims on whom they operate to buy it also, the pecuniary result must be considerable. Are they compelled to buy each new edition and discard the old? Though, just here, a question suggests itself, how are the blind and the ignorant to profit by the revelation, if a reading knowledge of this new evangel is essential? Evidently, the poor have not the gospel preached to them in this cult. In fact, the *New York Sun*, of July 8, 1901, tells us "that the creed is accepted chiefly by the upper classes." If that be true, there is a benign providence watching over the poor, and perhaps a difficulty evaded for the Christian Scientists. It would be hard to prove to a man whose wife is sick and who with his brood is going to be evicted from his tenement that his sufferings are dreams.

According to the *New York Journal*, which gave an elaborate account of this year's pilgrimage to the residence of the "Mother in Concord, N. H., the visitors came from all quarters of the earth. They represented every class and condition of life," but the writer hastens to add: "Among them were members of the most intellectual and exclusive circles of Boston, a British earl and many persons of title from Europe." Happy Mrs. Eddy with titled earls and members of intellectual and exclusive circles of Boston at her feet!

"Over three thousand persons," the *Journal* tells us, "went there. More would have gone but even the extra trains were already overcrowded. The distance from the railway terminus was two miles; many walked it in the hot sun with the thermometer at 90°. They were admitted to the grounds at 10 o'clock, and spent several hours examining the various objects of interest, especially those used by Mrs. Eddy. Some excitement was caused at 12:30 by the report that Mrs. Eddy was about to appear to her followers; but this was unfounded. It was not till

about 2 o'clock that she appeared on the balcony. The vast throng pressed around, anxious not to miss one look or word of the 'Mother.' She came out on the balcony with a firm step. Her manner and bearing were majestic. She looked well, in spite of her eighty years. She was handsomely attired in a silk dress and wore a blue bonnet with gold trimmings. She spoke about a minute. She then bowed her head so that all the throng, which stood gazing intently at her, might look into her eyes. Half an hour later the crowd caught a glimpse of her as she came out of the house to enter her carriage. All uncovered their heads until she drove away. Afterwards with loving eyes they gazed at 'Mother's' favorite armchair, at her favorite walk and at other objects and places made interesting by intimate associations with her."

All this is seriously told by the great daily. Let the world not speak henceforth of the priest-ridden papist, nor let it scoff at relics. Oh! the ecstasy of the gaze, and in New England, at the "Mother!" and the delight at seeing her silk dress and the blue hat with the gold trimmings and of getting piety and knowledge by endosmose in her favorite armchair!

It was a wonderful exhibition of the result of worldly shrewdness in spiritual enterprise. She owns a handsome estate and is richly apparelled; somewhat unlike the Lord, of course, who was clad in poor raiment and had not whereon to rest his head; or the Apostles, who of silver and gold had none; but this is scientific Christianity. A hint is given in her annual message of how she got it. Listen to it: "To all my students I allow 30 per cent. on my books they sold. [*sic.*] With this percentage, students wrote me quickly: 'We have regained our tuition for the college course.' I am in one sense the voluntary slave of Christian Scientists, of my Church and the race."

Not so much a slave, good lady!

A business man looking at the whole matter would not deem it slavery, but a good investment.

The tuition of 4,000 students (for Mrs. Eddy does not preach the Gospel free); a discount of only 30 per cent. to canvassers—when the unreligious publishers give at least 40—on books that all of the 21,631 “communicants” are obliged to purchase; with, no doubt, boundless contributions from the followers who long to look into the eyes of the Mother, all make one think that this old lady of eighty in Concord, N. H., has a science which is quite remarkable and that it is not above the wicked, material things of this dream world.

She is not under any delusion, but her followers are, and the delusion is as old as the human race. As soon as a man leaves God he makes a fool of himself. It was in evidence in the Garden of Eden and it continues throughout all history. The most civilized and intellectual races of mankind, after rejecting the revelation which God had given them, fell to adoring monkeys, birds, reptiles, vegetables, themselves, and even the foulest lusts of their bad hearts. St. Paul tells the Roman philosophers: “Because ye knew God but have not glorified Him or given Him thanks, you have become vain in your hearts and your foolish hearts are darkened. Professing yourselves to be wise you have become fools, and have changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of a corruptible man, of birds and of four-footed beasts and creeping things.”

The local and immediate reason of the rapid growth of this new religious movement may possibly be found in the mental and moral condition of the world around us.

Outside of the Catholic Church there is a general conviction that there is no such thing as that which has been hitherto called the guilt of sin. The most hideous crimes are commonly ascribed,

even in courts, to heredity, environment, temporary insanity, etc. It is openly asserted that suicide is justifiable and, in certain cases, even murder. Well-known physicians have actually advocated hastening the death of incurables; and a certain kind of destruction of life is commonly advised and commonly practiced; while to maintain that nearly every kind of impurity is not permitted would raise a smile in many quarters.

All this is a necessary outcome of the teaching most in vogue at present, viz.: that man is nothing but mere matter; that the soul is only a function of a material organism, and that none of the natural tendencies are to be suppressed except when hurtful or disagreeable. Materialism implies and inculcates all that, and in that atmosphere the world mostly lives. Nevertheless, mixed in with all this error linger the traditions of Christianity; for, nineteen centuries of work on the best part of humanity have left effects which it is hard to efface. But, lo! there appears a religion which professes to be Christianity, and scientifically such, yet, which, in another fashion, but just as radically, expunges sin, penance, shame, sorrow, remorse, hell, judgment, etc.; which describes robberies, murders, adulteries and all the rest as errors and dreams and which, in fact, by identifying the soul with God renders sin an essential and eternal impossibility. Such a doctrine will appeal very strongly to pious Protestants; to that section at least, who are weary of the jangling of creeds, and who, although under the influence of materialistic doctrines, still cling to what remnants of Christianity are left. They, as we see, will eagerly and fatuously accept by thousands a creed which will conciliate the claims of science and religion, even if it is vouched for only by an elderly New England female. Its very name, scientific, is a bait and a lure; for the age adores science, even if it is a sham, and their qualms of

conscience are settled, as we said, by the pretense of Christianity. It happens, however, that, although this delusion wears the garb of religion, or perhaps because it does, it becomes a potent ally of materialism. They both teach the same thing in a different way, and very soon will be merged in each other and the name Christian discarded altogether. Christian Scientists have been taught to despise the old Christianity; when their excitement cools they will despise Mrs. Eddy and her new evangel and be thorough-paced and avowed materialists. The devil has visited them as an angel of light with the usual consequences.

Possibly the movement is accelerated by the physical condition of the average man of the present day. He seems to be unwilling or unable to submit to the sufferings which his fathers or grandfathers regarded as normal to fallen humanity. "Increase of crime and suicide, due to heat" is a common announcement of the daily papers; hospitals have become palaces; physicians are pursuing disease into its most hidden lairs, and almost promising the elimination of sickness, and possibly of death; with the very wealthy the avoidance of all discomfort has become something like a religious cult; other religion many of them have none; while in the Church itself there is a general abolition of severe penances and a nearly complete abrogation of fasting and even of abstinence. Is this degeneracy, deterioration of the race? Call it what you like. It is a state of things that will welcome a religion which declares that the Son of God became man not so much, if at all, to deliver us from sin as to abolish disease; that each human being possesses a divine power of healing; and that the greatest evil he can do is not to avail himself of it for himself and others.

Not only does the "sober brow of this impromptu priestess bless and approve this damned error with a text,"

but with all the texts of Holy Scriptures; she is able to build gorgeous temples for the cult, and "hide its grossness with fair ornament," and to count her dupes and devotees by thousands. In a word there is a modern recrudescence under the name of Christianity of the old pagan idolatry of the flesh. While pretending that the mortal body is an illusion, this new religion gives its whole attention to the care of it. Sin, or what it calls sin, is put aside but not repented of, only that the body may achieve health.

No doubt there is a good deal of cheap professionalism about it also. It is an easy way to practice medicine for the lazy and deluded; and, besides, there can be no scruple of conscience if both patient and practitioner are convinced that disease is merely a dream and a deceit. If you kill your victim it does not matter, as he or she, and particularly she—for the cult is largely feminine—is part of the great All. Even if the dead are in sin, a process of "chemicalization" (such is their expression) will sublimate them into felicity subsequently. Thus it is that one error admits a thousand others; and Christian Science has a cargo that ought to sink the vessel.

The sorry sight that all this presents furnishes us an object lesson of the harm that religious error does to humanity. Sometimes it leads to furious, brutal and degrading excesses; at others it makes guys of the victims, at least in the opening stages of the delusion.

For once we start wrong, the conditions rapidly deteriorate, and folly is often a prelude to crime. To possess the truth, to know whence we come and whither we are going, what are our opportunities and what our obligations, to have the secret of converting the sorrows of life into opportunities of happiness, this is what the Catholic faith alone can give. This is Christian Science, but it is not Mrs. Eddy's.

DISOWNED.

By the Rev. A. Belanger S.J.

CHAPTER I.—THE ENIGMA.

THE Sphinx fixed upon me his great, mocking eyes and in their cruel, stony gaze, seemed concentrated all the irony that forty centuries of contemplated human comedy can produce in the heart of a sphinx.

"You like psychological enigmas," he said, "therefore, listen to this one and solve it if you dare."

And, while I sat between his enormous stone paws and felt the hot wind of the desert sweep across my brow, a story, beautiful as heaven and horrible as hell, fell from the heavy lips of the implacable poser of problems.

"There was once a society all dried up with egotism, like the gray sands of the Sahara which are parched by the sun, when, lo! in its midst there appeared, as the green oases in the desert, groups of men and women attacked by a strange, sublime madness.

"Where did they find followers? Wherever a mysterious breath called the passion for sacrifice made itself felt; wherever a heavenly zephyr murmured gently, yet distinctly: 'Love God, love thy brethren and sacrifice thyself for them'; in the family circle of the rich and at the hearthside of the laborer; in great universities and in primary schools; in the open field, in the city, in the army, in the counting-house—in fact, wherever there were those so smitten with the spirit of immolation that they dreamed only of self-denial, of tears to dry and sufferings to mitigate.

"Among these were young girls, radiant with health and youth, who could have been proudly led to the altar amid the delicate fragrance of orange blossoms and to the inspiring strains of the organ. Instead, they turned toward the sick—the groaning, coughing, whin-

ing sick—who sometimes swore and even dared to strike; washed their ulcers and dressed their wounds, wearing an angelic smile while cheerfully doing the work of the most menial attendant. Moreover, from out the abundance of their compassionate hearts, they gave most helpful consolation, addressing the sick man as 'brother,' and eliciting from him in return, the well-earned title of 'sister.'

Others there were who devoted themselves to youth and, though 'virgins through their purity, proved themselves mothers by their love. Into their infant asylums and primary schools they received innocent little children whom they taught to abhor falsehood, respect their parents, obey their masters, and to hate theft, blasphemy and lewdness. In addition to that smattering of human science, now so indispensable, they provided their young protégés with far more precious equipments for life's journey, by revealing to these little ones, so beloved of Christ, the *beati pauperes*, the nobility of poverty, and by disclosing to them that heavenly hope which furnishes the key to the human problem and the pacifying solution of its cruel enigmas.

"Some gathered in the orphans, fed them, clothed them and taught them a trade. Others turned their attention to a less attractive childhood—that which comes with graceless, whimsical old age. Endowed with superhuman cheerfulness which stunned the lookers-on, they cared for the aged poor with a tenderness theretofore unknown to these old people, begging bread for them and even sleeping on the hard floor in order to provide them with beds, till at length these old warriors in life's battle became so happy as to believe themselves at the very threshold of heaven.

"Some there were who sought to up-

lift the fallen ; others hastened to the missions, braving the dangers of burning fever and of contact with barbarous blacks ; while others still, to the mystification of the world at large, shut themselves up in the cloister and prayed for sinners with the fervor of a mother praying for the soul of her child.

"And, side by side with this multitude of virgins, was another army, brusque and masculine, hurrying with great strides towards that strange career of absolute sacrifice wherein 'the love of others overwhelms the love of self.' (1)

"These men were of all ages and from all parts. Already they wore epaulettes and commanded troops, or else were doctors, lawyers, engineers or architects. One was business manager, another a tradesman. Some had early retired from the world, others had roamed it over and contracted more than one stain, had, perhaps, been persecutors and converted some day, like Saul on the road to Damascus. However, all had united thenceforth to love God and their neighbor.

"These, too, cared for the sick, even the insane, and the kindly attention they bestowed made up for their lack of feminine delicacy.

"And still more numerous were they who turned to souls. Being men of learning, they sought to communicate knowledge to the young and that at the cost of exhausting labor which brought them no remuneration. But I am mistaken, they considered themselves amply paid when they had inspired these young souls with a proper regard for duty, with respect for God and an inclination towards good.

"Among these men were some still more strongly imbued with the spirit of the apostolate which goaded them on to infidel countries, impelling them to face the killing frosts of Alaska as well as the scorching rays of an equatorial sun. They had to speak in rude idi-

oms, trudge through virgin forests, and, perhaps, while consumed with fever, lie neglected in the bottom of a boat or upon the damp ground floor of a miserable hut, and die without the last sacraments or even the pressure of a friendly hand.

"And others made known the word of God among the still more thankless people of the Old World, preaching it from the pulpit alike to the great and lowly, the rich and the poor. They willingly confined themselves in the polluted atmosphere of the confessional in order to give peace to troubled souls, to uplift life's wounded and pour heavenly balm on endless sorrows. They were called 'father,' and fathers they were in very truth—fathers by their tireless charity, unflinching patience, sweet indulgence. . . ."

Here my mysterious interlocutor paused an instant.

"And," said I, "all this galley-slave work to gain——?"

"Nothing at all," he replied. "Result: zero. Food often detestable and sometimes insufficient ; garments of druggot or serge requiring to be patched in twenty places ; a few hours' sleep, taken by many on the ground or on the bare floor. . . . And this for a lifetime, till death would call a halt and open to these charitable maniacs the gate of Heaven."

"But," I cried, bounding to my feet, "it is incredible that this earth, all dried up with egotism and self-love, could have produced so many oases, such myriads of devoted souls. At most, they could have numbered but a few."

"There were thousands, hundreds of thousands !"

"You lie, Sphinx, you lie !"

"Wait," said the cruel lips, "the equilibrium will be re-established ; thus far you have only drunk of the glory of your race but you will soon taste its ignominy. Listen !

"Against those self-denying, devoted,

(1) Taine.

charitable men, against those women, angels of consolation, who sacrificed youth and fortune in order to do good to the needy, there rose a cry of hate, demanding their proscription, their spoliation, their exile!

"Their goods must be directly and ruinously taxed.

"They must be forbidden to come together unless under the supervision of the police—otherwise, let prison await them.

"The right to freely communicate with one another must belong to all save them; to socialists, that they might destroy society; to rebellious, striking workmen, that capital might be ruined and labor prevented; to financiers, that they might fatten their purses through speculation; above all, to the Freemasons, that they might impose upon all their sectarian caprices. . . .

"But, in order to pray, to be pure, to be poor, to care for youth and old age, the sick and the indigent, to teach the great lesson of the Gospel and prepare missionaries, men must not freely unite. Moreover, those 'mutilated and stammering creatures whom neither nature nor society could recognize' (1) must all be held responsible for the fault of one.

"If a religious slap a child, one and all must be reputed butchers.

"If one monk utter a violent word, all the others must be muzzled.

"If one be accused of a crime, the often imaginary offense must blot out thousands and thousands of acts of heroic charity.

"Briefly, this legion of devoted ones must be made the *bête noir* which is kept in reserve and held up to taunt the people in times of fanaticism, when over-excited evil passions require something upon which to feed their hatred, something to tear to shreds.

"It must be a danger menacing the public good, and therefore denounced

in ministerial harangues and decried by unscrupulous power-holders with a view to securing votes.

"And all this in France, in the classic land of devotedness and chivalry, where hearts are ablaze with heroism and beat for everything that is great! Do you understand?"

"But, at least, accursed Sphinx, this horrible death-knell to virtue and charity is sounded only by a band of malicious fanatics who would stop at nothing that would glut their rancour or insure their power."

"Oh, if that were all, wherefore give you enigmas? The foregoing is but the perpetual history of your vile race, O proud man! Here is the real enigma.

"In France, which, despite its helplessness, is still beloved of the land of the Pharaohs, the majority remained good because they were so by nature. There was but a handful of sectarians. Men of probity, they who want liberty for all, who respect the religion of others, who admire devotedness and whose eyes grow moist at sight of a Sister of Charity or a Little Sister of the Poor; such could be counted by the million.

"Nevertheless, they tolerated the persecution of religious.

"They allowed the sisters to be banished from the hospitals.

"They let iniquitous taxes be imposed upon those whose beneficence and good works in the East they had applauded.

"They permitted the disturbance, restraint and prohibition of Catholic teaching.

"They allowed parents to be robbed of the right to choose educators for their sons.

"And, though ashamed in their hearts, they muttered: 'After all, these religious are dangerous; they are too rich; they conspire against the State. It's sad to have to admit it, but those who seek to banish them are right; the liberty promised to all must not be for them!'"

(1) Words of F. Geyer at the Masonic Convention in 1898.

Here the Sphinx laughed outright: "Ha! ha! my proud little man, solve my enigma! How is it that so many good men have become the playthings of a band of spiteful sectarians or of the unscrupulously ambitious? Playthings, did I say? Accomplices, rather; for, without their tacit approval, such things could not be. Ha! ha!"

And his sardonic laugh rang out through the silence of the desert like that of the hyena upon scenting its prey. Beneath its fixed gaze I remained pensive and distressed, while the stony stare penetrated and searched the depths of my soul, as if in defiance of a reply. The sirocco blew hot upon my clammy brow and I wanted to wipe from it the great beads of perspiration. . . . Suddenly I felt a newspaper in my pocket, a wretched sheet purchased that morning in one of the streets of Cairo and containing frightful calumnies against religious, calls to anticlerical persecution, the discourses of sectarian deputies, the orders enjoined by Masonic Lodges upon the Government. . . . It was, in fact, the printed embodiment of hatred and lies, selling for five centimes!

I held up my head in triumph. "This is the key to the enigma," I cried, brandishing the miserable sheet. "Each morning, like a swarm of ancient Harpies, the boldest lies take flight upon these wings of paper and whisper to upright men that religious communities are scandalously rich, greedy for power and inimical to the Republic. They invent the crimes which they attribute to these religious, and either ignore or distort their virtues and the good they do. At first, these accusations are hardly believed; a secret instinct detects in them the false note of calumny. But each day the everlasting complaint is bawled out, driven first into the ear and then into the intellect, till at length the honest man becomes troubled in his heart and, though sensible and keenly alive to justice and

gratitude, he is finally overwhelmed by the flood of distrust inundating his mind.

"But, if he would only look into himself; if, closing his ears for a time to cries of malice, he would go forward boldly and resolutely to meet the phantom and ask those who know them the truth concerning these religious, he could not but see the inanity of his fears; he would be delighted, yet awed, to find naught save self-denial, charity, devotedness and virtue where egotism, self-interest, stupidity and vice had been claimed to exist.

"Then, furious at having been instrumental in perpetrating so monstrous an iniquity, he would vote down sectarians, the malicious and the heartless, and cry out: 'Leave in peace these communities that befriend the sick, the poor, and little children and are an honor to the France which you dishonor.'

"There is the answer, insolent Sphinx. If these good men are persecutors, they are such merely because they have been basely deceived."

"Very well," replied the enormous creature with something akin to condescension, "and what will you do?"

"I shall go and cry out to these brave hearts: 'You are being deceived, deluded. In pity, learn something of religious from those who are not their enemies. There is nothing to conceal. Come and go through their houses; examine their writings; observe their work, their fatigue, the services they render, and cease to persecute those who would only be of use to you.'"

"Alas!" sighed the Sphinx, casting a lingering look towards dear France, "will they be willing to listen to you?"

"I hope so."

CHAPTER II. — THE TRIPLE SEAL. POVERTY.

What is a religious? A mysterious being bound by oaths taken in the dark? A member of a secret society? A

conspirator stealthily plotting against the state ?

Not at all. Nothing is more transparent, nothing better known than his trying engagements, and thousands of books, published everywhere, detail, define and explain the nature and extent of his obligations. Everything is open as daylight.

A religious is a man or woman who, one day, in presence of God, entered into an engagement, the keeping of which is a matter of conscience only. He has vowed to be poor, chaste and obedient ; that is all.

First of all, let us bear in mind that these vows receive no sanction from civil society. The taking of them is merely a conscientious act and as independent of the police as is the resolution to be a vegetarian. The state knows nothing of it, nor does it wish to ; and if to-morrow a religious were to find his life irksome he would be free to leave his convent, amass wealth, follow his inclinations and even marry, should it please him. The government would raise no objection ; on the contrary, his honor, the mayor, would bestow his paternal blessing upon the apostate's marital union.

Therefore, there is no question of restraint imposed by I know not what modern inquisitors, upon those poor creatures who, in a moment of unusual fervor, might have had the imprudence to thoughtlessly make vows. All doors are open to them and if they remain in the cloister, it is solely of their own free will. But, better still, question them. The great majority will tell you that they cheerfully remain cloistered, fettered by the love of God, and that these vows, which are talked of as their bugbear, they look upon as precious jewels which they guard most jealously.

But let us go a step further and see how these dreadful engagements can be counter to human dignity or to the good of the state, for here are the two principal points of attack.

Take the vow of poverty. It consists in the complete abandonment of one's earthly goods, with no hope of ever acquiring any through one's labors. The use made of these goods varies greatly from the Capuchins, Poor Clares, Minims and Trappists, whose religious wear only the coarsest garments, partake of the plainest food and observe innumerable fasts, to those less austere communities which, in exchange for the earnest labors of their members, insure them a modest livelihood. Each one must be content to follow the common rule, to use worn clothes, refrain from costly diversions, rise early and wait upon himself. Above all, and this is the essential characteristic of all religious poverty, no individual can use anything as his own personal property. He needs a special permission in order to give, lend or receive. The religious is, as we will see later, a perfect communist who transmits integrally to the community the fruit of his labor.

These are facts. Are they in any way detrimental to society or prejudicial to man's dignity ?

The treatment of religious as good-for-nothing beggars living upon alms and the abuse of them as parasites, is an old offense.

Now, are these insults merited ? We shall see.

A parasite is one who, though healthy and qualified to work, takes his ease and makes his charitable brethren no suitable return for the bread with which they have provided him. But with a religious it is altogether different.

In the first place if nearly all of them receive alms, it means just so much in favor of their works of mercy toward the unfortunate. The mainspring of their resources is constant labor combined with skillful economy. Taine will soon bring his crushing testimony to bear upon this subject. But even if these men were to live by alms they would not therefore be useless.

Look at the mendicant Capuchin.

Does he beg in order that he may live a worthless do-nothing? No; he prays day and night, preaches, hears confessions, goes out on missions, and the day is scarcely long enough for the accomplishment of his tasks. Of course this does not appeal very strongly to you because you make no use of his ministrations. Be it so—give him nothing. Those who help him, in turn make use of his aid, and thus he gives his services in exchange for what he receives; therefore, where, I ask, is the parasitism?

The Little Sister of the Poor solicits from door to door, shop to shop, and in halls, hotels and colleges. Do you consider her a beggar? Well, voluntary beggars such as she feed, in France alone, no less than 29,000 of the abandoned aged.

Others have their houses filled with orphans, with the sick whom they alone support and who might otherwise be found floating in the river or dead in a garret. Clandestine beggars, say you? No, but wonderful benefactors of society, worthy of the Montyon prize and sometimes winning it.

"So much for them," you may say, "but what about contemplatives?"

First of all, they are not numerous; many work energetically and for very good reasons; and, secondly, if they receive alms they pay them back in prayer. You shrug your shoulders because you do not believe in the efficacy of prayer. Very well, then, give them nothing. Those who give to them feel that it is wise indeed to contribute to the support of these generous souls who do penance and continually implore God to pardon the sins of the world. Let them pray. Here, then, is another instance of service rendered, consequently no parasitism. Do you wish positive, I was about to say, *Positivist*, confirmation? Then listen to Taine:

"About 4,000 females and 1,800 males abandon themselves, above all, to the

contemplative life. Prayer, meditation and adoration are their first and principal object. But all others, that is to say, more than 28,000 men and 123,000 women are, by institution, *benefactors of humanity, voluntarily bound to duty-service, consecrated through choice to dangerous, repugnant and, at best, uncongenial works*. And what are some of these works? Missions among savages and barbarians; the care of the sick, of idiots, of the forsaken, the infirm, the incurable; the supporting of the aged poor or of foundlings; innumerable helpful and educational works; primary instructions and service in orphanages, asylums, workhouses, refuges and prisons. And all these benefits are bestowed either gratuitously or for paltry pay, and this is made possible by the minimum reduction of the physical wants and personal expenses of each male or female religious. *In several communities of men and women the personal expenses of each member do not exceed 300 francs*. Among the Trappists of Devielle this is the maximum figure.

"If we estimate at the rate of 1,000 francs a head (and this is beyond the actual figure) the value of the work done by 160,000 religious men and women in active institutes, the total will be 160 millions a year. If, then, we allow 500 francs a head for the expenses of each religious, male or female, the total will be eighty millions a year. NET PROFIT FOR THE PUBLIC: EIGHTY MILLIONS A YEAR!"

Understand it well! These useless creatures, these parasites are *producers of social wealth of the first order!*

And now let us pass on to human dignity, for which our century feigns such a fondness, but which is, nevertheless, constantly debasing.

Contempt of riches and the voluntary choice of a poor, laborious life has been, from all time, considered a proof of nobility of soul. Ancient philosophy testifies to this, and even Diogenes, in driv-

ing virtue to the verge of cynicism, only emphasized its powerful reality. I admit that, although recognizing the sublimity of detachment, the sages would have found it difficult indeed to practice it, if we are to believe the poet :

" L'austère Sénèque, en louant Diogène,
Buvait le Falerne dans l'or."

Christianity has realized the dream and inspired millions of frail creatures with an absolute contempt of riches—a contempt purified, however, of cynicism and pride.

This was of great advantage to humanity that stood famishing before the Golden Calf amid joy, pleasure and luxury. The mere sight of these despisers of earthly goods was a silent warning to the world that it was only adoring ashes, and generous souls were roused to admiration and to action. Many set out in the same rugged path, and all, encouraged by the vivifying strength of example, realized that duty is above gold and that wealth is too dearly bought, if acquired through vice and unworthiness.

In the Middle Ages such a phenomenon was brought about by the preaching poverty of the Seraph of Assisi, in the midst of a world that had relapsed into cupidity. There occurred a mild but austere revolution during which human nature, strengthened by the light of the Gospel and inspired by the poetic words of the Saint, uplifted itself, and the slaves of lucre were enabled to burst their shackles.

Well, in this, our day, the same lesson in detachment is of imperative necessity, if society would escape a new crisis in decadence which must inevitably lead to barbarity and slavery.

Gold is the idol of the hour. The fact is admitted and almost proudly. But, in order to pocket this gold, how many hazardous compromises are made; how many clandestine and scandalous bargains are concluded; how many consciences sacrificed ! How many rotten enterprises are rushed into at the ex-

pense of the needy little ones and the deserving poor, the politician's bank account thus being swelled and the financier's gorgeous castle paid for ! And how many votes are sold ! An elector's vote is worth 10 francs—a deputy's is much dearer and it costs still more to buy up a newspaper. If, on the pillory of honesty, the consciences of some men could be exposed, there would be seen so vast a traffic in immortal souls that the liveliest slave-trade would be dull in comparison. Pitiful, harrowing spectacle !

All this is saddening in the extreme ; but how appalling is the open rebelliousness which we are called upon to witness, the irrepressible covetousness which must satiate itself at any cost ! Ah ! you have delighted in impressing upon the laboring classes, the poor and the unfortunate that there is no God, no hereafter, no heaven or hell ! You have restricted their hope to the enjoyment of temporal goods and invited them to watch you relish the world's pleasures. That is not enough for them ! They hanker after fleeting comforts because they know not that they should place their hope in the Crucified and set their hearts on heaven. Naturally enough they yearn for amusement, pleasure, good living and gold. Hence the strong impulse toward socialism, even anarchy, already undermining the weak barricade behind which the corrupt, skeptical capitalist had thought to peacefully lead his life of unjustly earned ease. Of course, by way of retarding the moment of explosion, the abused are thrown a few vicars to tear to pieces. But this pleasant diversion will be short-lived ; the prey is too meagre. Soon will come the time of reckoning for the glutted, demoralizing citizen who, through his godless schools, senseless persecution and blasphemous newspapers, has generated that deceptive doctrine which limits all aspirations to the things of earth and directs all the living forces of the nation towards this

one object : taking one's ease, amusing one's self much, working little, suffering naught and abandoning one's self to pleasure.

Here then is the fearful evil of actual society. On the one side, we have financial excesses for which the rest of men must pay the forfeit ; on the other, a people in revolt and determined to conquer at any cost, because of being ground down to a state of mediocrity which they intend to endure no longer ; and between these two extremes, a lot of practical epicures to whom duty is a meaningless word and whose ideal is made up of all the comforts of life.

Well, then, honest people to whom I speak, is it not eminently fitting that, in face of this danger, a strong public protestation of the contrary spirit be made ?

In matters of morals, the world is not instructed through the medium of books, but through that of example. Speak to it of curbing its desires and despising riches and it will laugh in your face. But show it men blessed with riches or else competent to acquire them, who cheerfully and voluntarily renounce them, choosing instead a life of hardship and poverty and, believe me, this mute eloquence will appeal to all generous hearts. They will see that the impetuous current ever running towards earthly goods and possessions can be withstood ; they will feel that something grand and ennobling is passing—voluntary sacrifice which is but the supererogation of duty—and they will find themselves fortified against the seductions, at least the illicit ones, of fortune.

But note your inconsistency. In order to improve the people, to elevate the public spirit to the high plane of duty, you raise statues to men who have given great examples of disinterestedness, of charity. Only lately, you applauded at his election, a President of the Republic whose chief recommendation was that he had turned his back

upon the gold that tempted his conscience.

You did well. However, would it not be better and more conducive to the public good to keep in our midst living exponents of the disinterestedness which often merges into heroism, is always beneficial to the unfortunate and is practised not by one individual only, but by thousands of men and women throughout a long life.

Then let such good people alone. The young need to learn of them cheerful and fruitful resignation instead of rebellious despair, and the rich, the nothingness of the baubles by which they are hypnotized. Religious poverty illumines the path trodden by Christ, Who was poor and a laborer, and Who, through love, became like unto the lowly ones of earth. Do not extinguish this light or you will deprive poor, benighted humanity of a powerful beacon.

I know full well that the personal poverty of a religious, and his or her unquestionable austerity are objected to on the ground that they are compensated for by the scandalous wealth of the community. Later on we will submit this cynical lie to an analysis and there will be nothing left of it. At present, we would examine into the two other vows constituting the religious life.

CHASTITY.

The second bond in the religious life is voluntary chastity, entailing the privation of a personal family and demanding innumerable sacrifices which are as necessary for the preservation of this delicate virtue, as is protection from wind and inclement weather for the life of a frail plant.

No Christian can doubt the great value of virginity, after Christ's invitations to embrace it and its strong commendation by the Church. Even pagan philosophers admit its nobility but they tremble for our weakness ; in fact, it is still the argument of certain elevated

souls, who are, however, totally ignorant of the divine strength that the Supernatural can impart to human frailty. "It would indeed be beautiful," say Protestants especially . . . "were it possible." Here is their mistake, for not only is chastity possible but actual.

In our day a certain school has been more radical. Doing violence to the conscience of mankind in order to glorify passion, it asserts, with trenchant cynicism, that the virtue of virgins is an abyss of immorality, and that true nobility consists in yielding to sensual pleasure to the extent to which it can be endured.

To the holders of such views I have nothing to say. According to their idea St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul were malefactors, Messalina and the inhabitants of Sodom, saints. We shall pass on, leaving them to pay tribute to those of their predilection.

And now let us come to those men who, though understanding the meaning of the words sacrifice and self-mastery, are reluctant to make any allowance for a life voluntarily divested of legitimate pleasures and possessions. To such well-meaning people I wish to prove that religious render society an eminent-ly moral and material service.

A moral service, for it must be remembered that, taken as a whole, society exercises a great influence upon its members. If, in its midst, great crimes are openly perpetrated, lust and revolting, dangerous laxity given free rein, and no moral antidote is at hand, how can weak characters escape pollution; how, I say, unless to counteract this audacious evil, there be set up the quintessence of the opposite virtue?

And what do we actually see? We have already found humanity profoundly adoring riches, its first tyrant. But there is a second which, like a great cancer, is gnawing its vitals and sapping away all its virile energy, and this is voluptuousness.

Hence, we have an enfeebled, languid

youth, without any ideal, and greedy for pleasure at any cost.

Hence, an ignoble literature, worse than Pompeian, and striving each day to invent some new lasciviousness wherewith to glut passions already too debased.

Hence, generations stricken, at their very source, and in which even the military contingent can no longer be found; sickly, withered, blanched races who might justly turn to their parents and demand a reason for the impoverished blood and disordered nerves from which they suffer.

Hence, indirectly—thanks to the habit of seeking the pleasure while refusing to accept the pain—the wilful sterility which is depopulating France and mathematically yielding the precedence to foreign armies, while its statistics are being written in characters of woe.

Hence, a heartrending deterioration from the idea of duty and a sickly need of passionate indulgence; in short, the very contrary of what gives society muscle, temperament, character.

Already I see my reader shrugging his shoulders and about to accuse me of morose exaggeration.

Alas! I do not exaggerate, and if you would but look not only upon the correct exterior of certain lives but upon society as a whole, you would be less optimistic. Behold the theatres that we love, the romances that we devour, the feuilletons that are the daily delight of young men and women, the pictures posted in the shop windows, as well as other things which I shall refrain from mentioning; note certain "attractions" at the Exposition, and then take your head between your hands and think. Well, does not voluptuousness defiantly display itself in many places and, in consequence, do not frivolity and self-love pervade our society?

This was the state of the Roman world when Christianity appeared, and

you know from history into what an abyss of moral filth and degradation Rome had fallen. How were the elements of social renovation drawn thence? By a radiant apparition of purity and self-denial. Beneath the wholesome breath of the Gospel, there budded forth virgins who, safeguarding their virtue with the buckler of sacrifice, attracted the attention and subsequently the veneration of the somewhat lofty souls of those who yielded to the orgies only because of despairing to successfully resist them. "Resistance is then possible!" they cried, and, encouraged by example, they resolved to imitate these pure souls, at least by abstaining from forbidden pleasures. Yes, it is ever thus with human nature. To secure even ordinary virtue among the masses it is necessary that a chosen few practise it in an extraordinary degree. When, under the enemy's fire, a regiment begins to waver, it is not reassured by the mere sight of its general standing dauntlessly at his post. If he would rally his men, he must take a handful of braves and go where shot and shell fall thickest, where death reaps its richest harvest. Just so, to win over the multitude to the ordinary accomplishment of duty, it is necessary that some few fulfil it to excess.

Such, then, is the social role which those in religious life are called upon to play. You can easily see how it is possible to restrict one's self in permissible pleasures, since religious can abstain even from these. The observance of the vow of chastity affords a most eloquent, most efficacious example; its influence may be silent and hidden, but it is nevertheless incontestable. Yes, you who rejoice to see the calm splendor of Christian modesty gleaming on the brow of your wives and daughters, know that it is due to the perfume of virginity which the religious life continues to exhale in the world.

When it is announced that a young man with a brilliant, promising future

has repaired to the cloister, or that a wealthy young woman has retired to a convent, you perhaps shrug your shoulders. But beware! This "going to extremes," as you call it, is a sublime lesson; it whispers to the souls of your children that purity is beautiful, self-conquest noble and also possible. Then, in time of delicately seductive temptations, how priceless the value of that mute teaching, imparted, perchance, by some friend or relative in promoting the overthrow of evil and triumph of good. Therefore, religious vocations, though apparently detrimental to the growth of a people, are in reality surprisingly favorable to it, as they strengthen the family by fostering and developing the manly virtues on which it is founded and without which it would become morally anæmic or perish. The atmosphere in which these virtues best thrive is that of austerity and renunciation, and this atmosphere is admirably sustained by the great examples of contempt of pleasure given by those who live up to the vow of chastity. For the rest, facts are there. Those departments which are richest in religious vocations, as Bretagne and Lozère, find their respective populations growing. When France flourished in monasteries, she beheld the number of her children increase, for in France, as elsewhere, no one was the poorer for having given to God. (1)

(1) Some may object on the ground that certain Protestant nations, in which the religious life is unknown, are growing very well. That is true; but the existing conditions are different. First. In the first place, thanks to a cooler and more positive temperament, the strong inclination to enjoy connubial privileges, while avoiding the anguish entailed thereby, has not developed among them. Second. The law of partition, made imperative by the death of parents, does not exist there and the influence of this law in restricting the number of children brought into this world is but too well known. Moreover, our neighbors are given to colonization, are inclined to voluntary expatriation and this reassures them as to the fate of their

The objection we refute concerning the inauspiciousness of the vow of chastity sometimes takes another form, cruder and more unjust, and yet so universally encountered that it would be well to answer it.

Many contend that all who take the vow of chastity are guilty of a convenient sort of egotism through which they escape either the cares of paternity or the pain of maternity, thereby rendering themselves useless to society, doing naught to increase its growth and also serving it badly.

We have just replied to the question of the growth of society. As to services rendered, we think after having read the ensuing paragraph and the last three chapters of this work one

descendants. Third. In France, for the past two centuries, Free-Thinkers, Freemasons, men of science, litterateurs and even governments have sought to excite unwholesome appetites, either directly or by destroying not alone religion but also the natural law. Foreign nations and especially their rulers, protect themselves against a like aberration. They struggle to preserve in their midst the principles of the natural law and whatever remains of revealed religion in their incomplete Christianity. Being less furiously attacked by impiety and less wilfully demoralized by their chiefs, these people are certainly more Christian in their lives than are many of our population. Hence the greater number of births among them. So actually true is this that, in the majority of Protestant countries (England, Holland, Germany), births decrease in proportion as Christianity declines. In the United States and Canada births are decreasing in Protestant but not in Catholic families. Undoubtedly, for the uplifting of France in this regard, Christian life with its seriousness and austerity would need to be once more infused into it. As we have already proved, nothing contributes so largely to such a cause as the development of the religious life. If other countries have seemed able to prosper without this salutary example, it is because they were not in the same condition; their people had not our ardent temperament which is ever ready to fly to extremes and must needs behold great sacrifices in order to keep from falling into deplorable excesses or an irremediable moral decline.

cannot deny them without a blush. There remains, however, the question of egotism.

On this point you may reassure yourselves, for many have been seen to try the religious life and then to withdraw saying : "I cannot : it's beyond my strength. I shall marry."

Conclusion : The religious life is not so easy and it is not through egotism or dread of work that people enter religion. We will briefly sketch the life and onerous labors of a religious and then no one will dare assert that they do not equal the responsibilities of a father and the fatigues and anxieties of a mother.

And, anyway, the latter are softened by the charms of the fireside. To make a home is difficult, no doubt, but to have a home, a wife who idolizes you, sons in whom you live again and to be surrounded by persons and things who are as dependent on you as is the ivy on the oak which it nevertheless beautifies and brightens, and helps to sustain in its old age, is not all this ineffably sweet ?

Then, too, be assured that, from a purely *natural* point of view, the isolation of a religious is incomparably harder than the work of a husband or father. The one toils hard, to be sure, but satisfies his capacity for loving ; the other labors also but has nothing to console his heart which he must keep free from all other love, in order to devote it unreservedly to the passionate love of God and His poor. Now, you may reasonably affirm that, after all, this is something. But, answering a purely natural objection, I make abstraction of the supernatural joys of the soul. Besides, it is well to tell those who are totally ignorant of the many vicissitudes in the spiritual life, that God very often weans from His delights, those whom He wishes to lead far on in the path of sanctity. He fills the empty heart, but in an imperceptible, insensible way, and the religious, still

feeling himself a prey to utter loneliness, is sustained only by the austere determination of a will which grace supports but does not pamper.

So much for egotism. You have seen it reduced to hard work, stripped of even legitimate earthly consolation, and often deprived of heavenly compensations, at least sensible ones.

Having made clear the first service rendered to society by the vow of chastity—namely, the great example of self-restraint—let us bring to light the second. The state of virginity places at the disposition of mankind an army of devoted souls ready to undertake works of self-denial which would be beyond the strength of the married man.

After all, what a strong hold do not family ties take upon the heart. They enrapture it, take full possession of it, claim it all. Strictly speaking, on supreme occasions, when his country is in danger, the soldier breaks his cherished ties and wounds those whom he loves in order to do his duty as a patriot. However, the accomplishment of such a duty demands a violence to one's self which could not be oft repeated without using up one's courage. There is, therefore, at least in general, a decided incompatibility between domestic obligations and a life of continuous and disinterested devotion to the needs of humanity. To care for the plague-stricken or even for the sick, at the sacrifice of sleep and rest ; to take charge of bands of children in muddy courts, overheated classrooms and in dormitories ; to become the cheerful Antigones of decrepit old men and women ; all this differs greatly from the cares of maternity. For the successful fulfilment of these noble functions, it is only one's self, one's rest, one's interests and, if such an extreme be demanded, one's life that must be sacrificed. If, however, in addition to all this, it were also necessary to immolate one's own children and that beloved

creature, the chosen companion of one's life, such extreme self-denial would become impossible and sometimes be prohibited. Virginity paves the way thus : "I shall live alone that I may the more easily devote myself to those who suffer. The hospital or the school will be my home, the poor and the infirm my kindred, and Christ, the Divine Spouse of my soul." Yes, thanks to the vow of virginity, the orphan has a mother, the sick man brothers and sisters, and the afflicted have friends *all their own*.

—And what shall we say of the pre-eminently civilizing work of the missions in which so many thousands of French priests and religious exhaust their strength and often find death at the very outset ? Here again the Apostle's heart is free and untrammelled. (1)

When you encumber him with a family, you condemn him to the apostolic sterility of a Protestant minister, which is so frankly admitted by his sincere co-religionists. And here we beg leave to cite a few of the acknowledgments of Protestantism concerning the incomparable power of celibacy in the service of one's neighbor.

Do you wish to hear Dr. Müller's theory of its greatness ? "Contingency,"

(1) The recent beatification of some martyred missionaries recalled a very suggestive anecdote.

"One day," relates a priest of the foreign missions, "I was on duty in the Hall of Martyrs, giving visitors explanations concerning different pictures or articles in our museum. Among the visitors was a young man of twenty. When all the others had withdrawn he came up to me and, looking me straight in the eyes, said :

" 'Monsieur l'Abbé, I would like very much to know why priests do not marry.' "

"I never winced but, looking toward the picture which represents the horrible torments of Blessed Cornay whom the executioners are cutting to pieces, I replied :

" 'Come, sir, look at this and tell me if, when a man has a wife and family he has a taste for a life and death such as this ?' "

"My questioner respectfully asked permission to grasp my hand and retired."

he says, "is the foundation of all moral virtues ; it alone forms virility of character. Mention a single servant of God who spoke against celibacy. Perfect chastity has, from all time, commanded respect. The family is incompatible with sacerdotal life."

Cobbett, the historian, is no less plain. "St. Paul," he says, "recommends celibacy to all preachers of the Gospel. The Catholic Church has made a law of this precept, so that they who are charged with the salvation of souls may not be disturbed in their pious duties by preoccupation of a material nature, and that they may be exempt from the inevitable cares of him who has a wife and children. . . . In examining this law from a religious, civil and political standpoint, we find that, founded on wisdom, it was of veritable utility to the people and that its abolition was truly regrettable."

The same Protestant shows the abyss of charity opened up by that of detachment, which is virginity. "The help given the needy constitutes one of the most beautiful traits of Catholicism. Would the priest with a wife and child have the same eagerness to succor the indigent, as would one on whom these responsibilities do not weigh?"

And now let us come to the missions. There is such a wealth of testimony in their favor that the trouble is in citing but a few instances.

Dr. Isaac Taylor, Anglican Canon of the Church of York, writes thus in the *Fortnightly Review*, of the difficulties encountered by the Protestant apostle encumbered with a family :

"Our modern missionaries are mercenary . . . and a mercenary man can never accomplish the work of a soldier of the Cross. . . . We need men animated by the spirit of St. Paul, St. Columba and St. Columban, of St. Francis Xavier, of those true apostles who abandoned all, even themselves, for God and for souls, and brought whole nations to the feet of Jesus. Great missionaries

indeed are they who can not live without a comfortable *bungalow* (1), a refreshing *punkah* (2), a wife and a carriage and ponies ! If St. Paul, before setting out upon his vast missionary career, had exacted from St. James and a committee residing in Jerusalem, an annuity of 7,500 francs, payable quarterly ; if, before undertaking his apostolic labors, he had demanded a bungalow, a *punkah*, a wife, a carriage and pony, he would never have changed the face of the earth." (3)

Here is proven, though by the absurd, the imperative necessity of poverty and virginity.

Now let us come to positive testimony. Gordon, the celebrated Protestant general and hero of Khartum, declares that it was only among Roman Catholic priests that he found heroes up to the standard of his sublime ideal of abnegation and apostolicity. In China he saw "Protestant ministers living upon 300 pounds and preferring to remain on the coast where they enjoyed the society and luxury of their compatriots. Catholic priests have, on the contrary, abandoned Europe never to return to it ; they bury themselves in the interior of countries, leading there the lives of natives, without wife, children, salary, comforts or society. This is why these missionaries succeed as they deserve, and why the Protestants fall short of the mark."

There is still another reason which the General does not see. The one holds the full light of truth, while the other carries only an unsteady glimmer of Christianity, obscured by the mist of heresies. It is nevertheless intensely gratifying to find in the mouth of a mystical and valiant Puritan this confession of the power conferred by chastity upon the Catholic priest and religious.

(1) *Bungalow*, a Hindoo dwelling.

(2) *Punkah*, a kind of fan or mechanical ventilator.

(3) *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1888.

This question gave rise to an immense movement in England in 1888, and the letters of Mr. Caine, a member of Parliament, to the *Times* have since remained famous. The *Shanghai Courier*, which was in a fair position to judge, humorously explained the inferiority of the minister to the priest. It is a convinced Protestant who speaks :

"One of the reasons to be here most closely considered is, if I mistake not, that, as soon as a minister takes to himself a wife, he becomes, from every possible point of view, completely unsuited to his functions. During the first year he should, as is proper, devote nearly all his time and thought to her who is called his better half. This is only natural ; it is a weakness common to all the children of Adam.

"But to teach poor pagans to understand the mysterious articles of Christian faith and at the same time cultivate the affections of one's better half, are occupations as widely different as are those of a butcher and a tailor.

"Soon comes the climax, when children are born to them, and husband and wife vie with each other in their tender solicitude for their offspring. (1)

"The Catholic missionary, on the contrary, has no wife to make his life unbearable (pardon me, I limit myself to writing) and can, therefore, devote his mind, his energy and his time to his chosen work."

Let us confine ourselves to these few quotations. They show clearly the social service rendered by those who accept the austere law of chastity. Protestants tell us of what is accomplished in the missions—the great work of civilizing barbarous peoples, and we can see for ourselves the good done in hospitals, founding asylums, asylums, schools, colleges, and in ministering to souls—in a word, all that constitutes the life of our priests and our religious, both men and women.

(1) *The Shanghai Courier*, March 29, 1888.

Then cease saying that a sacrifice such as they make is the outgrowth of pure egotism. These chaste, devoted workers, who go even to heroic extremes, would brilliantly get the best of you and cover your kind hearts with confusion. Cease saying that it is against nature, since, through this sacrifice, these men and women acquire incomparable strength to do good, and since even the Mahometans, who are little given in that direction, have come to admire the missionary who has no family, and to call the Sister of Charity the angel without wings.

OBEDIENCE.

Here is the subject of complaint so skillfully lodged against religious. They are said to resign into the hands of a superior, sometimes a foreigner, their liberty, their honor, and their conscience. Thenceforth they are reduced to the irresponsible state of hypnotism, are continually under the influence of an unknown magnetizer, which makes them act to its liking, as so many marionettes. What a menace to society! What a degradation of human dignity! What a challenge to public morality!

Let us examine these fears with an honest heart and a fair mind, seeing things as they really are and not as deformed by exaggeration or calumny.

There are people who have foolishly vowed to hate all obedience except that which they exact in their own favor, and which must be blindly practiced. They behold it in the family circle and they weaken it ; they see it in colleges and they enfeeble it by crushing its efficacious element, restraint. They also see it in the army, and that is why they heap the army with insults ; why they would suppress it or else transform it into a ridiculous national guard. But this is not astonishing. These men are sons of pride and have taken for their motto, "Neither God nor master." They have good reason to hate those who proudly bend the head to duty, not as they do before brutal force or

bags of gold but before the authority that reflects the divine power of the Creator. But at least they should spare us their show of hypocrisy and not cry out against disobedience when a bishop speaks aloud according to the dictates of his conscience, or a general declares that he will ask the government to defend his defamed brethren. Is not this but logical? But wherefore expect anything logical from the passions?

Let us speak to reasonable men, to those who, though smitten with the spirit of independence, do not seek to use it for the overthrowing of all authority.

To such we would say: Do you know exactly what religious obedience is?

It is not, as you have been told, the servility of a whipped dog, cowering beneath the lash of his master.

It is not the apathy of a fakir asleep in nirvana.

It is not a blind fanaticism which destroys the responsibility of conscience, and makes the inferior an irresponsible instrument in the hands of an all-powerful superior.

It is a perfectly reasonable submission to a man who is a representative of the Church and of God.

It is also noble, since it seeks no recompense here below, and fruitful, since its object is to do more good; moreover it is limited strictly—mark well—*limited strictly* to what is not evil, to what is not sin.

Reasonable, did I say? The religious about to pronounce his vow of obedience has, indeed, thoroughly studied those to whom he will submit his will. (1)

(1) Besides the serious reflection to which, naturally enough, each one devotes himself before entering religion, and which is usually forcibly suggested by families that are opposed to such a step, the aspirant must make a year, and often two, of novitiate. At the expiration of this time he is permitted to make only *simple* vows, from which he can

He has chosen his order, his congregation. He has scrutinized its history, its traditions; has acquainted himself with its spirit and its works. The authority of the superior is not subject to caprice; it can only be exercised according to written rules known to all. This superior is often elected by his inferiors, who are all interested in making a good choice, or else is appointed by a Superior-General who becomes responsible for him and has power to depose him. The Superior-General, in his turn, has been chosen from among a thousand or ten thousand by the votes of his brothers in religion, and he is generally a man mature in years and virtue. In all cases he is subject to the perpetual control of the Church—that is to say, of the Congregation of Bishops and regulars. The Pope can censure, suspend, recall him *ad nutum*. Such, then, is the man to whom I submit my will; a wise, virtuous and well-trying man, bound by close ties and the active duties of his office to the venerated Head of the universal Church.

Where, I ask, can one find an obedience better furnished with guarantees, an authority for which more excellent exercise can be augured?

In the administration? The employee must often submit to a master concerning whom he knows nothing; who, perhaps, was chosen for office through irresistible parliamentary intriguing, and may be positively hostile to the most intimate convictions of the poor functionary whom he will thanklessly employ to do very questionable manoeuvring. I can still hear an unfortunate subaltern bemoaning the rôle he has been made to play at the time of certain elections. Imagine a registry

be released. He takes *solemn* vows only at the end of at least five years of experience and practice in the religious life. In the Society of Jesus, so famous for its pretended monopoly, the term of the novitiate is two years, and that of total probation about *seventeen* years.

agent being forced under pain of dismissal to work for the spoliation of disarmed religious ! Think of a member of the police force being obliged to pick the locks of the monks whom he venerates ! And all this under pain of losing the bread for which his family is waiting ; under pain of misery and sometimes of beggary !

Here, then, is the obedience exacted by those who upbraid us ; even in the army—which, by the way, is sufficiently beautiful and beloved to be told the truth—does the man who commands always deserve to be considered proof against becoming arbitrary ? Has he submitted to the tests of the moral touchstone which assures the religious of the virtue and wisdom of his superior ?

But there is still more. This religious obedience is, as I have said, limited. The subject always reserves to himself the right to refuse to obey when what he is bidden to do *wounds his conscience in the least*. This will greatly surprise those who have looked upon us as the disciples of an implacable and mysterious *Old Man of the Mountain*. He arms us with a dagger and we must strike even though the victim be our father. He puts poison into our hands and we must spill it, even though into our mother's cup. He shows us a will to be influenced, and the dying dower must be smothered, and so on. If you doubt it, read Eugène Sue, read *La Lanterne*, etc., etc.

But such is the caricature ; here is the reality. All religious know that they cannot obey in anything that would be sinful, even in the smallest, most insignificant way. If a superior, no matter whom he might be, were to order the least of his subjects to steal ten centimes, that religious knows that he *can* and *must* refuse to obey.

The vow of obedience supposes and includes only what is good. For what is not good *it is null, it does not exist*.

This theory is that of all moralists, of all masters of the spiritual life ; it is taught in the novitiates as the most

elementary of truths. In short, every religious knows it.

Therefore, no *Old Man of the Mountain*, no fanatical Hassassis ("Assassins"), no Rodins, no daggers, no poison. It is, I admit, less picturesque for the romancist—less suited to the air of Basile—but it is the truth. Vowed strictly to do good, the religious constantly keeps up his crusade against evil.

I was about to finish this first part of the apology for obedience, when great phantoms appeared. *Dii immortales !* They have cocks' plumes in their turned-up hats ; they wear red coats, white uniforms and . . . what-not—in a word, they are foreign superiors ! Will not these redoubtable autocrats instigate antinational conspiracies and compel their French subordinates to betray their country in virtue of their vow ?

The best answer to this will be given toward the end of this work, and it is irrefutable as it is a statement of facts. We will see religious, both men and women, unfurling everywhere the proud flag of France, becoming its glory and often the only promoters of its peaceful influence. We will hear the least religious, the most radical, in fact even atheistical voices proclaim that ardent patriotism with astonishing unanimity. Indeed, nearly all of these patriots are members of some congregation ; many have foreign superiors and even these are by no means the least eager to procure the honor of the country. (1)

Moreover, all treason commanded by a foreign general is radically *impossible*. This is but an elementary application of the limiting principles of obedience expressed above. To betray one's country, to do it any harm is, according to Catholic doctrine, a grave transgression. Therefore, in that respect, all prescription would be of no

(1) And here let us remember the patriotic work of the Jesuits in Madagascar, and that of the Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits in the Orient where, through their beneficence, they are making France loved and blessed.

effect and the religious who, by an absurd hypothesis, would receive such an order, would know perfectly that he could not obey.

And now what remains of evoked phantoms? Nothing, unless the radiant picture which we will contemplate later, of the glorious work, all interwoven with patriotism, accomplished by members of our religious communities the world over.

There is still a last objection to obedience—namely, that it will degrade man and lower his dignity. This reproach could have some foundation if there were question of purely servile submission, inspired solely by the fear of punishment or the allurements of recompense; but religious obedience is not of that character. Taken as a vow for the love of God, it is inspired, above all, by that love whence it derives its true nobility, its most serene grandeur. To say that it degrades character, is but to prove one's self a mere novice in the study of the human heart.

St. Francis Xavier was obedient; he who went about the world armed with a wooden cross, exposing himself to the raging typhoons of the Indian Ocean and the Yellow Sea, which, however, never troubled his heroic soul; facing alone the sorcerers, conjurers and witches of the coast of the Pearl Fishery, the cannibals of the Moro Islands and the angered Buddhist priests of Japan; dying abandoned, but with a smile of peace and resignation, in view of China which he set about converting at the risk of his liberty and his life.

Father Damien was obedient; he who but lately became a leper with the lepers and joyfully beheld his flesh corrode and fall away, never dreaming of leaving the scene of his labor and never regretting the heroic sacrifice he had made.

Father de Ravignan was obedient; he who, in our day, appeared as the proudest personification of human dignity, commanding universal respect, eliciting universal homage, but in his

humility remaining impervious to both.

Father de Lacordaire was obedient; he who was so generous in his impulses, so ardent in his devotion to the epoch in which he lived, so intense at times in his passionate outbursts in favor of liberty.

The cloister abounds in these obedient souls who bend their will to that of a poor, weak, disarmed superior, but who waver not at sight of the gold which they spurn, who recoil not before threats, perils, tempests, savages or the mandarins of both hemispheres, and who flinch not in presence of barbarous executioners or even of death itself. If this be not true greatness of soul and nobility of character I do not know where these qualities can be found. Here then are the virile virtues which are produced by obedience, while, on the other hand, the spirit of pride and independence engenders debility, anemia, helpless self-surrender in nervous crises, and an utter incapacity for strength of will, disinterestedness and perseverance. The one makes men; the other, choleric, capricious, nervous children.

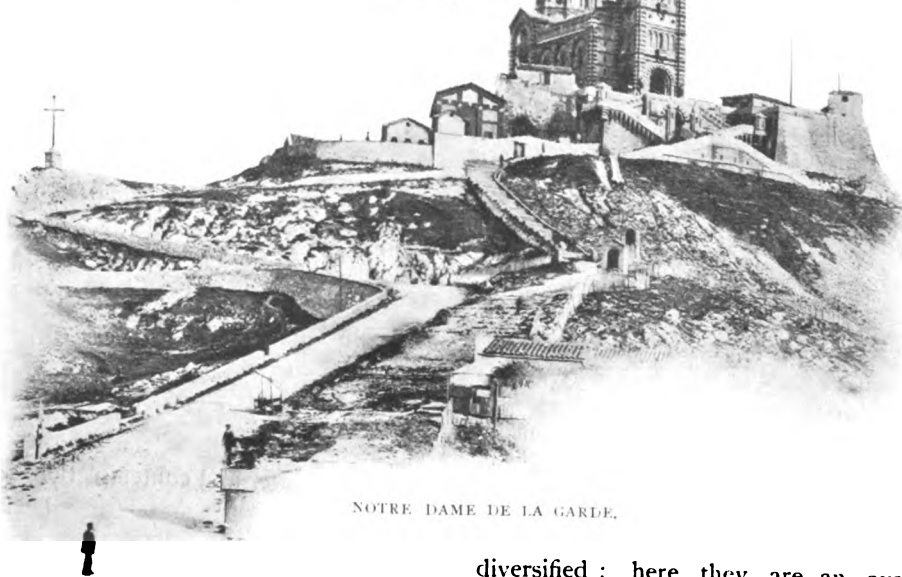
The triple seal is therefore neither a menace to society nor an attack upon human nature. Would you hear to what extent, for exalted souls, it surrounds with a triple aureola those who bear its imprint?

"Our country," says M. de Vogüé, "has but little love for frock-coated preachers. It will accept its faith and its laws of life only from those men who have the right to command hearts, because of having disciplined their own; whose garb sets them apart, and not only the garb, but most especially, and you know it, too, the insoluble mystery imprinted on their brow, the mystery of the triple vow—poverty, chastity and obedience. . . . Let us leave eloquent words to those who give eloquent example!" (1)

(1) Les Cigognes (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, February 15, 1892.

NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE, MARSEILLES.

By the Rev. Owen A. Hill, S.J.



NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE.

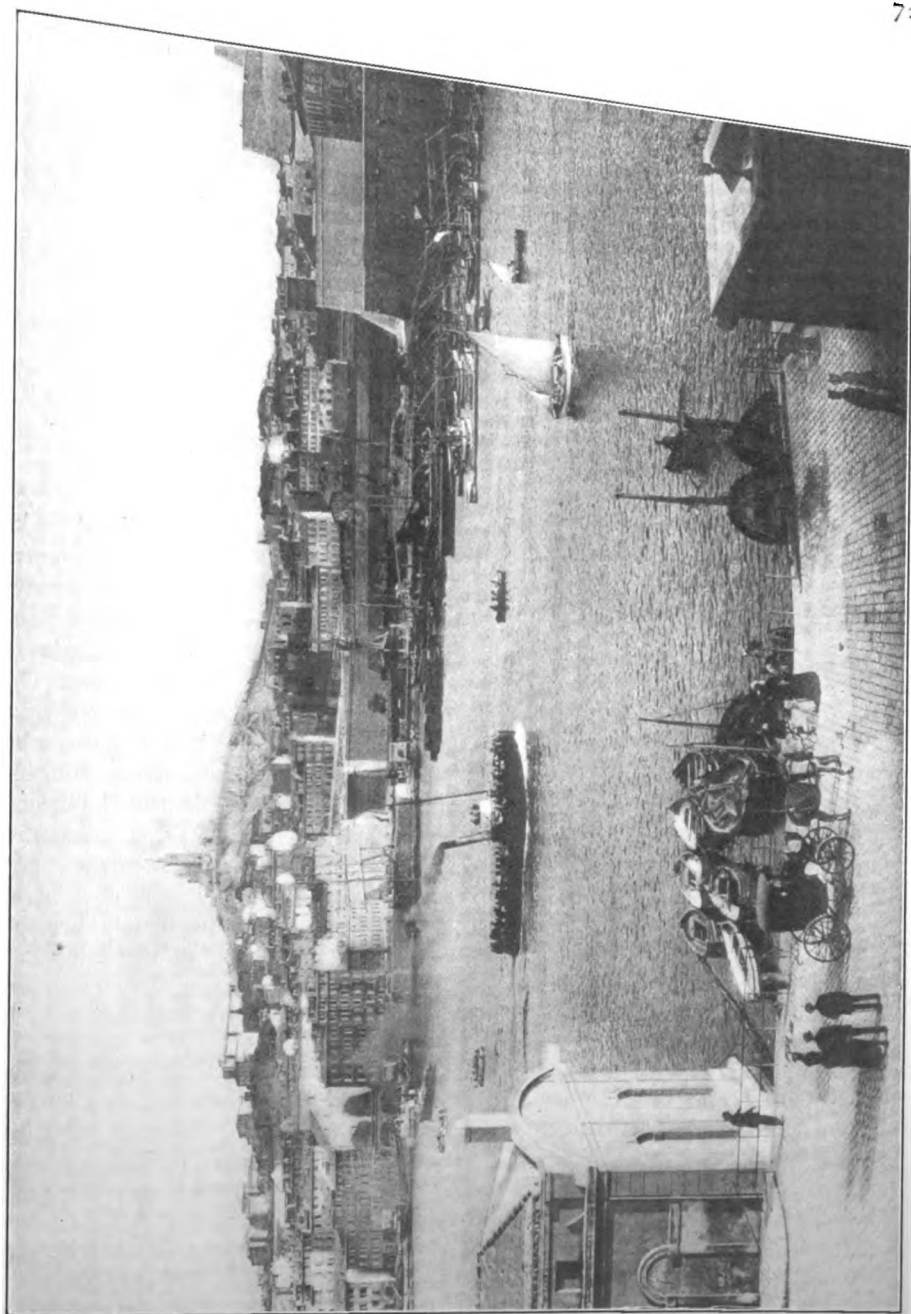
WHETHER he journeys by sea or by land, the most conspicuous monument to greet the eyes of a traveler entering Marseilles is the Church Notre Dame de la Garde. It crowns the topmost summit of a hill that commands seemingly endless stretches of the sea, and looks protectingly down on the busy city at its feet. The approach to Marseilles by land is charming in the extreme. Emerging from a long tunnel with the waters of the Mediterranean and the mountains beyond to the right, a succession of gentle heights rolling away to the left, the summer tourist is confronted with a composite picture of gracefulness and grandeur as near perfection as possible. The scene is nothing short of a wedding feast, with dazzling beauty and towering majesty for principals. The hillsides are so prettily broken up and

diversified ; here they are an avalanche of glinting pebbles, there an agglomeration of detached rocks most fantastically jointed and fitted ; here, again, can be descried, in and out among the boulders, pathways worn smooth by the feet of adventurous pleasure hunters, and hemmed in by fields of pointed crags, as rough and slashed as if some Cyclops, armed with a sledge, were once loose among them for play and mischief. Dull white and black tufts of stunted flowers and undergrowth pay the small tribute of sombre color for what sustenance they derive from the land's barrenness. A hardy pine, at scattered intervals, rears its green head to nod its glossy needles to the breeze blowing in from the queen of waters. That breeze is fresh from the Mediterranean, more the spoiled pet of song than of story, gifted with a magic to drive the color skill of artists mad, and transmute language into poetry. There it lies, to the right, unlashd and still.

For want of a better word, men agree to call it blue. It smiles as only a giant conscious of his strength can smile in times of peace. It is my lady's mirror, for a summer sun of gold and the sheen of its bosom fades and falls only at the gates of the horizon. The mountains on its further shore have their tops in the clouds, and distance only subdues without obliterating their bold outlines. They run the whole length of the coast, an imposing mass, and where, at the land's end, the waters sweep out to the main, their precipitous sides drop sheer to the sea. Boats of all shapes and sizes crowd the ever-busy harbor, and their white sails show a bluish gray under the mid-day warmth and light. Over the low houses of the city, clustered in irregular groups from the water-front to the base of the hill, the height, whose topmost summit is crowned by the Church of Our Lady on Guard, towers magnificently towards the clouds. The church itself, from this lower elevation, is entirely clear of the ground, and its every line, from foundation to dome, stands out in bold relief against a sky of blue. The city of Marseilles is older than modern history, and antiquarians discover references to corners within its precincts in the works of Lucan and Cæsar. From these scant references they gather that, centuries before Christian pilgrims devoutly knelt at this hallowed shrine of the Mother of God, heathen deities received on the hillside the homage of their worshippers. There is now little doubt that the sacred groves mentioned by Lucan were located somewhere in this neighborhood. These groves, untouched by the ages, had, even in his time, grown impervious to the sun's rays, and long the dark sanctuary of hideous idols were wet with human blood spilled in sacrifice. Such an air of mystery attached to them that the Roman soldiers were actually afraid to touch a tree with the axe till their less superstitious general

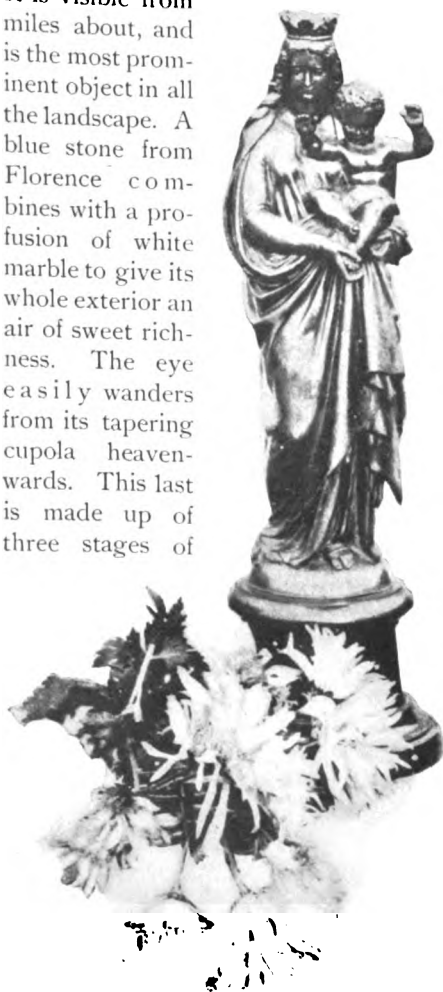
led the way and struck the first blow. Here Cæsar reared temples to Ceres and Vesta. Here the Phœnicians, before Cæsar, did their devotions to Victory; the Phocians to Diana. Nature so richly endowed the spot with charms breathing religion and the presence of divinity that, from time immemorial, prayer, like embalmed incense, rose heavenwards from the summit. It was not till the beginning of the thirteenth century, that a devout client of the Blessed Virgin settled on the solitude of the hilltop, and reared in her honor, beside his cell, an humble chapel, now replaced by a magnificent basilica. The abbey of St. Victor, lower down on the slope, dates back to the fifth century, and owned all the surrounding fields. One day, in 1214, a young priest knocked at its gates to ask and obtain the abbot's permission to build on the topmost summit a small shrine for the purposes of prayer and contemplation. He was to live in entire dependence on the abbey, was to pay its cellaret the sum of twelve deniers on each recurring feast day of St. Victor, and, when dying, bequeath all the fruit of his labor to the monastery. The building he reared was necessarily modest and unassuming; but, soon attracting attention, it grew marvellously. Two centuries after its foundation, we find it attached to the mother-house of St. Victor as a priory.

In 1477, the old buildings were renewed and strengthened. The pious charity of René, a prince in Provence, enabled the monks to make extensive additions. Aix was his home; but he often sojourned for long periods in Marseilles. He contributed as much as 20,000 francs to the work. Under Francis I, and with his generous assistance, further modifications were introduced in 1525. To make way for the impressive pile that now crowns the heights of Marseilles, this lowly building was torn down in 1720. The present basilica of Our Lady on Guard was forty years in building.



VIEW FROM MARSEILLES HARBOR.

It is visible from miles about, and is the most prominent object in all the landscape. A blue stone from Florence combines with a profusion of white marble to give its whole exterior an air of sweet richness. The eye easily wanders from its tapering cupola heavenwards. This last is made up of three stages of



THE COLOSSAL STATUE ON THE STEEPLE.

diminishing size. The first is a bell tower, its corners surmounted by four graceful angels with trumpets to their lips. The second is an open throne with a circular series of columns, serving for support to the third stage or pedestal of the massive statue on top. The statue itself is heroic in size, fashioned of bronze, and represents the Mother of God with the Child Jesus, resting on her left arm. The church and the tower front on Marseilles, and the divine Child's two hands are stretched in an attitude of exuberant kindness towards the city and its inhabitants—the hands of an Infant, the

hands of a God ! The church's great bell is hidden in the massive square tower, or first stage of the cupola, and bears an inscription that quite resists being done into even tolerable English. Here is a poor substitute :

Ding, dong, big bell : O bell of blessing ring !

Sing to the sea, to fields and mountain sing !

Rain your sweet melody down from above.

May every whisper, when your hymns begin,

Awake in Heaven's courts a joyous din,

Solace for hearts within city we love !

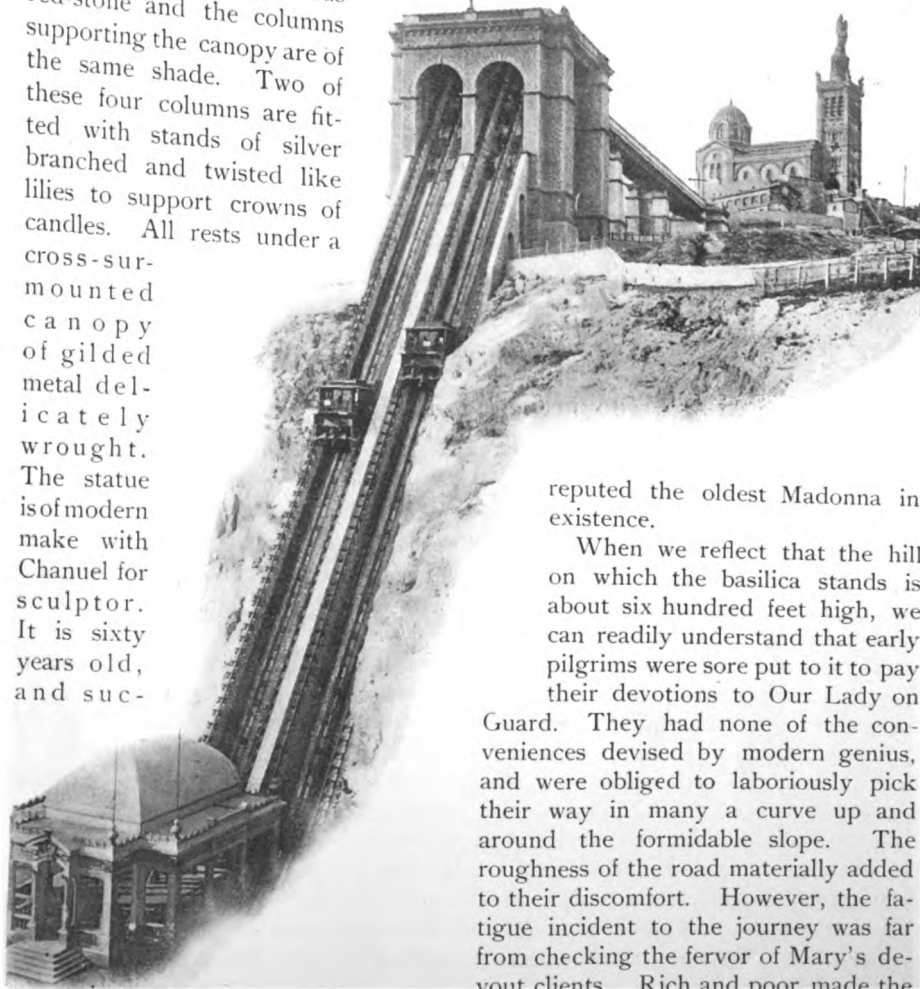
This bell is over six feet high and can be heard on clear days a distance of twenty-five miles. Passing now to the interior we are more than ever impressed with the grandeur of design and richness of ornamentation everywhere evident. The middle or principal nave rises to a great height, and is flanked on either side by naves of smaller proportions. In these latter are six altars dedicated respectively to St. Joseph, St. Lazarus, St. Charles, St. Peter, St. Magdalene and St. Roch. In the lower church or crypt, the altars immediately beneath these six are sacred to St. Philomena, St. Andrew, St. Rose, St. Henry, St. Louis and St. Benedict Lavre. The decorations in the upper church are of white and red marbles with a sprinkling of porphyry and subdued brown-stone. Venetian mosaics are scattered everywhere in rich profusion. The dome, the tribune, the apse, the sanctuary arch are covered with them. One of the most beautiful is set in the rear wall immediately behind and over the main altar. The altar itself is a rich array of snow-white marble, gold and bronze. The effect produced by judicious blending of colors, is that of rare and splendid beauty free from the glitter that dazzles and fatigues the eye.

Notre Dame de la Garde, Marseilles.

723

Over the main altar and somewhat lower than the mosaic just mentioned, stands the statue of our Lady, an almost exact reproduction, on a smaller scale, of the colossal figure that crowns the top of the cupola. This statue is set in a carved niche coated with blue enamel. It rests on a pedestal of precious red-stone and the columns supporting the canopy are of the same shade. Two of these four columns are fitted with stands of silver branched and twisted like lilies to support crowns of candles. All rests under a cross-surmounted canopy of gilded metal delicately wrought. The statue is of modern make with Chanuel for sculptor. It is sixty years old, and suc-

Blessed Virgin was represented holding, not the divine Child, but the ostensorium used at benediction. Another very valuable statue was stolen by the church robbers of 1794. It was called Our Lady of Twilight and was



THE ASCENT.

reputed the oldest Madonna in existence.

When we reflect that the hill on which the basilica stands is about six hundred feet high, we can readily understand that early pilgrims were sore put to it to pay their devotions to Our Lady on Guard. They had none of the conveniences devised by modern genius, and were obliged to laboriously pick their way in many a curve up and around the formidable slope. The roughness of the road materially added to their discomfort. However, the fatigue incident to the journey was far from checking the fervor of Mary's devout clients. Rich and poor made the ascent on foot, and their homage done, toiled down the hillside to the city. Even royalty often turned aside to pay its respects to faith and religion. Oscar II of Sweden, a Protestant, made the pilgrimage in deference to the memory of his Catholic grandmother, Sophia Clary, a native of Marseilles. The first notable improvement in the approach to

ceeded to an older statue which disappeared in 1794, during the revolutionary raids. Like the older statue it is composed entirely of silver. The figure, however, is a wide departure from the old model, in which the



WITH THEIR VOTIVE CANDLES.

grims; but in the way of accommodation, it yields to the inclined tramway now in operation for five years. It was reared with an eye to architectural beauty as well as convenience and, unlike many of our modern contrivances, adds another charm to the scene. It climbs nearly three hundred feet at an angle of sixty degrees, and lands passengers on a platform level with the top of the hill. During its six hundred years of existence as a place of pilgrimage the shrine has, of course, been the recipient of many gifts, some of royal magnificence, others of an humbler sort. Many of the latter are singularly touching and pathetic. The ex-votos are simply innumerable. They cover the walls, paying silent tribute for centuries to the pious gratitude, confidence and love of the men and women who hung them generations ago. Mention of Our Lady on Guard is no uncommon thing in wills of the 13th century. Thus, in 1234, one Gilbert des Baux bequeaths 20 sols to the shrine. A pious lady, Esmendette Sabathier, leaves her gold ring to the Sanctuary Statue with the express provision that

it be forever kept on the Blessed Virgin's finger. An old townsman is at pains in his last will and testament to make the same pious disposition of his amber rosary. Some made provision for annual supplies of oil; others, for candles and tapers. One of the most curious gifts of all is that of two houses in the city of Marseilles to be forever used as resting places over night for the miraculous statue when it was brought once every year on the feast of Corpus Christi from its home on the hill-top to be carried in procession through the streets. Marseilles has ever been noted as a seaport and naturally enough mariners, after their long and dangerous voyages, flocked in crowds to their patron's shrine. The Star of the Sea has always been in high favor with men who go down to the sea in ships. The dangers to which they are continually exposed and the readiness with which she rewards their rugged faith and simplicity, make sailors the Blessed Virgin's devoutest clients. Hence, the Church of Our Lady on Guard is literally covered with miniature boats and anchors of gold and silver, the fond offerings of men rescued from death in time of peril. As they left or entered harbor the sailors, obedient to a time-honored custom, doffed their caps for salute to the golden statue swimming in sunshine—their last sight of home, their first reminder of the welcome awaiting them on shore. As soon as ever the anchor was cast and the ship made fast these children of the deep climbed the hill in long lines to utter their thanksgivings to the Mother of God; and many a cabin-boy, dragged by a pious mother to the chapel on the eve of his maiden trip, and forced to his knees for prayer. Mothers reckoned this their first duty after the boy of their heart had for the first time donned the woolen blouse and blue cap distinctive of his future calling. What piety is wrapped up in this single act by which these boys were recommended to the

Virgin on the eve of an adventurous career! A towering wave so easily acquires the right to a human life, and so often becomes the mysterious and heaving shroud of a sailor! When a crew makes this pilgrimage in a body the captain and officers are sure to be along.

most capacity and swarm over the hillside. In winter, owing to the severe weather encountered on the exposed heights, the pilgrims are fewer; but at no time during the year is the place entirely deserted. Thanks to the fervor of a good Catholic resident in the town,



SAINT VICTOR, ENTRANCE.

Only two years ago a celebrated French admiral headed a long line of his men in their procession to the summit.

On feast-days and days of greater solemnity, people from the surrounding neighborhood fill the church to its ut-

daily visits to the shrine have been instituted and a succession of suppliants climbs the ascent from the year's beginning to the year's end. In 1792, this public manifestation of devotion was stopped by the usurpers of civil



SAINT VICTOR—ROMAN ARCH.

authority. One year later, the venerated statue of our Lady was violently removed from its pedestal. Mary seemed to say a last good-bye to her people. The infamous tricolor was planted in front of the chapel doors and a sacrilegious devil fixed the red bonnet of revolution in the hands of the Infant Child. The Reign of Terror closed the chapel against all worshippers and the accumulated wealth of ages was sold at public auction. Marseilles saw the processions renewed in 1807 and for the next seventy-five years the image of the Virgin, though barred from its resting-place on the hill, was carried in triumph through the streets of the city. Then came another interdict, and for now twenty-five years the protectress of Marseilles has been fighting in the person of her clients to regain possession of her sanctuary. This is what they call liberty in France!

These heights, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, ought to have remained forever sacred to peace and prayer. No more alarming or discordant noises than the chants of the faithful and the sweeping sound of their multitudinous feet should have broken the holy silence. But military

men were not long in discovering in the position points of strategic value for the defense or assault of Marseilles. Cannon have been planted on the summit to awaken the echoes. Sometimes they went to swell the joyous roar of a feast day. For centuries each succeeding eve of the Assumption was ushered in by continuous salvoes of artillery. The "Ave Maris Stella" was sung by armies of pious pilgrims to the accompaniment of guns mounted on the hillside. At other times these huge engines of war rained death on combatants in the under valley. Francis I built a fort here in 1524, sealing it with his escutcheon of a crowned salamander in the midst of flames, and for three centuries it desecrated the spot. Only a piece of dilapidated wall and the ruins of a postern-gate are left to tell its story. But during its long period of existence it saw stirring times and sheltered many a noble prisoner. Philippe Egalité and his son spent two months of 1793 in its dungeons. In 1536 it successfully resisted all the efforts of Charles V who tried to invest the city from the side of St. Victor's Abbey. It covered the entrance of Montluc into Marseilles, after his bold

stroke had inspired the imperial army with terror. During the War of the League the historic old fort often changed hands through stress of force by surprises and by treason. Repeatedly taken and retaken, it held within its walls by a series of rapid changes, royal troops, soldiers wearing the white cross of Baron du Vin, the champion of Catholicity in Provence, foreign rovers in the employ of Charles Emmanuel, of Savoy, the Spaniards and partisans of Consul Casaulz, for many years the military governor of Marseilles. After

the assassination of Casaulz by Corse Pietro di Liberta, a captain of Port Royal, the Duke of Guise entered the city in triumph to afterwards hand it over to Henry IV. Then the white flag of peace was unfurled in a breeze fresh from the Mediterranean to float undisturbed for half a century. This uneventful period would have gone without remark in history had not a gentleman of letters invested the crumbling ruins of the fort with a measure of literary notoriety. George de Scudéry, the author of "Alaric," was sometime



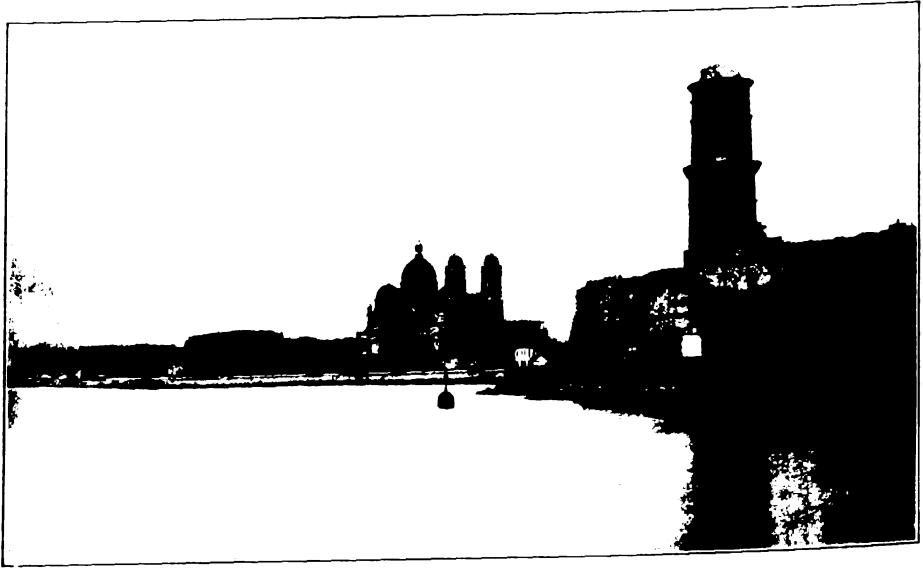
governor of the district and a poet of name as well. He found leisure in this quiet retreat to pen verses, and was guilty of this pompous description of his charge:

My mountain home, a lofty pile,
Sweeps all the sea of fluttering
shrouds ;
Its towering pride falls short of heaven,
But scales secure the topmost clouds.
Beneath its ramparts armies form,
Essay to climb, but all in vain ;
Their cannon speak but half the hill,
So high we perch above the plain.

A painted Swiss on castle gate
With fist raised in defiance
Precludes the help of armèd hordes
Precludes outside alliance.

They humorously add that the fort of Scudéry is situated on a rock so high that it commands all the surrounding universe and half the human race enjoys life only with its kind permission. But, jokes aside, the historic old fort was doomed to decay and loss of prestige at the coming of Louis XIV.

This king entered Marseilles in royal and dramatic state with his mother and



THE NEW CATHEDRAL.—DISTANT VIEW.

Earth has no dreaded fears for us
Though lightnings flash and thunders
wheeze

In mimic war above our heads,
We rate them idle as a breeze.

Exaggeration of this sort deserved heavy punishment, and retribution was not long coming. Two jolly tourists, Chapelle and Bachaumont, passed that way and maliciously added these lines to their published notes of travel:

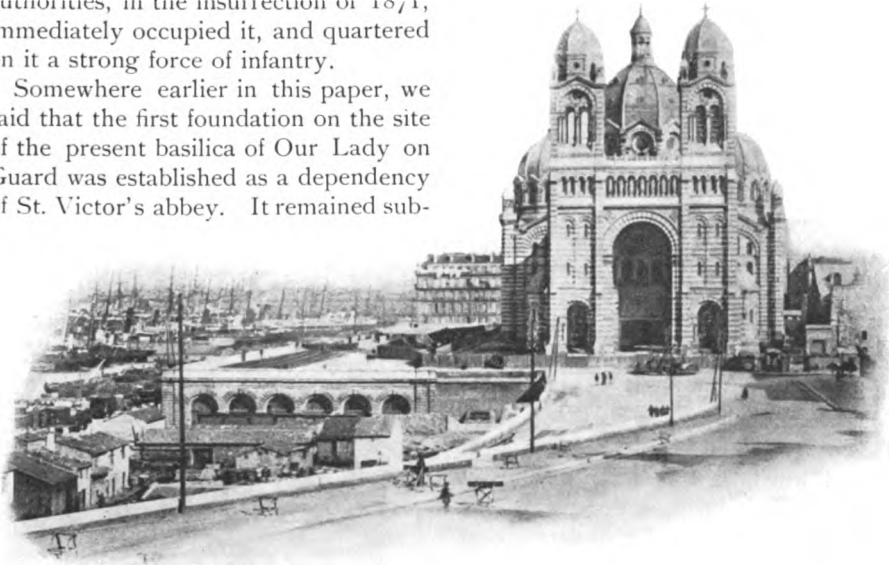
This George's district, writ and sung,
To fame all easy deeded ;
To keep its people snug and tight
No garrison is needed.

Cardinal Mazarin. Nothing short of a picturesque fortress in the city would satisfy the proud prince, and Vauban, the court architect, was charged with the undertaking. He chose a site, not on the top of the frowning hill but low down and close to the water's edge, at the very mouth of the harbor. This impressive pile still exists, an enduring monument every way worthy of Vauban's skill. It is called Fort St. Nicholas. In the meantime, Mazarin caught the fever for building, and had a twin castle erected on a strip of land running seaward and separated from

Fort St. Nicholas by a narrow sheet of water. His creation is called Fort St. John. With these two magnificent models of architecture for rivals, Scudéry's fort soon dwindled into significance. Its walls crumbled by slow degrees, and gradually disappeared altogether. Its site, however, from a military point of view, possesses untold advantages. This is so true that the authorities, in the insurrection of 1871, immediately occupied it, and quartered on it a strong force of infantry.

Somewhere earlier in this paper, we said that the first foundation on the site of the present basilica of Our Lady on Guard was established as a dependency of St. Victor's abbey. It remained sub-

dently in the greatest honor here during the earliest years of the Church. The Revolution interrupted the devotion for only a short interval. As soon as the storm blew over, the people of Marseilles took it up again with renewed zeal and vigor. The abbey of St. Victor was founded by Cassian in the fifth century. It was built over the tomb of St. Victor, a Roman officer,



THE CATHEDRAL.

ject to the Mother-house till converted in 1721 into a secular church controlled by the bishop. The old abbey of St. Victor stands between the summit of the hill and Vauban's Fort St. Nicholas. Its walls, long since grown an almost shapeless mass of ruins, reverently hide treasures of the ancient faith precious in the eyes of the devout. The underground crypts are still in a fair state of preservation and their dark passages are strewn thick with reminders of piety and persecution, dating back to the very times of the apostles. Among other interesting relics one can see an altar erected in the far-away ages to Our Lady of Martyrs. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin under this title was evi-

put to death for the faith near the close of the third century. It saw troublous times in its long history, and always loomed up as an asylum of peace where faith, learning and holiness sought and found secure shelter while the swords of barbarous hordes hacked to pieces the remnants of the Roman Empire. It at one time numbered as many as 5,000 religious, most of them comfortably lodged under its own roof, the others in houses built under its shadow. When St. Benedict's rule supplanted Cassian's, the monastery grew in splendor and influence. Naturally it acquired immense wealth in the course of time. It levied dock and duty customs, thus adding no inconsiderable increase to

its fund. Its big revenues made it necessary for the abbey to sometimes struggle with the bishop and townspeople for its rights. Real harmony, however, between monks and citizens was seldom seriously disturbed. St. Victor was, after all, the patron common to abbey and city. His flag of richly embroidered silk was carried by the captain of the militia at the head of all the civic processions, and whenever the troops marched out to battle. At other times it was kept as a sacred treasure in the monastery. On one occasion, in particular, St. Victor opened its gates to the bishop when he was hard pressed by danger. That was in the siege of 1524, when Bishop Cyprian found a refuge behind its ramparts.

On August 25, of that year, amid the thunder of the Bourbon constable's artillery, bullets whizzed through the city and poured like a rain of red-hot iron down to the very boats in the harbor. The bells of Marseilles rang her own funeral knell. At mid-day the aged bishop ascended the battlements of St. Victor, and with the God of peace in his hands blessed the wretched city now torn with all the horrors of war. It is said that the Spanish and Italian soldiers among the enemy ceased firing and knelt for the blessing, only to afterwards take up the deadly work of carnage with new vigor. But in vain. The sailors and soldiers of Marseilles had sworn by Our Lady on Guard that neither Peschière nor the sacrilegious constable should ever touch the reliquary of St. Victor, or the time-stained image of the Virgin preserved in the crypt, or the golden statue of St. Lazarus hidden away in the cathedral. And they kept their word. On September 29, the Bourbon, known in French history as the baptized Goth, fled in shame pursued by Chabannes and Montmorency. They captured his rear guard and much of his baggage. That evening bonfires glowed through-

out Marseilles, and for seven days St. Victor's miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried in triumph through the streets. Ladies had their places in the knightly escort, and they richly deserved the honor. All through the violent siege they had rivalled the heroism of Jeanne Hachette, standing valiantly in the trenches by day, and sleeping at night on the ground at the foot of the walls. After this holiday of triumph and thanksgiving the statue was restored to its resting-place on the altar of Our Lady of Martyrs in the crypt, where it had been already venerated for three centuries. Pope Urban V, an old abbot of St. Victor, had repeatedly prayed at its feet. Clement VII had turned aside to salute it when he came to Marseilles with Francis I and the French court, to marry his niece Catherine de Médici to Henry of France, the king's second son. According to antiquarians this statue dates back to the thirteenth century. The same witnesses are of almost unanimous opinion that the crypts beneath the abbey had their origin in the fifth century. The architecture peculiar to the chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs belongs to the second century, and the grotto of St. Mary Magdalen has all the characteristics distinctive of first century work. We can, therefore, with reason believe that the early Christians met in these caverns under the earth, and sang psalms in unison with the dull monotone of the sea waves. We can believe that many a martyr of old Gaul here made ready, like his brethren in the catacombs at Rome, for the last stern ordeal. These crypts, now covered with debris from the crumbling walls of the abbey, are rich in relics of early saints like Victor, Peter, Marcellin, Hermes. Adrian, who shed their blood for the faith and found a last resting-place in this hallowed spot. St. Cassian, founder of the abbey, St. Isam, one of his successors, St. Mauront, abbot of St. Victor, and at the same time bishop of

Marseilles, St. Eusebia, head of a convent established by St. Cassian for pious women, were likewise buried in these crypts. The episcopal chair of St. Lazarus, brother to Mary and Martha and first bishop of Marseilles, has escaped the ravages of sacrilege and time and is still reverently preserved in one of the crypt chapels dedicated to his memory. The

under the invocation of Our Lady of Martyrs, was attached to this shrine as early as the twelfth century, and enriched with rare favors and privileges by successive Popes. Some very curious church customs existed from time immemorial in these crypts of St. Victor's abbey. Thus, for instance, women were strictly forbidden entrance



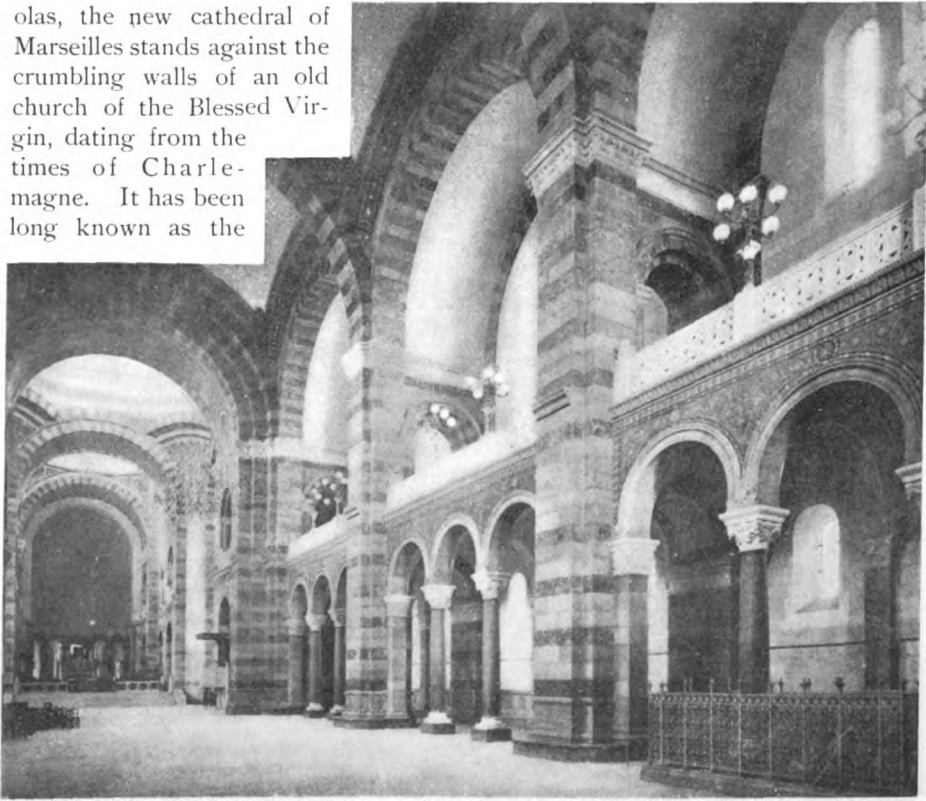
THE CATHEDRAL.—HIGH ALTAR.

tombs have, for the most part, disappeared. They were stolen in one of the civil upheavals common in modern French history, and stored by an ignorant and irreligious governor, a Protestant, in the city's museum of antiquities. The miraculous image called, from its dark color, the image of the Black Virgin, was saved from desecration during the Revolution, and restored in 1822 to its old sanctuary. A flourishing confraternity, to the chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs. Priests were permitted to receive Holy Communion on Good Friday, and, in the seventeenth century, the laity shared this extraordinary privilege with the clergy. Of course, these crypts, so long celebrated, are to-day almost entirely stripped of their ancient splendor. The abbey itself, however, suffered more furious assaults than its underground chapels. It was looted by the Visigoths in 480; by the Burgundians, in

484 ; by the Saracens, in 735 and 838 ; by the Spaniards, in 1423 ; and, last of all, by the marauding troopers of the Bourbon robber. To-day, apart from the crypts which are still in a fair state of preservation, naught remains of St. Victor's Abbey save small portions of the upper church with the towers and blackened walls seamed with fissures, and ready to topple over.

On the other side of the city, and some distance from Fort St. Nicholas, the new cathedral of Marseilles stands against the crumbling walls of an old church of the Blessed Virgin, dating from the times of Charlemagne. It has been long known as the

that it was reared by the early Christians on the site of a temple built by the Romans for Diana. Even in its last stages of dilapidation it provoked the wonder of tourists by the richness of its charms, artistic as well as architectural. Its belfry, with grass and patches of moss here and there along the length of its gray sides, was a picture in itself. Its choir was spanned by a lofty, wide and graceful arch of truly magnificent



THE CATHEDRAL.—INTERIOR.

Great Church of Our Lady, and, though of more recent origin than the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs in St. Victor's abbey, is far more ancient than the first chapel raised on the summit of Our Lady on Guard. So rapid has been the process of its decay that, a few years ago, measures were taken to level it with the ground and clear of danger the space it occupied behind the new cathedral. Students are of the opinion

proportions. Its monument to St. Lazarus, with statues of his sisters and other saints all set in beautiful arcades, characteristic of fifteenth-century church architecture, breathe the piety, faith and simplicity of apostolic times. Its pavement is full of inscriptions, marking the tombs of bishops and other church dignitaries. It numbers among its treasures a superb bas-relief of Christ's descent from the cross done in porcelain

by Luca della Robia. But, from a point of grandeur, its modern successor, as the new cathedral of Marseilles can well be called, is the pride of this good old Catholic city. Like the basilica of Our Lady on Guard it is built on Roman-Byzantine lines throughout. Notre Dame in Paris yields place to it in magnificence of detail. Each transept is spacious enough to be reckoned a splendid church in itself. The cupola or main dome, rising to a height of more than 200 feet, ranks it among the first cathedrals in the world. Supported by massive pillars of red marble the spacious dimensions of this dome, in nice harmony with the whole edifice, are far from being oppressive or fatiguing. The cathedral's interior is a bewildering display of color, strength, and beauty combined. Rare old marbles from Tuscany, Carrara, Numidia, the Alps, and Pyrenees are scattered everywhere. The columns, the porches, the galleries, are rich in the dull red and soft green of porphyry and turquoise, with the more subdued tints of pearl-gray and rose, veined with lines of white and pale yellow. Mosaics and filigree work in gold abound. The main altar is of purest Carrara set with most cunning and costly mosaics. The canopy of the altar, a magnificent creation in variegated stone, rests on four

immense pillars of onyx. This canopy is topped by a cross planted on a spherical dome most elaborately wrought in blue enamel. Outside, two lofty and imposing towers to right and left, frown from the front corners, with a wide portico running along the upper edge of the roof between their bases. Immediately beneath this portico and over the wide arch spanning the entrance seven colossal figures are set in the front wall high above the ground. They represent the Saviour, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Lazarus, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Martha and St. Trophimus. The three entrances are in grand keeping with the rest of the structure. The view from the lofty portico already mentioned, and from the gallery built behind the seven statues, is inspiring and of wide extent; but inspiring and wide as this view is, it falls far short of the spectacle afforded by a journey to the basilica of Our Lady on Guard—a horizon without limit, a field of azure fading into the darker and deeper blue of the heaving Mediterranean. On clear days, the shores of Africa can be descried in the dim distance and descendants of the soldiers and apostles who carried civilization and faith to that world of mystery, can well feel proud of the glorious achievements of their chivalric and Catholic ancestors.



THE TAFT COMMISSION AND THE SCHOOLS.

By Lorenzo J. Markoe.

THE members of the second Philippine Commission seem to be fully persuaded of the absolute necessity, as a first step in the great work of Americanizing the various tribes in the islands, of undoing completely the work of the Friars amongst the Christian Filipinos. The Mahometan Moros and the Pagan Igorrotes may be treated with a tender regard for their Mahometan and Pagan customs and traditions; but the poor, misguided Filipinos, who have for so many centuries been under the thralldom of the Catholic monks, must be dragged by sheer force from their ancient moorings, and all the evidences of their religion must be banished instantaneously from their schoolhouses. Let us look quietly over the Commission's arrangements in educational matters, and see how far its report sustains these opening statements as to its declared policy in our new possessions. Our examination will at the same time throw a flood of light upon the Commissioners' readiness to give credence to the charges against the Friars, which were dinned into their ears almost from the first instant that they set foot upon the islands.

Spain—despite her decadence in recent years, owing to Masonic or secularist influences—seems, from the Commission's report, to have been faithful to her Catholic traditions in dealing with the Filipino tribes. We cannot but be filled with admiration for her policy, as we get glimpses of it, here and there, through the strongly prejudiced allusions of the members of the Taft Commission. But we cannot dwell here at any length upon this phase of the report, and will merely refer to it insofar as it may bear directly upon the question of the schools in the Philippines.

The difficulties to be overcome in seeking to civilize the inhabitants of the archipelago were, and still are, sufficient to discourage men of iron constitution and the most determined will. First we have the character of the country. The Commission tells us:

"The most serious hindrance to rapid and effective movements by our troops has been the inaccessibility of the country in which the insurgents have hidden themselves. The difficulty has not been to overcome but to get at them." (Report, page 72.) "There are extensive areas of territory in the interior of Luzon and Mindanao, having a very considerable population, . . . which are wholly without means of communication of any kind with the outside world. . . . There are still other portions of the interior of these islands, which are now inhabited sparsely, and in the main by savage tribes. . . . A large portion of this territory is mountainous, and was only to a very limited extent ever under the control of the Spanish authorities. The mountainous region in Luzon alone covers several thousand square miles." (page 73.) "These mountains seem to have been largely *terra incognita* to the Spaniards." (page 74.)

In Mindanao the Spaniards made a few settlements along the coast.

"The Jesuit missionaries penetrated the interior, and from their reports are obtained the principal information extant." (page 74.)

And, again, the Commission tells us: ". . . There are few natives of the interior who have ever been beyond the boundaries of towns in which they live. Besides, the different tribes of Luzon speak different dialects, and it was only here and there in each community that one could be found who spoke Spanish.

Such communication as they had with the central government was through the medium of the parish priest, who was generally a Spaniard familiar with the native dialects and who taught them in their native languages the very little they knew." (page 72.)

Here, in few words, we are afforded a glimpse of the tremendous problem that confronted the Spanish government. Wild tribes, some regular head-hunting fellows, others fanatical followers of Mahomet, others, still sunk in all the debasement of heathenism ; a country almost inaccessible, with a climate that few Europeans could face successfully for any extended length of time ; a conglomeration of different tribes, each speaking its own peculiar dialect, some of them at war with each other. The Spanish method of solving this problem commands our admiration by its very simplicity and effectiveness.

The Spaniards believed in Christian—and with them that meant Catholic—civilization. Commercial greed, the love of gain, and a thirst for subjecting an inferior race to their own peculiar national customs and traditions were not the first principles controlling their policy. They were ready enough to establish trade relations with these tribes ; but they understood that they also had a duty to perform towards them as fellow men possessed of immortal souls and entitled to a knowledge of those teachings which our Blessed Lord had died to bring to all men of every race and clime. They, therefore, adopted the old, old policy by which every Christian nation on earth has been brought to a knowledge of Christianity, viz. : the preaching of the true religion by properly accredited messengers from the See of Peter.

Spanish Friars, many of them men of noble family and with brilliant worldly prospects in their own fair land, went forth single-handed, bearing the crucifix as their emblem of authority, and penetrated alone into the jungles and

inaccessible mountains of the archipelago. By their own unaided efforts mainly—amidst hardships and sufferings and untold privations, sometimes crowned with martyrdom—they gradually won these savage tribes to the beneficent rule of the Church, and, as they did so, they extended the suzerainty of Spanish over them, and brought them into amicable relations with Spanish commerce and trade, and under a nominal vassalage to Spain.

These Friars studied the various dialects of these savage tribes, laboriously preparing text-books in those dialects for their special assistance in acquiring knowledge ; and they do not seem even to have thought it necessary to teach the majority of them the Spanish language in return, so little did they interfere with their local autonomy as a people or with their harmless national customs. As the years went by and the Catholic religion gradually gained a foot-hold amongst them, schools were opened and they were induced to abandon their savage ways and wandering life and to settle down and establish their own homes in little communities and villages, where the Friars taught them in a rude way to cultivate crops, to care for stock and to establish family life on Christian ideals.

The Commission quotes the provincial of the Franciscans, who testified that the priest "was the examiner of the scholars attending the first and second grades in the public schools." (page 26.)

The Government aided in the establishment and maintenance of these schools. Under their peculiar system of taxes we find that, among the exemptions from taxation were :

"All public property, including buildings used as hospitals, asylums, and charitable or educational institutions belonging to private persons, provided they are loaned to the Government rent free"; also "Buildings owned and occupied by religious communities and

buildings which serve as residences by parish priests." (page 103.)

The Commission thus describes the schools as it found them in the islands:

"Under Spanish rule there was established in these islands a system of primary schools. The Spanish regulations provided that there should be one male and one female primary schoolteacher for each 5,000 inhabitants. . . . There were no schoolhouses, no modern furniture, and, until the Americans came, there were no good text-books. . . . In some of the schools there were wooden benches and tables; but it was not at all unusual to find a school without any seats for the pupils. . . . From the beginning the schools were entirely under the supervision of the religious orders." . . . (page 105.) "It may be said that in the typical provincial school at first a kind of religious primer was read in the native language, and that later a book on Christian doctrine was taught. The text-books found in the schools were crude and provided a large amount of religious instruction. The pupils have been obliged to learn by heart the exact words of the text-book. . . . The teacher only asks the questions that are written down in the book. . . . Generally those who attend school are from 7 to 10 years of age. . . . It has been stated that, in 1897, there were in these islands 2,167 public schools." (page 106.)

The Spaniards also had at Manila an institution which would seem to be peculiar to that country, viz.: a nautical school for teaching practical seamanship to men engaged in the trade along the coasts of the archipelago. (page 111.) Chief Justice Arellano mentions incidentally that the general practice in the courts in civil procedure "was derived from the class of studies pursued by the lawyers in the universities, or, rather, from those which existed in the Philippines, and in remote times from the practice in Mexico." (page 241.)

From this we learn that they had their own universities in the Philippines—a fact merely incidentally divulged in the Commission's report. In the Jesuit's work, entitled "The Philippine Archipelago," as quoted by Dr. Walsh in the *MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART* for March, we find reference to "the classes of our Municipal Athenæum" and "other institutions of learning here in Manila." (*Mess.*, page 223.) The members of the Commission who went to investigate conditions at Baguio, with a view to establishing there a military sanitarium, tell us that they took with them "Senor Benito Razon, a native meteorological observer, recommended to us by the director of the Manila Observatory." (page 122.)

This celebrated establishment, which has done such a great work in the islands, is, as we all know, a Jesuit institution. These various incidental admissions, scattered at random through the report, are sufficient evidence that, as a matter of fact, there were both primary schools and higher institutions of learning scattered through the archipelago. They did not consist of fine modern buildings, with the latest style of patent desks or chairs, or the latest fads in modern educational theories; but the deep concern manifested over the absence of modern chairs and desks and text-books for these little Filipinos has an element of the ludicrous in it, after all. Think what a privation it must have been to these children, accustomed to plenty of outdoor life and fresh air, to find no stiff-backed chairs to sit on or desks to bend over with rounded shoulders and contracted lungs! Certainly, if compelled to choose between schools without desks and chairs but furnishing a sound religious training to the children of Catholic parents, or schools for those Catholic children with the latest modern improvements but rigidly excluding all religious instruction, we must promptly

own that the Spanish system, with all its alleged shortcomings, was far superior to the substitute which the Commission offers.

But in this humble expression of opinion we find ourselves in direct opposition to the attitude assumed by the Taft Commission upon this important question, which lies at the very basis of the progress and happiness of the people of the Philippine Islands. Listen to the Commission's objections to the Spanish School System as conducted by the Friars :

"The little school instruction the average Filipino has had has not tended to broaden his intelligence or to give him power of independent thought. One observes in the schools a tendency on the part of the pupils to give back, like phonographs, what they have heard, or read, or memorized, without seeming to have thought for themselves.

. . . The Spanish minister for the colonies, in a report made December 5, 1870, points out that, by the process of absorption, matters of education had been concentrated in the hands of the religious orders. He says : 'While every acknowledgment should be made of their services in earlier times, their narrow, exclusively religious system of education and their imperviousness to modern or external ideas and influences, which every day become more and more evident, render secularization of instruction necessary.' " (page 105.)

In reply to the Spanish minister we may recall the statement of the Commission, already quoted, from the same page 105 of the report, that "*from the beginning* the schools were entirely under the supervision of the religious orders." And the statement that the schools were ungraded must be taken in connection with that of the Franciscan Provincial, also already quoted from page 26 of the report, that the priest "was the examiner of the scholars attending the first and second grades in the public schools." That

there was not a thoroughly graded system, such as we have it in this country, may be quite true.

But now all the deficiencies of the Spanish system are to be swept away at one vigorous stroke, and in its place is to be established the "ideal school," "according to the American standard" of education. (See page 108 of Report.) Let us follow the plans of the Commission for accomplishing this complete transformation. We first find the announcement that "The question of what kind of examination or what kind of a system shall be used for school teachers has not yet been decided, and the Commission awaits the recommendation in this regard of Mr. Atkinson, the General Superintendent of public instruction." (page 22.)

We are naturally prepared to accord profound respect to Mr. Atkinson, whose intimate knowledge of the Filipinos makes him such a high authority upon the best methods of conveying instruction to their untutored minds, until we light upon these words, in the Announcement of the Commission to the public press on arrival at Manila:

"I may add that we mean to inaugurate as comprehensive a school system throughout the islands as circumstances will permit, and we have already invited Mr. Fred W. Atkinson, of Springfield, Mass., a gentleman of high professional standing as an educator, to come to the islands to become the general superintendent of education in the Philippines. We hope that he will reach here by the 1st of August. He is highly recommended to us by the leading educators of the country." (pages 119-120.)

We would not, of our own motion, think of charging the Commission with this proposition ; but we quote its own statement that it has adopted the policy of importing an American from the United States, as far better able to teach the Filipinos than any of their own men in their already existing educa-

tional institutions, although some of these men are celebrities throughout the world for the services they have rendered to science, and even to commerce, by their learning and research, and are unquestionably far superior to Mr. Atkinson "as an educator" of Filipinos! And this is only the beginning. We may remark, in passing, that Mr. Atkinson received, on landing in the islands, \$2,617.96, voted to him by the Commission to pay him "for services rendered and expenses incurred . . . preliminary to assuming formally the duties of his office." (page 246.)

This sum is paid to avoid the necessity of placing an experienced Catholic educator, perhaps even a Jesuit or a Friar, in charge of the Catholic schools amongst the Catholic Filipinos in our new possessions!

Whilst awaiting the arrival of Mr. Atkinson, the Commission discovers that if it could be arranged to sell the Friars' lands in the Philippines, "the proceeds of the land, which would sell readily, could be used to constitute a school fund." (page 32.)

There is a refinement of ingenuity here which should command our attention. The very men who, by their success in inducing these savage tribes to abandon their warlike habits and settle down to the ways of peace and civilization, have made it possible for the Americans to come in and establish commercial relations with them, are now to be compelled to offer one last sacrifice for the advancement (?) of their flocks, by having their lands seized—if need be, by "condemnation proceedings" (page 33) and sold by the confiscating government to raise a fund to be used to shut out those Catholic people from all religious instruction in their schools and to lead them to the blessings of a system of education without religion!

The Commission then takes another serious step forward in solving the

all-important problem of education for the Filipinos. It remarks that "it would seem the wisest course, wherever it is possible to do so without infringing upon the principle that church and state must be kept separate, to frame civil laws which shall accord with the views conscientiously entertained by Catholics—priests and laymen—and which shall not deal unfairly with a people of a different faith." (page 33.)

This is in preparation for the announcement of its intention to adopt a policy which, strange as it may seem, involves a violation of this very principle of the separation of church and state! It appears that it was shrewdly suggested to the Commission by certain persons that "in these islands it would be proper to afford to every religious denomination the right to send religious instructors to the public schools to instruct the children of parents who desire it in religion several times a week, at times when such instruction shall not interfere with the regular curriculum." (page 33.)

To this plan there are two serious objections from a Catholic standpoint. In the first place it would impress indelibly upon the minds of these Catholic children the fact that religion is, under the new system, a matter of only secondary importance, tolerated in the schools but forming no part of the "regular curriculum." And, secondly, it would enable prejudiced or bigoted local superintendents, on the request of one or two renegade Filipinos who might have children in these Catholic schools, to send in some of our army chaplains or Protestant ministers, to weaken the faith of these children in the religion of their parents and parish priests. A third advantage might accrue to the Secularists if it should serve to throw a little dust in the eyes of the Catholic hierarchy. The Commission seems to suspect this point when it remarks:

"It is not certain that this would

meet completely the views of the Catholic hierarchy, but it is likely that it would avoid that active hostility to a public-school system which might be a formidable obstacle in spreading education among these Catholic people." (page 33.)

Were this sentence made to read, "It is likely that it would avoid that active hostility to a *Secularist* public school system which might be a formidable obstacle in spreading *Secularist* education among these Catholic people," it would accurately convey to the mind of the reader the reason for the dissatisfaction of Catholics—hierarchy, priests and laymen alike—with this proposed educational reform in the Philippines. The real student of history knows well that public schools for the masses originated and were first established under Catholic auspices centuries ago; but the Secularists seem to labor under the delusion that they are a modern American invention. It is to the injustice of placing our public schools under the exclusive control of any one section of our citizens, to the prejudice of any other section or sections, that the Catholic hierarchy objects. It asks equal justice for all, and no partisanship or unfair discrimination in a matter of such vital importance as the education of our people.

But now comes the next step. We read:

"In view of the very great burden which will be placed upon the public civil funds the moment a satisfactory school system is inaugurated and the needs for internal improvements are supplied, the revenue, unless materially increased, will be insufficient." (page 37.) "... In any event they must spend the amount accruing from a tax of at least one-fourth of one per cent. on free public schools. Education is the crying need of the inhabitants in this country, and it is hoped and believed that the funds resulting from the land tax will be sufficient to enable us

to establish an adequate primary school system." (page 40.)

Thus these Catholic Filipinos are to be made to pay the expenses of establishing a purely Secular system of education amongst them, and teaching Secularism, divorced from all religion, to their children. But there is yet more to come. We are told:

"The peculiar conditions existing here demand a centralized control of the public-school system. There should be careful State supervision of all public schools. . . . The duties of the district superintendents will be to see that schools are established and proper buildings constructed, to regulate courses of study; to inspect schools regularly; to pass upon the qualifications of teachers and to collect and transmit school statistics to the central school authorities. . . . At first local control may be impossible in some places, but the affairs of the school management will be so ordered as to stimulate local effort." (pages 108-109.)

Can we blame Catholics if they entertain a lurking suspicion that the Commission is, whether designedly or unwittingly, here playing directly into the hands of the very same Secularists who dominate and control our public-school system in this country, and who are so eagerly seeking to usurp, in Missouri, Illinois, California, and generally throughout this country, even the inspection and management of all church and private schools? And are the following words of the report very likely to dispel this disagreeable and most unwelcome suspicion? We read (italics our own):

"In Manila, at the beginning of the next school year, a normal school, founded on the American plan, will be opened. . . . Later, other normal schools in three or four other centres of population will be needed." (page 111.) "All schools supported by public funds must be free and *non-sectarian*. . . . Native teachers in office will be taught

a *broader and more thorough conception of education*. To this end courses of instruction for teachers will be provided.

. . . The *present educational system* will be modernized and *secularized* and adapted to the needs of a people who have hitherto been deprived of the opportunities of a *rational* education." (page 113.)

Religion has been ousted from the schools ; the priests have been exiled ; the teachers are to be saturated with mere secularism, divorced from all religion ; and the people are to be taxed to meet the expenses. There still remains the important question of language. Here again the Commission readily solves the problem. We read :

"The Spanish language is the only one common to all educated Filipinos, the great mass of the people speaking only the native dialect peculiar to their respective localities. A knowledge of the Spanish language is exceedingly important for the successful performance of judicial duties in these islands." (page 84.) "The natives are reported as eager to learn English, and the use of Spanish or the native dialects is generally deprecated." (page 107.) "Common schools must be established everywhere, and as a minimum standard every child must be taught arithmetic and to read and write the English language." (page 108.) "It is not practicable to make the native languages the basis of instruction, for this would necessitate the translation, not merely of school primers but of many texts of every sort into the provincial native dialects. Most of the commanding officers in the provinces who have reported state that 'no instruction in native dialects is desirable,' and also that there is no need of perpetuating the Spanish language, for it is understood by only a small part of the native population. English is desired by the natives, and undoubtedly it should be the language basis of public-school work ; but it should be introduced gradually. Teach-

ers sent out into the provinces will be encouraged to learn the dialects of the people with whom they are associated." (page 109.)

Although the Commission several times alludes to the eagerness of the people to receive an education, and even to learn the English language, yet it seems to mistrust this statement, and guards against all possible frustration of its plans by declaring that "primary instruction must ultimately be compulsory for all children between the ages of six and twelve years. Efforts will be made to secure a compliance with this plan ; but it will be difficult to carry it out at first, particularly in smaller towns and districts with a sparse population." (page 110.)

We will only add that the Commission is moving with much greater caution in dealing with the Igorrotes and Moros. The first are Pagans ; the second Mahometans. Both are carefully assured that their religious customs and national traditions are not to be interfered with. The Igorrote has his bacchanalian orgies in honor of his heathen god ; the Moro has his slaves and his four wives, with as many concubines besides as he can support from his income. Great regret is evidently felt by the Commission that these good people should so long have been retarded in their acceptance of modern civilization by the absurd persistency of the Friars in making Christianity the essential basis of that civilization. They are now to be reached and civilized by assuring them that this error of the past will not be repeated by the Americans ; that their religion and their customs are in no way incompatible with our modern American civilization and will not be tampered with.

That this impression has already been successfully conveyed to their minds, we may gather from the statement of Major McMahon, of the Thirty-first Infantry, U. S. V., who was our military commander in Mindanao, and

who, writing in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART for March, says that some persons have ascribed the cessation of fanatical attacks upon Christians, by the Mahometan *juramentados* of Mindanao, "to the announcement made in a proclamation by the sultan of Jolo that there was no good reason why Moros should kill Americans, for the latter were really not Christians." (MESSENGER, page 243.)

The Major himself does not believe that the sultan made such an announcement; but he sees no reason why our relations with the Moros should not continue "most friendly," "provided no unwise interference with their religion or ancient customs is attempted." (MESSENGER for March, page 249.)

Of the Igorrotes the Commission says:

" . . . They should be gradually accustomed to the ways of civilized people which, it is believed, they will readily adopt. They should also be given an opportunity for elementary instruction, which they earnestly desire, if they can have it without being forced to change their religious beliefs." (page 42.)

Mr. Otto Scheerer submits a report to the Commissioners, which impresses them very favorably and appears as one of their exhibits, amongst the documents appended to their own report. Mr. Scheerer has been nineteen years in the country; so, of course, he ought to know more about the conditions than the Friars (?) who have succeeded one another in the islands for generations! As a matter of fact, his report does contain much really interesting information regarding the habits and customs of the Igorrotes; but his deep prejudice against religion as the basis of modern civilization crops out continually. He tells us point-blank:

"If they are nevertheless still comparatively behind in civilization . . . the fault, in my opinion, is, apart from certain well-known debilities of the for-

mer administration, that eternal *conditio sine qua non* of Spanish civilization—conversion to Catholicism—to which or to whose ministers the Igorrotes strongly objected." (page 151.)

He has already mentioned that, under the Spanish rule. " . . . the so-called *Commandancias Politico-Militares* were established to attract, with the help of Catholic Friars, the heathenish but otherwise harmless . . . Igorrotes in a gentle way toward civilization [Catholicism]." (page 150.) "Spanish Friars have been at work in the richer towns of Benguet, but . . . they have rather deterred the Igorrotes from civilization by opening schools, to which the latter are not disinclined, only to children whose parents consented to their becoming *Cristianos*—a condition they were unwilling to accept. . . . If we regard the general plan of the Spanish government in a district like Benguet, we can but admit that the idea was certainly a well-intentioned one and to the best of the ability of that old Latin race." (page 154.)

We cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Scheerer's description of this "general plan" of "that old Latin race." He tells us:

"The Madrid Government repeatedly issued strict orders to employ in regard to the non-Christian tribes a policy of suave attraction, and the Igorrotes were allowed to live in towns, into which they were gradually gathered from the small, primitive rancheries under headmen of their own proper race, preserving all of their peculiar habits which were not in open contradiction with a gradual advance in civilization." (page 155.)

Mr. Scheerer deplores the fact that our Commission has already broken up this system of towns, and hopes that it will soon restore the Spanish system; as, to quote his own words:

"Civilization has luckily taken already sufficient hold on them to make them proud of the right conceded to

them by the former Spanish government to form those towns under *gobernadorcillos* of their own race, to say nothing of other serious considerations that will be easily understood, and that all speak strongly in favor of the rehabilitation of the abolished towns, be it on the old lines or on better ones." (page 158.)

Of the moros the Commission seems to have little to say. It tells us that "The question as to the best methods of dealing with the non-Christian tribes is one of no little complexity. . . . The non-Christian tribes are very far from forming an insignificant element of the population. They differ from each other widely, both in their present social, moral and intellectual state and in the readiness with which they adapt themselves to the demands of modern civilization." (pages 41-42.)

To recapitulate : It is plain that the Catholic Filipinos, who form the immense majority of the entire population of the islands, are to have their schools "modernized" and "secularized" whilst they are still to be compelled to send their children to be educated by Secularist teachers and to pay their taxes for this new system of education forced upon them by their new rulers ; but the non-Christian tribes, whilst being civilized and educated without any leaven of the teachings of Christ, are to be expressly encouraged to retain their religious beliefs and practices. To this pass the American statesmanship has been reduced in the opening of this twentieth century ! We have utterly failed with our Indian and negro people in this country ; but, blind to our past mistakes, we confidently undertake to provide for the wants of another inferior race, with our Blessed Lord explicitly and designedly excluded from all part in the undertaking.

It might well bring tears to the eyes of the reader as he realizes what a golden opportunity of giving the world an object-lesson in genuine statesmanship has thus been allowed to slip through our fingers. In our own coun-

try an immense body of citizens, numbering several millions, is unalterably opposed to foisting this Secularist instruction upon their children. The alarm at the awful results—in the increase of irreligion and crime amongst old and young—is rapidly spreading amongst thinking persons of all creeds and no creed. And now, in the Philippines, our Commission had a golden opportunity to test a fairer and more just system. The Catholics had their public schools already established. In the primary schools they may have required more financial resources to improve the material features of the system and to correct its defective methods in some minor, but still important, details. The Commission could easily have laid down the simple, straightforward principle that all citizens, Catholics, Mahometans and pagans, would be treated on an equal basis, and each would be aided in sustaining their schools just in so far as they were found successful in teaching certain secular branches of study required by the government from all alike, and that all teachers would be required to pass an examination as to their proficiency in these branches. This much we Catholics have a right to demand, at least for the Philippines, and we should demand it in no uncertain terms.

This thinly veiled sophistry of the Secularist that, because the State cannot teach religion and there must be complete separation between Church and State, therefore she must throw all religious teaching out of the schools, is too childish and hypocritical to be any longer respected by any fair-minded citizen. It is precisely because the State has no right to teach religion that she is bound to keep her hands off of that sacred ground ! Her business in educational matters is simply and solely to foster and encourage secular—not secularist—instruction wherever she finds it. In cases of parental abuse or abandonment of the child the State may be compelled to act *in loco parentis*

to save such child ; but this is the exception and not the rule. It is a last resort to save the child, justified only by absolute necessity, based on most convincing proof of parental neglect or incompetence. Ordinarily the State may assist the parent, but not dictate to him how he is to educate his child. To interfere beyond that, and either exclude or require religious instruction, is a tyrannical and autocratic abuse of her power, against which every liberty-loving American citizen should earnestly and persistently protest until the nefarious practice is rooted out of our governmental system.

By separation of Church and State in the United States the Catholic understands that each is to work in her own special sphere, unhampered by concordats, ecclesiastical privileges in secular affairs or State rights in ecclesiastical affairs, but both working amicably side by side, the one for the material, the other for the spiritual and moral advancement of their common country, the home of both and equally loved by both ; whilst the Secularist, with his usual ingrained bigotry and intolerance, interprets it to mean the fettering of the freedom of Catholics in religious matters in every possible way and the right to impede and prevent the teaching of all religion if possible. Let the reader judge on which side is the truer patriotism and love of country or which side manifests the more genuine love of justice and fair play for all citizens alike, regardless of creed, color or language.

Respect for authority, whether civil or religious, is so ingrained among practical Catholics that they shrink from assuming an attitude of open contradiction towards their own government ; and they will bear much injustice rather than appear wanting in respect for the "powers that be" ; but they cannot behold their plain constitutional rights and their conscientious principles constantly and repeatedly ignored by the government or by those

who have the making of the laws, without, sooner or later, having their confidence in our American sense of justice and fair play sadly shaken and disturbed. In that case their only resource would lie in taking positive measures to replace those in authority by others with a clearer understanding of impartial justice to all classes of citizens alike. There appears no reason why Catholics should remain passive whilst their rights are ignored in educational and ecclesiastical matters, merely because they are too supine and listless to make clearly known to those in authority what they consider to be due to themselves as citizens of our free Republic. Ten millions of Catholics will be treated respectfully and justly by both political parties just as soon as it is made clearly manifest that they are absolutely dissatisfied with present conditions, and propose to be placed on an absolute equality in these matters with all other classes of citizens. This requires no revolution, no physical force, no disrespect for authority ; but a quiet use of our united influence as citizens for the modification or repeal of laws now bearing unjustly upon us, or in such manner as to segregate us from our fellow citizens and mark us, whether through indifference or evil intent, as an alien class of citizens.

In one sense we may thank God that the Secularists are becoming so bold and unscrupulous in their methods, and particularly that this flagrant injustice in the Philippines, in driving religious instruction out of the schools, has been permitted to occur by a mysterious but All-Wise Providence ; for it seems as though it must at last open the eyes of those easy-going Catholics who like to "let well enough alone," and who shrink from an open conflict with those Secularists who are seeking to use our government and its Commission as instruments for carrying out their project of undermining religion and weakening the people's belief in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, through Whom alone we can enter into eternal life.

THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.⁽¹⁾

SUNDAY is fairly well observed in the United States. It is notably a day of rest from labor; business is suspended, social intercourse limited, and the most necessary duties are performed as privately and in as brief a time as possible. The very atmosphere is still, even in our busy cities; there is less hurry in the movements and less care on the faces of the men and women we meet in our thoroughfares. The calm demeanor and spiritual air of most of them tell why they are abroad and whither they are going; the more than usual self-restraint of others who are not on the same errand is, wittingly or unwittingly on their part, a tribute of respect to those who keep the day religiously.

No one can witness the observance of Sunday in America without drawing the conclusion that Christianity is still a most powerful influence at work among our people; and this conclusion is borne in upon us more forcibly now that we are described by others, and have come to regard ourselves, as a material, industrial and money-loving nation. Truly it requires some super-human influence, something more than the craving for an occasional day of rest or pleasure, to make us, rich and poor alike, agree one day a week to stop the vast and mighty systems of machinery, which require fortunes to set going again, to close our markets, to cease from toil, to forego in great measure the enjoyments and conveniences which would require the laborious services of others, and to discountenance the disposition of some to pursue their daily avocations on this day or to spend it in boisterous or unseemly relaxation.

The extent of this Christian observance of Sunday in the United States is all the more remarkable when we recollect that fully fifty millions of our peo-

ple are not active members of any church, though they profess Christianity of one or other denomination. Of the twenty-five millions who claim to be active members of the different sects, very many, no doubt, observe Sunday in a worldly way and with a worldly motive. Some Catholics also are negligent in this as in other duties of their religion. Still, fully ten millions fill our churches from morning until night every Sunday, and over twenty million members of the various Protestant sects meet in their churches, occasionally, at least, for their respective forms of worship, and the vast multitude of fifty millions of people, nearly four-fifths of them professing Protestantism, the remainder infidelity, observe the precept of resting on that day, out of respect for those who wish to keep it religiously. There can be no doubt that many of them observe the day piously after their own fashion.

What makes this fact more remarkable still is that there is no Scriptural ordinance for the institution of observance of the Sunday at all. It is purely an ecclesiastical institution originating at the time of the Apostles. It would seem to be the "Lord's Day" mentioned in the Apocalypse 1, 10. The first day of the week was surely a day of meeting for common worship, as we gather from the Acts 20, 7, and from the First Epistle to the Corinthians 16, 1. Such passages as these report what was customary. To know that the observance of Sunday was obligatory from the first, we must accept the tradition of the Church. From this source we learn it was an apostolic institution, a substitute for the Sabbath of the Old Law, designated to commemorate Our Lord's

(1) The Observance of Sunday: the object recommended to our prayers during the month of August.

Resurrection, and observed, now one way, now another, always by worship in common, especially by the celebration of the Eucharist, and always as a day of rest from servile labor. It is surely wonderful that the reformers of the sixteenth century, who repudiated tradition, should have allowed their followers to adhere to this sacred institution of the Church without the Scriptural warrant they always demanded for observances far less burdensome than this.

From the beginning the Church has "remembered" to keep holy a day known as the Lord's own day. When abrogating the Sabbath of the Jewish covenant, she did not lessen the number of days on which public worship should be paid to God, but simply substituted the first for the last day of the week and consecrated it, first, by making it a day of rest and then by sanctifying it in His Name. From the beginning it was a day of public worship, especially for the celebration of the Eucharistic mysteries. The tradition of this practice is so clear and unquestioned, and the practice itself is so thoroughly in accord with the spirit of our faith, that we never think of inquiring for any special ordinance or sanction for our obligation to sanctify Sunday by hearing Mass. If it be the providence of God that the sects which have separated from the Church still maintain some observance of this day, it is a special blessing of His providence that we still keep it just as the Apostles and early Christians did in the beginning; and who will deny that the example of ten million Catholics, scattered in every town and village of this country, assembling faithfully every Sunday in their churches, to assist at the same august sacrifice, to hear the same divine doctrine, helps more than any other influence to keep alive the spirit of religion among our fellow countrymen not of our faith?

In speaking thus optimistically about

our Sunday observance we are not exaggerating the fidelity of our Catholic people or the benefits accruing to ourselves and others from this observance. Neither are we overlooking the negligence of the thousands who do not hear Mass, or the indolence of the multitude who are content with this one duty as if it were all they could or should do for the sanctification of Sunday.

There are too many, unfortunately, who act as if they would like the Church to accommodate them by the gospel-wagon system, by having Mass said in a place, or at a time, to suit their convenience; so many who do not mind coming late to Mass, or hearing it in a distracted way; so many who seize the slightest excuse for remaining away from it—an indisposition which a walk to the Church might relieve; friends whom they wish to entertain, forgetting that frequently the friends would prefer to go to church; distance from the church, frequently a matter of their own choice, especially in this summer season; need of recreation which they imagine they can satisfy in no other way than by a Sunday outing begun too early to permit of their hearing Mass. Then we have the Sunday newspapers which, with all their poor paper, blurred type, flaring pictures, trashy and sensational, if not positively obscene, reading matter, are preferred to the book of instruction in Christian doctrine, church history, or spiritual reading. How common it is to hear fairly educated Catholics deploring the misrepresentations of our belief and practice they find in these very newspapers, and excusing their own inability to explain points of our doctrine to the men and women they meet the six days of the week, or refute the stale, old calumnies that are, and will be, rehearsed, everywhere and forever, precisely because they will not devote one hour every Sunday to reading something that would confirm their own faith and enable them to satisfy others as to its reasonableness!

But Sunday observance consists in something more than rest from servile labor and hearing Mass. Sanctifying the Sunday means doing some special good works on that day, good reading, for instance, teaching catechism, etc., and it means also some additional acts of piety, such as attending Vespers, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Sunday evening devotions and sermon, if there be one. Sanctifying the Sunday means one thing for all who can possibly do it, *viz.*, assisting at the late Mass, which is properly the Sunday service of the parish. In many parishes in which several of the parishioners receive Holy Communion at earlier Masses, it may not be possible to have a large attendance at the late Mass, nor will it be always convenient to have all the members of each family in the parish assist at it; but it is clear that it is the parochial and family Mass of the day, and it is worth the effort to have as many of the parish, and as many of

each family as possible present at it. There is a distinct Catholic stamp on every parish in which this is customary.

The service always seems better and the sermon likewise; it is worth while to make them both the best they can be, when the congregation is present. The parishioners are more intelligent in religious doctrine, and more spirited and loyal on account of the edification there is in such a regular and numerous attendance at the special service of the day.

There is much to be done for the proper observance of the Lord's day. Though intended primarily for His honor, it is by His mercy a day of rest and of innocent recreation for us. We should, therefore, in gratitude devote part of it to the study of His truths, and pray that men commonly may use this temporal rest as a means of attaining the eternal which is to know God and Christ Whom He has sent.

LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII,

TO OUR DEAR SONS,

THE SUPERIORS OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS AND INSTITUTES,
LEO XIII, POPE.

Dear Sons, Health and Apostolic Benediction:

AT all times the religious families have received from the Apostolic See particular assurance of loving and considerate solicitude, whether they were in the enjoyment of the benefits of peace, or, as in our days, undergoing such trials as those which now assail them. The onslaught, which, in certain countries, has been recently made against the orders and the institutes subject to your authority, cause Us the profoundest grief, and Holy Church is bowed down in sorrow be-

cause of it, for it feels itself cut to the quick in its own inherent rights, and seriously impeded in the fulfilment of its work which, for its proper exercise, requires the concurrence of both clerical, secular and religious. In truth, who touches its priests touches the apple of its eye. For Our part, you know that We have endeavored, by all the means in Our power, to prevent this unworthy persecution, and have striven to avert from those countries the consequent disasters which will be as great as they are undeserved. Hence, it is that on many occasions, in the name of

religion, of justice and of civilization, We have pleaded your cause with all the power at Our command ; but We have hoped in vain that Our remonstrances would be listened to ; for, lo ! a nation which was singularly fruitful in religious vocations, a nation on which We have always bestowed the greatest consideration, has, by the authority of its government, approved and promulgated these unjust and discriminating laws, against which, a few months ago, We had lifted Our voice in the hope of preventing their being put upon the statutes.

Remembering Our sacred duties and following the example of Our illustrious predecessors, We have put the seal of condemnation on these laws as being contrary to that natural and evangelical right which is conferred by constant tradition ; the right, namely, to form associations for the purpose of leading lives which are not only honest in themselves but marked by exalted sanctity : We have condemned them because they are contrary to that unquestionable right which the Church possesses of founding religious institutions exclusively subject to its authority to aid it in the accomplishment of its divine mission ; especially when, in this instance, the exercise of that right has resulted in the greatest benefits in the religious and civil order and redounded to the advantage of that noble nation itself.

And now We feel moved to open to you Our paternal heart in the desire to give you, and to receive from you some holy consolation and, at the same time, to address to you the advice which the occasion calls for, in order that remaining still more firm in the time of trial you will gain greater merit in the sight of God and men.

Among the many motives of courage which spring from our faith, recall, dear sons, that solemn word of Jesus Christ : "*Blessed are ye when they shall revile and persecute you, and*

speak all that is evil against you untruly for My sake." (Matt. 5, 11.)

Reproaches, calumnies, vexations of all kinds will be poured out upon you for My sake, but then shall you be blessed. It is in vain to multiply against you those calumnious accusations which seek to dishonor you. The sad reality is flashed only the more vividly on men's eyes, that the true reason for which you are persecuted is that deep-seated hatred which the world cherishes against the Catholic Church, the City of God ; that the real intention is, if possible, to nullify in society the reparative action of Jesus Christ from which such beneficent and salutary results universally flow. No one is ignorant of the fact that the religious of both sexes form a chosen body in the City of God ; that they represent particularly the spirit and the mortifications of Jesus Christ ; that by the practice of the Evangelical Counsels they tend to carry Christian virtue to the summit of perfection and that, in a multitude of ways, they powerfully second the action of the Church. Hence, it is not astonishing that to-day, as in other times, under other iniquitous forms, the City of the World rises against them, and chiefly those men who, by a sacrilegious compact, are most intimately united and most servilely bound to Him who is Prince of this world.

It is clear that they consider the dissolution and extinction of religious orders as a successful manœuvre in the furthering of their deep-laid designs of driving the Catholic nations into the ways of apostasy and alienation from Jesus Christ and because of that We may say, in all truth : "*Blessed are you because you are hated and persecuted.*" It is only because you have chosen your kind of life out of love for Jesus Christ.

If you followed the maxims and the ways of the world, the world would not trouble you, but would shower its favors upon you. "*If you had been of the*

world, the world would love its own ;'' but because you are walking in opposite ways you are assailed and warred against. It is because the world hates you. Christ Himself foretold it. Hence, He regards you with all the more love and predilection as He sees you more like Himself in your suffering for justice sake. But if you partake of the suffering of Christ, rejoice. Aspire to the courage of those heroes *who went from the presence of the Council rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus* (Acts, Chap. 5, 41). To this glory which comes from the testimony of your conscience, there is added, though you do not seek it, the blessing of all honest men. All those who have at heart the peace and prosperity of their country are aware that there are no more honorable citizens, no more useful men, no more devoted patriots than the members of religious congregations, and they tremble at the thought of losing in you so many precious advantages which depend upon your existence. There are the throngs of the poor, the abandoned and the unfortunate for whose sake you have founded and sustained every variety of establishment with supreme intelligence and admirable charity. There are the fathers of families who have entrusted their sons to you, and who, until the present moment, relied upon you to impart that moral and religious education which is strong, vigorous and fruitful in solid virtue, and which was never more needed than in our time. There are the priests who find in you valuable auxiliaries in their important and laborious ministry. There are the men of all ranks who, in these times of apostasy, find useful direction and encouragement in your advice, backed as it is by the integrity of your lives. There are, above all, the bishops who honor you with their confidence, and who consider you as tried teachers of their younger clergy, and who recognize in you the true friends of their

brothers and their people, offering as you do for them to the divine mercy your incessant prayers and expiatory sacrifices.

But no one appreciates the exceptional merits of religious orders with greater justice than We Ourselves who, from this Apostolic See, are watching over the needs of the universal Church.

Already, in other acts, We have made particular mention of all this. Let it suffice now, to call attention to that splendid ardor with which these religious bodies follow, not only the directions, but the least expression of wish of the Vicar of Jesus Christ ; undertaking every work which may contribute to the advantage of the Church and society whenever He indicates it ; hurrying to the most inhospitable shores ; braving every suffering and accepting death itself, as many have done in the most glorious manner in the recent upheavals of the empire of China.

If, among the dearest remembrances of Our long pontificate, We count the fact that by Our authority We have raised a great number of the servants of God to the honors of the altar, those remembrances are all the more dear to Us because the majority of those saints belong to religious orders, either as founders or as simple religious.

We, moreover, wish to recall for your consolation, that among people of the world, distinguished by their position, and by their knowledge of what society needs there have not been lacking many honorable and upright men who have come forward to praise your works, to defend your inviolable right as citizens, and your still more inviolable liberty as Catholics. Surely, one must be blinded by passion not to see that it is unwise and dishonorable to crush those who, hoping for nothing and asking for nothing, give themselves up entirely to the service of their fellow-men. Let it be considered with what zeal these religious apply themselves to develop among the children of the people those

germs of natural goodness which, without them, would perish and leave these little ones to grow up a danger to themselves and to others. These religious have, with the help of grace, cultivated patiently and assiduously these precious seeds, have preserved them from destruction and have succeeded in bringing them to maturity. Under their influence they developed a splendid fruitage of intelligent love for truth, of honesty, a sense of duty, of strength, of character and of generosity in sacrifice. And what is there better calculated than all this for the order and prosperity of the State? Nevertheless, dear Sons, since the hatred of the world pursue you so far as to pretend that it is a useful and praiseworthy work to trample underfoot in your persons the most sacred rights and that in so doing, a service is done to God, adore with a trusting humility the designs of the Almighty in permitting this. If, at times, He suffers right to succumb to violence He does so only for the purpose of some greater good; but remember that He often comes to Our rescue in unforeseen ways when We suffer for Him and trust in Him.

If He places obstacles and obstructions in the path of those whose state is that of Christian perfection, it is in order to test and fortify their virtue, and it is, more particularly, to strengthen and reinvigorate their souls which might else have grown feeble in protracted peace.

Endeavor, therefore, to correspond to those paternal designs of Almighty God. Give yourselves up with redoubled ardor to a life of prayer and faith and holy works; make regular discipline reign among you; let a brotherly union of hearts prevail among you, with humble and eager obedience, austerity and detachment and a pious ardor for the glory of God. Let your thoughts be always high, your resolutions generous and your zeal indefatigable for the glory of God and the ex-

tension of His kingdom. Since by the misfortune of the times, you find yourselves either already struck or threatened by the fatal laws of dispersion you must recognize that these very circumstances impose upon you the duty of defending with more zeal than ever the integrity of your religious spirit against the contamination of the world and of holding yourselves ever ready and ever armed against all attacks.

On this point you will recall the different instructions which have been addressed to Regulars by the Apostolic See, and these other prescriptions which have emanated from your own Superiors. Let both one and the other keep their full vigor and be most conscientiously observed. And now, Religious of every age, young and old, lift your eyes to your illustrious founders. Their maxims speak to you, their statutes guide you; their examples are before your eyes. Let your sweetest and holiest desires be to hear them, to follow them, to imitate them. It is thus that multitudes of your ancestors have acted in times of trial; it is thus they have transmitted to you a rich heritage of sublime courage and virtue. Long to make yourselves worthy of your sires and of your brethren in order that you may be able, all of you, to say, while justly glorifying yourselves, "*We are the sons and brothers of the saints.*" It is thus that you will obtain the greatest advantage for yourselves, for the Church and for society. By spurring yourselves onward to reach that degree of sanctity to which God has called you, you will fulfill the designs of Providence in your regard and you will merit the abundant recompense which He has promised you. The Church—your tender Mother—who has heaped favors upon you, will obtain, in return for it all, a more faithful and more efficacious coöperation than ever in its mission of peace and salvation. Peace and salvation; they are the two urgent needs of society at the present time,

which so many causes tend to corrupt and degrade. To arouse it and to bring it repentant to the feet of the merciful Saviour we must have men of superior virtue, of living eloquence, of apostolic hearts and men who possess, at the same time, the power of drawing abundant graces from heaven. You will be such men, We doubt not, and you will thus become the most opportune and the most glorious benefactors of society.

Dear Sons, the charity of the Lord inspires a last word to strengthen in you the sentiments with which you are animated towards those who attack your Institutes and who wish to destroy your liberty. Just as your conscience prompts you to keep a firm and dignified attitude, so by your profession, you must always show yourselves sweet and indulgent ; because it is especially in the religious that the perfection of that true charity should be resplendent, revealing itself, as always open to pity, and ever incapable of harboring hate. Without doubt, to see yourselves rewarded with ingratitude and thrust aside by those you have benefited would naturally cause bitterness of heart ; but, dear Sons, let your faith, and what it tells you give you comfort. Bear in mind the sublime exhortation "*Overcome evil by good.*" That faith places before your eyes the incomparable magnanimity of the apostle. "*We are reviled and we bless ; we are persecuted*

and we suffer it ; we are blasphemed and we entreat." (I Cor. 12, 13.)

Above all, it invites you to repeat the supplication of the Supreme benefactor of the human race, Jesus Christ, suspended on His cross : "*Father, forgive them.*" Therefore, dear Sons, strengthen yourselves in the Lord. You have with you the Vicar of Jesus Christ ; you have with you the whole Catholic world, which regards you with affection, respect and gratitude. Your glorious founders and your glorious brothers encourage you. Your Sovereign Chief, Jesus Christ, girds you with His strength and covers you with the mantle of His virtue.

Well beloved Sons, turn to the Divine Heart with a fervent confidence, and fervent prayers. You will find there all the strength necessary to conquer the fear of the world. There is one word which rings through the centuries, always living and always full of consolation. "*Have confidence, I have conquered the world.*"

May you find, besides, some consolation in Our blessing which on this day consecrated to the triumphant memory of the Apostles, We are happy to accord you in all its plenitude ; to each one of you, to all of you and to each one of your families who are most true to Us in the Lord.

Given at Rome, near to St. Peter's, on the 29th of June, in the year 1901, the 24th of Our Pontificate.

EDITORIAL.

THE POLICY OF SUPPRESSION.

Precisely because there is a policy of suppression, as the New York *Evening Post* charges in its issues for June 28 and June 3, in regard to the diplomatic correspondence leading up to the war with Spain, we deem it important to publish here a few of the most critical despatches and documents which justify the assertion of Mr. Woodford, our Minister to Spain, when war was declared, that hostilities might have been averted.

On March 27, 1898, Minister Woodford received instructions from Washington to make three demands :

"First.—Armistice until October 1. Negotiations meantime looking for peace between Spain and insurgents through friendly offices of President United States.

"Second.—Immediate revocation of reconcentrado order.

"Add, if possible,

"Third. If terms of peace not satisfactorily settled by October 1, President of the United States to be final arbiter between Spain and insurgents."

"Now, what followed?" asks the *Post*.

"On March 31 the reconcentrado order was revoked, and a special credit of 3,000,000 pesetas put at the disposal of Governor-General Blanco to care for the homeless Cubans. There was our demand number two promptly complied with. The offer to concede demand number one was cabled by Minister Woodford on April 5. It is the critical dispatch of the whole volume, and its suppression until now certainly shows an extraordinary degree of 'prudence,' and possibly something else."

In reply Minister Woodford asked :

"Should the queen proclaim the following before twelve o'clock noon of Wednesday, April 6, will you sustain the queen, and can you prevent hostile action by Congress?

"At the request of the Holy Father,

in this Passion Week and in the name of Christ, I proclaim immediate and unconditional suspension of hostilities in the island of Cuba.

"This suspension is to become immediately effective so soon as accepted by the insurgents in that island, and is to continue for the space of six months, to the fifth day of October, eighteen ninety-eight.

"I do this to give time for passions to cease, and in the sincere hope and belief that during this suspension permanent and honorable peace may be obtained between the insular government of Cuba and those of my subjects in that island who are now in rebellion against the authority of Spain.

"I pray the blessing of Heaven upon this Truce of God, which I now declare in His name, and with the sanction of the Holy Father of all Christendom."

"April 5, 1898.

"Please read this in the light of all my previous telegrams and letters. I believe that this means peace, which the sober judgment of our people will approve long before next November, and which must be approved at the bar of final history.

"I permit the papal nuncio to read this telegram, upon my own responsibility, and without committing you in any manner. I dare not reject this last chance for peace. I will show your reply to the queen in person, and I believe that you will approve this last conscientious effort for peace."

"What could be more moving," the *Post* remarks, "more pathetic, more like an unexpected messenger of peace to be greeted with devout thankfulness by all Christian hearts?"

How different in tone from the message to Congress next day!

"Yesterday, and since the preparation of the foregoing message, official information was received by me that the latest decree of the Queen Regent of

Spain directs Gen. Blanco, in order to prepare and facilitate peace, to proclaim a suspension of hostilities, the duration and details of which have not yet been communicated to me.

"This fact with every other pertinent consideration, will, I am sure, have your just and careful attention in the solemn deliberations upon which you are about to enter. If this measure attains a successful result, then our aspirations as a Christian, peace-loving people will be realized. If it fails, it will be only another justification for our contemplated action."

And yet our great newspapers have suppressed all this!

THE PHILIPPINES.

It was mentioned in the special correspondence of the *New York Evening Post* of June 20, that Mahometan teachers were to be brought from India for the benefit of the Sulus of Mindanao. The mass of the teachers sent amongst the Catholic Filipinos are Protestants. The *Daily News* (New York) of July 12, pointed out that one essential condition of success in the attempt to Americanize the Philippines by means of schools would be the total abstinence of Protestant teachers from interference with the religion of Catholic pupils. Meanwhile several Protestant religious organizations, so conspicuous for their failure at home, have portioned those Catholic islands amongst themselves. With an evident desire of imposing on the natives, they style themselves falsely the *Evangelical Church*, not *churches*. The usual result, we may suppose, will follow, that instead of making the Filipinos Protestant, or better in any sense, they will contribute to the destruction of whatever religion these have already.

Mr. Sawyer, one of the fairest of American observers in the Philippines, points out some of the dangers to be avoided in the public school projects:

"I may say that whilst the unlettered agriculturist, with his old-fashioned garb and quiet, dignified manner, inspired me with the respect due to an

honest and worthy man, the feeling evolved from a discussion with the younger and educated men, dressed in European clothes, was less favorable, and it became evident to me that, although they might be more instructed than their fathers were, they were morally below them."

Again this writer foretells the probable consequences of taking the young Filipino teacher into large and corrupt centres, and there giving him only secular training, without religious or moral safeguards:

"He acquires the European vices without the virtues; loses his native modesty and self-respect, and develops too often into a contemptible pettifogger instead of becoming an honest farmer."

It may be well to keep in mind the following comment of the *Monitor* (San Francisco) on the methods employed for "raising up" the natives of Hawaii:

"Some eighty years ago Messrs. Bingham and Thurston with their colleagues, undertook to 'raise up' the Hawaiian people by the agency of common schools and public offices manned by missionary officials. Within fifty years the native population had dwindled to a third of its original numbers, and its lands had passed into the hands of its missionary teachers."

THE ASSOCIATIONS BILL.

The bill against Religious Associations in France became a law early in July, and they have now two months to show that they have used proper diligence in conforming to its regulations. Some of them, knowing full well that the law has been framed with a view to their destruction, have already taken measures to contest or evade it as a plainly unjust enactment. It is merely an instance of the despotism exercised by a majority of legislators in a Republic similar to that of the monarchical ruler of Portugal. It may not be applied in all its rigor, and the courts may, in some localities, hinder its application altogether; but its instigators will insist on its enforcement against the Religious

Associations whose members are most influential as teachers. The Socialists want more, but the government is content for the present to sacrifice every other advantage for this one alone—we say, for the present, because this once gained all others will follow ; it is the one thing necessary for exercising the tyranny to which the constitutional oligarchy of France is committed.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The letter of the Pope to Cardinal Gibbons on his solicitude for the Catholic University of America contains the most important reminder that it is no loss to a diocese to devote some of its clergy for a time to serious and advanced studies. This reminder is all the more necessary now that the multiplication of seminaries is constantly increasing the difficulty, if not making it altogether impossible, to provide them with competent teachers. Not long ago the English Bishops found it necessary, with the approval of the Holy See, to reduce the number of their seminaries to two, one for the North and one for the South of England, and one of the reasons given was the difficulty of training professors for a number of smaller seminaries. We have in the Catholic University facilities for higher ecclesiastical studies which the English Bishops have not, and, as our need is greater than theirs, we should take to heart this reminder of our duty to support our university in the most practical way possible, viz. by keeping it filled with students.

FRUITS OF THE DISCUSSION.

The prolonged, animated and, on the part of the opponents of the bill, the dignified discussion of its clauses, if unavailing to prevent its passage, has at least aroused to action the Catholics of France, clerical and lay, who are not creatures of the government, and satisfied the world that the reasons first offered for introducing this measure were hypocritical pretexts. No one now believes that the French govern-

ment ever did believe the Religious were as wealthy as it computed ; no one imagines any longer that they were responsible for the Dreyfus affair or any of its consequences ; no one has yet heard of an instance in which the Religious have acted against the interests of the Republic. The energetic resistance of loyal French Catholics, reinforced by prayers of their brethren all over the world, have made all this clear. That the Religious of France were but too well appreciated is clear from the fact that their schools and scholars were multiplying yearly and that their educational prestige was the despair of the men who looked to the university and the lycees more for the growth of a partisan political spirit than for the cultivation of learning. With the suppression of the Religious and their schools this appreciation will show itself in the struggle which their champions will make for their restoration.

THE HERALD'S FRENCH NEWS.

The French correspondent of the New York *Herald* is M. Cornely, lately expelled from the editorial office of the *Figaro* newspaper. This writer ingeniously tells the simple-minded American public that the sermon of Father Coubé to the men at Lourdes was the cause of the Senate's voting the Associations Bill, that the Orders to be suppressed may be considered as the real authors of the Bill, that the Premier has succeeded in bringing over with consummate skill all the clergy under the concordat to think as he does, and other unblushing falsehoods of a similar character (New York *Herald*, July 7). M. Paul de Cassagnac, in his paper, *L'Autorite*, describes Cornely's communications as "gratuitous calumnies," and referring to this correspondent's notorious change of principles, calls him "a double Judas, who would treble his treason and quadruple his apostasy if, perchance, there were anyone else to betray and anything else to deny."

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

There are consoling and striking proofs of Catholic spirit and development all around us. The almost constant jubilee processions have deeply impressed our non-Catholic fellow citizens, particularly in the large cities. A new diocese is being formed in Pennsylvania. Very enthusiastic have been the receptions of the new bishops of Newark and Portland. New parishes are rapidly forming in the cities, three being begun simultaneously in New York. Another Catholic Truth Society has just been established in Chicago, for the free or cheap distribution of Catholic literature. A further and remarkable index of development is the faculty of conferring academic degrees given by Rome to the Seminary of Rochester.

We trust the horrors of war will soon entirely cease in the Philippines. Civil government under Judge Taft was proclaimed there on July 4. Judge Taft, we remember, would not allow the new "evangelical" missionaries to utterly uproot "Romanism" in those islands. On the contrary, while all has not been done for the Catholic Church which she had a right to expect, the Catholic press, and in Europe also, has acknowledged the position taken by our Government against the outcries of the scheming revolutionists.

PORTO RICO.

Dr. George G. Groff, lately Secretary of the Superior Board of Health of Porto Rico, writes in the *Independent* (N. Y.) that the Porto Ricans are docile, peaceable and easily governed. They are industrious, notwithstanding a prevalent belief to the contrary. "While poor, the people are happy and contented with their lot in life. The family life is kind and affectionate.

To the poor they are charitable," and so there is no need of poorhouses. "Porto Ricans are honest, sober and very hospitable. As to religion, the people seem to pay it the same respect as in other countries. The practice of their belief has made great crimes rare, and the people tractable and lovable. They seem to be as nearly free from any superstition as a people can be. Even the poor Africans have here forgotten the superstitions and rites of their dark continent. The people, white and black alike, are all members of the Roman Catholic Church, except a few thousand 'Spiritualists' and a few more who claim to be 'positivists.'" The writer is not blind to the faults of the people, but knows how much climate, traditions of slavery days, governmental shortcomings etc. are to blame for these.

FRANCE.

What the French Senators were to do they did quickly. Notwithstanding the noble protests of M. Wallon, M. de Lamarzelle, Admiral de Cuverville, and several others, the Associations Bill was voted by 173 against 99—not because of any crime committed by Religious Orders, nor because of their falsely alleged wealth, but because, as Waldeck-Rousseau acknowledged, another class of youth is growing up in France besides that which is fed on the traditions of the French Revolution. Yet, in our own free country, we find publications like the *New York Independent* palliating this crime against common justice.

The passage of the Bill was hastened to prevent the re-opening of the obnoxious Catholic colleges after the summer vacation. The measure of confiscation proposed by Waldeck-Rousseau to the Senators was toned down a little, so that a pittance is to be given from the fruit of their life-long labors to the poor

"monks" who may be in actual need. Needless to say that the decent press of France condemns the Bill and those who forged it. Speaking of the Senators the *Liberté* says: "Those representatives of a restricted suffrage are not in favor of restricted brigandage. With a cynicism before which the Palais Bourbon recoils, the Luxembourg appears determined not to dishonor itself without profit, since it determines to make more stringent the law against the Associations."

Referring to the consequences of the Bill, the special correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* (July 9) says: "The Government will, therefore, have to interfere with families throughout the country in that to which most parents attach the highest importance—the education of their children. The interference with the several thousand Frenchmen, young and old, who form the teaching staff of the condemned schools must be still more violent. In accordance with the life of Roman Catholic religious communities, most of these men have no other home than their convent or college; to this they have given their labor, and its prosperity is the result of their combined efforts. By the new bill the proceeds of the sale of such school properties are to be distributed among the members of the communities only in the amounts which they can prove they originally brought with them at their entrance. Now the major portion of the property in all such communities is the outcome of the accumulations of successive generations working together, like bees in a hive, teachers without other salary than their support from day to day, so that even low-priced tuition is sure to profit in the long run. These men, after being unfitted for other professions, will, by the letter of the law, be cast out from their only homes, which they have been led by long custom to regard as permanent, without any compensation."

Pope Leo expresses his fatherly sympathy with the Religious Orders, exhorts them to imitate their Master and forgive their enemies, and reminds them that the Pope and the Catholic world are with them.

The English *Spectator* forecasts that "the final result will probably be one more evidence of the old truth that 'swords pass through ghosts but do not cut them.' Force can do a great deal but it can not squeeze Catholicism out of the veins of Catholics."

The hypocritical premier, Waldeck-Rousseau, has had the effrontery to say in public that this Bill touches no Catholic interest! In point of fact insults and injury to religion are offered by officials all over France—the Cross is torn down; priests are forbidden to wear their cassocks; the Archbishop of Cambrai was forbidden to proceed in his pontifical robes from the presbytery to the Church to administer Confirmation, and when he was about to disregard the disgraceful order, an officer put his hand on his Grace's shoulder; the Catholic students of Lyons are to be taxed for attending Catholic schools, and this with the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies.

SPAIN.

The Jubilee and Corpus Christi processions have aroused the Orangemen of Spain. The ranks of those gentlemen are said to have been increased by importations of anarchists. Attempts have been made in one or two places, apparently by individuals or insignificant groups, to burn churches. Anti-religious meetings have been held, sometimes with very little opposition on the part of officials. The parish priest of Villa Nueva (Saragossa), to the horror of the whole people, was stabbed by a schoolmaster, provoked by the attendance of the children at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. At Moratalla (Murcia) a procession was broken up by roughs. In fact, there

seems to be no doubt that a battle is imminent in Spain.—Ten thousand men walked together in a Jubilee procession in Madrid. In the same city the superb procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the bannered streets, with cavalry and infantry corps, various corporate bodies, and delegations from the parishes of the city, seems to have abated nothing of its accustomed splendor. The protests made at Barcelona against the anti-religious movement represent 65,000 Catholics.

ITALY.

The great battle just now is between the Catholic organizations and the socialistic, encouraged by a weak and tottering Parliament. The Catholic leagues of workmen have utterly defeated the socialist strikers in Genoa and other places. Even in Rome the socialists gather to insult both Church and monarchy. The Pope has written to the Lombard Bishops on the social question, insisting on the anti-Catholic character of socialism. The Catholic youth are not flagging, their gathering at Florence being quite notable.

The little Princess Iolanda Margherita, baptized privately a few hours after birth, was honored by the solemn ceremonies with great state on June 16. The Princess was baptized by Monsignor Lanza, Principal Chaplain of the Queen. At the ceremonies assisted twelve other chaplains and the acting pastor of the parish church. The godmother was the pious and popular Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, sister of the dead King Humbert. Amongst the great personages present was the Queen's father, Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, who, though not a Catholic, has lately, in conjunction with the Pope and the King of Italy, built a church for his Catholic subjects at Cettingé.

The audacious and often most offensive efforts of so-called "missionaries," chiefly from America and

England or supported by American and English money, who endeavor to get control of the poor and of unprotected children, have put Catholics on the alert in Rome.

On Tuesday, June 11, there was a great gathering in the great hall in the Palace of the Cancelleria, to assist at the Conference given by His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, on the subject, "The Work of the Preservation of the Faith, and the Protestant propaganda in Rome." The vast hall was crowded, among the audience being no fewer than twenty Cardinals, many prelates, and members of the Pontifical Court, the diplomatic corps, the Roman nobility, and many others. The Conference was opened by the reading of certain facts gathered together by Father De Mandato, S.J., who for years past has been most zealous in his crusade against the Protestant proselytism in Rome, and who is Secretary-General of the "Work of the Preservation of the Faith." In his account he spoke of the foundation of the work, intended to save the poorer classes of Rome, and especially the children, from the snares of Protestantism. He then gave a list of the charitable institutions which have devoted themselves to this good work, a great many of which are conducted by English and Irish religious entirely at their own expense. Among these we may mention the boys' school, in the Via Napoli, kept by the Christian Brothers, who have between the day school and evening classes over one hundred scholars. The evening school for boys, in the Via Umlta, with six hundred young men. This is under the patronage of His Grace Monsignor Stonor, and is supported by voluntary contributions chiefly from English people. The English ladies of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the Via Nazionale have a large school and evening classes for girls, with over three hundred and twenty pupils. They have also opened a "Pension," in which they

receive young ladies who are studying at the university or government schools. This house, in the Via xx Settembre, was founded by the munificence of our Holy Father, and is maintained entirely at the Sisters' expense. There are also two schools for teaching sewing, etc., to poor girls, one directed by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Cenacle, and the other by the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, in the Piazza di Spagna. Besides the above-mentioned works the Society of the Preservation of the Faith supports a large number of institutions throughout the city, under the direction of religious. These works cost the Society about 4,000 lire a month; of this one thousand is obtained through the charity of the faithful, the rest is supplied by the generosity of our beloved Holy Father, who has truly been the founder of this great work. At the same time, it is necessary to say that aid is greatly needed by the Society, in order that it may still further extend its deeds of charity.

IRELAND.

The Orangemen of Belfast are still faithful to their traditions, in the only city of Ireland where Protestants form a majority of the people. A very large body of them attacked, with characteristic savagery, groups of Catholics returning from a procession of the Blessed Sacrament within the private grounds of St. Malachy's College. The Catholics were pursued to their homes, property was destroyed, and human life endangered. The rioting did not cease until the third day following. Beforehand Orange fanaticism was inflamed by blasphemous placards in which the crucifix was described as a "pagan emblem," the Blessed Sacrament as the "wafer God."

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the citizens of Belfast are represented by the ruffianly rioters referred to. One of the largest meetings ever held in this city was addressed by

T. W. Russell, M. P., in the buildings of the Young Men's Christian Association, on the injustices of the land question. Priests and Protestant ministers sat together on the platform.

A very notable event in the north was the opening of the magnificent new Cathedral of Letterkenny, on Sunday, June 16. The old Cathedral, St. Eunan's, in this diocese of Raphoe, was destroyed seven centuries ago by the enemies of the faith.

The new Cathedral, due to the untiring efforts of Bishop O'Donnell, is of Gothic style with Gaelic ornamentation. It is 200 feet long by 100 across the transepts, the spire when completed will be 240 feet high. The monastery of Raphoe, converted into a bishopric by St. Eunan in the ninth century, was founded by St. Columbkille. Archbishop Keane went over to his native fields of green Tirconnail to preach the sermon. While the Irishman was, he said, the representative of the truth of Christ wherever he goes, and Ireland the most potent factor in spreading Christian civilization, yet his Grace referred sadly to the dwindling population of the land, and the pitfalls which the unwary do not escape in countries beyond the sea. The Irish Bishops have warned their people against service in the British navy until the long-promised and as long-delayed provision is made for the religious needs of Catholic seamen. The Bishop of Limerick has pointed out the need of higher religious teaching in special and secondary Catholic schools.

In educational circles a startling impression has been made by the resignation of Archbishop Walsh from the National Board. The reason seems to have been the mismanagement of the Education Office. The intermediate system has been drastically reformed, and now points towards higher technical and scientific education, while over-competition and "cram" are dis-

couraged. The programme of the intermediate system as far as it refers to languages is sternly condemned by the learned Dr. Hyde, in as much as Irish is set aside to give way to French and German. He demands that it get at least a chance. He denounces this part of the programme as being framed for an anti-national purpose. It is begotten, he says, of "the bigoted race-hatred and ignorance of Trinity College that made Dr. Fitzgerald declare that the Irish before Cromwell were a race of wicked savages, whose disgusting habits were an abomination to mankind" !!! "The hand of Dr. Mahaffy," continues Dr. Hyde, "is written in large letters over all this programme—the man, who, a few months ago, showered his insults on the Irish literature, language, and by implication on the Irish people."

The commission appointed to consider the question of Irish university education contains three Catholics—Bishop Healy, Mr. Wilfrid Ward and Mr. Starkie; a minority, of course. It affords, thinks the Dublin *Freeman*, "a small and problematical forecast of justice."

A tribute to Irish Catholicity is paid by an express provision that the new Cremation Bill shall not be extended to Ireland.

ENGLAND.

The new Education Bill, which promised a greater degree of fair play towards denominational schools, has been withdrawn by the Government on account of the hostility of the Opposition benches in Parliament. There is, however, the intention of introducing a more comprehensive measure in the near future. Just before the withdrawal of the Bill, Cardinal Vaughan issued a forcible pastoral on Catholic education, congratulating the faithful on their magnificent struggle to give their children that which "the board-school system is incapable of producing," while

"they have recoiled with horror from the fruits of mere secular schools, as seen in France, Italy, and Australia." His Eminence sternly condemns the excuses of Catholic parents—convenience, social or political advantages, etc.—for sending their children to non-Catholic schools: "Our Blessed Lord makes short work of all such excuses and calculations. Gentle, merciful and loving as He is, He hesitates not to pronounce a curse upon those who ruin the spiritual prospects of their children, as He cursed the blind leaders of the blind, and the hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees." Then follows the answer of the Propaganda, that, whereas there are Catholic colleges and preparatory schools, to send Catholic boys to non-Catholic colleges and schools, is not "without a grave danger to faith and morals," and cannot be "held consistent with the use of those means which the Church properly prescribes for the sanctification of souls; and that therefore an obligation is incumbent on Catholic parents not to expose their sons to this grave danger."

It is consoling to know that fair-minded people appreciate the object and the efforts of the Catholic Church in this matter of education. An accomplished writer, Mr. Masterman, thus writes in *The Heart of the Empire*:

"The Roman Catholic Church is doing heroic work amongst the very poorest. Her schools, on which so much effort has been expended, are in many respects models of their kind. They educate the poorest of the poor—many who are refused on various pretexts admission to the State elementary schools—children of 'Protestant' parents, hatless, bootless, half-starved. They are for the most part carried on in a spirit of devotion beyond all praise."

The Bishop of Southwark in proposing to erect a Home for working girls in South London, said:

"There was a large number of working girls in South London, as elsewhere,

who were living isolated lives on small earnings amidst solitary and comfortless, and often dangerous surroundings. If a Home could be formed where at less cost, and with more comfort and less danger, these girls could live by putting their earnings together, they would attain a degree of comfort otherwise impossible, and would be delivered from their isolation. He (the speaker) had seen the same state of things amongst young men in London, who had come up from the country to find work, and being without friends, had to spend their evenings either in comfortless rooms by themselves or outside in questionable or even harmful amusements. With regard to girls the matter was even more urgent."

The Committee of the House of Lords chosen to consider the question of mollifying the declaration accompanying the Coronation Oath seem to have done their work in a hasty and unsatisfactory manner. The Mass and Veneration of our Lady are no longer declared *idolatrious*, but the king is to declare that they are contrary to the Protestant religion. This would do very well if his majesty stopped there; but he is further to declare that there is no such thing as Transubstantiation at all, although practically the whole Christian world has always regarded it as a revealed truth. If the Committee and the legislators were more clever they would recommend the omission of the declaration altogether.

Referring to the opening of the splendid Catholic Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, the *Tablet* wonders "whether London knows anything of its greatest works." The new Hospital, opened by the Lord Mayor of London on July 15, is in the hands of the Sisters of Mercy. It is destined for desperate cases as well as for those that need years of nursing.

SCOTLAND.

The University of Glasgow celebrated in June its 450th anniversary. "The

entire University, the Chancellor, the Rector, the Professors, the Graduates and the Students" sent a Latin greeting to the "Sovereign Pontiff, the most holy, most reverend and most learned Leo XIII." "In our great joy," they say, "this especially does it please us to remember that our University owes its origin to the Apostolic See." And Pope Leo in his answer to them, praises their frank and high-minded gratitude, expresses his joy on receiving their letter, and hastens to assure them of his most earnest good-will, while he implores God to bless their studies and unite them with the Holy See in perfect charity. From other universities came many prominent Catholics to the Jubilee festivities. The Catholic Bishop of Aberdeen was there, and the Catholic Prof. Nerinx of Louvain received an LL.D.

The University of Glasgow was founded by Pope Nicholas V, and placed under the direction of the Franciscans in 1451, when the town had not 3,000 inhabitants. It was a year or two after the invention of printing. The Pope prescribed the course of studies in Theology, Canon and Civil Law and the Arts. Three of the four Scottish universities were founded in the fifteenth century.

With Scotland's growing liberality towards the Catholic Church, there is a spreading disregard for the stern theology and religious observance of Calvinism. The New York *Sun* of July 7, gives the following information:

"The most significant fact of all is the steady decline in church attendance on the part even of those who are reckoned not among the admittedly 'churchless,' but among the adherents of some denomination or another. Dr. Howie, a minister of the United Free Church in Glasgow, and its most prominent statistician, is credited with having placed the non-churchgoing population of his city at 420,000, or about a half of the total. On March 31, a news-

paper in Dundee took a census of the attendance at the churches there, over ninety in number. In all 33,470 persons out of a population of nearly 170,000—or 19.6 per cent.—attended. Matters are no better in very many of the rural districts; the rebellion against Sunday observance there would seem, from the reports on the subject under which the tables of the Church courts almost literally groan, to be even more open and insolent than in the towns."

HOLLAND.

Strange to say, the Catholics of Holland, numbering 1,700,000 against 3,000,000 of Protestants and 100,000 Jews, have the greatest number in the Dutch Parliament, as a result of the late elections. The Liberals, split amongst themselves, a part inclining to radicalism and socialism, have been completely beaten by the *anti-revolutionists*, as they are called; conservatives, namely, both Catholic and Protestant. One of the great factors in the fight was Dr. Kuyper, a Protestant pastor. He expresses frankly the question at issue: "There are two systems engaged in mortal combat—modernism, which seeks to fashion mankind according to naturalism; and, on the other hand, those who bow down in veneration before Jesus Christ, acknowledging him to be the Son of the Living God; these seek to save their Christian heritage."

BELGIUM.

The example of gallant little Belgium in resisting the outrages of an Anti-Christian minority, will no doubt be followed by the other Catholic countries of Europe. It took Belgium some few years to realize and repel the plot to degrade and de-Christianize her heroic people. She has learned the value of a vote, and she never fails to use it. Her system of voting and her system of old-age pensions are models for Europe. A typically Catholic country,

she is the most populous, the most contented, probably the most progressive and best-educated country on the Continent. Her method of primary teaching received the highest reward at the Paris Exposition. For her 7,000,000 of people there are scores of daily newspapers, there being at least seven great dailies in Brussels. The healthy tone of national literature is a care of the government; for, only a short time ago, the Ministry issued stringent orders against the carrying through the mails or on trains, and against the selling of indecent literature. According to Mulhall's *Dictionary of Statistics*, "the number of University students, compared with population, is much greater in Spain and Belgium, than in other European countries." Spain, with much less than half the population of the British Isles, has more University students than they.

PORTUGAL.

The protest addressed by the Portuguese Bishops to the King, against the persecution of the Religious Orders, is as strong as it is respectful. "For the good of our country and in the name of liberty . . . we deplore the invasion of the executive power into the domain of religious liberty. . . . We deplore the excesses and violence with which inoffensive men and untiring women, living under the protection of the Constitutional Charter, were expelled from their houses." The Bishops point out the stark injustice of the expulsion of those religious men and women, the absurdity of it in a country declaring itself Catholic, and the mischief it will necessarily work for the Nation and its Colonies. The indignation of the people is shown in the formation of a new Catholic party, the *Centro Nacional*, in close alliance with the Episcopate. This party is enthusiastically welcomed over the whole of Portugal. One of its leaders is a Privy Councillor; another, the Marquis de Pombal.

GERMANY.

The town of Kempen, situated in the Rhine-Province of Prussia, but belonging to the diocese of Münster in Westphalia, unveiled on June 8, a monument to its greatest son, Thomas Hammerken, known to the Christian world as Thomas à Kempis, the author of the "Imitation of Christ." The project of erecting a monument to his memory was started in 1836, and money began to be collected for the purpose. Obstacles of many kinds prevented the carrying out of the plan till the year 1897. In the course of years a capital of 44,000 marks had accumulated, from which the sum of 10,000 was used for the erection of the monument, while the revenue of the rest is to be applied to the relief of the poor and sick of Kempen and a neighboring village. The bronze statue represents the venerable man seated, clad in his religious garb, holding in his right hand a pen while the left is placed upon a book that rests on his knee and displays the title: "Imitation of Christ." Austerity tempered with kindness is the characteristic expression of the face. The statue is raised upon a polished block of black granite. Before the unveiling of the monument the Bishop of Münster celebrated Pontifical Mass at which a sermon was preached on the text: "He who followeth me, walketh not in darkness" (John viii. 12), the opening sentence of the immortal work.

The Catholic Railroad Mission for the protection of young women and girls.—The enormous growth of modern cities and of industrial centres has created a never-ceasing demand for more working hands. The country districts, in consequence, are being depleted of the best and strongest elements of the population. Among those who throng to the cities is a steady flow of young women and girls. They are drawn thither by the necessity of making a living for themselves or those dependent on them, by the hope of earn-

ing higher wages, of wearing better clothes, of improving themselves in education, of enjoying more distractions and pleasures. Hence, this fascination of the modern city entices into it day after day thousands of strong, healthy, good-looking, simple girls, whose unsophisticated simplicity and oftentimes vanity exposes them to the greatest dangers. For most of them come alone and very many, while looking for work, fall into the hands of unscrupulous men and women, demons in human shape, and almost before they realize it, are lost body and soul, and disappear forever as wreckage in the whirlpool of the great city.

There is, besides, an international band of traffickers in girls—they are Jews for the most part—who are ever prowling about on the lookout for girls suited for their nefarious trade, whom they sell into the most shameful of all slaveries. Most of these girls, we are told, are sent far away to North, and especially to South America. This heartrending state of affairs had been known for some time in Berlin and other large European cities, for the newspapers from time to time published some of the most flagrant cases. But it was hard to devise ways and means to stop the evil, or at least to lessen it. At last the ladies of the high Catholic aristocracy of Berlin, whose hearts were wrung by the fearful dangers to which the poorest and most helpless members of their sex and religion were exposed, took the matter up and after much thought and planning, with the hearty approval of the clergy constituted themselves into a guild under the title of "Railroad Station Mission for the protection of young women and girls." The name is clumsy but the thing is admirable. The work consists in this that day and night one or more of their members keep watch in the principal railroad stations of the city and look out for girls of the class described above. They speak to the girls, warn and ad-

vise them, and direct them to Catholic lodging houses, asylums or convents. A noble work indeed for noble ladies to do. The guild became at once very popular and the membership has grown so large that only two hours a week need be assigned to each member for service at the Railroad Station. Their efforts have borne such abundant and blessed fruits that branches have been established in other important Railroad centres. We have before us the report of the guild established only a year ago in Cologne, and we find that the services rendered there to poor girls must make the angels in heaven rejoice. In two thousand cases advice and assistance were given; four hundred and fifty girls received night lodging; two hundred and fifty were sent to Catholic Convents for protection and shelter. Five young girls were snatched from the very claws of the infamous traffickers. The report mentions a number of heart-breaking cases of poor victims saved at the brink of ruin, which we must pass over for want of space. The government and railroad officials give every assistance to this noble work, which is not only religious but also eminently social. It has been noticed that soon after the establishment of the guild the devil's agents alluded to above ceased prowling about the stations. The great railroad which has its central offices in Cologne has permitted the guild to hang up its large placards in the stations of fifty cities, and more than four thousand small placards in the railroad cars frequented by the girls on their journeys to the great cities. The guild has also scattered far and wide a little guide-book or directory containing the addresses of more than eight hundred Catholic places of shelter and lodging in various cities.

The beauty, grandeur and necessity of this work have filled the ladies of the higher classes of Catholic society with a holy enthusiasm and the work will soon be firmly established in all the larger

cities. We believe that similar societies have been established by earnest Protestant ladies in various places; indeed, among them the need for this kind of work is greater than in the Catholic community.

The Catholics of Berlin and of all Germany are mourning the death of one of their best and noblest men. Friedrich von Kehler, a true nobleman by character as well as by birth, died on June 8, in St. Hedwig Hospital in the eighty-second year of his age. He will be remembered forever in the history of the second half of the nineteenth century as one of the most zealous promoters of Catholic action in the German capital and as one of the most faithful champions of the Catholic cause in the empire. We cull from the *Germania* some data of his long and laborious life. Born in Berlin, in 1820 of Protestant parents at a period of political absolutism and the shallowest and dreariest religious rationalism, he grew up amid surroundings that were devoid of all religious influence upon the boy's mind and heart. The years at the University, so fatal to many, saved him. He joined a group of young men endowed with great gifts of mind and character, whose hearts were not satisfied with the prevailing ideas and who yearned for something better and sincerely sought the truth. They found that the Catholic Church alone held out to them the solid principles that would enable them to solve the riddles of life. Several of these distinguished young men entered the Church; Kehler made his profession of faith in April, 1849 in Cologne.

Some years after his conversion, he resigned his position in the diplomatic service and having decided to remain unmarried, consecrated his life to the service of the Church as a lay-apostle. By his lovable unassuming character, his absolute unselfishness and spirit of sacrifice and his high social position he was fitted as few others would have

been for this kind of work. He threw himself with all his energy and enthusiasm into the awakening Catholic life of Berlin and it is not too much to say that for nearly fifty years he was the soul of the many great Catholic works begun and carried out in the capital. There hardly exists in Berlin a charitable, social, political work of which he was not either the founder or promoter, the chairman or trusted adviser. In the foundation and gradual development of the great St. Hedwig Hospital, one of the most perfect hospitals in Germany, and in the erection of the splendid central home of the Catholic societies of Berlin he was an indefatigable co-operator. By his rare personal qualities and his eminent position in society he became a bond of union for the Catholics of Berlin made up as they are of all grades of the population from prince and magnate to the poorest and lowliest toiler. And the man who yesterday had sat at the table of a prince, would be found to-morrow partaking of the simple wedding-feast of an humble Catholic workingman. His name was one of the three signed to the memorable manifesto addressed in 1870 to the German Catholics, which led to the foundation of the Centre party. He became a member of the Prussian legislature and sat in the Reichstag without interruption from 1873-1898, when the feebleness of advancing old age made him refuse another nomination. He was dearly beloved by all his colleagues in the party, had not an enemy outside and was acknowledged by all to be one of the most faithful, trustworthy and hard-working members of the house. It was again Friedrich von Kehler who conceived the apparently foolhardy idea of founding in the capital and at the seat of government a central journalistic organ as the mouthpiece of the Catholics of the empire. The idea, nevertheless, was carried out, and all the world knows the incomparable serv-

ices the *Germania* has rendered, through storm and stress, these thirty-one years to the Catholics of the empire. From the day of its foundation to the day of his death the *Germania* found in Kehler a steadfast friend and adviser, and for a time its political editor. He went to Mass every day of the week and on Sundays and Holydays it was his delight to assist at the services morning and afternoon. Yet, most of his life was "hidden with Christ in God." He lived, as the preacher declared at the venerable man's funeral, "charity personified." And the priest who administered to him the last sacraments said: "This is the deathbed of a saint."

In the April MESSENGER, page 386, brief mention was made of the obscene pamphlet written and published by one Robert Grassman in which the doctrines of St. Alphonsus Liguori were shamefully misrepresented and unspeakable calumnies uttered against the Catholic Church, the priesthood, the sacraments of matrimony and penance and especially the confessional. Thanks to the efforts of the "Evangelische Bund" and other anti-Catholic agencies the vile print was spread far and wide throughout the German empire and Austria. It proved a gold-mine to its unclean author! At first the Catholics treated the pamphlet with the contempt it deserved, fearing to advertise it by mentioning it conspicuously in their papers. The evil, nevertheless, grew so great that most of the bishops were forced, most reluctantly, to take notice of the vile thing by issuing pastoral letters on the subject for the instruction and warning of the faithful. Several very able refutations were also written by distinguished priests, secular and regular. Indignation meetings likewise were held in most of the large cities. At last the police had to take notice of the pamphlet as being destructive of public morality, and the police court of Nürnberg pronounced against it the

sentence of confiscation and destruction of the plates. From this sentence the author appealed to the supreme court of the empire which, on June 10, rejected the appeal and confirmed the verdict of the lower court. This puts a final stop to the sale of the filthy pamphlet, at least within the limits of the German empire.

A great sensation was caused some two years ago throughout Germany by the conversion to the Catholic religion of the best-known woman in the country. This lady, Frau Gnauck-Kühne, well educated, refined and energetic, had been the pioneer among German Protestants in the great problem of the improvement of the social condition of women. In the pursuit of her chosen work her attention was called to a remarkable book on "The Woman's Question," written by a Redemptorist Father. She studied it and the luminous exposition of lofty and solid Christian principles, which she had sought in vain among her co-religionists, startled and delighted her. She began to think that perhaps the Catholic Church was her true home and field for her work. After some correspondence, serious study, prayer and personal interviews she was received into the Church by the Redemptorist Father. At the Protestant Social Congress held at the end of May of this year in Braunschweig, the president of the congress, a Protestant clergyman, paid a warm tribute to the lady who had been till recently a leader in their ranks. He said:

"Let me remind you of the discussion of the woman's question at the Erfurt Congress. That the honored lady who spoke to us on that occasion, has since sought peace in the bosom of the Catholic Church should not change our feelings of respect for her. That act of hers was a matter of personal conviction which must not prevent us from holding her memory in benediction. [Applause.] I speak of Frau Gnauck-Kühne, and I mention

her name to remind you all what she has been to us. We owe it to her zealous activity that our Congress has taken the lead in 'the Woman's Question.' . . . We are all deploring the decline of family life. And who can deny that there is serious cause for it when recent statistics report that no less than 292,000 women, abandoned by their husbands (ekeverlassen) are working in factories?"

A grave conflict has arisen in Bavaria between the government and the Catholics on the school question. We will briefly chronicle the facts premising that in Bavaria as in the rest of Germany the principle of the denominational school has always existed by royal enactment together with compulsory school attendance, in other words: the right to Catholic schools and the obligation of sending the children to school. Some time ago a teacher in Munich and another in the diocese of Spire in the Palatinate were appointed by the government to important positions as directors of Catholic schools. Both men are Catholics living in mixed marriage and are *educating their children in the Protestant religion*. Both the Archbishop of Munich and the Bishop of Spire remonstrated with the government against these appointments but without avail. The consequence was that the Catholics of all Bavaria and of the whole empire were aroused and the affair was hotly discussed in the newspapers. The government, however, in spite of public opinion, remained silent and inactive. Then the Archbishops and Bishops of the kingdom in a body—this was last December—drew up a petition to the Prince-Regent, demanding redress. This document is conceived in a truly apostolic spirit and breathes throughout the most tender zeal for souls. We regret that the limits imposed upon us do not permit us to reproduce it in full.

The Bishops set forth the discipline of the church in the matter of mixed

marriages and the principles of Catholic pedagogics and deduce therefrom as well as from the concept of the denominational school the necessity of excluding from Catholic schools teachers who by entering upon illicit mixed marriages, incur excommunication and hence are unfit to educate children in accordance with the laws of the Church, give great scandal to the pupils and a pernicious example to parents. Moreover, in view of the law of compulsory school attendance, the maintaining of such teachers in Catholic schools is destructive of liberty of conscience. It took the Prince-Regent exactly five months to make up his mind on this great question. And what was the reply? The Catholic Minister of Public Instruction of this Catholic sovereign answers the bishops of the country that the government can do nothing! And the reason why? Liberty of conscience! That is to say, Catholics must be free to choose the religion of their children. The minister absolutely ignores the reasons on which the bishops ground their remonstrance. And this would perhaps end the case were it not that there exists a Centre party which happens to hold the majority of seats in the Bavarian Legislature and counts in its ranks men of eminent ability. The legislature meets in the fall.

The Holy Father has granted the prayer of the Bishops of Münster, Osnabrück and Hildesheim to celebrate in their dioceses *sub ritu duplici* the feast of St. Willehad, first bishop of Bremen. This feast was formerly celebrated in eight dioceses that are now in great part suppressed.

AUSTRIA.

The Catholic reaction goes on apace, notwithstanding the absurdly exaggerated accounts of Catholic losses given by some non-Catholic publications. The Emperor made what may be called a triumphal progress through Bohemia to Prague, thus flattering and delight-

ing his Czech subjects, whose well-known aspirations are not only to retain their language, but to be recognized as a kingdom, with the Emperor of Austria crowned as their king, in the same way as he is King of Hungary. The failure of the German banks has not helped the *los von Rom* movement.

The Christian Socialists, the party whose head is the able and courageous Mayor of Vienna, Dr. Lueger, are more than holding their own in the Austrian capital. In a bye-election lately held in Vienna for a successor to the late distinguished Prof. Schlesinger, the candidate of the Christian Socialists was elected with an overwhelming majority. Dr. Hetlinger received 2,317 votes, against 489 given to the Liberal, Dr. Nechansky, 416 to the Pan-German Dr. Ursin (a curious *German* name, by the way), and 263 to the Socialist Brunner. The readers of the *MESSENGER* know that the Christian Socialists are monarchists who stand on the platform of the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*.

On June 9th and the following days the Austrian Leo-Gesellschaft, the young sister of the German Görres-Gesellschaft, celebrated its tenth anniversary. All Austria, particularly the Alpine countries, and prominently among the latter, Tyrol, were represented. The President of the Society, Baron von Helfert, opened the first meeting with an address and the General Secretary, Dr. Schindler, reviewed the activity of the society during the ten years of its existence. It counts at present 2,490 members or associates, and disposes of a capital of 60,000 crowns. The fact that so many university students have joined the Society is particularly gratifying. Some sixty greater or smaller works have been published, among them the splendid work: "The Catholic Church of our time and its ministers in word and picture." The periodical "Kultur" is also published eight times a year by

the Society and distributed gratis among the members. Last year the publication of the classical devotional pictures was begun. The wish was expressed that the society should endeavor by its publications to win and

even compel the respect of our adversaries. The furthering of the project of founding a free Catholic University at Salzburg was particularly recommended to the members of the Society.

[TRANSLATION.]

LEO XIII, POPE.

TO OUR BELOVED SON, JAMES GIBBONS, CARDINAL PRIEST OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH, TITULAR OF ST. MARY'S BEYOND THE TIBER.

Our Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Blessing :

THE great interest with which, from the beginning of Our Pontificate, We have regarded the Church in the United States of America caused Us, among other things, to urge the speedy founding of a great University at Washington, and once founded to strengthen it with Our authority and every evidence of good will. For the needs of this age have been especially dear to Our own heart, namely, that the young men who are the future hope of the clergy should be most thoroughly imbued, first, indeed, with virtue, but at the same time with divine and human learning also. What We have learned from time to time concerning the Washington University has shown Us that our confidence has not been misplaced ; and now the report which you have just made to Us testifies that it is taking on a still more gratifying growth, both through the generosity of Catholics and through the skill and influence of its teachers.

One thing still remains to be desired, and that is that this noble institution should increase in the number of its students, and this is to be effected by the interest and zeal of the Bishops. If, perhaps, by sending students to Washington, they seem for the time to be depriving themselves of useful workers in their dioceses, they will, in the end, reap a far greater gain both for themselves and for the whole American Church, since the clergy shall be educated under one and the same teaching and animated by one and the same spirit.

Hoping for the accomplishment of these good things, with the same desire with which you are striving for the good and honor of your churches, We most lovingly impart to you, Our beloved Son, to the Rector, the professors, and the students of the Washington University the Apostolic Blessing, as a pledge of Our love.

Given at Rome, from St. Peter's on the thirteenth day of June, 1901, in the twenty-fourth year of Our Pontificate.

THE READER

Tarry Thou Till I Come. By George Croly. Funk & Wagnalls.

Lew Wallace says of this book : " If Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Tennyson, Bacon, Darwin, Ruskin had never been born ; if there had been no British dramatists, no British historians, etc., etc., this book, with 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Last of the Barons,' 'Tale of Two Cities,' 'Jane Eyre' and 'Hypatia' would suffice to constitute a British literature."

This is regarded as "bold." We should think so if it is to be taken seriously. "Tarry Thou Till I Come" is not literature at all. It is a shriek—a monologue narrative in a perpetual first person singular by a fanatical Jew, who drags us frenziedly through blood, murder, conflagrations, earthquakes, burning cities, over precipices, through caverns, amid thunder and lightning and gleaming scimitars, and piled-up corpses, the I, I, I forever hurtling in the air. Even Toddy could want nothing more "buggy." The "Thou" of the story is Salathiel, one of the priests who crucified Christ and who has to tarry on earth till the Saviour comes again—in other words, he is the "wandering Jew." It is a cause of congratulation that the wanderings of this book include only the sanguinary combats of the Hebrew fanatics against Rome, which began after the death of Christ ; then the destruction of Jerusalem and, lastly, the burning of Rome. Croly, the author, very considerably dies when he reaches that point, and spares us the rest, though the Jew promises more and hints at what he has in store for us by telling us that "at the pulpit of the mighty man of Wittenberg I knelt ; Israelite as

I was and am, I did voluntarily homage to the mind of Luther." Of course, he did ; anything suits, if against Christ.

It requires great courage and indomitable will to go through the book ; but the most exasperating part of the publication is the preface by I. K. F. (probably one of the Funks), on Evolution, which leaves Darwin and Huxley and all the rest far in the background. He goes further, probably because he begins later—somewhere in the stone age—and he keeps on evolving till he reaches the soul of man and carries it forward even to the realms of what he considers grace, until the Christlike human is produced.

The preface is enough to make any sensible man toss the book aside ; but the appendix is an outrage on the feelings of Christians. It is a collection of letters on the "character of Jesus from a Jewish point of view." Some of them are absolutely horrible. One Hebrew writes. "Nearly all the early Church was simply the pagan tiger baptized, with labels changed but not the nature of the beast. The Christ that was presented to the Jews, the Jews did well to hate ; for he was a Christ of barbaric cruelty, a monster who drove millions of Jews through fire and starvation out of the world, and this entire people for ages from their homes and countries." We refuse to write the vile words that this modern Jew sends to Funk and Wagnalls and which they print. The writer must be Salathiel himself—the wandering Jew of the story. There are other opinions about our Lord by such worthies as Jean Jacques Rousseau, Thomas Jefferson, Franklin, Stewart Mill and Renan.

A second appendix ends the volume.

It is an assurance from a Daniel Gregory, D.D., LL.D., that "Christ will be here in about twenty years." In case He does come, shall He find faith on earth, if publications like this keep up their deadly work?

The book is a fatuous attempt to reconcile Christ to the Jews, by reducing him to a condition of ignominy and contempt. Like Pontius Pilate the publishers scourge Him to make Him acceptable. Pilate did not succeed—will Funk & Wagnalls?

* * *

Oliver Cromwell. By John Morley.
New York Century Co.

It is hard for a Catholic to mention the name of Cromwell with equanimity. For a Celt, he is simply an incarnate demon; and it is a curious fact that Morley, Englishman though he is, says that "more than once in the rough tempests of life the *demoniac* voice within Cromwell was a blast of coarse and uncontrolled fury." (page 334.) It looks as if the Irish were right in their appreciation. Another fact in his life will interest Irishmen—viz.: that his favorite daughter was named Bridget, and was the wife of Ireton, the most ruthless of his lieutenants in the bloody subjugation of the unhappy Island. Cromwell's hatred of Catholicity was of ancient date, for he was a descendant, though not in direct line, of the infamous Thomas Cromwell, whom Morley calls "the iron-handed servant of Henry VIII, the famous sledge-hammer of the monks." Oliver's wickedness was evidently bred in the marrow, just as his worldly wealth was built on the sacrilegious plunder of monasteries. It will charm his prohibition co-religionists to learn that he made some money out of beer.

He is sometimes spoken of as the greatest of Englishmen. In what was he great? As a soldier? In those days there was absolutely no military organization. The Parliamentary and Royalist horses were often rubbing each

other's noses before the generals on either side dreamed there was any prospect of a fight. Cromwell organized his troops first and swept like a whirlwind over England, Scotland, Ireland, before the other side had emerged from the mob-state. He routed and slaughtered the rabble, of course; but, assuredly, he was not a soldier in the sense that Condé and Turenne on the other side of the channel were. He would have cut a sorry figure if he had fought with them. He was an English Alaric or Attila, or like a fierce Mahometan at the head of fanatical Janissaries.

In fact, Carlyle regards him as such and exclaims in his usual clamorous gibberish: "I could long for an Oliver without Rhetoric; I could long for a Mahomet whose persuasive eloquence with wild, flashing heart and scimitar is: Wretched mortal give up that, or, by the Eternal, thy maker and mine, I will kill thee. Thou blasphemous, scandalous Misbirth of nature; is not that the kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not and alter in the name of Allah!"

Evidently Carlyle is a good deal of a Turk himself; but he knew his man, for Cromwell was willing to tolerate Mahometanism but not Catholicity. (367.) He would, besides, have made a fine Mediterranean pirate, for, "the Council of State" (p. 437), says Morley "with Oliver at the head of the board, discussing the feasibility of seizing the West Indies, is like so many hearty corsairs with pistols, cutlasses, and boarding caps, revolving their plans in the cabin of a pirate craft." "Hearty" is good. And again, quoting from the same author (p. 435): "His spirit was not unlike the Arab invader who, centuries before, had swept into Europe, the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, to conquer and convert." Finally the frenzy of that ruthless savage, wading in the blood of his victims at Drogheda, Wexford and Clonmel, knocking them on the head while they lay helpless be-

fore him, and gloating over it, as a crowning mercy; burning them in churches and blasphemously approving it all with the Sacred Scripture; all that, especially as it is prompted by an intense hatred of the cross, suggests that it was only a geographical and chronological accident that prevented Oliver Cromwell from wearing the turban and devastating the countries of Christendom. "Yet his name stands first," says Morley, "as half saint in the calendar of English-speaking democracy." We hope that the English-speaking democracy does not include America. Our standard of sainthood is higher.

Was he a great statesman? "I have often thought," he said himself (p. 420), "that I could not tell what my business was, nor what I was, in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good constable, to keep peace in the parish." And, says Morley, "Nobody any longer doubts that this homely image was the whole truth." His speeches were "dark and promiscuous" and his own son, Henry Cromwell, makes what the historian calls a "curious remark": "You that are here may think that my father has power; but they make a very kickshaw of him at London." This was shortly before he was made Protector. But he who destroyed the old order of things was as "a constructive politician an absolute failure." He was perpetually changing his plans, repeatedly dismissing his parliaments, never constant in his projects, and, when he died, there was universal discontent; the exchequer was empty though he had found it full; the English episcopacy, which he set out to crush, was stronger than ever and the dissidents more weak than before. Though the champion of Protestantism he was in league with Catholic France against Protestant Holland and was making a treaty with Catholic Spain. Though the preacher of constitutional liberty he dissolved every parliament and was a thousand times more arbitrary than the unfortunate Stuart he

had put to death. Those who called in William, subsequently, gained new liberty for England but Cromwell was long since dead.

His greatness on the Continent was due in the first place to his victory over Holland; to the horror which saw a monster in the man who had murdered his sovereign and perpetrated such unheard-of cruelties in Ireland, and which consequently invested him with vague proportions; and finally to the fact that he was regarded as the leader of the great Calvinistic league which was to overthrow Catholic domination. In England he was the idol of the middle classes who hated prelacy, popery, and the House of Stuart, and who saw in him one of themselves elevated to the throne. Recollections of the past taught men also that a religious fanatic at the head of an army was a thing to be dreaded.

In plotting the murder of Charles he was like Macbeth meditating the death of Duncan, going forward, then retreating, "letting I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat in the adage." Like Macbeth had he looked into the future he would have seen "a long line of kings but no heir of his succeeding." He was "guilty of his country's blood," but with no profit to himself or his fellows.

Morley's life is extremely interesting; but it is singular how prejudice will cling even to those who strive to be fair. Thus, on page 94, he says: "The event inflamed the public mind with such horror as had in Europe the Sicilian Vespers, or massacre of St. Bartholomew or the slaughter of the Protestants in the passes of Valteline." What has the Sicilian Vespers to do with all this? It was two hundred years before the Reformation, and was merely an accident in the fight between Spaniards and French, who were both Catholics, striving for the possession of Sicily. The word "Vespers" gives it a religious ring, and, hence, it is always brought in to

help religious hate. This is unworthy of Morley. The revival of the Cromwell cult is factitious and for a purpose.

* * *

In an article in the *North American Review* for July, notable for its breadth of view and apostolic spirit, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons recalls to the minds of separated Christians this striking truth :

"Now, when we enter upon the last century of the mystic cycle of two thousand years during which the Gospel of Jesus has been preached, principally by and through this society which is His Holy Church, we seize with a terrible earnestness and directness the meaning of Christ's language about unity. Just as that note dominates all others in the Gospels, so does its infringement or diminution dominate the history of His Church, the public propagation of His saving and consoling teachings. The avowedly anti-Christian forces of the past two centuries could never have scored their triumphs were it not for the mighty cleft that divided Protestant from Catholic Christendom. While conflict ran high as to the points on which they differed, the enemy was pillaging such parts of the original estate as they yet held in common. The Christian Church was, truly, the mother of all modern happiness and liberty ; yet a minority of rebels or apostates was allowed to set aside her claims, to contaminate all the sources of public and private education, to enlist against her the literature and the arts that she had saved and cherished in a night of storm and disaster. And all this because centuries of unhappy division had accustomed both Catholics and Protestants to look to one another only for suspicion and coldness and uncharity. Truly, the divine eye of Jesus saw well through the ages, and what He saw could only have intensified His will to base His Church upon a rock of unity that could not be overthrown."

Sir Robert Hart gives this testimony in the May number of *The Fortnightly*: "Roman Catholic missions differ from all others—perhaps excel all others—in the fitness and completeness of their organization, in provision for and certainty of uninterrupted continuity, in the volume of funds at their disposal, and the sparing use of money individually in the charitable work they do among the poor—nursing the sick, housing the destitute, rearing orphans, training children to useful trades, watching their people from cradle to grave, and winning the devotion of all by assisting them to realize that godliness is best for this world, and has the promise of the next. The Sisters of Charity in particular, many of them the daughters of great families, labor with a touching sweetness and pathetic devotion that no language can adequately describe. Protestants work on other lines, but individualism and something that savours of competition rather than combination may be said to give them their colour."

* * *

The Catholic Girl in the World. By Whyte Avis. Second Series. Benziger Bros. \$1.

What Whyte Avis says is always interesting, especially if you are of the audience she addresses. Her "Girls," as she calls her readers, will find much practical advice in the book about choosing work in the world. All the positions open to women are discussed; those of sick nurse, lady's companion, governess, school teacher, milliner, dressmaker and all the rest. She deprecates working for Jews although they pay better than Christians. If you are a grumbler or afflicted with a mania for excessive and unwise liberty do not become a resident lay teacher in a convent. For the well balanced it is a desirable post. Some of the admonitions apply more properly to English girls, but with a little good will are applicable to those of every nationality. The first

part of the little treatise takes up the subjects of the Strong Woman, the Woman of Culture, the Woman of Influence, etc. Her ideas of the relative positions of the sexes, their divided superiorities and inferiorities, the extent to which education should go are intelligent and correct.

* * *

Some Notable Conversions. By Francis J. Kirk, O. S. C. Benziger Bros., New York. 80 cents.

The author of this little book modestly says it "is not worthy of criticism." It is, however, worthy of commendation, but, of course, he does not tell us that. It is a story of conversions brought about by the mercy of God in a place where we scarcely look for them—in Ireland and among the gentry. Ramsford, in Wexford, took its name from Ram, the first Protestant bishop of Ferns. He was an Episcopal creation of Elizabeth. We hope he was not an apostate, for it would be hard to understand how he had such admirable descendants as those whose return to the Church is here recorded.

Mr. Kirk was the immediate agent that God used in getting them the grace. He was the Protestant curate of the neighborhood and by means of a novena, a medal, and God's help, which some nuns' prayers and good manners got for him, became a Catholic and led all his friends, the Rams, to follow his example. The first part of the story especially is extremely interesting and is told with an unconscious art that makes it very pleasant reading. "My God! Mary," said Stephen Ram to his wife, "you don't mean to say you are going to become a Catholic?" "I am," said Mary. "Well, so will I," said Stephen. This is delicious! Suppose Mary had lost courage and faltered. Both would have lost the grace. Father de Ravignan, Cardinal Manning, Pius IX and almost the Curé d'Ars appear in its pages. It all hap-

pened a long time ago when people travelled by stage-coach and the story of some of the journeys on the continent in those days of inconveniences, though outside the intent of the book, makes an agreeable feature of it. The royal Irish welcome to the converted minister, when he returns to Govey, is racy of the soil.

Around the tomb of the rancorous old Protestant bishop Ram a legend has grown up that the first of his descendants who should embrace the Catholic faith would lose all his Irish possessions. The prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. But they did not regret it for his family got heaven instead. It only shows, however, how the black drop in the old fellow came out at last. The little book is appropriately bound in green, which suggests that Mr. Kirk, who became a priest in England, thinks of his native land, though so long out of it. One almost regrets that he did not labor where he first found the grace of God.

* * *

The Great Supper of God. By Father Coubé, S.J. Translated by Ida Griffis. Benziger Bros., New York. \$1.

Father Coubé is the apostle of weekly communion for everybody. He shows in this little book that it is not an innovation in the Church, but, on the contrary, that up to the ninth century, it was the common practice of the faithful; and that the revival of the custom was urged by the Council of Trent. He hopes for the time when Sunday Communion will be as universal as Sunday Mass. In this he sees the great bulwark that is to be raised against the coming danger of socialism. At the Eucharistic Congress of Brussels an eminent publicist, M. Verspeyen, director of the *Bien Public* of Ghent, gave expression, says Father Coubé, to the following sound truth in mathematical form: "The progress of socialism is in inverse ratio of the number of Easter

Communion." In support of his assertion, he cited the elections in Germany, in 1897, when out of two millions of votes cast in favor of socialism, there could be numbered scarcely a thousand emanating from men of Catholic birth. On the contrary, the revolutionary torrent, in passing through the Protestant provinces which were deprived of the Eucharist, had made terrible ravages. The proof is not apodictical, but we need not hesitate to admit it.

The book is written with Father Coubé's usual eloquence. It is well translated and is edited by a former editor of THE MESSENGER, the Rev. F. X. Brady, which is sufficient reason for commendation.

* * *

Come Holy Ghost. By the Rev. A. A. Lambing. B. Herder, St. Louis.

The object of this book is to foster devotion to the Holy Ghost. It is not an original work; it is a compilation. There are selections from fifty-one authors. In editing these excerpts, the Reverend Compiler expresses the hope that a number of his fellow priests will make use of the book and the devout laity, will, by seeing the close relation between the Holy Spirit and His priesthood, conceive a greater devotion for the one, and a higher regard for the other. There is a commendatory letter of the Father Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, introducing the volume in which he states that the eminent theologian Scheeben, when writing his first great work, *Die Mysterien des Christentums*, remarked that devotion to the Sacred Heart was sure to be followed by a wider extension of

devotion to the Holy Ghost. His prediction has come true. Devotion to the Holy Ghost, almost unknown as a special devotion half a century ago, has developed wonderfully since then. Why this intimate connection exists may afford food for meditation for MESSENGER readers. Very properly the Encyclical of the Holy Father on the same subject is also given. The book is well printed, has good, generous margins, and makes over four hundred pages.

* * *

Commenting upon a letter of Mr. Taunton complaining about this just criticism, the *Athenæum* remarks: "Mr. Taunton in his letter supplies a typical example of his historic method, which amply justifies our criticism. He had asserted without any proof that Parsons, when with Mendoza in November, 1580, 'wrote the draft of a book against Elizabeth which appeared under Allen's name at the time of the Armada.' This is his process of reasoning. Parsons must have discussed State affairs with the ambassador, and (as Simpson thinks probable) was converted there and then to the Spanish policy. If so, he must surely have taken notes of the discussion; and what is this but the draft of a book? and, again, if a book, what more likely than the offensive book printed and published seven or eight years later by Cardinal Allen? Further, the Government must have known of these political intrigues. Hence, it was Parsons and his friends who in truth tied the rope round the neck of the innocent Campion, who was sacrificed in the following month! Is this scientific history? *Habemus confidentem reum.*"



ECCE HOMO.

(Adolfo Galducci.)

THE MESSENGER

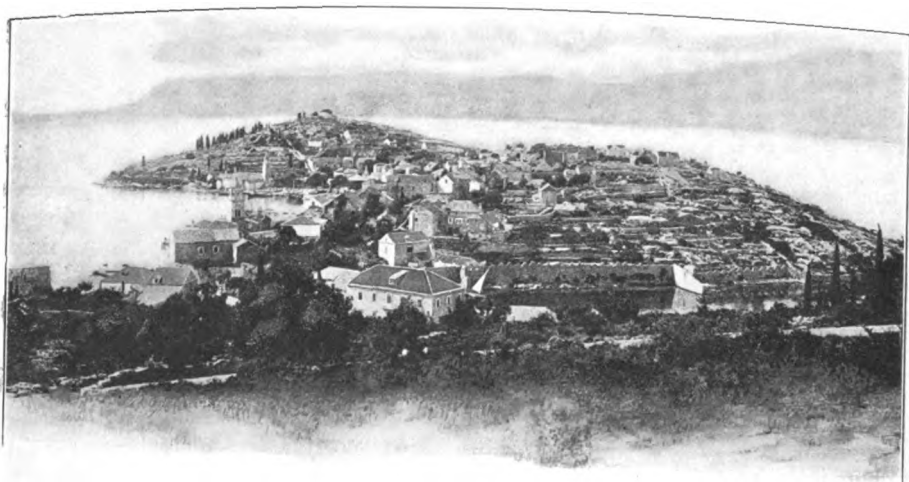
OF THE

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RAGUSA—VIEW FROM THE MAINLAND.

RAGUSA AND RAGUSA VECCHIA.

By Anthony M. Basic, S.J.

FINDING myself in the city of Ragusa, whither I had been sent by my superiors to preach the Lent of the present year, and having journeyed thence to Ragusa Vecchia (1) in order to give a mission under the patronage of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I thought it might be of interest to the pious readers of the MESSENGER to lay before them some account of these ancient cities of Dalmatia bathed by the waters of the Adriatic, and of the

good work done, with the blessing of God, in Ragusa Vecchia.

Ragusa, then, is a city which was built about the year 568 by exiles or fugitives from the two Roman colonies, Epidaurus, or, as it is now called, Ragusa Vecchia, and Salona, whose site was near the present Spalato. In the first place these people, when their cities were destroyed by the barbarians, sought refuge on the great rock to the south of the actual city of Ragusa, now artificially connected with the mainland and called "Lavé," from the Greek

(1) Old Ragusa.



RAGUSA—VIEW FROM THE SEA.

language, meaning "precipice." The word Ragusa also comes, some say, from a word like "Lavé," and with the same meaning. The Slav name of the place, "Dubrovnik," is derived from "Dubrava," which means "wood;" or "forest," the whole district being at that time thickly wooded.

In this rising city, ever rapidly growing on account of the peaceful nature of its inhabitants, their solid Christian faith and its splendid position for maritime commerce, influential citizens of Rome and other cities of Italy took up their abode. Upwards of two hundred large galleys belonged to the Ragusans, and these, navigating the deep seas, extended the commerce of the city even to China, with the result that it became in a short time rich and powerful, so that it was able to form itself into a republic in alliance with the potent neighboring republics, and thus maintained its independence until the arrival of Napoleon I in Dalmatia. The Ragusan Republic or "Commune," the latter name being given to it by the Roman Pontiffs and approved by all the great Powers of that time, thus maintained its independence from the year 754 A.D. to 1806. The aristocratic or oligarchic government was presided over

by a ruler or prince, who was elected once or oftener in the year according to varying times, and who had only a single vote just as the other members of the administration. There were also a senate of forty-seven, a minor council of seven senators and a major council, in which all the nobles of eighteen years and upwards had part. These administered causes of justice of the first rank. There were also in the administration judges or "consuls," purveyors or "providers," treasurers and other authorities. Among the other offices held by the assembly of the citizens there were those of the grand secretary, the vice-secretary, the notaries and others. The body of the people were engaged in navigation, commerce and the arts. Ragusa was at first an Episcopal, and afterwards an Archiepiscopal See directly dependent on Rome; but in 1828 it was again reduced to a simple bishopric. Among its archbishops was one of the Medici, a Milanese, who was afterwards raised to the dignity of Supreme Pontiff under the title of Pius IV.

In order to give some idea of the material wealth of the republic, I may mention the case of Michael Prazzatto, maritime trader of the island of Mezzo, who left a legacy of 200,000 "genuine"



a, CHURCH OF ST. IGNATIUS; *b*, JESUIT COLLEGE; *c*, THE CATHEDRAL.

of gold; and that of Matteo Luccari, who was able to fitly entertain Sigismondo, king of Hungary, and Stephen, despot of Servia, after their defeat, near Semendria, assigning them an allowance of 15,000 "sequins" of gold. The state chest annually yielded a net interest of 25,000 ducats, and the populace made a net annual profit of 2,000,000 ducats. But times have changed. A fatal blow to the material welfare of the Ragusans was struck by the terrible earthquake of 1667, which destroyed the city, entombing thousands of citizens of every rank together with the prince and his family, by the conflagration which then arose, and by the freebooters who took advantage of this misfortune of the little republic.

Chief among the sights worth seeing in Ragusa are its buildings; the prince's palace of majestic architecture, built upon a colonnade whose capitals are very ancient, belonging to the Temple of Esculapius of Epidaurus (now Ragusa Vecchia) which town specially honored that god. The custom-house, where the merchandise used to be stored, and in which was the mint for stamping the silver and copper coinage, is also a structure most interesting and

curious. Above the door appears the Latin inscription: "*Quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari, quæ sunt Dei Deo*," while on one of the arches may be read the words "*Fallere nostra vetant et falli pondera, meque pondero dum merces, ponderat ipse Deus*." Another interesting object is the *Statue of Orlando*, holding aloft a mighty spear from which used to float the banner of St. Blase, protector of Ragusa. There are various opinions as to the significance of this statue. Some believe it was erected in honor of Palladino Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne on account of his victory over Spucento, the Saracen pirate, in the waters of Ragusa, close to Lacroma. But, according to Porfirogenito, it seems to have been erected not in the earliest times, "*quando Salona transiit Ragusium*," but later, "to the honor of God and St. Blase," and so thought the learned in 1423. This view has been confirmed by an inscription on a metal plate found under the monument. This plate had been torn down in 1825 by a hurricane. The inscription is as follows:

MCCCC III di Maggio.
"Fatto nel tempo di Papa Martino I
"E nel tempo del Signor Nostro



THE GUNDULIĆ MEMORIAL.

ancient and recent, which beautify old Ragusa as, for instance, the House of the City Guards with its dominating clock tower, from which the hours are told by the smiting of a bell by two bronze warriors ; the two fountains at the ends of the walk, which receive their water from afar ; the statue of the celebrated

"*Sigismondo Imperator Romanorum*
 "*Semper Augustus, et Rex d' Ungaria*
 "*Dalmatia ecc. fu messa*
 "*Questa pietra et Stendardo qui*
 "*In onore di Dio e di Santo Blasio*
 "*Nostro Gonfalone — Gli ufficiali."*

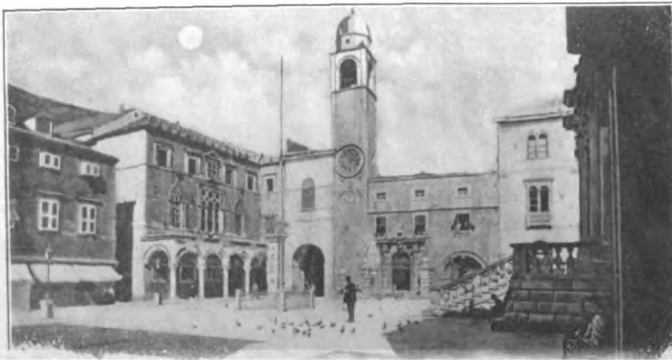
This column was erected anew about twenty years ago on the square before the Church of St. Blase. We may pass over many objects of

note, both an-

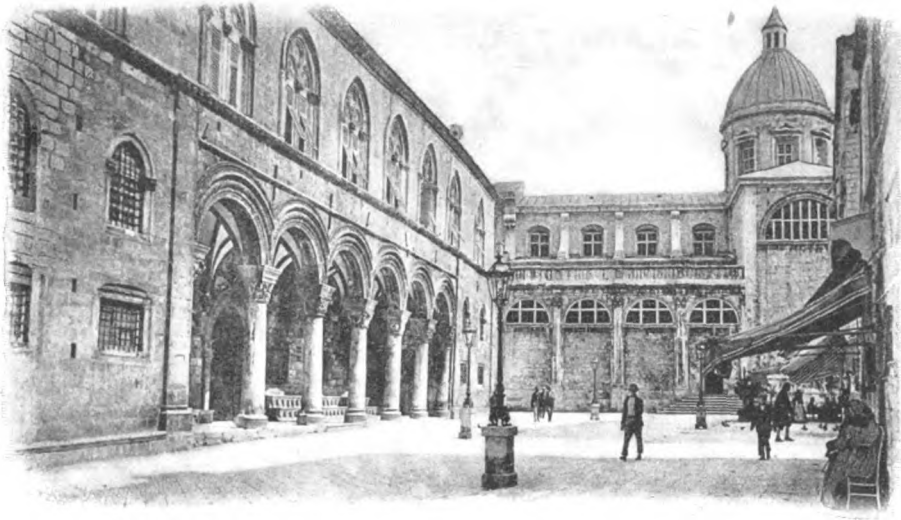
cient and recent, which beautify old Ragusa as, for instance, the House of the City Guards with its dominating clock tower, from which the hours are told by the smiting of a bell by two bronze warriors ; the two fountains at the ends of the walk, which receive their water from afar ; the statue of the celebrated poet Gundulić ; the museum which contains a rich collection of natural history specimens among which there are about two thousand minerals, representing, *inter alia*, the gold, silver, mercury and copper mines of your own North America, while there are also petrified animals, fossil fishes, and a host of other such things from Singapore, Hong Kong and various parts of India and China ; also a rich collection of American birds, a complete collection of the Dalmatian flora, over one hundred samples of American timbers, mummies, coins, seals, ancient documents of Ragusa, Greece, Rome, and even China ; also a Mexican mantle (*zarape*), a staff, and other articles which belonged to the lamented Emperor of Mexico, Maximilian. Other interesting objects in abundance may be seen there, but let us pass on to look at the churches.

Richard Cœur de Lion, while returning from Palestine in 1192, was caught in a storm near the lovely isle of Lacroma and made a vow to build a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin and, arriving safe on shore, built his votive church in Ragusa. It was of gorgeous splendor, very richly ornamented in marble and gold, but it was destroyed in the earthquake of 1667. It was afterwards rebuilt as a cathedral by the Republic in 1713. Within it there is an apartment or large room called "The Reliquary," among whose

curious and precious treasures are objects of such immense value that, in the opinion of Serafino Cerva, Abbot Coletti, and the historian Appendini, it is second in this respect only to Rome. Among other important objects it possesses the miraculous swathing-



PALACE AND SQUARE OF THE TOWN GUARDS.



PRINCES' PALACE—CATHEDRAL.

band in which the Infant Jesus was wrapped.

In front of the Palazzo Sponzo or Custom House stands the small but beautiful church of St. Blase, who was chosen protector of the city in 970. It was built in 1398, in fulfilment of a vow made by the Senate during a dreadful plague which desolated the city. Fourteen thousand gold ducats were expended in its erection; burnt to the ground in 1706, it was reërected at the public expense in 1715.

Another votive chapel was built near the Franciscan church after the earthquake of 1520; for its construction the ladies of the nobility carried the stones with their own hands. It bears the inscription :

AD ADVERTENDAM COELEMSTEM IRAM
IN MAXIMO TERRAE TREMORE
HANC SACRAM AEDEM SENATUS
RAGUSINUS.
VOVIT.

On the south side of the city there is an ascent, by an imposing Roman stairway to the church and college of the Jesuit Fathers. This spacious church was built in 1628, and the college, now a military hospital, was finished in 1684.

A magnificent convent and a church were built by the State for the Franciscan Fathers in 1317. Those good Fathers had a church and convent in the Borgo Plocce, but the whole building was destroyed by order of the Pope because of the profane uses to which it was put by the enemy in the war of the Republic with Uros, King of Rascia. A beautiful church with convent attached was built in 1225 for the Dominican Fathers, some of whom, halting at Ragusa on their way to Palestine, were besought by the Archbishop and Senate to remain and labor for the salvation of the Ragusan people. In this church, besides many other valuable and ancient pictures, is the *Madonna del Pesce* of Titian. Here also, as in the church of the Franciscans mentioned above, many very precious relics are preserved.

This ancient city, always surrounded by high and thick walls, and with deep trenches or moats, has two gates facing each other, at the extremes of the noble *Stradone* or chief street, forming the exits to the two suburbs, on the east side to the suburb or Borgo Plocce, and on the west to the suburb Pilé. The latter suburb is a fairyland of



CHURCH OF ST. ELASE.

magnificent houses and palaces hidden among trees and flowers.

I shall not dwell upon the literature and the great men who have cast lustre on the city, for I fear I have already offended by my prolixity. Suffice it to say that it has had great astronomers such as Boscovic; great poets, Latin, and Slav, such as Gundulić, Zamagna and Kunic, who studied their sciences and arts in the city. All these matters, however, are recorded by ancient and recent historians in various languages.

RAGUSA VECCHIA.

The very extensive canals of to-day were once called "Enchellia." Close to them, as ancient chronicles relate, was the residence of King Cadmus, son of Agenor, the Theban, who came from Phœnicia about thirteen centuries before Christ. About it grew up the city of Epidaurus, or, as it is now called, Ragusa Vecchia. Here stood the tombs of Cadmus and Armonia, his wife, the first at the foot of Monte Sniezniza, and the other near the sea, where may be seen the rocks known as the "*Stiene Konavoske*" called by ancient writers "*Saxa Cadmea*." When their town was destroyed by the barbarians, the people of Epidaurus retired to the Rock of Lavé, laying thus the foundations of Ragusa and of Castel Breno, while from the ruins they quitted rose

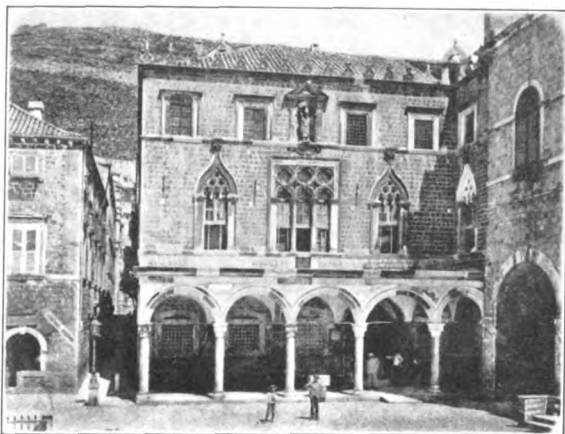
Ragusa Vecchia. It is worthy of note that in this ancient citadel there exist reminiscences of the tomb of Publius Cornelius Dolabella, pretor of the times of Augustus and Tiberius.

But now let us glance at the spiritual condition of these two cities. Ragusa may be called a city in which the faith reigns supreme. There are, it is true, persons who are not very edifying in their manner of life; there are not wanting Greek

schismatics who, unfortunately, have a church and clergy, nor Jews with their synagogue. Formerly the Republic was watchful in this matter and did not permit other sects or religions to gain a footing. True, there were Jews in the city, but they were strictly confined to a certain quarter and were obliged to retire thither at a certain hour every day. But all that is changed. However, the Catholics there are very firm and are well ministered to, especially by the religious. There are always five distinct courses of Lenten sermons, several courses for the month of May, which month is celebrated in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers with great traditional solemnity. The Apostleship of Prayer is well established and the exercise of the "Third Degree," the Communion of Reparation, is numerously attended on the First Fridays. No possible doubt can exist as to the fruits of the Apostleship here, for in all the churches the confessionals are simply besieged on the evening before First Friday, this being especially noticeable in the Cathedral, where the Bishop and all his priests have to sit in their confessionals for hours. In addition to this, all students of both the higher and lower schools frequent the Sacraments several times a year, hear Mass on Sundays and holydays with great regularity and

make an annual retreat about Easter.

About the spiritual life of Ragusa, then, there is no cause for apprehension. But in Ragusa Vecchia things have not gone on so well. Yet, its turn came recently during the Mission in Passion Week, which I was sent to preach and which God in His infinite goodness signally blessed. The worthy parish priest, the Very Reverend Nicolas Stuk, who was only lately appointed, had begged my superiors to send him someone to give a Mission, there not having been one in the parish for seventeen years. Great indifference prevailed in his flock; the sacraments were almost totally neglected, few approaching the Holy Table even at Easter. Spiritualism, duelling and other vices simply ran riot. A mission was, in the opinion of the zealous pastor, the only hope. The Sacred Heart did wonders. I preached twice a day, and at the sermons and other devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart the church was filled with earnest worshippers. During the first few days I was full of dread and disappointment at the small number of penitents who came to confession; but from the fourth to the seventh day they came in such crowds that, in addition to the aid of the Reverend Father Joseph, O.M., I had to call for assistance from one of my own brethren, Father Fantini, from Ragusa, and thus we were able to hear all. The good parish priest said that only about fifteen in the



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

whole parish failed to make their peace with God. He was able to compare himself at that time with St. Gregory Thaumaturgus who, at the end of his life, having asked how many infidels there were in Neo-Cæsarea, and, being told there were seventeen, exclaimed: "*Totidem erant fideles quando cepi episcopatum.*" Praise and thanks to the Sacred Heart! On the Saturday preceding Palm Sunday, the Mission was solemnly closed with High Mass, Benediction and Te Deum. It was a festive day for all; the employees of the municipality and the students of the schools all took part.

Before our departure the mayor and other officials came to thank us for the good we had done, accompanying us to the carriage which took us back to Ragusa. The town bells rang while we were in sight and we only failed to hear them when we passed over the crest of a little hill. May Almighty God and the Holy Virgin bless and protect this dear country!

THE HOUSE OF THE CROSSES.

By Claude M. Girardeau.



"NINI," said Hélène Fournier, busy with her sewing, "did I hear you tell maman that the place was sold?"

Ninian glanced up from his newspaper, then disappeared behind it again.

"Yes, I made the sale yesterday. Got a good price, too." Anticipating the question with which her lips opened, he added quickly, "And from Mrs. Merle."

His sister left the needle in the last stitch, gathered up her workbasket and innumerable yards of ruffling and flew to the door. On the threshold she paused, one foot in the entry, cast a reproachful look over her shoulder at Ninian and exclaimed: "To those people? Oh, Nini!"

Then he heard her heels tapping down the corridor and stop for an impatient second at a certain door.

"What could I do?" Ninian said afterwards to his mother. "We are obliged to sell, and no one else would give me one-half the value of the place."

"Are you not a little uncharitable, Hélène?" gently inquired her mother.

"And what do you know personally of the Merles to make you speak so of them?" asked Ninian sharply.

He regretted as much as Hélène did the necessity for selling their home.

"I know what is said of them by people who do know them," replied Hélène, flushing deeply.

Ninian shrugged his shoulders.

"People who know! They know nothing, and surmise a great deal. I do not especially like Basil Merle but

I do not believe one-half they whisper about him. Why, if it were true do you think he would have gotten out of Italy alive?"

"Nini!" said his mother, quietly. He drew in his underlip and held his tongue.

When the Merles came to take possession of the old Fournier place, as it was called, Basil observed the house with such an expression Mrs. Merle said hastily: "What is it? What is it?"

"When you have it repainted, mother, pray have those ornaments removed from the chimneys."

"Ornaments, Basil?" with an exploring eye roofward.

"Those crosses embossed in the stucco."

"You must remember, Basil, the Fourniers are Catholics."

"Is that a reason for our living under their symbol?"

"Well, yes; this was their home. They built it."

"It is now ours; we bought it."

"But, Basil, to remove the crosses might seem a superfluity of—of—"

"Infidelity or Protestantism," finished Basil. "Why should we consider the feelings of the Fourniers in such a matter? They would probably prefer that we should remove them if the truth were known."

"Why allow their feelings to influence us? I do not repudiate their symbol if you do, Basil."

"Since when have the Reverend Mr. Skipwith and his third spouse celebrated Mass at St. Elizabeth's?" retorted Basil with the rudeness of a spoiled son.

"Basil! I do not see why a clergyman should not marry for the third time."

"Or the fourth, or the fifth, or the sixth," interpolated the young man.

"His first two wives are not living," Mrs. Merle concluded, as one who scores a point.

"I did not say Skipwith was a trigamist," said Basil, smiling. "I only object to clergymen who suffer from mormonism of the heart preaching fasting and penance, as the incumbent of St. Elizabeth the Virgin does. However, you may keep your symbol if you will permit me to add the Chinese piazza-roof with a dragon on top. I feel like a brother to dragons."

"Are you not afraid the Fourniers will pray that the next high wind will blow it down?"

"Just as I am passing under it?" added the young man. "I should not much care."

"My dear boy, do not speak so recklessly."

"Then do not you borrow trouble, madre. 'Dont shake hands with the devil till ye come up with him.'"

"But you run to meet him," complained Mrs. Merle. "You run to meet him and fall on his neck."

"You take a different view of the situation," replied Basil. "Now, I was thinking the old chap was especially employed in running after me. See how misleading are vanity and self-love! I must look into the matter. In the meantime, suppose we look into the house? I dare say it has been blessed. Or shall we send for the Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Skipwith and make assurance doubly sure?"

"Your assurance is sufficient, I think," answered his mother, meaningly, following him with a smile and a sigh. Now it happened that the Fourniers, in the innocence of their hearts, *had* prayed, but not exactly in the way Mrs. Merle had suggested.

Hélène, in particular, being ashamed of her hasty judgment and moved by the missionary spirit of the ardent believer, had begged a favor of heaven.

So that if walls having ears to hear, had also mouths to repeat, Basil would have been greeted upon entrance into his room by the earnest petition: "Enkindle in their hearts Thy holy love, and lead them to make use of the means of salvation provided in Thy Holy Church, so that, cleansed and purified by Thee they may attain the peace which the world cannot give."

II.

In early youth, Basil Merle had hesitated at two pathways of life; upon the guide-posts of each, according to his father's interpretation, was plainly inscribed:

"This way to the Infernal Regions!"

It would be hard to say which spectacle filled Mr. Merle with the liveliest disgust—Basil as a piano-player or Basil as a painter of pictures. When the young man elected to be both, his father came near having an apoplexy, and would have left Basil out of his will entirely, had not his daughter, Bertha, wounded his ambition more cruelly by marrying a decadent Italian, Marquis of Caraban, *without* the Cat, and outraged his severe respectability by separating from her husband in a year's time. A divorce was something the Merles knew nothing of and was, in the South, a disgrace to the woman, who was always to blame.

Disappointed in both children the banker, with characteristic prudence, made the best of his bad bargains and departed this life with more relief than regret. Upon Basil's return to his birthplace and the scene of his distracting iteration of velocity-finger exercises, his Campeachy audience, naturally remembering these things through loathed repetition of the Gradus and Tausig's octaves, were surprised to hear the piano but seldom and then in a feeble fashion unlike Basil's former brilliance and precision. Repeated inquiry elicited the fact that Basil's left hand had

lost its cunning. His shoulder was stiff and constant practice made it painful ; so he had given up the piano for the easel. He painted—as he had played—in a style that would have made his fortune had he been poor ; but he was rich and pleased himself and not the public. If his music had bored his Campeachy critics, his painting puzzled them. They expressed opinions or bestowed praise, haltingly, one eye on the picture the other on the artist, and moved the Merles to laughter, smothered but inextinguishable.

During Mr. Merle's term of days his wife and son spent precious little time in Campeachy ; therefore, no one was surprised when, after his death, they sold all they possessed in the place and betook themselves to Italy. When they suddenly reappeared in the town and smiled upon their ancient acquaintances, those who had prophesied in the fullness of wisdom that Campeachy would know them no more forever, were properly discomfited. They dissected avidly the vague, discreditable rumors that attached themselves even unto the Merles baggage-labels, but discovered nothing.

Basil sat openly in the seat of the scornful, and consorted with the most flippant and free thinking of the smart set, so called. But, despite this and the whispered disgrace, he was too *doré* to be ignored or disapproved. The most highly respectable element of the community—so admitted by themselves and by everybody else—hastened to leave cards for Mr. Merle and invitations for both to all social diversions from Presbyterian missionary teas to Episcopal Germans and literary club meetings.

At other festive gatherings of a character at once more general and more restricted, Basil occasionally met the Fourniers and was much attracted to them. For Madame Fournier, born in France although spending all her married life in America, remained attached to the traditions and conventions of her

youth, and Hélène, though much admired, never went out unless accompanied by her mother or brother.

Madame Fournier fulfilled her social duties as chaperon to her daughter and made no calls except upon her intimates. It did not occur to her to call on Mrs. Merle. One Sunday evening in the late summer, Basil flung away the cigarette he was smoking and invited his mother to a stroll on the banquette under the oaks of the esplanade. The air was stifling, the breeze was lukewarm. "We may be able to breathe there," he said, eyeing ruefully his wilted cuffs.

"I shall be glad to go," replied Mrs. Merle, "for I am sure the Taylors are coming this evening, and I do not feel like listening to their gabble and malicious gossip."

"They are like Mexican peppers," said Basil, "very nice now and then, when you have lost appetite for bread and butter."

So mother and son walked slowly down the street in the radiant evening, stopping at various gates to reply to the salutations of piazza-groups, all rocking violently, perspiring, fanning, beating off gnats and mosquitoes.

At the Duchantals, a pretty girl tripped down the walk, hat on head, rosary in hand. "Whither, now, Miss Genevieve?" lazily inquired Basil, holding the gate open for her.

"To Benediction," she replied. "Would you not like to go?"

"Yes, certainly," answered Mrs. Merle, who had her own reasons for desiring the good-will of all the Campeachyans, and who prided herself on her "liberality." They entered the church as the sacristan was lighting the altars. He was about to descend the steps of the high altar when he looked back and paused as if loath to leave. His eyes fell upon the door of the Tabernacle and there rested. His fine old face and thin figure in the black robe of the lay-service of his Order were beau-

tifully idealized by the clear, soft wax lights. The nave of the church was in semi-darkness so that the sanctuary, with its dazzling stars and many-colored flowers, the glittering monstrance at the Tabernacle door, appeared like a

his bent figure before the old man descended to earth and remembered the waiting priest, who, clad in his heavy vestments and almost dissolving with the heat of them, was praying for patience in the purgatory of the sacristy.



"HE LOOKED BACK AND PAUSED AS IF LOATH TO LEAVE."

brilliant picture in a frame of massive columns. Basil's sketch-book was out in a moment, and, by the fading light of the west window near him, he quickly caught the rapt expression of the sacristan's face and the yearning pose of

As he entered, preceded by two pretty boys, a woman's rich mezzo began the *Salutaris*. Merle, who was passionately fond of vocal music, looked up at the choir and beheld Hélène Fournier. He slipped his sketch-book

into his pocket, folded his arms and resigned himself to the satisfaction of eyes and ears. Genevieve regarded him with a certain slyness, thinking that if she and Hélène could change places, the Fournier place would soon belong again to its own people.

Basil was so silent on the way home that Genevieve declined Mrs. Merle's invitation to tea without regret, as she saw several young men of her acquaintance on the paternal piazza.

Mrs. Merle, finding that the dreaded Taylors had called and departed in her absence, drew a breath of relief as she seated herself again beside Basil on the south gallery. He showed her the little sketch he had made.

"Very clever," she said, approvingly. "I thought at the time it was an excellent composition for a painting. I hope you agree with me."

"I do," replied Basil, "and I intend to go to work at once, and in earnest."

The next day he went to call on Father Yorke, rector of the Sacred Heart and of the college adjoining the church.

"Why, certainly," said the priest. "Pray come into the church whenever you like, Mr. Merle. I am sure Brother Sebastian will give you a sitting whenever he can spare the time. By the way, have you ever done any wall-painting?"

"Yes, but of what special kind, father?"

"We are anxious to have two scenes from the life of our founder just above the doors on each side of the sanctuary. As you see there are ample spaces for effective decoration." He continued ruefully, "But we cannot pay much. The people here—even our own—say we are rich! I sometimes wish we were."

"I shall be glad of the chance to keep my hand in," replied Basil. "I am much obliged for the gift of the wall spaces. If you do not find the

pictures to your liking you can go over them with the whitewash brush."

Basil had met the priests of this order before, but if he had avoided them in Europe he now sought their companionship. The inevitable contrast between them and the men of Skipwith's fraternity, made him take his hat and go to the Duchantals whenever Skipwith came to see Mrs. Merle.

Genevieve, who had as much heart as a small gourd where men were concerned, had refused with indignant promptness the third offer of Skipwith's ready hand and warmed-over affections. And as delicacy did not deter her from an illustrated and comical account of the sentimental occasion, Basil, who liked her very much, felt no hesitancy in laughing over it with her. Therefore, both Protestants and Catholics were building without foundation when the former raised dire edifices of prophecy and the latter of hope concerning Basil's ultimate destination in this world and the next.

One day, while he was at work in the church, Father Yorke went in to observe the progress of the wall-paintings. Brother Sebastian, after one or two sittings, was ill with fever, and the easel-picture was at a standstill.

"I have found a model for you, Mr. Merle," said the priest, presently.

Basil suspended operations to regard him from the top of the step-ladder.

"That is good news, father. Where did you find him, her or it?"

"It is an old woman—Antonia Maltese. She is destitute and glad enough of the chance to earn something. Shall I send her to you?"

"Where is she, father?"

"She has a mere roosting-place over a 'dago shop' not far from the Convent, near the beach." Consulting a memorandum, he added: "Paradiso's grocery"; then smiled over it.

Basil loved him for his smile.

"I will go and see her," said Basil. "I am much obliged, padre."

"Oh, we help each other," said the priest, quizzically. "Antonia labors under the Campeachy delusion of our unbounded wealth."

When Basil found Paradiso's grocery he met a swarthy old crone who eyed him a deal more keenly than he did her. After engaging her to come to his studio the next morning, he said:

"As you have been a model for so many years you must know many of the Italian ones. Do you know anything of Violetta Scarella, of Florence?"

"Scarella—Scarella? No, no; she is not of my day or time. She is too young."

"How do you know that?" he queried, shrewdly.

She glanced at him from under wrinkled lids, one of which she winked. "Am I not thrice your age?" and went indoors chuckling, scanning the card in her hand.

"Merle—Basil Merle; that is the name"; then sat her down at a counter, called imperiously for pen, ink and paper, and wrote:

"VIOLETTA MIA: Come as soon as you please. The man Basil is not dead. He is much alive here in Campeachy, a God-forsaken place of the southern states of America. I will wait until you come."

She did most of her waiting in Basil's studio, where she smoked and enjoyed herself generally.

Once or twice in drawing her profile Merle looked hard at the characteristic lines and then at her.

"The same type," he mused; "she is probably a liar, too. I believe the Pythia usually were. One can never tell."

One night, the last of August, Basil came home from an evening spent on the beach. He had met a number of men he knew and after a surf bath they had taken supper in one of the pavilions. The superb beach was utterly ruined by several blocks of wretched

shanties masquerading as "cafés," "theatres," "shell-emporiums" and the like, all covered with hideous, staring railway advertisements, and upon whose platforms half-grown girls and mature women screamed ragtime in raucous voices, or negro minstrels performed more or less horribly upon various stringed instruments. Beer saloons disgraced every street corner and the servant girl population of the place promenaded the board walks with or without "company."

Basil felt so depressed by the heat, the reeking crowd, the silly music and laughter, the conversation of the men he was with, and, above all, by the desecration of one of the most superb beaches in the world, that he soon got away to himself and sauntered beyond the Midway, as it was proudly designated, to where the sands stretched smooth, barren, almost bleak, beneath the moon, full-orbed in a cloudless sky as deep as eternity. He sat for an hour or so upon a drift log looking out over the rolling ocean, indigo under the glorious orb, flashing fire as the surf leaped in long, quivering lines on the shore. The Scorpion dazzled like diamonds in the south, Antares winking redly in its heart.

Upon reaching home he fell into a heavy sleep, for surf bathing in the tepid gulf water always wearied him.

The studio was in the west ell of the house and was the north room of the suite that Hélène had occupied. The folding doors between this and the bedroom were spread wide to admit the greatest possible draught of air. No sooner had the outer world sunk below the horizon's rim of dreams than a brilliant light shone from the nearly finished painting of Brother Sebastian before the Blessed Sacrament. (At this moment the old sacristan, rising from his bed of fever, had gone into the church to pray, since he could not sleep.) The door of the Tabernacle emitted a gauzy cloud as of soaring in-

cense, through which gleamed the starry tapers and living roses of the altar that diffused a perfume subtle and soul-penetrating.

In the midst appeared an infinitely lovely and majestic figure with rayed head and outstretched hands. Through the robe, luminous, whiter than sunlight, mysteriously leaped the unquenchable flames of the burning Heart of Love. A voice sweeter than the dearest sounds of earth sighed impor-

sat for the rest of the night upon the window sill, looking out into the garden where the mocking birds, lovers of the light, sang in the orange-trees.

III

The wall-paintings, executed in Basil's best style, received the sincere and grateful thanks of the Fathers and the dubious admiration and criticism of the congregation. Those who knew the least being the loudest in com-



"A BRILLIANT LIGHT SHONE FROM THE NEARLY FINISHED PICTURE."

tunately at the dreamer's ear and pierced his very soul.

Basil awoke instantly and sat up in bed. So vivid was the vision it seemed still before his eyes. Fain would he have detained it thus before him forever. He cried aloud, involuntarily:

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Then beheld the moonlight on the floor. His heart beat to suffocation; he could not return to sleep again, but

ment, which was to have been expected. These latter good souls exclaimed among themselves that the summer was almost at an end and the hoped-for harvest not even in sight.

This field was not fallow; it was barren; and they had always said so. Mr. Merle might cover the walls of the church with more or less correctly drawn and colored figures and himself remain outside of it. Several women went to call on Father Yorke in regard

to it and were somewhat taken aback by his reception of their complaints. He had listened until they had positively made an end of speaking; the which it seemed they would never do, for, when one paused for breath, another took the last word from her mouth, and so they dovetailed their separate grievances and compounded their different opinions, then sat, each eye an interrogation-point; each mouth half-open to begin again. "Shall I tell you what to do?" gently asked the priest, striving to compose his amused features.

"If you only will, father?"

"You know, father, we will do anything for you."

"If you truly desire this young man's conversion, and I am sure that you do, offer for him, each day, the entire rosary, believing in your hearts that the good God will grant your prayers." They said in subdued voices that they would do so, and some of them did.

Basil, unwitting this, was devoting himself to his easel-picture, old Antonia serving as model for the figure. He was so absorbed in his work he had not noticed the catlike intensity with which she observed him. Moreover, she seemed puzzled.

One evening the "Violetta mia," upon whom she had urged the journey to Campeachy, sat on the steps of Paradiso's family grocery and questioned her.

"Why did you send for me, then? I was making plenty of money and left that English painter wringing his hands. What was it to me that he is alive and well?"

"It is a good deal, let me tell you. Besides, I thought he was going to be married to a French girl here. She is pretty and wags her tongue as much as you do," said old Antonia sourly.

Violetta's eyes flashed. The old woman went on hastily:

"Why do you not patch up your quarrel, Cella mia? There's not a

woman in the round world can stand in your presence. You make the best of them appear as dough. What's a mere scratch on the shoulder, eh?"

"Nothing to me," said Violetta, smiling, but not pleasantly, "and it would have been nothing to an Italian, a Spaniard or even a Frenchman, for they would have returned it with interest. But to an Englishman or an American!" Not for nothing had Violetta spent her life in the best studios of Italy. She doubled up her exquisite hands into soft fists. "I should have used these," and she shook them aloft to the round-eyed entertainment of her curbstone audience. "Yet would he have laughed in my face, and I desired to impress him with my seriousness."

Antonia regarded her with bitter disapproval.

"Idiot! What would have happened to you if that miserable knife had gone but an inch lower? Tell me that! Would the authorities have laughed in your face? Where would those eyes, those lips, those hands, those feet, that skin be now?"

Violetta turned pale, then smiled again.

"Where? In a hundred pictures in the finest galleries of Europe!" she said, triumphantly.

"Is your name written under them?" inquired Antonia, with biting irony. "Do you figure on a single canvas as yourself? *Basta!* but they have turned that silly head of yours. Still . . . you have some grains of sense left else you would not be here."

Violetta turned fiercely toward her, then changed her mind.

"Perhaps I was too hasty, but I was in a corner. To give up being a model was to give up my life. It was not to be endured. But there . . . so you think he wishes to marry a French woman here?"

Antonia shrugged herself dubiously.

"But that he cannot do," exclaimed

Violetta, "and shall never—no, not while I am in existence in America!" She spoke with such a crescendo of intensity and with such vivid gestures that the curbstone audience withdrew behind piles of oyster shells and coops and beer barrels, over and around which they peered, curious and apprehensive. "You should have left me in Florence, where I neither knew nor cared. But now!"

She arose, crested like a peacock or a serpent, and the hidden spectators hugged themselves with joy at the prospect of the usual "dago fight."

Antonia plucked her gown and pulled her down sharply, saying, *sotto voce*:

"Do not be a silly! You come of a snarling race of wildcats on your mother's side. I beat my breast when my son married her. I sent for you to come to America and live as a lady should. You look like a princess; and surely you could learn here, where there are no artists and no art, to be the decent manageress of a household and . . ."

Whereat Violetta burst out laughing, and laughed so long, so loud, so musically and with such enjoyment of her grandmother's wit that Paradiso himself came out to sit beside them and share their amusement; for Antonia was also grinning sardonically. She was the only member of the family who ever dared to fence with Violetta, and she generally got the best of it.

Paradiso had put on a fresh blue linen suit, a crimson silk neck-scarf and a pair of jewelled ear-hoops.

He assured the ladies—with eyes still full of astonishment fixed on Violetta's face—that but for the unpropitious aspect of the skies he would invite them to a stroll upon the seashore where there were many pleasing attractions, where one might dance in the sea-breeze or bathe in the surf. But, as they could perceive by merely glancing down the street, the sea was boisterous and had encroached greatly upon the sands, and, as for beer, behold! three

bottles, ice-cold from the refrigerator of Paradiso, and more delightful than the nectar of Olympia, of Arcadia, of the Pagoda dispensed on the beach, though it was, by his dear friends, Señors Llorente, Espartero, Mamoulides.

He called to the little black-eyed shopboy within to bring glasses, and drank to the health and good fortune of the ladies. Violetta received his stare with the composure and indifference of a marble Venus. In Italy the gentlemen and street arabs presented her with flowers whenever she walked abroad, and she was now wearing a wreath of dandelions that the little shopboy had woven for her almost as soon as she had dazzled the dirty grocery with her celestial presence.

Paradiso was making her a speech, so she gave him the benefit of her full face instead of the profile.

If at any moment there was anything he could do for the ladies, they must command him. Life itself would be but a picayune to pay for one smile of thanks.

Antonia looked straight ahead of her like Atropos, but Violetta smiled at him over the rim of her glass, and in less than twenty-four hours he planted a foot on her face in the efforts to reach a place of safety, and, reaching it, thrust her off.

IV.

Madame Chalaron, who lived in the square above the Merles, sent out invitations to a coaching party for the evening of the second of September.

Her daughter, Myrthe, was to make her debut in the winter, so, with the nonchalance which regarded any young man with money and position as an eligible in the matrimonial market, she included Basil among her guests.

They were to drive to a certain café at the oyster-beds six miles "down the beach." About the time the gallant Paradiso was entertaining his guests the tally-ho pranced away from the

Chalaron's—all the neighbors having assembled to admire—with Basil and Genevieve on the seat with the driver. Coming back home, between eleven and twelve o'clock, Basil found himself beside Hélène Fournier. Their association was accidental, as far as they were concerned, for Basil expected to be again appropriated by Miss Duchantal, and Hélène was with Ninian. Genevieve, however, had detained young Fournier until his sister was seated, and had so manœuvred that when the coach was ready to start, Ninian found himself still at her side and obliged to stay there, while Basil climbed to the only vacant place he could see and discovered Hélène beside him and facing them Madame Chalaron, Myrthe, and two very young gentlemen. The last three were keeping up a chatter in French and English, punctuated with shrieks of laughter over nothing, in a very high key, to be heard above the grinding of the wheels and the impatient trampling of the horses.

At first Basil was amused by the timid reserve and secret dismay of his companion. Her expression was revealed by the occasional moon gleams, for the sky, threatening in the early evening, was now heavily overcast by racing scud driven by the keen whips of a veering wind that blew fiercely and fitfully. The surf, half a mile away, was booming like thunder on the beach.

"I hope it won't rain before we get home," came plaintively from the babel of the voices on the coach-top. "I have on my best gandy!"

"Rain!" exclaimed Basil, impulsively.

"Look at that sky, Miss Fournier!"

She looked up, around, then at him, with such a change of face he pronounced himself an idiot for alarming her.

"I never saw such a sky in all my life before. Did you?" she asked,

trembling. "Does it not look sinister?"

"It does; it is not rain that we will have, I am thinking."

The driver evidently agreed with him for he called out crossly, bidding them to "hold on and look out," uncurled his whip, and the six horses—for the road was fetlock-deep with sand—leaped forward. The howling wind drove its aerial coursers far ahead of them, stirring up the gritty dust.

Presently, Basil began to relate to Hélène his singular vision of the previous night. She listened, turning her astonished face from the sky to him, her dark eyes expanding.

"Is it not strange?" he questioned. "Can you account for it?"

"How would you account for it?" she inquired.

"By the picture," he said, taking thought, "by my absorption in the work and by the fact that I have been in the church so much of late."

"Oh, blind!" she thought, but said nothing.

"And you?" he urged.

"You know what Catholics believe, Mr. Merle," she said, somewhat coldly. "You are not ignorant. If our Lord has deigned to visit you with His glorious splendor why should you disquiet yourself? Why take pleasure in accounting for that ineffable favor by what you consider rational reasons?"

"But, why should He visit me—of all persons?" complained Basil. "If it had been Father Yorke, now . . . But, I do not know Him."

"Yes, but some day you will," she answered, softly, "and we are told that it is better to know Him now than hereafter." Then, with impulsive confidence, she added: "Your studio was formerly my room. Where your easel stands stood an altar of the Sacred Heart. You have been given the vision I have so often implored on that very spot."

Her eyes filled with tears. Why

should this glorious manifestation have been denied her and granted this one—this alien? The question held its own answer, but she did not at once perceive it. She was consumed with envy of the blind.

The two had little more to say to each other, for Myrthe dragged them into her conversation with the very young men and presently the coach was stopping at different houses and adieux were exchanged—some of them forever—with shouts and laughter disturbing restless and troubled sleepers.

“How can you be so noisy?” exclaimed Duchantal as Genevieve ran up the steps followed by a fusillade of witty fireworks, the wind tearing at her skirts and hair. “Don’t you see it is going to storm? The young have no sense. Your mother and I have not gone to bed, we were so uneasy about you. Come in, come in! I want to secure the doors and shutters. The equinoctial is blowing and here you are giggling”—a speech repeated with variations in every other house.

At the Fournier’s Basil alighted to help Hélène to the sidewalk, waited until Ninian joined them, then, signifying to the driver his intention to walk home, drew Ninian aside as the coach clattered off, and said :

“Mr. Fournier, I have been in Campeachy during storms. We are in for a hurricane, but from what quarter it is not yet possible to say. Now, pardon me. Your cottage is a slight affair, only a few feet from the ground. The city itself is but four feet above sea level. I insist that as soon as it is day you will bring your mother and sister to your old home. It is a staunch house and has withstood many storms. Promise me you will do this.”

“If I think there is any danger I will,” replied Ninian, “but I am not apprehensive. Campeachy has been under water before this.”

“Campeachy—yes,” answered Basil, “but not this cottage.” They were standing on the little front gallery and Hélène had gone within. “It was, you remember, blown from its underpinning last year, and perhaps on that very account was sold——” He was near adding, “For so little!” but stopped in time

“You may be sure I examined it thoroughly before buying,” said Ninian frigidly. “I hardly think we will have to tax your hospitality. I am much obliged, however.”

“But he is not,” thought Basil, as they parted. “He thought I wanted to patronize him.”

(To be continued.)

PÈRE HERMANN.

By D. S. Béné.

IN reading the history of a conversion, we often feel impelled to close the book gently, and to reflect upon the work of God's grace in that soul. In no case is this impulse more urgent than in the life of the converted Jew, Father Marie-Augustine of the Blessed Sacrament, better known to the world as Hermann the musician. (1) It is a life of strong contrasts ; his dissipation and his wanderings cast deep shadows upon the page and upon the heart of the reader ; but suddenly divine grace, as a sunburst, dispels the darkness and reveals the longanimity and infinite love of God ; the unbelieving Jew becomes a fervent adorer of Jesus Christ ; his haughty head bends low, and each pulsation of his heart is henceforth consecrated in thanksgiving to Jesus, *the hidden God, the God of Israel, the Saviour*. Saint Paul, while breathing forth threatenings against the disciples of the Lord, was stricken down on the road to Damascus, and became the apostle of the Gentiles. Hermann, on the highway of honor and pleasure, is cast down, the scales fall from his eyes, he becomes the apostle of Jesus in the Eucharist. Faithful to the divine light, he runs like a giant in his course until he wins the crown of martyrdom, not by one stroke of the sword or by the fangs of wild beasts, but in the loathsome pest-house, serving the suffering members of Jesus Christ, bearing always in his heart these words of his new-found Messiah : *Whatsoever you do for the least of these, My little ones, you do it also for Me*.

Hermann was born in 1820, at Hamburg, in Germany, of the family of Cohen, merchants distinguished for their wealth and still more because of

their descent from the ancient tribe of Levi. The name of Cohen, which in Hebrew signifies priest, gave to the bearers some of the levitical privileges, and Hermann tells us that he had seen his father and his brothers ascending the steps of the sanctuary to give their benediction to the people. The Jewish worship in Hamburg had been reformed, the Hebrew language was neglected, the Talmud was not read, and there remained scarcely a vestige of the ancient rites of the Synagogue. Hermann, although a child, showed an instinctive repugnance to these novelties. His little soul felt that secret affinity which exists between God and man, the Creator and the creature; the grand and imposing ceremonies left only a void in his heart, which showed its religious attraction at three years of age, when he already sang canticles to the God of Israel.

When Hermann had passed his fourth year, he was placed with his elder brother Albert at a Protestant college in their native city, and, having much to suffer on account of their religion, Hermann determined to eclipse his fellow students by study and thus win for himself the esteem of his masters, while, at the same time, he drew around him a circle of admiring collegians, and planted in his heart that germ of vanity and self-sufficiency which later bore such pernicious fruit. His parents, far from arresting the evil, added fuel to the flame by giving him each day a new task, and his success was repaid by tender caresses and immediate acquiescence in his most absurd caprices. Hermann was not five years of age when his elder brother began the study of music, and he gave his father and mother no rest until they granted him the same favor. His extraordinary talent showed

(1) Vie du R. P. Hermann par M. L'Abbé Chas. Sylvain.

itself to such a degree that at six years he played all the popular opera airs, and when he improvised at the piano, his inspirations surprised all who heard him. He was equally successful with French, Latin and Greek ; he surpassed his elder brother and secured for himself all the rewards and the praises. Proud of her precocious boy, Mme. Cohen wished to place him in the gymnasium, where his intellectual attainments at nine years of age would have ranked him in the third class ; but not even her maternal love could give him the five additional years necessary to secure admission. The family physician, wiser than the ambitious mother, declared that constant study would prove fatal to Hermann's health, and it was decided that he should spend one year in repose at home. Without religious training to guide his untried steps, he was placed under the care of a professor of music, *a man of genius*, and this reputation was sufficient to atone for grievous shortcomings in his conduct ; but, as Hermann saw him admired by all, and excused by all, his only ambition was to imitate him, believing that no life on earth could be so free as that of an artist, and his hopes and aspirations seemed near fruition when he heard it whispered around him : " Hermann is a genius." Hermann quivered with jealousy when he heard this same professor applauded for a difficult composition for the piano ; he determined to learn the piece in private, and then asked his master to allow him to study it. Astounded at the impertinence of his pupil, the master gave him a severe blow on the cheek. Mme. Cohen pleaded for her boy, who seated himself at the piano, and, as his little fingers drew forth such perfect harmony, the subdued composer, no longer able to conceal his astonishment and his joy, clasped the child in his arms. Hermann's vocation was now decided.

Mme. Cohen was pleased that her son should follow the career of an artist, and the opposition raised by M. Cohen

was soon silenced by reverses in fortune. These losses caused no regret in Hermann, whose mind, at ten years of age, was filled with visions of future honors, celebrity and, above all, the unrestrained freedom of an artist's life. He frequented the theatres and made himself the hero of every play, and he longed for the day when his dreams would be realized. He accepted with delight an invitation to accompany his master to Frankfort, and, to alleviate the grief of this first separation, Mme. Cohen resolved to go with him at least a part of the journey. But, while the sad mother covered Hermann with her caresses and her tears, he showed himself perfectly indifferent to her sorrow and made no attempt to conceal his impatience to say the last adieu. On his return from Frankfort some weeks later, strengthened in his determination to become a great artist, Greek, Latin and Hebrew were crowded out to give place to things which were poisonous and fatal to his soul. He was now eleven years of age and his professor determined to present him to the public in a concert in his native city. The most distinguished and cultivated audience crowded the hall to hear the infant prodigy, and the next day the whole city resounded with his praises, which were not lost on his youthful imagination, and the joy of the mother was surpassed only by that of her son. But Hermann was still a child, and his attempt to steal some sweetmeats resulted in an accident that jeopardized his career as an artist ; his right hand was badly wounded by a broken glass jar, and the culprit mingled his tears with those of his over-indulgent mother who seemed to have forgotten that the Mosaic law mentions that he who spares the rod spoils the child ; but she abandoned the idea of taking him to Paris, which was the one desire of Hermann's heart.

The young artist recovered his spirits with the use of his hand and, with a

diplomacy in advance of his years, he represented to his mother that they would be failing in respect to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Grand Duke of Schwerin, if the letters of recommendation given to him by their royal highnesses were not presented to their ministers at the court of France. More than that, his master had given him all the instruction he could impart and why should he now withdraw when he was on the road to fame and a brilliant future? To Paris, then, they went. The success which greeted him in the cities through which they passed fanned the flame in his proud heart and the praises lavished upon him by renowned musicians convinced him of his wisdom in resisting the advice of his mother. The heat was intense, and Mme. Cohen, fearing for the health of her other children, resolved to spend some time at Metz; but the despotic little Hermann gave her no rest or peace until they reached the French capital. He tells us in his journal that, when he heard the word "Paris" from the lips of the conductor, an electric shock passed through his entire being and he had no adequate means of proclaiming his joy.

But where could be found a master worthy of the genius of Hermann! He took *one* lesson from Chopin and *one* from Zimmerman; when he applied to Liszt he was refused. But this humiliation was more than atoned for when Liszt heard him play, and Hermann was again victorious. The maestro adopted him as his privileged pupil, made him his companion in his visits to the noble ladies of Saint Germain, and it was Liszt who always gave the first signal for applause as the piano gave forth incomparable harmony under the touch of his tiny fingers. Invitations to dinner were so numerous that, in order to please his many worshippers, it often happened that Hermann divided an evening between five or six houses. He took an inordinate pleasure

in these feasts, and the incense of adulation blinded his eyes to the tears of the devoted mother who kept up her anxious vigils awaiting his return. The gay world into which he was thus thrown corrupted his heart, nourished his evil propensities and blighted within him that which was elevated, noble and good.

At this time Liszt was about to leave Paris for an absence of some months. Herman believed that he could not live separated from the maestro he had worshipped. With tears in his eyes he threw himself at the feet of Liszt and implored him to take him with him. Finally it was agreed that they should meet in Geneva at the end of three months. This delay hung heavily on Hermann's hands and still more heavily on the heart of his mother who determined to accompany him at any cost. Upon their arrival in Geneva, Liszt made Hermann a professor in the Conservatory of Music just founded in that city. But, once installed, the boy artist became *the* professor of the conservatory, with a large number of pupils outside. With such a revenue at his disposal, drinking in the poisonous atmosphere by which he was surrounded, his sojourn in Geneva finished the demoralization of his moral and intellectual faculties. What he read in the infamous books of the day, he saw in daily practice under his eyes—and he was only fifteen years old!

One day Liszt presented Hermann with a Bible, in which he had written these words: "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God." From the impression this sentence made upon the youthful recipient, it would seem that all noble sentiments were not entirely extinguished, and he said frankly to his master, that he wished to become a Christian; but the remark evoked no response or encouragement from his false friend. In later years, in speaking of this period of his life, Hermann describes the impression made

upon his soul when he heard Liszt play a fragment of the *Dies irae* on the celebrated organ at Fribourg. He said: "Liszt touched the grand organ, that colossal harp of David, the majestic tones of which gave a vague idea of Thy greatness, O my God! Was I not then penetrated with an impression of holiness? Didst Thou not make a religious sentiment vibrate in my soul? What was that profound emotion which I felt every time I played the organ in my childhood, or heard others play it, an emotion so lively that it almost destroyed my health, and the use of it was absolutely forbidden? O my beloved Jesus! Thou wast knocking at the door of my heart, and I opened not to Thee!"

But, as the fairest, purest flowers wither and fall in the suffocating simoon as well as in the chilly blast, these good inspirations were soon dispelled by the birth of a passion which almost ruined his life. Hermann accompanied a distinguished nobleman to a concert for the benefit of the poor which was followed by a sumptuous banquet, given to the artists who had assisted. The night was far advanced when Hermann for the first time saw a game of chance, which he watched with intense interest, and after this the infatuation for gaming left him not a moment of repose. Suddenly he resigned his lucrative position in Geneva to follow Liszt to Paris. Neither the tears and entreaties of his mother nor the advice of Liszt nor his brilliant prospects in Geneva could change the resolution of the wandering Jew, and the last hopes of his mother were shattered when he separated himself from his family, as he himself expressed it, that he might be free to do all the evil that he wished.

Again he was filled with feelings of disgust; balls, *salons* and theatres became distasteful to him; he had lost faith in all save in his mother, and he returned to find at her fireside and in

her heart the same love which she had lavished upon him when he was an innocent child. Without money and pressed by importunate creditors, he determined to give a concert; but his pride and his indolence prevented all study and the concert was a humiliating failure. He then set out for Hamburg, thence to London. Again we find him in Paris—in Italy, not once, but many times. In this land of poetry and art, good impressions revived and gave birth to sweet harmonies. In Milan he is full of good desires and generous resolutions. There he composed two operas, so religious in their tone that later he did not hesitate to use the same music for his pious canticles and hymns. Mme. Cohen followed her wayward son from city to city with a devotedness which finally touched his heart, and at Venice she and her daughter were received with true joy by Hermann, for their presence helped to heal the painful wound caused by an estrangement between himself and Liszt. Here he published a number of musical compositions, and the winter passed quietly and happily for the mother and the son, whom she had lost and found.

Upon their return to Paris, in 1842, Hermann sought in vain to find pleasure in gaming which had formerly absorbed all his faculties. Day succeeded day, and grew into months and years, without rest for his soul, and, until 1846, we see him travelling from place to place to find only a chalice of bitterness. God had mercifully poisoned all earthly amusements, and filled him with disgust for the world.

In May, 1847, Hermann was invited to direct a choir of amateurs in the church of Ste. Valère in Paris and, at the moment of Benediction, he felt himself moved by a singular emotion—a feeling of remorse in being present at the divine service in which he felt he had no right to participate. He returned to the same church many times during the month of May, and, when the priest ele-

vated the Sacred Host, the same emotions invariably arose in Hermann's heart, and drew forth abundant tears which human respect could neither control nor suppress.

One day, in the room of a friend, his eyes fell accidentally, or rather providentially, on an old, well-worn prayer-book which had belonged to the mother of his friend, but which had remained long unopened and forgotten. Hermann scanned its pages; he turned its leaves, and a thousand inexplicable thoughts and aspirations towards an unknown ideal brought hope to his weary soul. In July, he opened his heart to a Catholic friend, the Duchess de Rauzan, and begged her to pray that he might meet a Catholic priest and learn something of a religion to which he felt himself drawn by an irresistible force. He confessed that he had an inveterate prejudice against priests, whom he pictured to himself as intolerant beings; but his apprehensions entirely vanished in his first interview with M. l'Abbé Legrand whom he found as gentle and affable as he was good and holy.

Obliged to go to Germany to give a concert at Ems, Hermann set out with a letter of introduction from M. Legrand to the Curé of that city, where he arrived on Saturday, and, notwithstanding the presence of his irreligious associates, he laid aside all human respect and on Sunday assisted at Mass. We will describe his impressions in his own words: "Little by little the hymns, the prayers, the invisible, yet sensible presence of a superhuman power, began to agitate me and make me tremble. At the moment of the elevation suddenly I felt myself enlightened and a deluge of tears flowed down my cheeks. I had wept many times in my childhood, but never such tears as these. While I was thus inundated, I was torn and lacerated by remorse for my past life, and, spontaneously, as if by intuition, I made to God a rapid, but general confession of

all my enormous faults since my infancy. I saw them displayed before me by thousands—hideous, repulsive, revolting—meriting all the anger of the Sovereign Judge. At the same time, I felt a peace, hitherto unknown, which spread over my soul as a consoling balm, that the God of mercy would pardon me, that He would turn away His eyes from my crimes, that He would have pity on my sincere contrition and my bitter grief. Yes, I felt that He would do me this favor, and that He would accept in expiation my firm resolution to love Him above all, and to be henceforth converted to Him."

The converted artist left Ems on the following day, and, upon his arrival in Paris, he was so profoundly touched by grace that it was scarcely possible to recognize the worldly, selfish Hermann of the past. He closed the door of his chamber and studied the teachings of Christianity; but already faith had come to him from on high, and he cried aloud: *Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?* He prayed, attended Mass and Vespers, kept the fasts as if he had already been baptized, and, so greatly was his soul attracted to Jesus hidden under the Eucharistic veil, that, when he saw the faithful approach Holy Communion, tears flowed down his cheeks, and his love and his desire were so great that the privation seemed to bring him almost to the verge of death.

The day of his baptism was preceded by a novena, during which time Hermann remained in absolute solitude; but the demon made a last effort to snatch him from Jesus Christ, and to cloud the peace of his soul in this supreme hour. But at the foot of his crucifix the fervent neophyte implored the help of the omnipotent God and His most pure Virgin Mother who aided him in his first victory which was the precursor of many future triumphs. The baptism took place on the feast of St. Augustine, Aug. 28, 1847, in the church of Notre Dame de Sion, where the deep, harmonious

tones of the great organ accompanied the solemn chant of the Litany for the conversion of the Jews, and, as Hermann advanced towards the altar attended by M. l'Abbé Legrand and M. l'Abbé Ratisbonne, these pathetic invocations fell upon his ears: *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, have pity on the children of Israel. Jesus, the desired of Nations, Jesus of the tribe of Juda, Jesus who cured the deaf, the dumb and the blind, have pity on the children of Israel.* Only Hermann himself can describe the joy of his heart when the regenerating waters of baptism made him a child of God and gave him the name of Marie-Augustine-Henri. "Suddenly my body trembled; I was moved in a manner so lively and so powerful that I can compare it only to an electric shock. My corporeal eyes were closed; but, at the same moment, the eyes of my soul were opened to a light supernatural and divine. I was plunged into an ecstasy of love, and it seemed to me that I, like my patron, reached, with one bound of my heart, the ineffable joys of paradise, to drink of the torrent of delights with which our Lord inundates His elect even in this life."

Hermann, the young, brilliant, fascinating artist, no longer existed. His passionate, energetic nature, changed by God's grace, longed for a place of silence and solitude; but, in conscience, he was obliged to cancel the debts contracted in gaming and, to accomplish this, he was compelled to frequent the society which he most wished to avoid, and to bear the contempt, the scorn and the sarcasm of those who had almost made shipwreck of his soul and his eternal salvation. But the same voice which had called him from the darkness of unbelief, sounded constantly in his ears: *My grace is sufficient for thee.*

He tells us of the thrice-happy day of his first communion in these words: "At length admitted to the banquet of heaven I received from it an unknown strength against myself. This divine

flesh transformed me into a new man; this talisman preserved me from the assaults of a tempting world; this treasure detached me from all that formerly subjugated me as a master." And again he cries out as one on fire: "O Jesus, adored! I must mingle my chants with the hymns of Paris! For it was in this great city and under the Eucharistic veil that Thou didst disclose to me the eternal truths, and the first mystery which Thou didst reveal to my heart was Thy real presence in the most Holy Sacrament. While I was yet a Jew, did I not wish to leap forward to the Holy Table to bring Thee to my despairing heart? I devoured with my eyes this little Host, in which Thy love for men imprisons an infinite God!"

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament was his all! Every day he made many visits to Him, and his whole life became a life of prayer, for his heart was united to God even in his ordinary occupations. Between the hours of his music lessons, and as he walked the streets, he silently recited the Rosary, or other prayers, and he *saw only Jesus*. One evening, rapt in adoration in the Carmelite Chapel, his soul was so bathed in that sweet and sacred sunlight which fell from the Divine Host, that he was unconscious of the deepening darkness outside. An out sister gave the signal for the curfew, or the *Retreat*, as it is called in cloistered religious Orders; but Hermann heard her not. The sister approached him, explained the signal and begged him to leave; but Hermann observed some ladies still kneeling and said he would leave the church with them. "But those ladies are to spend the night in adoration," answered the persistent portress.

Hermann immediately left the chapel carrying in his heart a precious seed, which, warmed by his love and watered by his penitential tears, was to spring forth into a mighty tree to bear abundant fruit for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. He hurried to the

house of his pious friend, M. de Bouillierie, and told the story of his expulsion from the chapel where *women* were permitted to remain all night. The holy priest answered: "Well, you find men willing to do so, and we will authorize you to imitate these pious women whom you envy."

Hermann soon found two friends willing to join him, and the mystical number of three became the nucleus of the Nocturnal Adoration, which spread rapidly over France and Europe, and now we might almost say over the Christian world.

On November 22, 1848, the infant confraternity numbered twenty-three, and, at the invitation of the saintly Père Desgenettes, the first Nocturnal Adorations took place in the sanctuary of Notre Dame des Victoires, where a slab inserted in the altar dedicated to Saint Augustine bears this inscription: "The Association for the Nocturnal Adoration of the most Blessed Sacrament had its birth in this church on December 6, 1848, through the zeal of R. P. Hermann and Mgr. François de Bouillierie, Bishop of Carcassonne, then Vicar-General of the Diocese of Paris." Hermann alludes to this foundation in his Preface to the Canticles, when he says: "To contemplate Thee, O Jesus! according to my desires, the hours of the day fled too quickly. I called to me Christians burning with the same fire, and we went to pass the nights in Thy churches. A holy priest guided us; in the evening his hand exposed Thee on the altar, and the dawn surprised us kneeling before Thy splendor. O indescribable nights! May my tongue cleave to my mouth, and may my hand wither if ever I forget Thee."

Later, when the chapel of the Marist Fathers was chosen for the place of Adoration, Hermann besought the religious of that society to give him a little lodging in their convent and, on the 19th of February, 1849, he moved

thither with the two friends who had been his first associates in this great work. They established themselves as a little community, and Hermann, so celebrated for his musical talent, his brilliant intellect and his sparkling conversation, became the — cook! "And what cooking, great God!" exclaimed one, who was more edified by the humility of the great artist than satisfied with his humble repast which he declared he never could have eaten even with the best appetite and the best will.

Hermann's debts still hung over him, and to liberate himself, he determined to give a concert, and God alone knows what it cost him. While he was preparing for this concert, he composed his canticles in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and in this work he made a public act of Faith in her Immaculate Conception, five years before the dogma was promulgated. The words of these canticles were composed by a Visitation nun of Paris, Sister M. Pauline de Fourgerais, during a protracted illness, and, wishing to give something in alms to a noble family in reduced circumstances, she asked Hermann to write the music for them. The enthusiastic convert consented with joy, for he had made a promise to consecrate his first musical compositions to the Mother of God. The collection under the title *Gloire à Marie* appeared in May, 1849, and the sale was so great that Sister Marie Pauline's protégés were restored to their former position. Notwithstanding Hermann's debts, he refused remuneration for his labor, accepting only one copy of the book which, he said, was not for himself, but for his sister, whom he loved tenderly and whom he left in the world with regret, as she was still a Jewess. Later, Hermann had the happiness of leading this sister into the Church, with several of her family.

The concert of the great musician passed off amid a thunder of applause,

and, had the immense audience suspected that this was his last appearance, their enthusiasm would have been overshadowed by regret. At the conclusion, Hermann sought a pious friend who awaited him, and, throwing his

arms around him tenderly, he said :
 " I have finished with the world. Ah !
 with what happiness I saluted it after I
 had struck my last note, and said to it
 Adieu forever ! "

(*To be continued.*)

AN AMERICAN MISSION IN ENGLISH TERRITORY.

By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gordon, S.J.

ONE of the most interesting of the Jamaican rural missions is that of Brownstown. It is a picturesque village of some 2,000 inhabitants, situated in the Cry Harbour Mountains. It is an ideal place as a missionary headquarters, as the climate is cool and invigorating. It is, moreover, the centre of a wide and populous district, with excellent roads radiating from it in all directions. Hence, when Father Emerick was placed in charge of the parishes of St. Ann and Trelawny, he saw at a glance the advantages which Brownstown offered, and resolved to leave no stone unturned to fix his home there.

Having obtained the bishop's sanction and coöperation, he purchased a lot with a building on it suitable for a school and church, and then another adjoining with a good residence, with access from the main road but sufficiently distant from it to secure privacy. Add to this a good stock of guinea grass for his horses and a fair run of common pasture, and the missionary had pretty well all he wanted for a good beginning. Nor was it leaving too great a margin to Providence to attempt to pay off the debt incurred, and place the residence, church and school in a state worthy of the beautiful and commodious spot he had secured. It was to hold its own, even, although modestly, amongst the stately

edifices possessed by other religious bodies.

Misfortune, it is said, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, and so does poverty throw us into extraordinary relations at times. Thus, at Falmouth, one of Father Emerick's missions, which is the capital of Trelawny, he has established himself in the Freemason Lodge, which had fallen into disuse, and at Lucea, a mission in Hanover parish, the perpetual right was obtained of holding service in the principal Presbyterian school. In the latter a partition was set up running right across the principal room, within which are the altar, benches, and a sleeping bunk for the priest. As the Presbyterian body in Lucea belongs to that section of the Scotch Presbyterians known as the Free Church, it goes without saying that they do not lack hatred for the Scarlet Lady, who they undertake to prove from Scripture means the Church of Rome.

The advantages of Brownstown had not been unnoticed by former missionaries operating in the district ; but there were counterbalancing considerations which prevented decided action being taken. One of the principal of these was that, within three miles of Brownstown, a Catholic family of large landed possessions, although not wealthy, had a residence and a chapel which sufficed for all the needs of the few scattered

Catholics in surrounding districts ; and as, moreover, the owners were very kind to invalid priests, it became so frequent a resort for them as to relieve the appointed missionary almost entirely, and to give special and exclusive advantages to the congregation. Father Woollett, then pro-vicar-Apostolic, contented himself with purchasing first one and then another site in Brownstown, so that, if ever the number of Catholics should warrant it, they would be able to build. Both sites were costly but, at the same time, inferior, because, at that period, the monopoly of land and business was in the hands of one powerful firm, and it was difficult to get building sites at all and impossible to get them without paying a high price. The present location was most moderate in price and eminently suitable. With an impoverished country, as Jamaica is at present, it will require outside help to take full advantage of the good position obtained.

The first official visit of the bishop to Brownstown, for he had often passed through before when there was nothing to detain him, was on the occasion of a confirmation last year, which was held at Alon, some twelve miles from Brownstown. This mission was founded by Father Woollett, and the reason for its establishment was the fact that a number of German coopers and their descendants had settled there. They had been prosperous when sugar was plentiful and they had bought land and built comfortable houses and were able to give Father Loidi, formerly a parish priest in Spain and a Carlist leader, substantial assistance in the erection of a good, substantial cut-stone church, well fitted up inside with native woods. As the priest's visits were few and far between much progress was not made, especially as there was then no government-aided school. When Father Emerick took charge he was able to give more constant attention and the results soon showed themselves. When the

bishop came to confirm there was a very large number of candidates.

This year, also, the bishop was greeted by what pleased him more than even an overcrowded church—a greatly augmented school. As our schools are so small, and we had no training college till within the last three or four years, we had great difficulty in getting satisfactory teachers. They were mostly recent converts and but half instructed. The result was that the school with us was till now, in most cases, only a means of holding on till better times. Now it is different. We are beginning already to feel the benefits of the Catholic Training College for Women Teachers under the Franciscan Sisters in Kingston. Moreover, a more powerful influence has been brought to bear by the Sisters themselves being established in country schools. Hitherto, with the exception of one school on the borders of Kingston, and practically part of it, Spanish Town was the only school outside Kingston that enjoyed the advantages of the Sisters' teaching. It, too, is almost a suburb of Kingston. In fact, many of the officials go and return every day to their offices in Kingston, and some of the important offices and the principle short-term prison of the island are in Spanish Town. It remained for Father Emerick to bring the Sisters of Mercy right into the centre of the land, miles away from railway communications. It is in the experimental stages yet, and it involves privations and heroic sacrifices on the part of the Sisters ; but it promises well, and already the schools show most clearly, after only a few months' experience, the effects of the Sisters' teaching, especially in the religious spirit of the pupils. In a country place that influence has a far better chance of success than in a large, crowded town school. In a country school, even though large, every child knows the others, and the Sisters soon stand in relation of mother to the pupils of the school in heart-to-heart influence.

The results, therefore, should be all that could be wished, and there are signs that they will be. Moreover, the Sisters, from knowing the circumstances of every parent, are able to do a great amount of much-needed good and with the utmost delicacy. There is a great field for it this year, as there is a deal of poverty in the whole island amongst the laboring class, and, were it not for the Sisters providing clothes, many children would stay away. Should the Sisters be able to remain they will have three government-aided schools, with from two to three hundred children, and the pastor will have the satisfaction of knowing that every child has had the most effective religious influence brought to bear on it during the whole of its school

years, and that every individual child will have the feelings of an affectionate child in regard to the Sisters.

This year the Brownstown church was solemnly blessed and opened by the Bishop in the presence of a full Catholic congregation, who crowded in in carriages, on horseback and on foot from many a mile around. There was also a good representative audience of the leading Protestant and Jewish families of the town, many of whom are in sympathy with the new departure in Brownstown, and all of whom admire Father Emerick's constant and unflagging zeal. Pluck, devotion to duty and hard work always command respect and admiration in civilized communities.

THE LATE PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

PRINCE Chlodwigzu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst died suddenly on July 6, at Ragaz in Switzerland. He was born in March, 1819, at Rotenburg. A scion of the most illustrious of the non-sovereign noble families of Germany, he studied political and legal sciences at the Universities of Göttingen, Bonn, Heidelberg and Lausanne, and then entered upon his legal career in Prussia which, however, he soon renounced to devote himself to the management of his estate in Bavaria. In 1847 he married the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein who later inherited and left to him her enormous princely possessions in Russia. After the war of 1866 he was made Prime Minister of Bavaria in which position he worked zealously and successfully for the reconciliation of Bavaria with Prussia. He withdrew from the ministry in February, 1870. Being an ardent champion of German unity he threw his great influence into the scales to draw Bavaria into line with the other South German States when the Franco-German war broke out. From 1874-'85 he was ambassador of the empire in Paris, and from 1885-'94 governor of Alsace-Lorraine. In the latter year, in obedience to the urgent appeal of the emperor, being then seventy-five years old, he assumed the office of Chancellor of the Empire and Prime Minister of Prussia, which position he resigned on October 17, 1900.

Of this great nobleman and distinguished statesman the London *Tablet* says "that he was all his life a consistent Catholic." By this statement the *Tablet* once again shows, as it too often does, how ill-informed it is about persons and things German. While Prime Minister of Bavaria he sent his well-known circular note to the European powers concerning the Vatican Council and Papal Infallibility, en-

deavoring to arouse the governments of Europe against the Council and intimidate the Fathers so as to prevent the memorable definition. Surely that was not the action of a consistent Catholic. In 1872, as member of the Reichstag, he voted for the law expelling the Jesuits and other religious orders from the empire. Was that the action of a consistent Catholic? And all through the iniquitous Kulturkampf when bishops, priests and people stood shoulder to shoulder in their heroic struggle for existence and suffered banishment, imprisonment and all sorts of persecution, the Catholic Prince Hohenlohe, like his elder brother, the Duke of Ratibor, was seen, not in the ranks of the valiant Catholic host but standing coldly aloof or siding with the implacable enemy of the Church, Prince Bismarck. Even his younger brother, Cardinal Hohenlohe, caused his friend and benefactor, Pius IX, much embarrassment and grief by his want of loyalty. If these men in those critical days had been *consistent* Catholics, who knows but by their ability, their great and far-reaching personal, and political, and family influence, they might have prevented the Kulturkampf?

It is true that in his later career he saw the error of his ways and acknowledged it, and we willingly give him credit for it. Not only did he lead the life of a consistent Catholic while governor of Alsace-Lorraine, but when he was called to the Chancellorship of the Empire, in his first speech in the Reichstag he simply disavowed the faults and mistakes of his earlier career. "You need not fear," he said, turning to the members of the Centre party, "my former politico-ecclesiastical activity lies nearly thirty years behind me and belongs to history. The times are changed and the present brings with it new duties. It shall be my endeavor

to bring about and keep up friendly and intelligent coöperation between Church and State." He was faithful to this programme which he announced when he reluctantly accepted the difficult and responsible post at the helm. Only a year ago in that same Ragaz where death surprised him he declared that the repeal of the Anti-Jesuit law was a political necessity. His dismissal last October, which probably came somewhat sooner than he had expected, robbed him of the glory which history would have awarded to him of having wiped out that odious law. We may here mention that in 1897, while Chancellor of the Empire, he celebrated his golden wedding in true Catholic fashion, Cardinal Kopp saying the nuptial Mass. His chancellorship was not outwardly brilliant, owing mainly to the fact that unlike his two predecessors and the present chancellor, he did not possess the gift of eloquence.

On great occasions he would rise from his seat, read with a feeble voice

a brief statement of policy and then resume his place. It was a painful contrast to the rugged and picturesque eloquence of Bismarck and the finished oratory of Caprivi in an assembly, too, where speeches are never read or allowed to be read. Nevertheless, by his sagacity and wisdom, his great experience, his straightforward honesty which hated intrigues, his conciliatory and humane disposition, this shrunken old man achieved great success. Some of the most important legislative enactments in the history of the young empire were introduced by him and mainly owing to his skill successfully carried out. All political papers with the exception of those of the Socialists paid warm tribute to the memory of the deceased statesman. At the funeral, which took place at Schillingsfürst, on July 11, the crown-prince represented the emperor, and Dr. Schädler, canon of the Cathedral of Bamberg and a distinguished member of the Centre party in the Reichstag, preached the sermon.

THE VICTORY OF DEATH.

By the Rev. M. Watson, S.J.

WHO conquers Death?—lo, by a mist-white shore
The Storm Wraiths hurl the ship, with rend-
ing crash,

On rocks where angry breakers leap and crash,
And cliffs loom darkling near the surges hoar.
Shuddering, the vessel sinks, the billows roar,
Scourged by the Giant Tempest's mighty lash,
And men strive vainly with the whirl and dash
Of smothering seas—they sink and strive no more.
All dread to lose, sea-strangled, life's dear breath :
Yet, if stern duty call the true of heart
To die for some soul-animating cause,
For home, for fellow men, or God's great laws,
Though Terror menace with uplifted dart,
They bide the stroke and, dying, conquer death.

FESTIVAL OF THE VOLTO SANTO.

"LUCCA'S HOMAGE TO THE HOLY FACE."

By Marie Donegan Walsh.

AN old-world city sleeping in an old-world calm, where the grass grows in sunny squares and grand trees wave on the once warlike ramparts; a city of ancient churches—above all a city of art, from its Cathedral to its picture-gallery, where a glory of pure, rich coloring shines out from the canvases of the Bar-tolommeo—such is the every-day impression one might carry away from Lucca on a passing visit, condemning it as we do too lightly in our careless modern superficiality as sleepy and slow, living only on the reputation of its past. But under all this apparent lethargy Lucca has a vigorous life of its own—social, industrious and

religious—for the Tuscans are by no means the drones of the bee-hive of Italy. Irreligion has swept its blight across the city as it has done throughout the length and breadth of Italy, and high-sounding socialistic theories have not failed to find their way inside its gates; but the great majority of the "Lucchese" are religious, peaceful and law-abiding, and the faith of centuries is difficult to shake. Therefore, what made Lucca beautiful and memorable in the past makes her unique in the present—her unfail-

ing homage throughout the ages to our Saviour's Holy Face.

To realize how inseparably its holiest relic, the "Volto Santo" (a crucifix said to have been carved by Nicodemus and finished by the hands of angels) is connected with the city's history, one must assist at the festival of the exalta-

tion of the Holy Cross on the 14th of September. Then, divested of all that is modern and feebly commonplace (two conditions which, in Italy, seem to march hand in hand) and casting aside for the nonce its dreamy calm, Lucca stands forth revealed in her ancient glory—the scene of a splendid ceremonial not to be seen in any other part of the world.



THE VOLTO SANTO.

Arriving in Lucca the afternoon before the festival, even the most unobservant stranger would realize that some extraordinary interest or excitement pervades the fine old hill-girt town. Crowds of people throng the streets, hurrying in from the railway station, the country and the mountains, and making their way straight to the Cathedral where, on this occasion only, the shrine enclosing Lucca's treasure is thrown open to the faithful, so that all may gaze on the venerable semblance of the "Volto Santo" or "Holy Face."

Their way lies through the central "Piazza" of Lucca, encircled by a grove of fine old shady trees. Usually it is sleepy and reposeful—a pleasant place enough to while away some hot summer hours, but sombre withal and deserted. But to-day, however, the square is full of life and energy; the noble old royal palace of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany and the houses adjoining it have blossomed out with bright-colored brocades hung from the windows in honor of the feast, the pervading tint being a vivid crimson, contrasting well with the green luxuriant foliage of the trees. From here a narrow street leads direct to the Cathedral where the crowds grow more dense.

Few strangers from other lands than Italy find their way to Lucca for this September festival; so it is no sight-seeing crowd, come to look as spectators on a curious religious ceremony or to criticize the art treasures of a mediæval city; but pilgrims full of faith, who have journeyed mostly from neighboring towns and villages to venerate with simple devotion Lucca's relic.

Nevertheless, few pass in without paying their tribute of admiration to the splendid architecture of the Cathedral; for artistic beauty needs seldom to be pointed out to Italians. Rich and poor alike—the peasant side by side with the cultured gentleman—pause to contemplate the façade of the grand old building, so worthy of admiration, so worthy of the religion and art which handed its beauty down the ages. The Cathedral is in the Romanesque-Gothic style of architecture; the whole façade formed of gallery upon gallery of light and graceful spiral columns. Each column is sculptured with a different design, the effect being that of some aerial structure raised on the solid foundations which spring into three graceful arches and form the doorways, rich with carvings, bas-reliefs and delicate traceries. The Cathedral (dedi-

cated in honor of St. Martin, whose immortal deed of charity is sculptured over the doorway) was built originally in the sixth century; but the present edifice dates only from 1063, when Bishop St. Anselm began its erection. Four centuries passed before it arose completed in all the stately beauty of to-day. *Four hundred years!!* Truly a period in which to perfect and develop! But does one ever realize as thoroughly as when gazing on one of the world's mediæval cathedrals, the sublime longevity of Art? Inside the portico the three great doors are open wide to give ingress to the crowds, revealing a vista of the interior. Ordinarily Lucca Cathedral possesses to the full that indefinable solemnity mixed with sadness of a Gothic interior.

"Eternity" murmur the long lines of massive columns, stretching away to the distant altar with its pure marble carvings; "Penance" and "Prayer" repeat the graceful arches to be echoed above among the open galleries, where sculptured columns intersect the traceried windows. Even the high, stained-glass windows with their soft tints of crimson, gold and purple, seem but the rays of faith piercing the gloom of of this stone mortality. Far different, however, is the impression conveyed on this festival-eve, when all is brightness and magnificence.

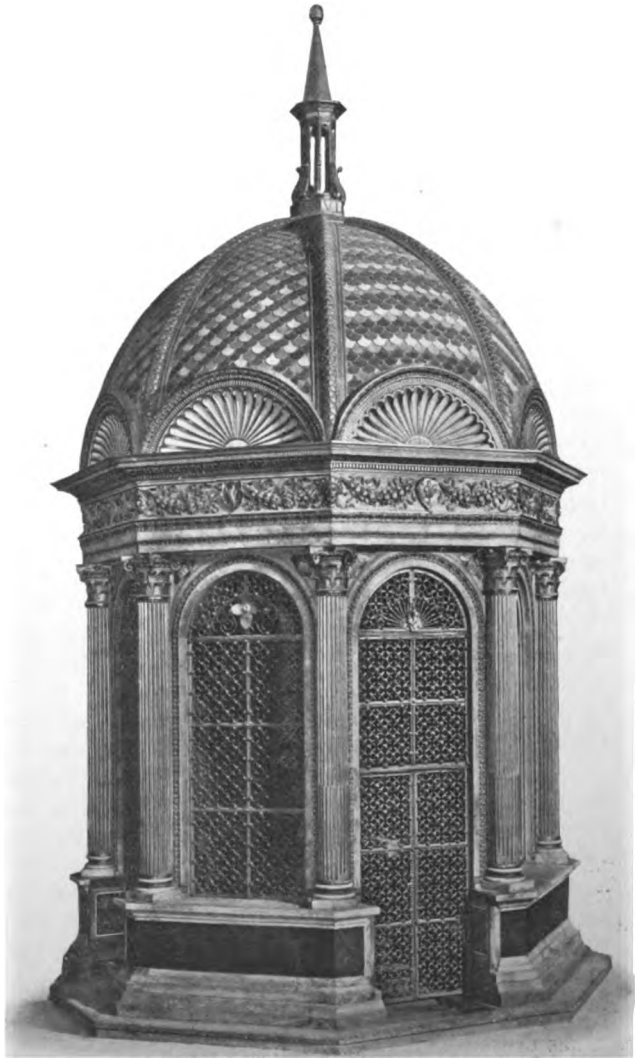
Decorations of silk brocade make a gorgeous crimson background to countless chandeliers of Venetian crystal, whose prisms, catching the sunshine pouring through open doors and windows, glow and sparkle. No wonder the old stone walls shine out transfigured; for no less than *4700 metres* of brocade are used for the decorations of the cathedral, and not the machine-made brocades of to day but heavy, lustrous Damascus silk nearly three centuries old. For every Fourteenth of September, for fully 260 years these same magnificent hangings have been used at the "Volto Santo" festival, so

I was told by a person connected with the Cathedral for more than half a lifetime.

This is not the time to wander among the altar-carvings of the exquisite marble tombs of the transept, with their suggestion of everlasting calm, nor linger restfully by Fra Bartolommeo's tender Madonna picture, hidden away in the choir chapel. No ; *one* spot and one only attracts the eye to-day ; standing out alone in the centre of the nave the shrine of the "Volto Santo," which

Lucca's piety erected to contain the city's most precious heirloom. It is rich with marbles and gilded carvings ; massive silver candelabra stand before its entrance and gold lamps hang around it, nothing being spared that could add to its magnificence. In form it is a small Greek temple of octagon form, supported by eight Corinthian columns and with a domed roof of colored tiles, the whole structure looking as new as if finished only yesterday, though it was built in 1444. Every part of its decorations is of finest workmanship, from the sculpture on column, arch and frieze to the gilded screen of wrought-bronze work which separates the columns like windows, and through which the interior of the shrine can be seen. This gemlike chapel was not only a triumph of art but a labor of love.

For to no stranger did Lucca entrust the work of erecting the Volto Santo Shrine ; but to a fellow citizen, steeped in the reverence to the "Volto Santo" inherited from Lucchese ancestors and the famous Lucca sculptor, Matteo Civitale, who filled his native city with so many works of art. The "Tempietto" of the "Volto Santo" is usually closed and a curtain (with the facsimile painted upon it) covers the miraculous crucifix ; but on this eve of the festival and all during



THE SHRINE OF THE VOLTO SANTO.

the octave the bronze gates are flung wide open on three sides. A stream of pilgrims pours ceaselessly through them, entering on one side, kneeling awhile in prayer before the uncovered "Volto Santo" and going out on the other to give place to the long file waiting their turn outside. It is with the greatest difficulty one makes one's way inside the chapel; but, once gained, the scene in the darkened interior is a truly striking one, with something weirdly impressive in its solemnity. The strong light of countless lamps and candles illuminates in an almost lifelike manner the "Volto Santo" over the altar—a colossal figure of our Saviour on the Cross placed against a background of dark crimson velvet, with a heavy gold semicircle like a frame around it. It is carved of cedar of Lebanon but black with age and polished and worn. Somewhat stern in the strong lines of its carving, the forms are noble and the features beautiful and regular. Not oppressed by the terrible bodily agony is this presentment of the dying Saviour. Though the head is bowed with the last great consummation of the Sacrifice, the bitterness of death is past and the expression one of tenderest sweet compassion for poor humanity—an infinite pity from the Godhead's human heart. The long fair hair is parted and lying on the shoulders and no crown of thorns is visible on the forehead, only a royal crown of purest gold, while a kingly robe embroidered with gold and jewels covers the limbs.

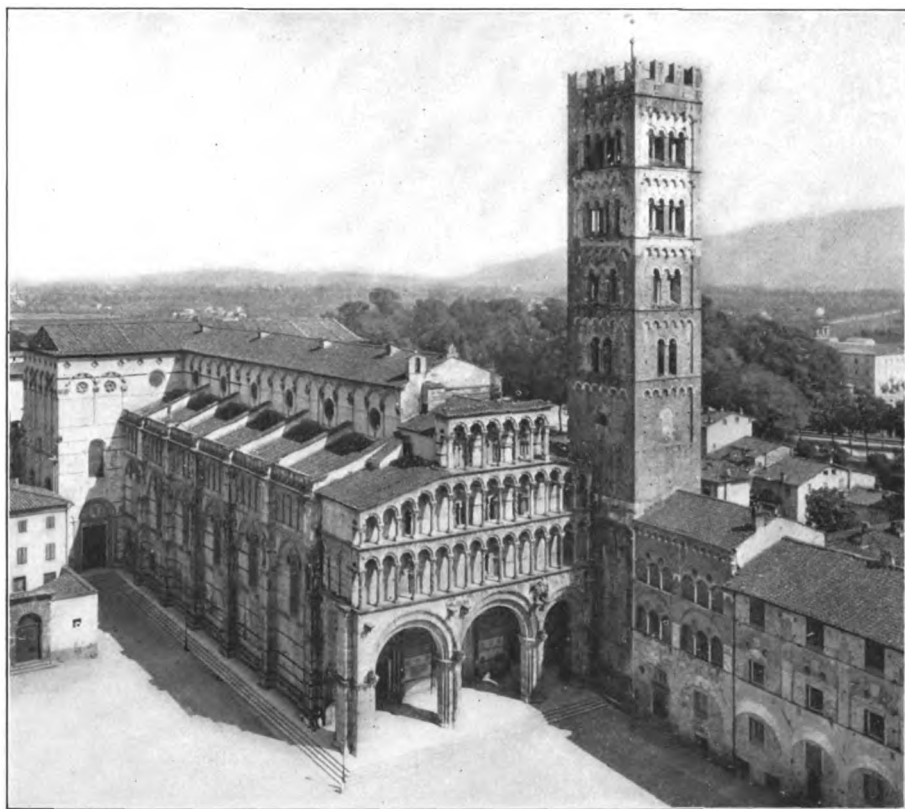
Lucca's wonder-working crucifix is the representation of the Crucified indeed, but ever the Crucified King in royal state—"God ruling nations from a tree." Originally the crucifix was carved with a wooden garment; but, in thanksgiving for many favors and graces received in answer to prayers to the Holy Face, generation after generation has presented it with splendid robes and surrounded it with thank-offerings of priceless value. Never have I seen

more magnificent gold work than the decorations on the robe of the miraculous crucifix; veritable gems of the goldsmith's art and wrought with infinite fineness of design. The crown, the girdle, the collar round the neck, and the decorations down the centre and around the base of the garment, are of solid gold, carved with figures in high relief of the Mother of God, the saints and the apostles. The most splendid ornamentation enriches the heavy gold crown with its spirelike pinnacles, while a diamond pendant framed in golden filigree (a sixteenth century thank-offering) flashes out rays of brilliancy from the breast, catching and reflecting the lustre from the jewels around the walls. Every type of thank-offering is here, placed by grateful hearts at this ancient shrine of the Holy Face, from gold, jewels and precious stones to eloquently speaking sticks and crutches, mingled with the humble offerings of the poor. Most characteristic, perhaps, if most modern, of all the "ex-votos," is a perfect model of an engine in solid silver, presented to the shrine of the "Volto Santo" by the railway employes of Lucca. It is difficult to take in all these details in the brief space of time that one is allowed to remain within; but from the outside of the "tempietto" can be seen, perhaps to even greater advantage, the colossal crucifix. Lingering by it one loves to dwell on the history of the crucifix and the beautiful old tradition handed down from the earliest ages which makes its cult so venerable. It is said to have been carved in the Holy Land by the hands of Nicodemus who, praying that power might be given his chisel to depict with reverence the Beloved Face Divine, was assisted by angels in his labor of love.

From that period the sacred image of the Crucified was handed down as an object of tenderest devotion among the faithful till the eighth century. At that time amid the many pious pilgrims to

the Holy Land there was an Italian bishop named Gualfredo. One night, as he slept, he had a vision of the marvelous image carved by Nicodemus, and he seemed to hear a voice bidding him seek the relic in a certain house not far away. There, indeed, he found the crucifix and longed to possess it for his own devotion. At first, unwilling to part with his treasure but goaded by

at the port of Luni in Tuscany, not far from Lucca. Warned, also, in prophetic vision the Bishop of Lucca went out to meet the Crucifix, bringing it in triumph to the city where it is still loved and revered as a holy relic. Great were the rejoicings over this event, for the good Lucchese esteemed it God's special providence on their beloved city that His Image should have found ref-



THE CATHEDRAL OF LUCCA.

the fear of iconoclasts, its owner consented to yield it to the bishop. He, also, in his turn fearing for its safety, placed it on a vessel at the port of Joppa, trusting to Divine Providence to guide it to a shore where reverence and not iconoclastic fury would be its portion. After a long voyage, exposed to the peril of the sea, the rudderless vessel with its precious freight arrived

uge in their midst. They placed it in the Church of St. Frediano (or Frigidian), the fine old fifth century edifice still standing in Lucca to-day, dedicated to the saintly Irish Bishop who won his martyr's crown among these Tuscan hillsides. Later on, after having been kept in a small church especially erected to contain it, the sacred image found a final resting-place within the Cathedral.

Here in successive ages came the faithful in loving pilgrimage ; saints and pontiffs, sovereigns and princes, and strangers from far-distant lands, this devout homage to Lucca's "Volto Santo" being but the forerunner of the worldwide devotion to the Holy Face. . . . There is no obligation to believe in the tradition concerning the "Volto Santo," and, as to the manner of its coming, many facts may have been lost sight of in the lapse of centuries, or embellished with the devotion of the ages of faith, when miracle and mystery formed part of every-day life. But even the most scornful must allow its beauty and the simple, loving faith which gives it so much value. Especially when standing here in presence of the "Volto Santo," assisting at a festival which has endured for centuries in its honor, does the old tradition seem doubly real and living—living as the devotion that draws these crowds to-day around the sacred shrine . . . a burst of grand triumphant music brings the mind back with a start to the present. The Pontifical Vespers is about to begin, and the long procession defiles from the Sacristy to the High Altar—the acolytes, clergy, Canons of the Cathedral Chapter, and the Auxiliary Bishop of Lucca in magnificent vestments. A notable feature of this procession is that each Canon of the chapter wears a white mitre, also a ring like an Episcopal ring on his fourth finger (probably some ecclesiastical privilege conferred on Lucca in the past). Two choirs, erected on either side of the nave, and a full orchestra render the music of the Vespers at which a dense crowd of people assist, filling every nook and corner of the edifice. When the Vespers ends and the crowds slowly disperse to pour out of the doorway in a mighty stream, it would seem as if the ceremonies of the vigil were over ; but, though many persons hasten towards the town, numbers remain in the vicinity of the Cathedral,

on doorways, steps, or at the windows of houses.

Evidently, there is still another function to come ; and, anxious to miss no portion of the celebration of this unique festival, the strangers join with the inhabitants in patiently awaiting the expected sight. With willing good-nature a friendly "Lucchese" vouchsafes the explanation that "il popolo" is waiting to see the procession of the Banner of the "Volto Santo." For, every year on this vigil of the feast, in faithful memory of the first resting-place of the "Volto Santo" in their midst, clergy and people repair to the church of "St. Frediano," whence they walk in solemn procession through the streets of the city to the Cathedral, bearing the "Volto Santo" banner. . . . The "Ave Maria" has rung from many a "campanile," and the glow of sunset succeeds the blazing sunshine of the day. As twilight falls a universal illumination of colored lamps and candles appears at the windows of the houses above the gorgeous pieces of brocade, while the façade of the Cathedral is outlined in glittering rows of light, which make the spiral columns seem more aerial, and the graceful arch curves still more perfect. Closer and closer grows the expectant crowd of men, women and children. A sound of chanting breaks upon the murmured hum of voices and with nightfall comes silence as the procession appears in sight, winding down the street leading to the Cathedral close, in long, sinuous lines of lighted candles two by two. Nothing could have been more impressive and yet so simply unconscious of its supreme picturesqueness, as it moved slowly, orderly and with almost military precision, through the dusk. Have the old times come again to Lucca as she recalls the memory of her past ; and are these mediæval figures carrying the "Volto Santo" for the first time from "San Frediano," not only to its shrine in

the Cathedral but to its everlasting resting-place in their hearts.

As the notes of the "Te Deum" arise from the clergy, the people join in the verse as the procession passes them, and the grand hymn goes up triumphantly to the starlit sky. It is a Rembrandtlike

exact copy of the original—borne by four members of the ancient confraternity of the Holy Cross (founded in the twelfth century), wearing the picturesque costume of that date.

A long defile of the same confraternity follows, their bright-colored habits



THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED WITH HER SON.
(Painting by Fra Bartolommeo, Cathedral of Lucca.)

effect of light and shadow, all around the brooding darkness and the closely massed crowds; in the centre the focussed light of torch and candle, shining on gorgeous colored robes and ecclesiastical vestments. First comes the great banner of the "Volto Santo"—an

wonderfully effective as the glare of candle-light fantastically illuminates them. Then come the youths of Lucca's two ecclesiastical seminaries; then the acolytes, followed by the clergy in lace-bordered surplices, the canons in sombre purple and finally the long train

of the Cathedral Chapter in gold copes and snowy mitres, dazzlingly white. A splendid and imposing figure, in his heavily gold-embroidered pontifical vestments, the bishop (bearing an antique crozier which is a perfect gem of art) raises his hand incessantly in blessing on the crowds. It is no exaggeration to say that this procession, emerging from the mysterious darkness in a blaze of pomp and splendid color, seems as if it had come, not from the streets of any earthly city but straight from the dim and shadowy middle ages which have passed forever into silence.

As the first part of the procession passes under the Cathedral doorway the "Te Deum" changes to the "Crux Ave Spes Unica"; and, singing the Hymn of the Cross, the whole multitude of the people follow it into the Cathedral, leaving streets and squares deserted. . . . Indescribable, after the outside darkness, is the effect of the brilliantly lighted interior, blazing with thousands of wax candles, dazzling, blinding; splendid as a band of jewels flashing out myriad rays to illuminate every detail of the splendid architecture. The chapel of the "Volto Santo," with the dark, bowed figure on the mighty cross, is the centre of all this radiance. As the long file of canons advance up the nave, pausing two by two to bow their mitred heads before the Crucifix, the double choirs peal out into the music of a motet unutterably grand and solemn—a volume of melody rising and soaring till the very walls seem to reëcho the harmony. It is the chant of the unearthly triumph of the Cross, arising still on the vigil of this solemn festival, high above the world's infidelities and materialism, as it did in the ages of faith. . . . Quietly the multitudes leave the Cathedral when it is over, and silence reigns in the ancient building till next morning's dawn ushers in the festival. . . . At daybreak every "campanile" in the city and environs rings out a peal of incessant joy-bells,

sending forth a summons to all the faithful. But the "reveille" is hardly necessary. From long before daylight the country people have been coming in from the mountains; and when the glorious morning sunlight floods the city, the streets are alive with stir and excitement. Without any of the outward splendor of music, ceremonies and illuminations, this scene in Lucca Cathedral, in the peaceful quiet of early morning, is touchingly impressive in its devotion.

At every altar in the vast building Masses are going on attended by kneeling crowds; and hundreds of persons receive the Bread of Life. As soon as one Mass is over another begins; and this continues till the grand Pontifical Mass at eleven o'clock, when the venerable Archbishop of Lucca pontificates. At the "Gloria in Excelsis" a strange old custom is enacted. A great iron cresset, which hangs suspended from the roof in the centre of the nave, is slowly lowered, and in it is burnt a bundle of flax, while the solemn words "Sic transit gloria mundi" are repeated, recalling to all those present the evanescence of earthly state and splendor.

And now we must needs leave the old world city while the echoes of her festival still linger about her. With a sense of reluctance one takes a last glance at the "Volto Santo" shrine, where the people's pilgrimage still continues; for a strange attraction draws one to contemplate again and again, that faithful representation of the dying Saviour amid the splendors of the jewel-decked shrine. One may visit this old Tuscan city again, perhaps, on some future journeying through Italy's landmarks of the past; but that first recollection of its festive splendor will ever remain strongest in the mind. To those who have seen Lucca on her festival, there will arise unfailing memories of a sunny September day in the grand Cathedral with its lights, its music and its surging crowds, who come and go unceasingly before this venerable representation of our Crucified Saviour.

AVE MARIA!

Alba.

THERE appeared a great wonder in Heaven
A woman all clothed with the sun ;
The moon for her footstool was given ;
The stars blazed her forehead upon.
On her Virginal Bosom there lay
A Babe, of her flesh, of her blood ;
And around that frail temple of clay
Shone the Light of the Infinite God.

As we gazed on that marvelous light,
As we gazed on that Infant so fair,
A cloud all ineffably bright
Overshadow'd the wonderful pair,
And a Voice as of waters unchain'd,
A Voice through each spirit which thrill'd,
Broke the silence that breathlessly reign'd,
And the deeps of Eternity fill'd.

“ Behold, ye, My well-belov'd Son,
Begotten all ages before !
In His Name is salvation alone,
Let the Angels bow down and adore ! ”

As lightning the mandate we hail'd,
We believ'd—we obey'd—we ador'd ;
And the blaze of the Vision Unveil'd
O'er each prostrate intelligence pour'd.
We knew how the form of a creature
The Shrine of the Godhead should be ;
And we worshipped that lowlier nature
Whose servants and vassals were we.

The Virgin predestined His Mother
We hail'd as our Mistress and Queen,
For throughout all creation none other
In glory like hers shall be seen.
Close, close hath the Deity drawn her
To union none other can know ;
And her name men and angels must honor
While streams of Eternity flow.

PULPIT ORATORY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By Major W. H. Johnston, U. S. A.



THE NUEVA CACERES CATHEDRAL.

Headquarters Third District,)
Department of Southern Luzon.)
Office of the Inspector General.)
NUEVA CACERES, CAMARINES, P. I.,
May 19, 1901.

My dear Father Wynne:

The writer recently had the pleasure of hearing the following sermon at the Cathedral of this city, and, as it was delivered by the only friar now in that part of Luzon south of Manila, it occurred to me that not only would its beautiful language and more beautiful thoughts interest your readers but likewise its emanation from one of the "cinctured sons of St. Augustine," of whom so much censure and so little praise has been heard since the insurrection of 1896 made "down with the friars" a species of war-cry—an expression of disloyalty to Spain first, and America later—even among the misguided Catholics of these unhappy islands.

So "Padre Roman," as he is affectionately known by everyone here, was asked to lend his notes, and, while the sermon was extemporaneous, he rewrote it and approved the translation, extracts from which appear below. An effort has been made to render the

translation as nearly literal as possible, and departure therefrom has only been permitted when the writer's imperfect Spanish or the paucity of the English language made an exact translation of the flowery Castilian impossible.

The mere perusal of cold type gives but an inadequate impression of the eloquent delivery, choice gestures, intense fervor and inspired peroration of this talented orator.

The poetic beauty of the Spanish tongue, with its superlative qualification of ideas and frequent use of richly sounding vowels, cannot be transposed into our less musical and less extravagant language, without loss of metre and oratorical effect. One might as well attempt to render the beautiful ritual of the Catholic Church in prosy, practical English. Ah, no! We may pray as fervently, but may not preach as eloquently nor sing as sweetly as the Latin races.

It may interest Americans, who seldom consider the Church outside their land, to reflect that this cathedral, of which a few photographs are enclosed, has, in its vestibule, the portraits of all its bishops back to 1600, when this diocese was founded, and to learn that the first missionaries and explorers came here, hand in hand, in 1571, while the city had a bishop before Jamestown or Plymouth was known. . . .

One of the most noted bishops of recent years was Father Francisco Gainza, O. P., a man of administrative ability as well as piety, who died in 1878. He brought from Manila the Sisters of Charity in 1865, and built the present

handsome College of St. Elizabeth, for the training of school mistresses, recognized as a normal institute by Spain and continued as such by our department of public instruction.

He enlarged the Cathedral and the episcopal seminary which, for about 250 years, has been conducted by the Congregation of the Mission or Paulist Fathers.

Possibly ninety per cent. of the native secular clergy in Southern Luzon, and there are hundreds of them, are graduates of this seminary, while it numbers among its alumni lawyers, physicians, merchants and even the Filipino statesmen, whose ability is undoubted even if their purposes have been erratic. He built the hospital for lepers at Palestina, near this city, the patron church of Peña Francia in the suburbs, a public school for the city, a wagon bridge over the Vicol river, about two hundred feet in length, other less important bridges and many roads.

His most ambitious enterprise, in a material sense, was a canal from the Vicol river across Luzon to Pasacao on the west coast, fifteen miles distant, which was to shorten the journey from Manila by two days and which would assist the commerce of this province immensely. His plans are still here; excavation was commenced and thousands of dollars expended; but since his death no such promoter of enterprise has continued his work for commercial prosperity. He traveled his diocese incessantly, though roads are few and water communication difficult and dangerous. He must have been somewhat



PROCESSION ON FEAST OF OUR LADY OF PEÑA FRANCIA,
PATRONESS OF NUEVA CACERES.

of a soldier in spirit, for his discipline is remembered well. It was his custom to inspect the soles of the sandals worn by priests and students, and if one were found with more than one thickness of leather under his feet, the surplus was removed in the bishop's presence, and the gentleman found indulging in such luxury was disciplined. . . .

As with all questions of national or church policy the friars are doubtless more discussed in the States than here. Their property right is protected by the treaty which ceded the islands; those who are excited over such questions probably hold no property, nor have they contributed to the building of the magnificent churches and convents which mark the architectural beauty of the Philippines, as the virtues taught by the missionaries indicate the spiritual progress of the people.

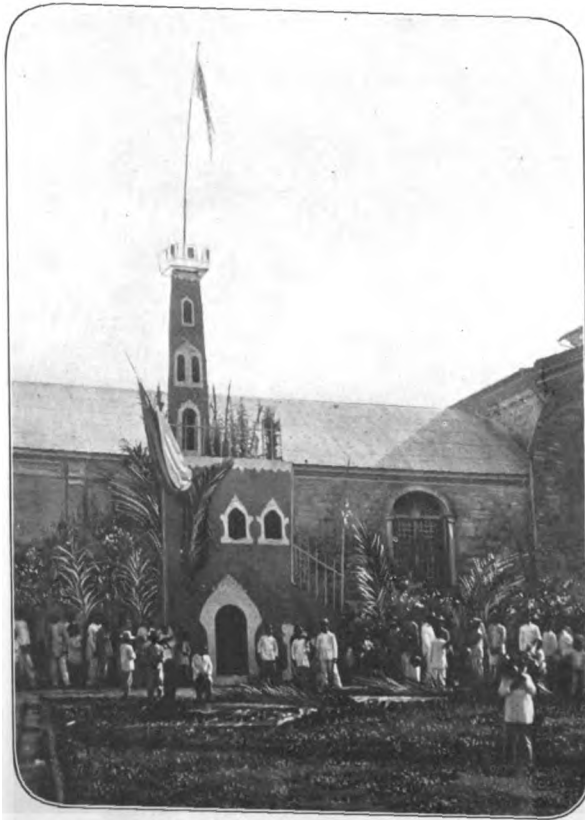
Those friars whom the writer has met would gladly return to their mother country; but being soldiers of the Church they are patiently awaiting orders. Many express a desire to visit the United States, learn the language and methods of church support by voluntary contributions, independent of the criticized scales of payment for ceremonies

over and above the essential sacraments, which are of course free. . . .

If a sufficient number of American religious and secular clergy could be sent here to assist the native clergy in care of the many parishes now without pastors, while the friars not needed for educational labor or missionary work could visit the convents of the States, there receiving instruction in English and imparting instruction in Spanish, it seems probable that within two years

dom characteristic of the conservative policy of the Church, and that, while military and civil matters are in the present hands, no fear need be felt that religious property and religious interests will not receive that just and impartial treatment which is the rule of action of all officers of the United States Army.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM H. JOHNSTON,
Major 46th Infantry,
Acting Inspector General.



ONE OF THE "STATIONS," PALM SUNDAY.

not only could they return without protest, but they could bring with them a body of young American priests able to speak and write Spanish, acquainted with conditions here and ready to assist in parochial duties or assume charge of parishes.

There can be no doubt that the question will be solved with that broad wis-

EXTRACTS FROM A
SERMON

delivered by the Very Illustrious Father Roman Gonzalez, O. S. A., Vicar General and Administrator of the diocese of Nueva Caceres, P. I., in honor of the Blessed Francis Regis Clet, Congregation of the Mission, May 5, 1901.

Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona." — St. Paul to the Romans, x. 15.

MY BELOVED BRETHREN:—It is a clear and indisputable truth that our Lord Jesus Christ came on earth not to teach us how to build worlds nor to solve problems of science but rather to reform man, to direct his will towards good, and to establish in him the kingdom of God. As St. Ambrose assures us, "*Non in dialectica*

voluit Deus saluum facere populum suum" (God hath not willed to save His people by means of science). And St. Paul gave the reason of this when he said that the world, not having perceived the wisdom of God, it was agreeable to God, through wisdom, to save, by the folly of the Gospel, those who would believe.

With the coming of the Saviour to this valley of tears, and by virtue of His sovereign word and omnipotent grace, there appeared on earth much that was in every sense unknown, the existence of which was not even suspected by the wisest of the ancients. Surely, what sage of antiquity, however illustrious and celebrated, thought it a duty to protect and exalt the child, the woman and the slave and to repress with strong hand the powerful of the earth, the princes of the age? What philosopher, however profound and universal his knowledge, could conceive a copy, however imperfect, of the Divine Master and, in imitation of Him, choose to become one of those martyrs of charity whom we to-day know by the glorious name of missionary?

. . . What causes the tyrants of earth to tremble but the powerful word of the missionary? Who breaks the chains of slavery? Who moulds and enlightens public conscience? Who restrains the fury of the multitude? Who assures the foundations of order and who extends the benefits of science?

Let that illustrious phalanx of missionaries reply who, by their brilliant achievements, have become eminent in the history of science, have made themselves worthy of the respect and veneration of men and have filled the world with the glory of their names.

But those only can appreciate the self-denial and heroism of the Catholic missionary who may have found themselves in the hard necessity of treading strange lands and begging the bread of

hospitality in foreign countries; those who, transported by sense of duty or force of the law to distant and unknown regions, have felt in their breasts the longing for home and fatherland.

No sorrow is comparable to that experienced on leaving forever the blessed soil of one's native country.



THE VERY REV. ROMAN GONZALEZ, O.S.A.

“There where the mother's song lulled the cradle; there where the guardian angel watched,

“There where in earth, blessed and sacred, the ashes of ancestors and parents rest.”

One can understand, as the author of the *Genius of Christianity* says, how a man, in the sight of a whole nation, almost in presence of his parents, relatives and friends, hazards death for his



SISTERS OF CHARITY, NUEVA CACERES.

country or for some other worthy cause. Such a one exchanges some days of life for centuries of fame and blessing, and making his family illustrious, exalts it, and, on occasions, enriches it. But the missionary, my brethren, who consumes the best years of his life in a poor and modest home, when not in a humble and miserable hut, and who, for a crown of his great sacrifice, suffers a lonely death, who is treated as a fanatic and malefactor, and all in order to impart life and happiness to an unknown savage—this is not within the narrow limits of ordinary human action but crosses the frontiers of the grand and noble, to shine in the heroic and the sublime.

How many, my God, will have descended to the tomb retaining buried there until the day of judgment the secret of incomparable merit, without greater recompense on earth than that of the gratitude and tears of an appreciative heart! Hence the life of the missionary should always have been blessed by civilized mankind, and ever be respected by cultured people, excepting only those wicked or miserable men whose soul is frozen by the ice of indifference or brutalized by passion, or, like a vile metal, is deprived of the æsthetic faculty of feeling the sublime. . . . Wise men of the earth,

men of the century, dwarfs of civilization, who drag yourselves through the mire of vice and passion, tell me, in your universities and academies, in your schools and lyceums, is there any among you who may have attained in love for humanity the pinnacle gained by this most precious flower of the Paulists?

Impossible! You struggle for social position, an inheritance, a distribution of honor, the acquisition

of faded and fleeting riches; while the apostles of Jesus suffer want and misery, endure exile, imprisonment, torments unheard of, and even death itself, for love of their kind in order to announce the words of eternal life, to bear peace to the bosom of a family—in a word, to christianize the society in which they live.

And this was precisely what happened to our invincible martyr after twenty-eight years of his apostolic labor in China. Like the Divine Master he was delivered by a modern Judas to his ferocious enemies, and, on the sixteenth of June, 1819, was imprisoned, and, with his arms bound behind his back, conducted from tribunal to tribunal to be tried and to be the scoff of the people and the jest of the mandarins and subalterns of justice. . . .

. . . It is necessary, then, that you animate yourselves to disentangle truth from error and fight false philosophy—that carnal, earthly diabolical philosophy, the origin of all evil and overthrow of the world, the cause of the impiety and disorders which accompany it. It is necessary to demonstrate and persuade, by word and example, the grandeur of our religion and the sublimity of its mysteries and miracles; to show forth in the sight of all the series of immense benefits which

the Catholic Church has brought to humanity, the profusion of its mercies, the beauty and brilliancy of its ceremonies. In a word, to oppose that unrestrained license which tends to make all religions one only—that of indifference ; and, above all, to be fervent in prayer and constant in lamenting, before the altar, your own sins and those of the people, in order that God may remove the evils which afflict His Church, that

there may shine for her happier and again the piety and evangelical simplicity traditional in this archipelago.



THE VICAR-GENERAL, HIS SECRETARY AND PAULIST FATHERS OF THE NUEVA CACERES SEMINARY.

ISRAFIL.

By John J. á Becket.

DEEP in God's light, the Angel Israfil
 Doth bide in patient hope the unknown hour
 (Only the Father knows it) when with power
 His trump's resounding note the dead shall thrill
 To grasp those fluttering millions with one will
 Through flesh redeemed the Resurrection's Dower :
 While crumbling time and space yield final flower
 In re-created sons of God on Calvary's Hill.

As swift each year leaps to the Paschal Day,
 That paradigm of joy to be doth shake
 The expectant angel till his heart-strings sing :
 Straightway, the sap in twig and vine hath play,
 And buried seeds through mould to sunshine break.
 Earth quickens to his sigh ; and lo ! the Spring !

DISOWNED.

By the Rev. A. Belanger, S.J.

(Continued.)

II.

THE SCANDALOUS RICHES OF RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS.

THIS is one of the pet themes developed by the virtuosi of anticlericalism. "Millions, hundreds of millions, gentlemen!" is the cry from the gallery. "Is this not scandalous for men who claim to have voluntarily embraced poverty?" "Hundreds of millions!" repeat vulgar journalists in a fit of nervous indignation whenever a proletarian dies of hunger or, with great difficulty, earns a hundred sous a day. Ah, virtuous indignation, and how fortunate is evangelical poverty in having at last met with such true defenders!

But it is certainly deplorable to see so many honest men duped and that through the medium of false figures. "Indeed," they argue, "it must be admitted that we see strange things which seem to confirm the accusations made. These *poor* religious own magnificent colleges with freestone fronts and large windows admitting plenty of light and air, the buildings being offset by extensive and beautiful gardens. None of them but have property in the most desirable neighborhoods. They own immense boarding-schools, hospitals built on a strictly modern plan, wonderfully appointed homes for the aged poor, etc., etc." And, with the imagination well wrought up, these deluded men will go so far as to conclude, on the strength of a few scantlings, that congregations are immoderately rich and that the mortmain is in imminent peril—unless, indeed, they pause for a short while to calmly reflect upon the question in hand and give it due consideration.

There was a time when the enemies
820

of congregations, boldly and with a superb *a priori*, estimated the wealth of the latter at millions; but, alas for this charitable phantasmagoria, statistics have appeared which have singularly impoverished Aladdin's palace!

The Commission of 1881 estimated the total fortune (that is, real and personal), at nine hundred million francs (one hundred and eighty million dollars); but, in 1890, *l'Administration de l'Enregistrement* lowered this valuation to five hundred and sixty millions. In 1892, M. Henri Brisson himself spoke of no more than five hundred millions, and this figure was upheld by the government before the senate in 1895. At present, however, . . . (1) but, wait!

The first thing to observe is that in different parts of the world there are private fortunes exceeding this total. Jay Gould owns one billion francs (250 million dollars); the Rothschilds' wealth is estimated a billion; that of the Vanderbilts at 680 millions. (2) Therefore, instead of being alarmed over 500 millions divided among 160,000 religious would it not be more reasonable to tremble at the thought of such a stupendous amount of capital being in the hands of a few individuals?

But, no matter; 500 million francs seems a large figure when it is perfidi-

(1) More exactly four hundred and ninety-three millions; but, in deducting debts and mortgages (which is perfectly logical), the Abbé Gayraud estimates the net wealth of French Congregations at three hundred and ninety three millions. (*La République et la paix religieuse*, p. 114.)

(2) "Millionaires and How They Become So." In 8vo; London, Tidbit Offices.

ously considered apart from the number of those whom it keeps alive. Suppose, however, that it were divided among 160,000 bankers, 160,000 annuitants or 160,000 small merchants, would not a still more alarming result be obtained?

Hence, there is but one way of estimating the wealth of congregations, and that is by calculating what it represents for each member. Now, 500,000,000 divided by 160,000 would equal 3,125 francs (625 dollars), which amount would insure each religious an annual income of ninety-four francs, nearly nineteen dollars (1) *if this derivative capital were productive*; but it is not, or else so slightly so as to amount to nothing, as we shall see.

Let us pause a moment at this figure. Here, then, are these scandalously rich men, each possessed of a capital of 3,125 francs, which is to say, that each of them receives an income of twenty-six centimes (five cents) a day in exchange for the innumerable services he renders and of which Taine spoke so touchingly (see August MESSENGER).

But, in reality, this annual income of ninety-four francs is a pure chimera, for, most of the time, the capital is productive of naught but taxes . . . and these, alas, are far in excess of living expenses.

In the total fortune of a congregation real estate figures in the proportion of $83\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Therefore, what does a hospital building yield, handsome though it be? What revenue is there from an orphanage or a home for the aged poor? From a financial point of view, even colleges are a sad failure. It is a well-known fact that all university establishments depend upon the budget, and that to no small extent (2)

and that gratuitous teaching, deprived of this governmental *manna*, could in general yield but very modest profits.

Briefly, in the great majority of cases, the assumed revenue of ninety-four francs does not exist at all and, where it does, it is swallowed up by taxes and the cost of necessary repairs, so that the only advantage derived by religious from their imposing-looking property, is the shelter it gives them and this they often find only in a garret, a pupils' dormitory or an infirmary room.

Now, when it is remembered that these men and women condemn themselves to live upon this fictitious income in the midst of labor and privation, without a family, destitute of human happiness and even of the hope of attaining worldly prosperity, is it not harrowing to hear them censured and denounced for possessing wealth which they have not?

If the wealth of congregations were to become ten, twenty times greater, it would still be insufficient to insure each of their members the income of a small shareholder. This, then, is the scandalous wealth that brings the flush of indignation to the brow of M. Brisson!

Let us now pass on to sensible people (and in so doing we take a mighty leap), who are dazzled by certain religious houses standing in the midst of beautiful gardens, houses sometimes well built—but unfortunately so when we consider human spitefulness—and, thanks to a few bags of cement, with a false air of architectural luxury.

In the first place, we must remember that, in many instances, these comfortable-looking establishments are not the *homes* of the members of congregations. Hospitals, societies founded for the institution of schools, etc., etc., appeal to

(1) The average assessment of money is about 2.8 per cent. We have calculated at three per cent.

(2) "The State spends yearly enormous sums for the maintenance of exhibitioners and to keep evenly balanced the budget of

its lyceums, *all of which have a deficit*." It is thus that M. de Lamarzelle expressed himself (*Crise universaire*, p. 3) at the *Commission d'enquête*, after the deposition of M. Moreau, *inspecteur général des Finances*. (*Enquête*, Vol. II, p. 530.)

their devotedness, and they go forth to help these good works. In exchange for their labors these religious receive a small remuneration (sufficient to clothe and feed them) and lodgings. (1)

The fact of this residence may, as M. Aug. Rivet has observed, mislead the public ; but it is clear that it proves nothing in regard to the wealth of the *congrégations*. As well estimate the riches of a domestic according to the mansion in which he gives his services. Indeed, in that case there might be some proportion between his wages and his master's opulence ; but here there is nothing of the kind. The finest hospitals are often the poorest, and the devoted nurses are willing to diminish the building debt by cheerfully accepting a meagre sustenance.

Next, we should not judge the whole by a few samples seen in large cities. How many are the poor, old, inconvenient houses, so insignificant as to fail to attract any notice? But so mercilessly rigid are we in regard to what we exact of these devoted religious that one imposing-looking college would scandalize us, whereas more than ten humble, unpretentious Capuchin convents or houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor would fail to edify us. Go, therefore, and observe some of these modest establishments before crying out against the wealth of the *congrégations*. At all events, despite some few exceptions and certain *appearances* of which we will give an explanation, it remains a harsh, inevitable fact, proven as it is by figures, that each religious share of real property averages (2) 2,954 francs,

(1) "For instance, in *l'agglomération Lyonnaise*, the *Filles de la Charité* are to be found in about eighteen houses and only two of the eighteen belong to the Congregation." (Aug. Rivet, lawyer in the Court of Appeals and Professor in the Catholic Law Faculty of Lyons. *Etude théorique et pratique sur la taxe d'abonnement et les lois fiscales sur les congrégations*, p. 11.)

(2) The total share is, in reality, 3,125 francs, of which the real property amounts to eighty-three hundredths.

which would represent in the maximum, a mean rent of 125 francs (twenty-five dollars) *per capita*, and you well know that at such a rate, one cannot live in a palace. Besides, as this property is almost all destined for the lodging of the sick, orphans, the aged and pupils, it is easy to see what is left for the *congréganistes* themselves.

And now, let us get at the bottom of the question, which is how to excuse religious families who, though professing poverty, are nevertheless in possession of these grand establishments which are causing such extended and unfavorable comment.

First of all we must bear in mind that appearances are frequently deceptive, and that the value of property is often out of all proportion with the absurd estimate placed upon it by Puritans. M. Brisson denounced in the Chamber a certain Ursuline Convent valued at 700,000 francs. As the owners valued it at only 197,000 francs, the violation of religious poverty became complicated with imposition upon the law. A judicial investigation was made and the building valued at 700,000 francs was found to be worth 173,000. It sheltered a goodly number of pupils and religious who were indeed delighted to have made a false estimate, especially *one to their own detriment*. If many a religious establishment were thus put into the hands of appraisers the result would be similar. They seem more valuable than they really are, because they are so scrupulously clean, so exquisitely kept and, not infrequently, because of the good taste displayed by their owners and architects.

Finally, where valuable buildings are really found, it is not the *congréganistes* owning them who most enjoy them, for they are chiefly, almost exclusively, given over to the use of boarders or other lay inmates.

Take, for instance, a well-built, hygienic, well-ventilated home for the aged poor. In its gardens, attractively

laid out with shaded walks and artistic flower beds, the poor old folks can exercise their weary, feeble limbs. The rooms of the building are high-studded, well lighted and, with their clean white curtains, present a most refreshing appearance. But, for whom all this cleanliness and luxury? For the sick. The Sisters' dormitory is often a garret exposed to the winter's cold and the summer's heat. At any rate, it is nearly always in one of the least desirable locations in the house.

Of all the apartments in the luxuriously appointed domicile, the dormitory and chapel are alone reserved to the religious. They have scarcely any leisure to take a turn in the garden, so engrossed are they with the care of the sick. They spend but little time in the spacious corridors unless when sweeping them, and, perhaps, they would then be satisfied to have them smaller. If, indeed, they gain anything from the sanitary comforts about them, it helps them to labor still more effectually for the welfare of their infirm protégés.

Therefore, we ask if such luxury should in any way scandalize those who want for nothing. We think not. (1)

(1) In the course of his investigation of the charitable works of Paris, Maxime du Camp has several times touchingly declared that religious reserved to themselves only the most inferior part of their institutions.

During a feast held by the *Frères de Saint-Jean de Dieu*, he slipped away and mounted to the third story of the house in order to inspect the Brothers' living apartments, and he says: "The rooms are small, each of them containing a light bedstead, a cupboard, a wooden table and an earthen toilet pitcher and basin. The wall is ornamented with a pious picture, perhaps a family souvenir or the token of some particular devotion. The evidences of the vow of poverty are indeed striking." (*Charité Privée*, p. 144.)

Alluding to the Little Sisters of the Poor, he says: "I pushed open the door of the Sisters' dormitory. The floor is paved with stone and there is no carpet, nor have they even straw mats beside the beds. On each bed is a mattress, hardly more than a bag filled with husks; the superior's bed is placed

And as to colleges, there is no great difference. Large, well-ventilated recreation halls, classrooms and dormitories, parlors resplendent with encaustics, etc., all are for the benefit of the pupils, their health and their good cheer. No doubt the professors derive some advantage from this material progress; nevertheless, here again they take the last places. In some of the handsomest colleges masters and disciplinarians occupy small cells and perhaps twenty times a day must climb to the fourth story where their humble quarters are located. Many of them sleep in a dormitory and, though all possible precautions be taken to insure proper ventilation this is not over-agreeable, especially when one's lungs have lost the elasticity of youth. It can indeed be

in front of a window, its position alone distinguishing it from the others." (*Charité Privée*, p. 71.)

Of Villepinte, the consumptives' home, he says: "If God is poorly housed" (alluding to the poverty of the chapel at that time) "the religious are even worse off. The sick have practically driven them from the house till at length, to make room for the consumptives, they have retired to little pigeonholes beneath the roof, where huge beams prevent one from standing upright, where the damp wall paper is falling off, and where the floor is not even paved but composed of a mixture of plaster and pise." (*Charité Privée*, p. 313.)

In regard to the *Socurs Aveugles de Saint-Paul* he says: "The community has kept the most uncomfortable quarters for itself." Then he adds: "I could not repress my surprise upon entering the community refectory, which is a cellar lighted by air holes and has walls that are hardly plastered. Flags, sweating humidity, pave the floor and emit a vague, moist odor. Such a place would be well suited to the storing away of casks or piling up of coal and wood; but it is inhuman to consign women to it even during the short time allotted to meals, thereby exposing them to a chilly atmosphere which neither stove nor open fireplace can temper. In all the cloisters into which I have peered, I have seen that the religious devoted to charitable works, seemed to zealously rival one another in point of not sparing themselves." (*Charité Privée*, p. 367.)

Thus it is that *congréganistes* keep for themselves the best of what they own!

readily seen that it is the pupils, and scarcely ever the religious, who enjoy the advantages of these supposed palaces.

But they have a garden ! Yes, to be sure ; but what is a luxury for men of the world is for them a necessity. This is obvious where there is a question of semi-cloistered religious. Certainly one cannot live without air and, as regards *congréganistes*, it must be borne in mind that it is almost impossible for them to walk out. Picture them correcting their pupils' exercises, preparing class lessons or reading their breviary on the Boulevard des Italiens ! The life of teaching religious is so hard that it costs many their health ; therefore, why reproach them for having a few feet of ground necessary to maintain the strength which they put to such good use ?

Now, with some show of reason, fault might be found in regard to establishments exclusively reserved to the use of *congréganistes* ; novitiates, houses of study, refuges for old or infirm religious. But would luxury be likely to hide itself here ? It is true that modern hygienic discoveries have necessitated the improvement of these establishments in order to afford them an indispensable salubrity. The human system has become so frail that, to refuse to take certain precautions, would be to render young religious incapable of later fulfilling their hard tasks, and it is for this reason that, at present, we see better built, more spacious and commodious houses than were permitted by old-time austerity. Nevertheless, we still practice austerity and, though our weakened temperaments have rendered modern hygienic conditions a necessity, we are not, therefore, exempt from suffering.

Lastly, I shall not deny that here and there may be found religious property too luxurious in its appointments ; but the fault often lies with founders who were more generous and artistic than

practical. In other days, certain superiors thought it well to allow a little ornamentation ; but herein lay their mistake. However, it only brings out in stronger relief the wisdom of others who, though indulging in all the latest sanitary improvements, know how to observe religious moderation.

Here, then, is what remains of this analysis founded upon facts and figures, that the colossal wealth of *congréganistes* is reduced to 3,125 francs *per capita*—capital almost entirely at the disposal of the poor and from which the religious draw personally only a modest dwelling place and perhaps—yes, *perhaps*—a yearly income of a few paltry francs. The remainder of their support is gained by dint of labor and devotedness.

But this study of the pretended wealth of congregations should not be concluded without a word as to mortmain. Mortmain, the horror of horrors ! The mere tremulous mention of it in the Chamber is sufficient to make sectarians shudder and to impel them to outrage justice. Indeed, it is worse than bankruptcy !

“ Mortmain, hideous mortmain is at your door and you demur ! ”

As a matter of fact the demur is short. A vote is taken and, behold, another item is added to the list of legal iniquities ! What then is this famous mortmain ?

It is simply the fiscal administration of property which cannot be transmitted by bequest. Such is that of departments, communes, asylums, parishes, seminaries, consistories, *authorized congregations*, certain societies, etc., etc.

Now, of all these numerous properties, what is the share of authorized congregations ?

In extent, one-half of one per cent.—that is to say that, in suppressing these possessions of religious, 99.50 per cent. of the total mortmain would be allowed to exist.

In value, about five per cent. at the

most—that is to say that, in confiscating them, ninety-five per cent. of the actual mortmain would be preserved.

It is, therefore, plain that a dread of it is ridiculously groundless; for, if mortmain be the terrible danger that it is said to be, why fight it only in connection with the *congrégations* who hold but one-half of one per cent. in extent, and five per cent. in value of these formidable estates? Besides, mortmain is merely a fiction—it *does not exist*.

It is true that all property subject to this law is protected from being transmitted by bequest; therefore, there is no change of ownership on account of death. And practically it is but very rarely sold, therefore, in little danger of changing hands at all.

Such would undoubtedly be an advantage; but the law of January 1, 1849, intervened to annul it. This law imposed upon all such real estate a special tax of sixty-two and a half centimes, twelve and a half cents additional to every franc of the principal of the *contribution foncière* (land tax), a tax later on raised to eighty-seven and a half centimes (seventeen and a half cents), so that, on a recognized congregation, would be levied a land tax of 187 francs and fifty centimes (\$37.50 for an estate which, were it in the hands of a private individual, would be assessed for only 100 francs (twenty dollars)).

This tax was never refused by congregations. To be sure their enemies maintain that it has become insufficient and is unequal to what is deposited (in way of transfers) by ordinary taxpayers. If this were the true reason for introducing the laws on increment (*lois d'accroissement*), these would be applied to all properties subject to mortmain. Instead, they are applied to *religious possessions only*, which are absolutely the smallest portion of the total mortmain, and consecrated, for the most part, to the service of the poor. Is this not an irrefutable proof of inequality?

We, therefore, have occasion to conclude that, reduced to its just value, the celebrated principle of mortmain amounts to nothing—or thereabouts. Consequently, religious estates are not more favored than others and there is no reason whatever why fevered imaginations should invest them with all the terrors of an invading army.

And, no doubt at all, it is in this way that we may account for the existence in the minds of many, of a foolish dread of the increase of the *wealth of monks*. It is pictured as an ever-swelling tide, gradually but surely gaining upon the country's territory, driving mercilessly ahead of it everything of value, and thrusting the same into the coffers of those execrable religious who will certainly use it for the re-establishment of the Inquisition.

What folly to complain thus and yet to overlook with perfect indifference the experiences of this closing century! For eighty years the *congréganistes* have enjoyed, not peace but relative security, and they have often been persecuted, though a remnant of decency has prevented their being robbed.

Well, what has become of their wealth, 3,125 francs *per capita*, that is *apparently* nineteen dollars annual income, but, *in reality* nothing, or, at best, a few francs? And all the time national wealth has been powerfully increasing, and manufacturers, bankers and merchants have been accumulating millions, while holders of such small stock as 800, 1,000 and 1,200 francs, have so multiplied their income as to make the average French fortune about 6,000 francs a head. (1)

(1) According to the estimate recently presented by M. Salefranque to the Paris Society of Statistics, and based on the data of *l'Enregistrement*, private wealth in France runs up to 234,934 millions, which allows about 6,150 francs to each inhabitant. (*Revue de statistique*, February 11, 1900.) This figure is attested by Mr. Mulhall, an American (*sic*) statistician, who calculates at the rate of 6,300 francs for each French inhabi-

Therefore, as regards mortmain, possess yourselves in peace !

As long as our congregations will remain what our ambassadors, our travellers, our statisticians, our moralists, our distributors of the Monthyon prize actually proclaim them to be—that is to say, while they remain charitable, devoted and heroic—their riches will hardly increase, as there is an outlet towards which they are irresistibly drawn—the hands of the poor !

III.

ARE CONGREGATIONS REBELLIOUS ?

That they are is the grave complaint that certain people have lodged against them, and this, merely because they have refused to pay an iniquitous tax imposed upon them. Now, this complaint is a gross exaggeration ; for, even were we to consider this resistance wrong, it is simply passive, partaking in no way of violence. There has been no abuse, no throwing of missiles, no firing of bricks, no slamming of monastery doors in the face of embassies from the public treasury. This institution has merely been thus informed: "In our heart and conscience we are convinced by evidence, that this exceptional tax is unjust. We will not pay it. Therefore, you may take the patrimony of the poor and the bread of their servants, if you have the heart to do it."

Now, it must be admitted that this revolt of the lamb against the wolf is indeed a mild rebellion. "Devour me if you insist," says the innocent victim, "but, as for wilfully putting my head between your jaws, I shall never do it!"

Here, then, is the extent of the revolt.

tant. (*Revue de statistique*, January 21, 1900.) Therefore, the portion of each religious is one-half less than that of the average of our compatriots. Whereas, on the contrary, it should be far ahead, since it has to do with a group of men and women in the full vigor of maturity, working incessantly and spending but very little.

It is certainly very unobtrusive when we consider that we live beneath a rule the fundamental charter of which counts among the "natural and imprescriptible rights of man, resistance against oppression." (*Déclaration des droits de l'homme*, Art. 2.)

To justify congregations it will suffice to show that there is oppression—that is to say, injustice and violation of the great principle called equality of all in the matter of taxation.

The subject is arid; nevertheless it *must* be treated, because I am convinced that very few among the fair-minded people of France suspect the monstrous iniquity perpetrated, with their complicity, against charity, innocence and weakness.

One trick of the spoliators is to represent the *congrégations* as *favoured*. However, nothing is further from the truth. (1)

All congregations, authorized or not, pay under ordinary conditions:

1. The land tax on property which is not, as well as on that which is improved;

2. The tax on doors and windows, *without ever profiting by the immunities granted to asylums and manufactories*;

3. The poll and rent tax;

4. The license tax;

5. *Contributions indirectes* (excise taxes) of every kind;

6. All *droits de mutation* (transfer fees) for purchase and alienation of property.

Of course, congregations pay off taxes on the property which, though occupied by them, is owned by some civil or anonymous societies, and is inseparable from them.

On property which they own outright they also pay the required taxes as would any ordinary taxpayer.

As to the *droits de succession* (succession duties) unauthorized *congrégation*

(1) See Aug. Rivet, *Etude sur la taxe d'abonnement*, etc., p. 13.

nistes pay them just as do all other citizens.

Authorized congregations make up for their advantage by the heavy mortmain tax.

Thus, not *one* fiscal exception, not *one* favor. A common law for all, and an equal inheritance tax.

This may seem like justice, but, in our opinion, it is, to say the least, a flagrant lack of equity.

Behold! What is destined for the betterment of the poor, the education of orphans, the care of the sick, is handicapped by society which, while professing supreme interest in these good works, helps itself to their resources—in a word, shamefully imposes on them.

Is this equality? No, but its caricature. Equality would not demand that a shelter for the poor and unfortunate be treated as if it were a profitable business concern. Equality would not demand that an orphanage in which the poor are educated pay as would a college in which the rich are instructed. To act otherwise is to establish real injustice upon apparent equality. (1) But let us proceed. The Church and congregations have not opposed this unreasonable common law which puts an unjust limitation upon charity! The only result is that fewer poor are helped, fewer orphans educated. Catholics sigh

(1) "The Church and the clergy have everywhere and in all times, even among pagans, enjoyed numerous and important privileges. In Turkey, in Protestant countries, and especially in the English states of America, Catholicism, its priests, its religious and its works, far from being regarded with jealousy or hostility, are treated with respect, nay, even protected because of the immense services they render to society and the people. Even this year (1895) when Catholic France is endeavoring to ruin us by the imposition of great, unjust charges, in Nova Scotia, in the northern part of America, a Protestant House has exempted from all taxation the Catholic seminary just built at Halifax, by the *Eudistes*. (Père Le Doré, in *Simples Observations*, p. 22.)

over this condition of affairs, but what does the State care? What difference does it make to those false friends of the people to whom their interests give no concern?

It makes so little difference that here is a whole set of laws of exception enacted against religious in order to prevent them from helping the unfortunate.

It was in 1880 that the campaign began and the man who had the sinister honor of leading it was M. Brisson. I shall not attempt to qualify his conduct; merely to expose it is like taking a cruel revenge.

In 1872 was established a tax, now increased to four per cent., "on the income derived from money invested in public funds and from bonds and shares in commercial or industrial companies."

It is hence a tax that reaches real incomes resulting from financial transactions; but it reaches only the *net* profit—that is to say, the *profit realized* after the payment of all expenses.

The figure is made known after the officers of the company have held a consultation. If, however, the company does not declare its revenues they will be established at the rate of five per cent. of the *original* capital of the company (capital generally *far inferior* to the actual assets).

And yet, even in this case, if the members of companies can prove that there has been no profit during the year, they are exempt from taxation.

To sum up, there is question of a four-per-cent. tax.

1. Upon the *net profit*, all expenses paid;

2. Provided there be a net profit;

3. When companies allow their profits to be estimated at the rate of five per cent. of the *original* capital, it is because they have some interest in so doing.

Such, then, is the provision made applicable by the law of 1884 to religious congregations, none excepted,

with, however, the following additional clauses :

"The income is determined at the rate of five per cent. of the *gross value* of personal or real property owned or *occupied* by societies (that is to say, congregations), unless a higher income be declared." (1)

And now let us review the many injustices embodied in this text.

First Injustice.—Contrary to the régime of financial companies, revenue is claimed to exist even where it does not and where it could be obviously proven impossible to exist.

What is yielded by property occupied by aged poor or orphans who are gratuitously lodged and fed?

What is yielded by the gardens in which they walk, the yards in which they play?

What is the income from their beds, tables, chairs and the linen they use?

What income is derived from the sacred vessels used in the chapel, from pictures, statues and melodeons?

"Nothing whatever," says common sense.

"Five per cent.," declares the treasury.

And, that we may not be accused of exaggerating, here is, for example, the inventory drawn up, according to entry, of a very poor, modest, religious community of Ursulines.

(1) The "societies" here referred to, says the law of 1884, are "congregations, communities or religious associations, authorized or unauthorized, and all societies and associations designated in the law of 1880, whose object is not to distribute, either in whole or part, their profits among their members." This portion of the enumeration might lead one to suppose that *lay* societies not having for an object the distribution of their profits among their members, are subject to taxation. But, no, indeed! The treasury, so merciless to congregations, has found unspeakable subtleties through which to excuse lay associations. The law is, in reality, made against religious only; they alone pay.

	FRANCS.	CENTIMES.
Household furniture.	1,597	70
Bedding and linen. .	6,025	70
School furniture. . .	1,887	50
Kitchen and refectory service. . . .	1,462	25
Cellar and garden utensils	120	50
2 pigs.	50	
Chapel ornaments. .	1,823	40
2 houses with enclosure	50,000	
Rented house. . . .	8,000	

All this is reputed to yield five per cent. or 3,548 francs and 32 centimes, upon which the public treasury collects four per cent. without detriment to other taxes. (2)

Second Injustice. Contrary to all common sense, a congregation must pay taxes on rented property identically as it would if, being owner of it, it were receiving its rental.

Suppose, for instance, that an asylum be not large enough to accommodate all whom the religious in charge would care for. To harbor twenty more old people, a house is hired for 5,000 francs. Now an algebraist would say that this transaction would constitute a negative income of 5,000 francs. But, when dealing with religious, the public treasury is no algebraist; without hesitancy or apology it deliberately changes the minus into plus, and virtually says: "You *occupy* property which you rent at 5,000 francs and we will conduct matters precisely as if that property belonged to you and yielded you 5,000 francs. Pay us thereon a tax of 200 francs."

Understand it who can. For *congréganistes*, equality consists not in paying on what they *gain* (as is the case with stockholders and bondholders in financial companies) (3) but on

(2) Quoted by Père Prélôt in *Etudes*, June 15, 1894, p. 254.

(3) It is quite usually supposed that companies pay four per cent. on the interest of bonds which they give. This is a mistake.

what they *spend*. Mr. * * * a stockholder in P. L. M. is taxed 200 francs because he *receives* 5,000 francs dividend ; but a Little Sister of the Poor is cheated out of 200 francs because she *gives* 5,000 francs to the poor.

O blessed equality !

Third Injustice. Revenue is reckoned at an exorbitant, improbable, contradictory rate, and for these reasons :

1. Because expenses, mortgages, etc., are not deducted from it. Such and such property is worth 200,000 and, consequently, in the dreams of the administration of taxes, yields 10,000 francs, though in reality not a cent. But even if it did bring in that amount, the 6,000 francs paid yearly to the *Crédit Foncier* as interest on mortgages, should be deducted from it so that the revenue would be 4,000 instead of 10,000 francs. The administration of indirect taxes obstinately scorns this elementary reasoning, and exacts its tax on the 10,000 imaginary francs without in the least considering the expenses which would swallow them up, if indeed they existed.

2. Because real property producing five per cent. *net* is to-day a chimera, especially if it be largely made up of unproductive yards and promenade gardens.

3. Because in regard to personal effects it is often a contradiction and an absurdity to suppose five per cent.

If a religious community hold a *titre de rente* of three per cent. from the State, how much does this yield ? Why, three per cent., of course ; how otherwise ? Now this is almost what the State, *as a debtor*, says, but it is thus that it speaks through the public treasury : " This little yields you five per cent., and upon this basis we establish your taxation." " Impossible !" cries

The tax of four per cent. is, in reality, paid by the one *who receives*. The company must be content to advance the funds and reimburse itself by diminishing the coupon to a corresponding extent.

the oppressed community. " You yourself gave us three per cent., how can you suppose that it would yield five per cent. ?" " Silence ! rebellious congregation. In your case three per cent. means five . . . and you can thank us for not looking for six per cent. when we give three." Indeed, to do so would hardly be more absurd than to introduce or approve certain courses pursued.

And, as regards bonds of industrial companies, matters are even worse. *Congréganistes* pay twice. First, through the medium of the company which advances taxation four per cent. and retains it on a coupon ; again, in their character of religious. Let us suppose a title of 3,000 francs yielding 100 francs, and belonging to a community. Four per cent. is withheld from it and it receives but ninety-six francs as would any other owner. But, *moreover*, these 3,000 francs being part of the gross assets of the congregation, are *supposed to yield* 150 francs. And upon this ground is an additional four per cent. collected—that is, six francs. Hence, where ordinary citizens pay four francs religious pay $4 + 6 = 10$ francs. So much for equality ! (1)

4. Finally, the strongest reason, although perhaps the most difficult to expose, is this : Because the rate at which congregations are taxed is *apparently* equal to that at which financial companies are taxed, whereas *in reality* it is ten times higher.

All the mechanism of this worthy transaction is hidden in the words : " Revenue is determined at the rate of five per cent. of the *gross value* of property. . . . "

Now no company, however prosperous, yields 5, 4, 3, 2 or even 1 per cent. of its *gross assets*.

The latter comprise reserve and sinking funds, real estate, etc., etc., all things indispensable to operating the enter-

(1) Père Prélôt in article quoted above.

prise, accumulated little by little by deductions made from profits *prior to distribution* and of which the total value is often *a hundred times* greater than the original capital or the sum of shares. Moreover, "the shareholders can receive annually twelve per cent. of the capital which they or their representatives have invested in the company, and not have altogether one per cent. of the funds constituting the *gross assets*." (1) Practically, the largest financial companies do not yield their stockholders more than one-half of one per cent. of their gross assets. (2) Associations founded with a *view to exploiting property* actually in the hands of religious, would not succeed in getting beyond this limit or indeed, even attaining it, considering the decay of many buildings, their location and their mortgages. For all the greater reason the *congrégations* would not reach it, as, far from exploiting said property, they make it serve charitable ends.

Well, this *gross value*, which in the maximum would yield one-half of one per cent., is reputed to bring five per cent. ! ! !

Therefore, the tax is established for congregations on a basis ten times larger than for lay societies and companies.

Hence, congregations pay ten times a heavier tax than they should.

"Applied to the most productive financial companies," says M. A. Rivet,

(1) A. Robert in *les Parias du fisc*.

(2) "Without resorting to tedious calculations," says M. Robert, whose competency in this line is well known, "it is not easy to imagine that the stockholders in the general life insurance company receive twelve per cent. of the paid-in capital, and only .78 per cent. of the gross assets; that the stockholders in the Bank of France receive thirteen and a half per cent. of the nominal capital stock and only .56 per cent. of the gross assets; that the stockholders in the *Crédit Lyonnais* get twelve per cent. of the paid-in capital and only .98 per cent. of the gross assets." Even the *Rentes viagères* do not attain to these proportions. They give .32 per cent. of the gross assets.

"the system which, in the name of common law, strikes congregations, would produce a veritable crisis; it is easy to account for it by proving that, instead of taking four per cent. of their dividend from stockholders in the Bank of France, it would claim 35 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., and from life assurance companies 63.59 per cent. of the revenue." (3)

Therefore, no matter whither we turn to examine into this law, we come upon flagrant injustice, contradiction, inequality under the guise of equality, and, in fact, upon spoliation, hatred and oppression. (Article 2 of the *Droits de l'homme*.)

And, nevertheless, listen, you honest men to whom I speak, congregations submitted to this unqualifiable taxation. They made the mistake of not offering passive resistance. Before resorting to gentle protestations they awaited a new outrage.

And, indeed, here it is under an attractive title, that of *Loi d'abonnement*.

This new tax introduced in 1895 (4) is, according to its inventors, nothing more than the celebrated *droit d'accroissement* transformed—that is to say, easier to levy but yielding the same result. Therefore, it is the crying injustice of the *droit d'accroissement* of 1884 that we must show.

However, let us add that, despite assertions referred to above, the *abonnement* is heavier than the *accroissement*;

(3) A. Rivet in *Etude sur la taxe d'abonnement*, etc., p. 27.

(4) "The *droit d'accroissement*, . . . is converted into annual and obligatory tax on the gross value of real and personal property of congregations, communities and religious associations, authorized or not, and of other societies and associations designated in the laws of 1880 and 1884." (Law of April 16, 1895.) This tax is .30 per cent. of the gross value. It was raised to .40 per cent. on the real property of authorized congregations. As to lay societies, the public treasury itself takes care to show them an easy means of eluding this tax. (Instr. May 6, 1895.)

but the fallacious principles on which they are claimed to be founded are the same. It will, therefore, suffice to examine this famous *droit d'accroissement*.

It was, so to say, instituted that the public treasury might receive the *droit de mutation* caused by the death or withdrawal of a religious. It can be reasoned out as follows :

Take, for instance, a congregation of one hundred members, owning 300,000 francs. One member dies. There is no change in the work of the institution ; the expenses and general taxation are the same ; but there is one less to do the work. Where, then, is the gain ? Is there not rather a loss ?

The cunning legislator maintains that there is no loss, and reasons after this fashion. A congregation owns 300,000 francs and we will suppose that, upon the death of a member, this fortune is divided among the others. (1) Is not the share of deceased 3,000 francs ? Then let us in imagination turn the congregation into a moral person. Would it not inherit those 3,000 francs, thus increasing its wealth ? Consequently, should it not pay the heaviest inheritance tax : eleven and one-half per cent.—that is, 345 francs, or, what would come a little higher, a yearly instalment of thirty per cent. of the gross capital ?

✱ The better to appreciate the stupidity of this reasoning, let us make successively the only two hypotheses possible: either a congregation is authorized or it is not.

1. *An unauthorized congregation.*

The State does not recognize it. Hence, a member of such a congregation is just the same as other citizens. In order to transmit his fortune by will, to receive a legacy, to buy or sell, he pays *all* the ordinary *droits de mutation*.

(1) This supposition is in direct contradiction to the definition of an authorized congregation. It is to the latter, a moral person, and not to its members individually, that the total fortune belongs.

But, because he belongs to a congregation, he finds himself obliged to pay more than the ordinary taxpayer in order that he may leave his possessions to his brothers in religion. Most taxpayers transmit their property to their children or their nearest of kin, and these transmissions are only subject to a relatively light law—the average testamentary tax being estimated at 2.63 per cent. of the amount left. The religious, on the contrary, has as heirs his brothers in the religious life who are, however, not blood relatives, and on that account he must almost invariably pay eleven and one-half per cent., which is certainly pretty heavy.

But, to seek out this citizen who has paid *all* his taxes, those of inheritance included, and inflict upon him *a second time*, under another name, a tax destined to pay for the same rights (only exaggerated) is to tax him twice and a half, solely because in the privacy of his conscience, he has pronounced vows of which the State knows nothing and of which it refuses to take cognizance.

Hence, injustice and *evident oppression*. (*Droits de l'homme*, Art. 2.)

2. *An authorized congregation.* It is true that the patrimony of the congregation indeed escapes *l'impôt de succession* (inheritance tax) which, as we will see, is natural enough, since inheritance is impossible where everything belongs to a moral being that does not die. However, this advantage is cancelled by the obligation of paying the *mortmain* tax.

The result of this law of pretended gain will be, in this case also, a *second payment* of the same tax. (2) But,

(2) It was sought to justify this *droit d'accroissement* which so obviously makes useless repetition of the mortmain tax, by pretending that the latter was not equivalent to what was paid by other taxpayers for transfers. We have already observed that if this were the true reason, the *droit d'accroissement* would have been applied not alone to religious but to all subject to the mortmain.

more ! The basis of this demand is unstable or indeed null. The decease of a *congréganiste* cannot, could not bring about any gain.

Why? Because, according to law, such a one has no personal ownership of any of the property of the association. In case of dissolution, the State would help itself to these effects or else apply them to other works, whereas the religious would not be allowed to claim their share. They could not even reclaim what they themselves had given.

Now, what does this mean unless that the fortune of a congregation belongs in no way to one of its members? Hence, when dying, he cannot bequeath what never belonged to him. Common sense decides this. To take a well-known example : The assets of the association are no more increased by the death of one of its members than is the domain of Chantilly by the demise of an academician. L'Institut de France owned it beforehand and owns it afterwards. There is no change.

To be sure, it has been objected that the gain consists in this, that the community no longer requires to *feed* the departed. But how absurd ! A religious is not a mere tenant who receives his maintenance without making any return for it. He is an excellent workman who works much and spends little. His death is, therefore, not a gain but a loss—the more so, as the work remains

Moreover, even the exaggeration of the assessment adopted, .30 per cent, proves that the object was not to equalize but to oppress. Indeed, according to our adversaries, the property of ordinary taxpayers would pay yearly for transfers on an average .167 per cent. At the time of the discussion of 1895 before the Senate, the *Directeur Général de l'Enregistrement* admitted that the mortmain tax was equal to .12 per cent. The inequality, if there were any (for these figures are far from certain), would be .047 per cent. In adopting the .30 per cent. tax, which is *six times heavier*, has it not been obviously shown that the intention was to inflict a penalty upon people who are obnoxious, and not to destroy a problematic inequality?

the same and a new workman must be chosen, one who is, perhaps, less qualified to do it and less skilful. If we may be permitted a trivial comparison, it were as reasonable to hold that a farmer becomes the richer for losing a horse. Why? Because he no longer needs to feed him !!!

Finally, the *Direction générale de l'Enregistrement*, so hot in pursuit of *congréganistes*, nevertheless frankly admitted in its circular of June 20, 1881, that "The member [of an authorized congregation] who ceases to form part of the association, transmits nothing to those who remain after him. *L'accroissement ne s'opère pas.*"

It is just as we say—the taxation is without foundation and is, therefore, purely a means of persecution and wilful confiscation. Such is likewise M. Piou's conclusion : (1) "To imagine an hereditary devolution running counter to the law which prohibits it ; to create a fictitious transfer in order to give one's self a right to tax it, is certainly the most wonderful hit that zeal for the interests of the public treasury, stimulated by anti-religious hatred, has ever made."

If anyone finds these last words hard and doubts the anti-religious motive of this legislation, we would advise him to study the way in which the *droit d'accroissement* was applied by the administration of taxes from 1889 to 1895, the time of the *loi d'abonnement*, which at least caused the scandalous invention of multiple declarations to cease. It is a perfect revelation of the *spirit* of fiscal laws against congregations and of the fierce dispositions of those charged with their execution. We will simply say that, thanks to this stratagem, a tax of 2,280 francs was levied upon the Sisters of Charity for a so-called inheritance of 2,300 francs. From a congregation in la Gironde, the public treasury claimed 1,800 francs

(1) In *The Figaro* of February 23, 1895.

taxes upon an inheritance of 887 francs ; in Taillon, in the same department, the treasury had received 229 francs and fifty centimes for a pretended heritage of twenty-seven francs ten centimes. Finally, the Court of Charleville stupidly declared (July 7, 1892,) that dues were claimed amounting to 6,000 times the value of one share.

The *Cour de cassation* ended by rejecting these foolish pretensions on the part of *l'Enregistrement*, and yet, extraordinary as it may seem, the Administration refused to accept this solution. Indeed, there is no telling what would have happened but for the voice of the new law. (1)

Such is, in its principal lineaments, the fiscal machine operated against religious, and we beg to illustrate this arid description with a few examples and comparisons. They will bring plainly to light the disguised confiscation and violated equality of which *congréganistes* are the victims.

Here, for instance, are five individuals who, smitten with love for suffering humanity, decide to relieve it. They buy property valued at 100,000 francs, improve, embellish and furnish it at a cost of 10,000 francs and into it receive either poor old men and women or orphans whom they feed, care for and educate.

What will they have to pay? The land tax, personal tax, license tax and the tax on doors and windows (from this last they may, perhaps, be dispensed). That is all, and, since it is but too evident that there are no profits, no four-per-cent. income tax is demanded. Moreover, being laymen, they are not asked .30 per cent. on the gross assets.

But, some fine day, our five charitable proprietors decide to make vows; they elect a superior and, perhaps, make such extreme use of their liberty as to adopt a special habit of black or brown.

Then everything changes !!!

They must pay the same taxes as in the past, and if they ever enjoyed any exemption it is immediately withdrawn.

As formerly, should one of them when dying wish to leave his estate to the others, he must pay the eleven and one-half per cent.

Moreover, thenceforth the community property will be *reputed* to yield five per cent. of the gross capital and on that created income they will pay four per cent., 220 francs.

They will pay .40 per cent. on the gross value of their real estate to make up for the *droits de mutation* which they nevertheless pay elsewhere. 400 francs.

They will pay on the same title .30 per cent. on movables. Thirty francs.

Hence, by way of chastisement for having made vows, for having pledged themselves to the perpetual service of the poor, they will pay yearly 650 francs.

If they are fortunate enough to be authorized, they will have the advantage of being unable to sell or acquire without the authorization of the State. And, indeed, they are pretty sure of being denied the privilege of accepting any legacies that might be left them.

They will continue to pay the taxes of common law and *in addition* :

The tax of four per cent. on	
an imaginary income	. 220 francs.
The mortmain tax on real	
estate	. 120 “
The tax of .30 per cent.	
on the gross value of all	
their property	. 330 “

Total . 670 francs.

We will deduct, if you wish, the mortmain tax which gives them the right to transmit their real estate without paying any other *droits de mutation*.

Again, in this case, they will pay as punishment for having made vows and devoted themselves to a life of doing good, 550 francs a year over and above ordinary taxes.

(1) A Rivet, p. 40.

To write of these things seems like a dream, and yet it is a harsh reality.

Poor, dear, honest Frenchmen ! In what absurd iniquity do you coöperate !

Another example : After comparing the taxes paid by a *Société de rentes viagères*, having gross assets amounting to twenty millions, with what would be demanded of an authorized congregation possessed of the same wealth, this was the result obtained : (1)

Where the anonymous society would pay 14,496 francs (maximum figure), the congregation would pay 117,596 francs (minimum figure)—that is, *more than eight times as much*. Besides, there is a means, simple indeed in its mathematical severity, of proving that the taxes levied on congregations are instruments of inevitable ruin.

We have seen that their *gross assets*, although in general producing nothing or almost nothing, would yield at most one-half of one per cent. of these gross assets *if exploited by a skilful society or company wholly intent upon realizing profits*.

✕ The powerful Bank of France gives only .56 per cent. (a trifle more than one-half of one per cent.) of its gross assets ; the *Rentes viagères* (a barely one-third of one per cent.) .32 per cent.

Now the *droit d'abonnement* consumes .30 per cent. of the gross assets ; and the four-per-cent. income tax, .20 per cent. (2) which makes .50 per cent. of the gross assets.

Therefore, *if there were any income*, it would be *totally absorbed* by these

(1) I borrow this calculation from M. Rivet's excellent work which has already been several times quoted, *Etude sur la taxe d'abonnement*, etc., page 60 and following. He therein refutes the inexact reckoning made to the Chamber by the *rapporteur général*. (*Officiel*, March 19, 1895.) M. Chesnelong, in the session of April 8, 1895, in the Senate, reached an almost identical result, though through different proceedings.

(2) It is readily seen that four per cent. of the income reckoned at the rate of five per cent. of the gross assets, equals .20 per cent. of these gross assets.

two taxes alone. It is one hundred per cent. on the income, and, in addition, there remain to be paid *all* the common law taxes, and also that on mortmain.

Thus, it is clearly not deemed sufficient to absorb the *whole* of what the income would be (if, indeed, there were any) ; the public treasury demands even more. And, since each year beholds *capital encroached upon*, what can be reasonably expected but *entire ruin*, and that at any early date.

This will surprise none but honest men ; sectarians are well aware of it, for they have contrived these laws with this express end in view. (3)

(3) Here is how M. Georges Michel, an economist, writing in *l'Economiste française*, appreciates the attitude of those who govern, in regard to congregations. "In neither England nor Germany would it ever enter the head of anyone to persecute the members of a charitable association, because of their wearing a soutane or a cornette. All good is accepted no matter whence it comes. But in France it is altogether different. The Municipal Council of Paris, which every year disposes of a budget of almost 400,000,000, refuses a credit of 1,500 francs to the *Frères de Saint-Jean de Dieu* who gratuitously educate many hundreds of orphans. It would not be so bad if they were satisfied to withhold the 1,500 unfortunate francs ; but, regularly, they profit by the occasion to hurl a volley of abuse and insult at the charity of congregations."

Another example. "If there is an institution eminently popular, in the best acceptance of the word, it is indeed that marvellous one of the Little Sisters of the Poor. These brave women ask nothing from the State and we have never known them to conspire against the Republic. Nevertheless, they are obliged to submit to a pitiless war on the part of the powers. As yet, no one has dared to close their houses ; but an effort has been made to starve them out by oppressing them with the monstrous *droit d'accroissement* which, at a given moment, will compel them to abandon thousands of old people whom they will no longer be able to feed. But this is not all. The public treasury is not satisfied to deduct the lion's share from the budget of the poorest of the poor ; it also deprives them of legacies and donations by loading these with exorbitant fees."

Such, then, is the enforced situation of congregations, and it can be summed up in a few words :

1. They are placed outside the pale of common law and, as regards taxation, are the victims of a violated principle of equality. Taxes are imposed in the guise of punishment on men who are obnoxious to the would-be sectarian majority.

2. Taxes are paid upon incomes which do not exist, and are reckoned at a fabulous rate ;

3. Taxes are paid twice or twice and a half for the same object.

Probable Result.—The early ruin of many congregations and their works. The lessening of the number of poor helped, children instructed and sick cared for. The extinction or embarrassment of congregations in France, echoing sadly in the missions and causing there incalculable evil both to civilization and French influence.

It is in order to have no coöperation in such dire consequences that these congregations have offered a *passive* resistance.

Do you still find them rebellious and aggressive ?

A KNOWLEDGE OF RELIGION.⁽¹⁾

A KNOWLEDGE of religion is very much needed nowadays, as always ; but it is something very rare and not, as some imagine, easy to acquire.

Definite religious knowledge, as well as belief, is surely needed when men are so ready to accept a sheer delusion, like Christian Science, for a faith, and when so few care enough about it to determine in what their Creed consists, if, indeed, they have any Creed.

For lack of this knowledge in the world, the impostor and the fanatic find men and women an easy prey to their schemes and excesses. Their assertions and writings seem plausible, and to some unanswerable, not because true or even possible, but because the hearer or reader is too ignorant of the first religious truths to detect their falsehood ; not only too ignorant but too indolent and indifferent to seek the truth. "It is strange, is it not," writes the Rev. John McLaughlin, "that many who detest inconsistency in every other department of life, rec-

oncile themselves to it so easily in the field of Divine revelation? In the Courts of Law, in the Houses of Parliament, in the ordinary transactions of everyday life, when two contradictory statements are put forward, men say at once—if one is true the other must be false. Nor are they content with merely allowing this; as a rule, they take trouble to find out which statement contains the truth, which the falsehood. And the amount of effort they make in that direction varies according to the importance they attach to the matter which is brought under their notice. Yet multitudes of people, who profess to be Christians, listen contentedly day by day to contradictory propositions about the doctrines which their Church propounds and apparently use little or no exertion to reach a safe solution of the case. In fact, they seem as little concerned about the matter as if the contradiction had merely reference to the making of a canal or the cutting down of a forest away in the wilds of Australia." (2)

Yet, in spite of their unconcern, men

(1) A Knowledge of Religion: the intention recommended to our prayers during the month of September.

(2) The Divine Plan of the Church, page 1.

are as anxious as ever to read and listen to discussions on religious topics. They follow with interest the newspapers and magazines that tell the history of religious movements; they can speak freely about agnosticism, theosophy and Christian Science. Unfortunately their curiosity and interest are not serious or deep enough to make them inquire about the true nature of God, whom they choose to deem unknowable, and rarely do they attempt to learn enough about Him or His Son Jesus Christ to be able to answer the utterances of a Blavatsky or an Eddy. Too many think it enough to repeat: "I believe all the Catholic Church believes and teaches," without making any effort to know and give reasons for all it believes and teaches. Rather than take pains to acquire this knowledge, they listen tamely to gross misrepresentations of its teaching, too indifferent to think that it matters much what one believes, or too tolerant and liberal, as they delude themselves, but in reality too cowardly and ignorant to protest against a lie.

A rare thing, indeed, it is to find even intelligent Catholics possessing a knowledge of religion. We say *even* Catholics, because we of all men have no excuse for our ignorance. Almighty God has done His share by infusing into our souls the light of divine faith by which our intellects are disposed to accept the truths He has revealed, and our reasoning powers guided in the study of these truths with benefit to our faith. His Church, the depository of His teaching, treasures every one of these truths, and imparts them with a mother's generosity and solicitude to her children. Catechists, preachers, apologists, all labor to simplify and adapt the expression of her dogmas to the peculiar need of every age and country, to the clergy and laity, educated and illiterate, the old as well as young. Without the

slightest oversight of any truth of natural religion, she keeps before us the supernatural revelation so plainly and so persistently that we cannot fail to recognize our own extreme need of it and its imperative claim on our attention. She does this with divine authority; her voice is the voice of God. She is careful never to distract our minds from the divine origin and the inexhaustible riches of the revelation entrusted to her.

"God has spoken, and chiefly by our Lord Jesus Christ," writes Bishop Hedley. "That Divine Teacher summed up all that had been taught before. But He did more than that. He left His Spirit in the world. A Revelation that in any generation should become voiceless and dumb would be of little use for the millions of men. Above all, a Revelation, which was to be so rich, so ample, so consoling—a Revelation which was not only to make God always clear, and the world to come, but was to keep God in the Flesh before men's hearts by infallible teaching, sacramental ministration and the perpetual Presence and Sacrifice—a Revelation such as this which is the Christian Revelation—must never be doubtful or obscure. Therefore was the Spirit sent and given; therefore is the testimony of the Spirit always with us in the teaching of chosen men. Thus is fulfilled the need of man and his Creator's love." (1)

The knowledge of this Revelation is the science of sciences, excelling all others in the certainty with which it draws its conclusions, because it rests on the truthfulness of God Himself; excelling others likewise in the subject-matter of which it treats, God and the things of God; excelling them in the object to which it tends, union with God in the beatific vision; excelling them, finally, in its scope and importance. "Religious truth is not

(1) Our Christian Inheritance, page 16.

only a portion but a condition of general knowledge," says Cardinal Newman (1) and the same sentiment is expressed very well by Bishop Hedley. (2)

"No literature can be complete which does not boast of great books on the greatest of all subjects; and no nation can give an adequate training to the intelligences of its best men which does not urge them and assist them to study their Creator; for, as without Him there is nothing that exists, so without Him there is nothing that is adequately comprehended. Hence, each science halts and falls short of its highest developments, unless it can lead its clients up to God. Hence moral truth is half blind, history is a maze without a plan, social economy is a painful failure, and the arts themselves grovel on the earth and give themselves over in venal degradation to the flesh and the senses, unless He Who is the end and the meaning of all created things lifts up the heart and purifies the intelligence. For wisdom, and beauty, and perfect truth, and enlightened brotherly love—these are only names of the One Almighty God. And if a man knows little, provided he knows God, it is enough. That knowledge makes up for science, art and reading; for it explains life and sets man in the right path and is the pledge of eternity; it fills his spirit with humility, draws his heart to every human soul in the unity of a common Father and a com-

mon destiny, and makes the sunshine of a world where warmth and light of other kinds too often fail."

It is needless to say that a knowledge of the catechism is not enough to say we have mastered or even begun the study of this science. It is well, but not enough, to attend advanced classes in Christian doctrine—perseverance classes they are sometimes called—as if a mighty effort were needed to attend them faithfully; nor is it enough to listen with docility to the five-minute instructions which should be given in every church at every low Mass on Sunday. Hearing is not enough; we need to apply our minds diligently; to read, to inquire, to discuss religious truths, to think them over meditatively, and to apply them in practice in our daily life. Nor will it do to study religion indirectly by way of questions in history, science, philosophy, as so many do; what is most needed is the simple and direct study of religion itself, of God, and His power in creation; of Christ and His Incarnation, Redemption, and the grace merited thereby; of the Church, and its divinely constituted Head; of the Sacraments, the Commandments, and the maxims of asceticism derived from the principles of moral theology and the holy lives of the Saints.

We have said above that this knowledge is difficult to acquire. It is so, not so much because of its inherent difficulty, but because of our own sloth and aversion to spiritual things. It is to overcome this sloth and aversion that we need to seek this knowledge by prayer as well as study.

(1) Idea of a University, Lecture III.

(2) Our Christian Inheritance, page 58.

THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS AND THE ASSOCIATIONS BILL.

INSTRUCTIONS OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF BISHOPS AND REGULARS,
SENT TO ALL THE SUPERIORS OF THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS ON THE OCCASION OF THE ASSOCIATIONS BILL

ROME, July 10, 1901.

Rev. Father Superior :

The following question has been submitted to the Holy See :

May the Congregations not yet officially recognized in France demand authorization in the terms required by Article 13 of the new law and the rule which accompanies this law ?

This question having being seriously considered in a special meeting of the Cardinals, the Holy Father decided that the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars should issue the following response :

The Holy See reproves and condemns all dispositions of the new law which injure the rights, prerogatives, and legitimate liberties of the Religious Congregations. However, to avoid very grave consequences, and to hinder in France the extinction of Congregations which do so much good to religious and civil society, it allows the unauthorized Congregations to request the authorization required ; but only on the two following conditions :

1. Let them not present their accustomed Rules and Constitutions already approved by the Holy See, but a summary of the statutes which correspond with the different points of Article 3 of the above-mentioned rule ; these statutes may, without difficulty, be previously submitted to the approbation of the Bishops.

2. In the statutes thus presented there shall be promised to the Ordinary of the place only that submission which

is conformable to the character of each Institute. Consequently, without speaking of the Congregations purely diocesan, which depend entirely on the Bishops, the Congregations approved by the Holy See and referred to in the Apostolical Constitution *Condite a Christo*, published by Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, on the 8th of December, 1900, shall promise submission to the Bishops in the terms of this same Constitution. With regard to the Regular Orders, they shall promise submission in the terms of common law. Now, according to common law, as you know very well, the Regulars depend on the Bishops as to the erection of a new house in the diocese, as to public schools, asylums, hospitals, and other establishments of this kind, as to the promotion of their subjects to Orders, the administration of the Sacraments to the faithful, preaching, exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the consecration of churches, the publication of indulgences, the erection of a confraternity or pious congregation, the publication of books ; finally, Regulars depend upon the Bishops in all that concerns the care of souls in places in which they are invested with this ministry.

Such are the instructions which the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars have to communicate to your Reverence in the present circumstances and for the purpose in view.

May God deign to assist you and crown you with His graces.

FR. I. M. CARD. GOTTI, Pref.

A. PANICI, Secretary.

THE MISSIONS OF THE NEARER EAST.

By the Rev. Denis Lynch, S.J.

IT is only when we undertake to read a fairly complete account of even a considerable part of the mission field that we begin to form an adequate idea of the titanic labors of the Catholic Church for the salvation of the heathen. After the almost complete destruction of her missions in the eighteenth century, she promptly began anew at the dawn of the nineteenth. Of her immense success as far as the French missions extend, Father Piolet, S.J., and his assistants are the historians in the magnificent volumes now appearing, "*Les Missions Catholiques Francaises au XIXe Siècle.*" The missionary hosts of France number at least 40,000. Of those about 18,500 are natives of France—4,500 priests, 3,500 brothers, and 10,500 sisters. France alone supplies from 73 to 77 per cent. of all the missionaries of the Catholic Church. She is said to have contributed \$60,000,000 for the support of Catholic missions since 1852, her contributions to the work of the Propagation of the Faith during the eighty years or so since it began being about \$44,000,000.

The conquering action of the Church is visible everywhere she has advanced her mission bands. The prejudices and hate of the unprogressive East have begun to yield to her persistent progress. To the East she appears as she is—the only church with unvarying teaching, vigorous discipline and true charity. Even contact with Protestant sects must eventually tell in her favor.

In the countries delivered from the Crescent the Church has trebled or quadrupled her children during the nineteenth century. Roumania, for instance, had only 16,000 Catholics in 1880; now it has 150,000. Bosnia and Herzegovnia have grown from 25,000 to 334,042. The archdiocese of Athens has increased from 12,000 to 18,000.

The same is true of the countries still under the Turkish sway. At Constantinople the Latin Catholics have advanced from 8,000 to 40,000; the United Bulgarians are now 28,000 in the city, whereas there were none at the beginning of the century; and the United Bulgarians of Latin rite have grown from 6,000 in 1830 to 12,000 in 1900. Catholics of other rites have nearly doubled. At Aleppo the Catholics, who numbered 800 a century ago, are now 4,400. The Melchite Catholics, from 20,000, have grown to 114,000. Those of the Armenian rite, from 80,000 to 120,000; of the Chaldean, from 25,000 to 44,000; while the Catholics of Syrian rite, who were but 2,000, are now 40,000.

I.—UNDER THE CRESCENT.

The Ottoman Empire is remarkable for diversity of race. The Turk does not assimilate, nor does a common language here unify. Religious differences receive a more pronounced shade through political or national causes. With the Mahometan "faithful," as they call themselves, the Koran is the symbol of superiority; while amongst the subjugated Christians their various religious rites are the last records of liberty and nationhood. The Moslems, for one reason or another, leave the practice of religion free; it is enough for them if the Christian be brought under tribute.

The present empire of the Sultan in Europe comprises Turkey, Thrace, Macedonia and Albania; and in Asia its sway extends over Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Kurdistan and Asia Minor, the birthplace of its power. Egypt acknowledges still an illusory vassalage. The population of those countries is about twenty-five million souls, of whom two-thirds are Moslems. The Moslems are of two classes, differ-

ing in race, language and customs—Ottomans and Arabs. South of Aleppo Turkish is only the official language.

The Syrians, like the Arabs, are Semites. Their ancient Aramean is still spoken as a dialect on the eastern slopes of the Anti-Lebanon, and remains the liturgical language of the Maronites, Syrians and Jacobites. It is not understood by the mass of the people, whose ordinary language is the Arab, which, however, they speak less correctly than their Mahometan neighbors. The Arabs of Syria, Palestine and Egypt are of a more mixed race than those of Arabia and the wild Bedouins of the desert. This is particularly true of the *fellahs*, or peasant class.

Although the Mussulmans of Turkey and Asia Minor are called Turks, the ancient Turkish race has been so modified that it scarcely exists, except, perhaps, among the Magyars. Disgraceful polygamy, the victims of which were commonly Circassian, Greek or Syrian slaves and sometimes captives of Latin, Slav or German race, has produced a new race of Turks. Formerly, too, the recruiting of the Janissaries from Christian youths, numbering, at certain periods, 25,000, taken away each year and brought up in Islamism, tended to change the ancient stock. Precocious polygamy, a sedentary life and absence of war have made the later Turk heavy in soul and body. Although he has a certain subtlety and feline craft, his Koran and its fatalism have shut him out from humanity's progressive march. The discoveries of science, the touch of a higher civilization, the light of revelation, leave him crystallized still. His love of the Koran is offset by his love of money. The Moslem functionary is dangerous to the purse of the European unbeliever. The government itself encourages the almost inconceivable venality and the unjust exactions of its officials. Nor does it prevent them from pocketing the sums destined for public

expenses. The peasant class are quite different. Honest and laborious, they toil on forever, resigned to their hard lot as well as to the injustices of those placed over them. Those peasants are the descendants of the former Christian inhabitants of the present Mahometan countries; for, in Western Asia Minor, Cilicia, Mesopotamia, Syria and Egypt, the great majority of the Christians acknowledged the religion of the conqueror. The Armenians, the Maronites and the Chaldeans remained Christian.

In the Balkan countries, in Servia, Bosnia, Albania and Macedonia, a certain number of landed proprietors submitted to Mahometanism and formed a sort of aristocracy quite hostile to Christianity.

Outside those of Christian descent, the great mass of the Mussulman population is composed of various tribes united to the Turks by religion but quite different otherwise—Circassians, Kurds, Turkomans, Druses, etc. The Kurds, in particular, numbering about a million souls and dwelling in the mountains of Armenia and in Kurdistan, although of the same stock as the Armenians, are, nevertheless, the implacable enemies of the latter. They took from their victims a tenth at least of whatever they chose. Even the wives and daughters of the unfortunate Armenian Christians were taken by the savage Kurds. The Kurds of Cilicia, Syria, and Cappadocia are milder and show a Christian origin. Their priests offer a sacrifice of bread and wine, and they practice but little the law of the Prophet.

The Druses are about 300,000, and of a religion resembling the gross rites of ancient Syria. They are generally tolerant, and send their children readily to Catholic or Protestant schools, but are quite as fierce as the Moslems when ordered to attack the Christians, as was seen in the Maronite massacres of 1860.

Whether fervent or indifferent in the

religion of the Koran, the Mussulman is almost impossible to convert. Whether it is owing to the gross sensuality allowed him in this life by his law and promised him in the life to come, or to the peculiar blending of certain great salient truths of religion, such as the existence of God and His law and a future everlasting reward, with certain austere practices of penance or abstinence, which, perhaps, satisfy to some degree a blunted conscience, the Mahometan, with his dark fatalism and unquestioning belief, is almost insensible to Christian influence. In truth, Islamism, although it seems to resemble Christianity, is the very opposite of it. Characterized by violence, savage cruelty and lust, and, enjoining these, debasing woman, destroying family life by polygamy, and thus exhausting the race, it is founded on the hatred of man, and not on the love of him, and is, without question, one of the basest and most brutal forms of religious delusion.

A direct and open effort to convert the Moslems would probably quickly lead to an outburst of fanaticism. The Ottoman government, moreover, inheriting the sway and mission of the Prophet, would resent and hinder defections from Mahometanism. Thus it is that the action of the Catholic apostolate is confined to the Christians united with the Holy See or separated from it by heresy or schism.

II.—THE EASTERN CHRISTIANS.

By number and influence the Greeks are the most important amongst the Christians of the nearer East. They are about 5,000,000 souls, of whom 2,000,000 inhabit Greece, the others being dispersed through Turkey, Egypt and Russia, where they engage in commerce and settle chiefly in the seaport towns. The Greeks are patriotic. Not unmindful of the past glories of their race, they indulge in the fond day-dream of coming into their own again when the "Sick Man" of Europe will

have departed. They are eminently practical, however, and get on the best way they can with the unutterable Turk, obtaining from him, it is said, a greater religious liberty than their forefathers had from their Christian emperors. The Sultan is satisfied with the tribute which the patriarchs and other ecclesiastical dignitaries are charged with collecting; and, in return for this, the representative of the Prophet invests them with a certain authority, partly civil and partly religious, to regulate questions of marriage, inheritance and others similar.

The Greeks are the privileged race amongst the Christian subjects of the Sultan. Their bishops ruled for centuries over other Christians of different race and language. Subtle and inventive, the Greeks became the interpreters, accountants, agents of the haughty and dignified and incapable Mussulman. The minor offices of the Turkish administration, and in Moldavia and Wallachia, the superior ones were in the hands of the indispensable Greeks. Occasionally, by way of recompense, they were strangled by their suspicious sovereign, and their slaves and their palaces went to the lord of the harem.

Pressed by the needs of the horde of functionaries—women, slaves, who throng his palace—the Sultan readily sells justice and religion for money. In 1467, the patriarchate of Constantinople was bought for an annual sum of 1,000 ducats by a worthless monk of Trebizond, aided by Islamised apostates of his nation at the court of the Sultan. The following year, the Bishop of Philippopoli, encouraged by the mother of the Sultan, offered 2,000 ducats a year, with the result that the monk Simeon was deposed and his place given to the Bishop. A Servian, named Raphael, uneducated and drunken, having offered a still larger sum, the patriarchate was given to him.

Everybody must be paid in the Ottoman Empire. A Catholic missionary

must pay for the Sultan's firman to build a church, to open a school, to establish a printing-press. To obtain the firman, a host of intermediaries must be paid also—some for interesting themselves in the matter, others for not hindering it.

The Balkan Christians, Servians, Croats, Montenegrins and Bosnians are chiefly Slavs. The Bulgarians are really Tartars; but the Moldo-Wallachians or Roumanians are of Latin race, and speak a language akin to French, Italian and Spanish. The Greek bishops, imposed upon those peoples by Constantinople, strangers in race and tongue, had little influence; and, when the sceptre of the Sultan was broken, the Balkan Christians chose their own spiritual superiors. At Bucharest, as at Belgrade, an independent synod was formed on the model of that of Russia.

Amongst the Syrian Christians, as amongst the Balkan, the higher positions were held by the Greeks through their power at the court of Constantinople. The native clergy, retained in the lowest places and without priestly training, have commonly to support their wives and children by the exercise of the humblest trades, and scarcely differ from the peasants. They visit their flocks only to obtain their tithes, while the reception of the sacraments is the occasion of disputes as to the contribution to be offered. The simple people, quite unacquainted with the Greek controversies, are said to have lived in good faith until almost the end of the eighteenth century. By that time the Greek bishops, unable themselves to follow the theological differences, succeeded in the one way in which their influence has been felt—namely, in widening the separation from Rome. They denounced the Holy See as the corrupter of the doctrine of the apostles, and made the word Latin synonymous with sacrilegious. Hence it is that Protestant missionaries have been able to gain an entrance. Their

influence is, however, mainly due to their financial resources. Schools, orphanages, hospitals are their principal means of appealing to the Christian Semite.

For some years past, the Russians, for political motives, are exerting an active and successful propaganda amongst the Syrian Christians. The patriarchate of Jerusalem is still held by a Greek. But the Patriarch Spiridion was deposed, two or three years ago, from his See of Antioch to give his place to a Syrian. His opponents, pretending he was dead, chanted a service for him in his own cathedral. Oriental Christianity has not gained in dignity by separation from the Papacy.

The Catholics of Syria, united with Rome, are represented by the Maronites and the Melchites. The Maronites, named from their apostle St. Maro, are the descendants of the ancient Christians who retained the faith amongst the mountains of Lebanon. They are pure in morals and attached to their religion. In 1860, the Turks incited the Druses to massacre them. Saved by the French, they are now almost independent under a Christian governor. They have a patriarch assisted by twelve bishops and a numerous inferior clergy, immensely superior to the Greek. The Melchites refused to separate from the Holy See when the Greek schism became complete, and obtained, at the time of the Egyptian occupation of Syria (1830-1840), a patriarch of their own. Their superiority is becoming more pronounced every day under the direction of a clergy educated by the Jesuits at Beirut, the "White Fathers" at Jerusalem, and in the seminaries of Rome and Paris.

We are unhappily acquainted with the horrible story of the Armenian massacres in 1895-'96. They have continued since then; but neither then nor since has the whole of the revolting truth been made known. A thick veil of secrecy was drawn around the

victims by the savage Moslem butchers. Enormous numbers have been slaughtered, and it has been said that scarcely one woman was saved from outrage through the whole nation. The Armenians are more clever than the Greeks, and had thus reached influential stations under the Moslem rulers. They were hated even by the other schismatical Christians, because of their ability and probably because of their contempt for others. The Armenians were not united with the so-called *orthodox* Greeks, but formed, from the fifth century, a separated Christian church, professing the Monophysite heresy. There was, at times, a momentary or partial reunion with Rome. In our own day, about 100,000 have become sincerely Catholic. These, called renegades by their fellow countrymen, were, according to the strict orders of the Turks, to be spared from massacre. Later on, however, they did not escape the general fate.

Many of the Armenian clergy studied in Germany, and returned to astonish their simple people by discrediting their ancient religious traditions. The Protestants, chiefly, were thus enabled to meet with greater success. We are told that these kept promising the protection of England to the revolting Armenians; that the Armenian secret societies had their headquarters in London and held their meetings in the American missionary schools, in which also their supplies of arms were concealed. The false promises and imprudent meddling have turned the Armenians' hopes in the direction of Russia.

The Christians of Mesopotamia are the descendants of those who, fleeing before the advance of Mahometanism, sought refuge in the mountains around the upper Euphrates. A great many of their fellow Christians remained behind and apostatised. Later on, these latter migrated and formed a Christian colony in Mosul and Bagdad. Many of them were Nestorian heretics, and

neither priests nor people were well instructed in the Christian dogmas. A principal character of their religious practices is fasting. Amongst them there is little prejudice against the Catholic faith which, therefore, has spread so rapidly in this land of old Chaldea that the Chaldean nation has in great part returned to Christian unity through the labors of the indefatigable Dominican missionaries; 100,000 Nestorians have been reconciled to the Church in Kurdistan, about 10,000 in Persia around Ourmiah, and others in the Turkish province of Van. Although the Protestants have retarded the reunion of the Nestorians with Rome, it seems, nevertheless, to grow every day more probable.

The Christians of Egypt, or Copts, number, at most, half a million. Infected with the Monophysite heresy, they rejected the authority of the patriarch of Constantinople, while that see was yet under the Pope. They dwindled away in numbers and faith, their bishops and priests being without education or authority. At present the Catholic copts, who were but a small minority of the nation, are gaining in numbers and influence.

III.—THE MISSIONS.

Francis I of France, having concluded a treaty with the Sultan in 1535, sent to the court of Constantinople the first ambassador from a Christian state. It was then proposed to establish a French religious community in that city to minister to the French Catholics there as well as to the native Christians. Not until 1583, however, was the plan accomplished, when five Jesuits, three priests and two lay-brothers, were given the ancient monastery of St. Benedict at Galata. This religious edifice had been constructed, two centuries before, by the Genoese for the monks of St. Benedict, who, after a three years' residence were

driven out when the city fell into the hands of the Turks.

The Jesuit missionaries opened a school, which was frequented by the children of the schismatic Christians, and they preached in public when an occasion offered. In the evening they visited the prison and sometimes spent the night in the spiritual care of the unfortunate captives. They aimed, also, at higher and more important things. As the result of their discussions with the leaders of the schismatic Christians, the patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria, and the metropolitans of Ephesus and Cæsarea, recognized the truth of the Catholic faith and sent letters full of respect to Pope Gregory XIII. The Armenian patriarch and the primate of Albania wished to go to Rome themselves, while the patriarch of Constantinople sent two of his priests to acknowledge, in his name, the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff. But the promising harvest was prematurely blighted. The plague broke out in Constantinople in 1586, and all the Jesuit missionaries died.

Sixtus V, himself a Franciscan, sent out the Capuchins in the following year. One of them, St. Joseph of Leonissa, went straight to the Sultan to convert him to the faith; but the Turkish guards suspended the intrepid missionary for three days by means of iron hooks passed into his flesh. He survived the torture but had to return to Italy, and was followed in 1589 by his unsuccessful companions, as many as had escaped the plague.

Another Jesuit band was sent in 1609 by Henry IV of France. They were opposed by the agents of the Venetian government, angered by the fidelity of the Society of Jesus to the Holy See in its dispute with the republic. In a Moslem outbreak in 1616 they were imprisoned, while the superior of the Franciscans was strangled and his body cast into the sea. Harassed by plague

and conflagration, the Catholic mission went on with varying fortune during the seventeenth century. Much was done in the way of education, and many schismatics were reconciled with the Church. In the eighteenth century, however, the Greeks, in the pride of their influence with the Sultan, became more hostile, and were soon imitated by the Armenians. Their hostility developed into persecution, and the ministry of the Catholic missionaries was almost confined to the convicts in the prisons who numbered at times as many as four thousand—Christians of all rites, prisoners of war or seamen taken from merchant vessels.¹ The devotedness of the religious to those chained captives was admirable and the spiritual fruit abundant. When the plague broke out amongst the prisoners, a priest remained shut up with them as long as the danger of death continued.

Through the favor of Richelieu and the energetic zeal of his confidant, the Capuchin Father, Joseph du Tremblay, the religious of this branch of the Franciscan Order had houses all through the Levant towards the middle of the seventeenth century—at Damascus, Saïda, Beirut, and Tripoli; at Cairo and in Cyprus; at Aleppo and Diarbekir, Nineveh and Babylon; at Athens, Smyrna and Constantinople. In the last-named city, the Capuchin Fathers have still a school amongst the vineyards of Pera, overlooking the Golden Horn. Here were educated very many of those who held such positions as were open to Christians under Turkish rule. In 1882, corresponding with Pope Leo's desire to re-unite the Eastern Christians with the Holy See, the Capuchins began at Pera a house for the training of a native clergy. The students have become numerous and the work is in a prosperous condition. Soon after the Capuchin Sisters came to take charge of the sick.

After the suppression of the Society of Jesus, Louis XVI of France proposed

that the Lazarist Fathers should take its missions in the East. Father Viguier went to Constantinople in 1783 and took possession of the old monastery of St. Benedict, which still remains in the hands of his successors. In their college of St. Pulcheria, the Lazarist Fathers have 300 students who, at the close of their studies, are received into the universities of France.

The Sisters of Charity came to Constantinople in 1840. In 1854 they numbered 150. Their care of the sick and poor not only preserved them from hostility and danger but still further secured them the esteem of all. They have at present twelve establishments in the city—schools, hospitals, dispensaries, asylums, orphanages. In one school of the House of Providence there are 650 children, while the poor and sick are aided by alms amounting annually to 20,000 francs. At one of the dispensaries 6,000 poor persons presented themselves in one year. At another, 2,000 persons were treated for eye diseases alone. The Ladies of Charity, under the guidance of the Sisters, have visited and assisted many thousands of poor families. An academy, attended by 400 children of wealthier families, was transferred by the Sisters of Charity to the Dames de Sion. These latter religious have now another school at Kadi-Keui with about one hundred boarders. The Little Sisters of the Poor are established at the same place since 1892.

During the Crimean war thousands of sick soldiers were cared for in Constantinople by the Sisters of Charity, who lost, in this noble work, thirty of their number. They were recompensed in some degree for their sacrifices by the veneration in which they were subsequently held and the greater knowledge and esteem of the faith gained by those outside the fold.

The Assumptionist Fathers, so well known by their labors in France and by the hostility with which the Gov-

ernment of the Republic has pursued them, having had missions in Bulgaria for twenty years, felt the need of a central mission in Constantinople. They began at Stamboul which represents the ancient city. A boys' school was opened, while the Oblate Sisters of the Assumption began another for girls. Both were soon filled. Catholics were picked up everywhere and a congregation was formed. After two years the seminary contained twenty students. In 1895 Pope Leo gave the Assumptionists parochial jurisdiction over the Latins and Greeks at Stamboul and the neighboring Kadi-Keui, with an order to establish schools of different languages according to the children who frequented them, and seminaries and churches of the Greek rite. The Greek or Slav rite was introduced into three seminaries and into the Church of St. Anastasia. In 1899 the seminarists numbered fifty-seven. There were 205 girls in the school of the Oblate Sisters, who attended to 5,000 sick persons at their dispensary, and visited 1,000 poor families during the year. There are twenty-two sisters, five priests of Latin rite, and two of Greek with nine choir brothers and two coadjutors. In Thrace, Bulgaria and Asia Minor, the Assumptionists have twenty-seven religious houses—fifteen of men and twelve of the Oblate Sisters of the Assumption. There are 115 students in their two native seminaries. Their schools contain 1,200 boys and 1,350 girls. There are, besides, about twenty missions without residences. In all their Eastern missions the Assumptionists have 195 religious men, eighty-two priests, 113 brothers, with 1,124 sisters and about forty helpers.

Across from Constantinople, just where the sea of Marmora narrows into the Bosphorus, stands the suburb of Kadi-Keui, on the ruins of old Chalcedonia. It has 32,000 inhabitants—Moslems, Christians of Eastern Rites, Protestants, Jews, nomads of every

race and tongue. The Catholics are 1,500, of Latin and Armenian Rites. Here, in half a century, have sprung up several large Catholic institutions—a Venetian college, a boarding-school of the Christian Brothers, with 343 pupils, another of the Ladies of Sion, a scholasticate of the Capuchins, a convent of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, a large seminary of the Assumptionists, and, near, a school of the Oblate Sisters. Religious vocations have blossomed, Holy Communions multiplied. There is an annual retreat for men and another for women. The regular adoration of the Blessed Sacrament has been organized, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is busy amongst the poor, and on Good Friday men carry an enormous cross through the streets in a long procession.

The Assumptionist Fathers have a review, *The Echoes of the Orient*, and have succeeded in founding a chapel in which their Greek converts assemble for worship. Nearby, at Phanaraki, the Fathers have a seminary for native priests and their own novitiate with schools. The Christian Brothers have, at present, in or near the city, five schools with 883 boys.

According to the census of 1886, the population of Constantinople was 871,562. The Mahometans numbered 384,910; the Greeks, 152,471; the Armenians, 149,590; the Jews, 44,361; Catholics, 6,442; and Protestants, 819. There are as many as twelve Catholic parishes in the city and its neighborhood, one being specially for persons attached to the French legation and others for Oriental Catholics of various rites. The several religious orders of men and women, the numerous Catholic hospitals and schools make one hesitate for a moment to believe that this is the capital city of the unutterable Turk, and the place of abode of Abdul-Hamid-Khan.

IV.—IN SYRIA.

France, in her better days—days which

she will soon see again, we trust—did not leave the Christians of the East to the mercy of the savage Turkomans. When the massacres of the Maronites of Lebanon occurred in 1860, a French army corps was sent out and occupied the mountain slopes for two years, until peace was restored and a measure of independence granted under a Christian ruler. Since then the interest of France has not ceased. French capital and engineering have made the present quays and harbor of Beirut, the railroad thence to Damascus and from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

Syria, as well as Palestine and other countries of the near East, are just now objects of peculiar interest and desire to the rival powers and would-be colonizers of Europe. But French influence is strongest still. This is owing, to a great extent, to the French missionary establishments, and in particular to their schools.

A great many nationalities and, in consequence, a great many religions, find a home in Syria. There are about a million Mussulmans who control the country and its best employments. Then come various Christian bodies with different languages and religious ceremonies; their belief, however, and their rites being, generally speaking, essentially the same, the Seven Sacraments with Holy Mass being retained by all as by ourselves. The Christian rites are the Greek, the Syrian, the Armenian, the Chaldean and the Maronite. All except the Maronites are divided by schism and heresy. There are Greek (Roman) Catholics and Greek schismatics, and so on with the others. The Maronites are the most numerous, being about 300,000. They are under a Catholic ruler and dwell chiefly in the mountains of Lebanon. The Greek Catholics or Melchites (*i. e.* *royal*, so named from the protection the Emperor Marcian afforded them against the heretics), about 100,000, are scattered especially through the towns.

The Greek Schismatics or *orthodox* as they call themselves, are about 200,000 and have amongst them many wealthy and influential families. The Syrian Catholics are six or seven thousand ; the Syrian schismatics the same. The Armenians in Syria are only a few thousands, whether Catholic or not. The Chaldean Catholics, like the schismatics, are very few.

The Mahometan East has little pity for moral or physical misery. Therefore, Catholic charity began to show itself first in the hospital and school. The school is of special importance because it enables the Syrian to profit by the natural fertility and the excellent seaports of his country.

Beirut is the centre of higher teaching. A university confided to the care of the Jesuits has a faculty of theology and medicine. From a Christian point of view the theological school, frequented by students of all the Oriental rites, is of extreme importance, for the Eastern clergy need the inspiration of the Western or European priesthood, as well from a point of view of sacred knowledge as of apostolic spirit. The University of Beirut confers all the usual degrees. Many of its students are sent to France for more perfect training. The Oriental rites are not set aside, and the university has given native bishops and patriarchs to the East. In truth, this great establishment of higher studies is but the crown of a vast work undertaken by the French religious orders, which have opened seminaries for the training of the native priests in different countries of the East, their most brilliant students being sent to Beirut.

At Antoura, about eight miles from Beirut, the French Lazarist Fathers, successors of the Jesuits in that mission, have a college with 200 students. They have also a higher school at Damascus. The Jesuits have a college at Beirut, transferred from Ghazir, and a school at Saïda.

For twenty years the Christian Brothers have been doing splendid work in Syria. They have flourishing establishments at Nazareth, Haifa, Latakia, Tripoli and Beirut. The schools contain about 1,500 children. Besides these there are Catholic schools taught by natives. In the five Jesuit mission centres there are 150 boys' schools with 8,000 pupils. The Lazarists have their native schools similarly organized.

There are five religious congregations of Sisters working in Syria, all French. The Ladies of Nazareth have a house of higher education, with about a hundred girls, at Beirut, to which is attached a free school with 400 children. Those sisters have schools also at Nazareth, Haifa, Shefa, Omar and Acre. The Sisters of Charity, besides caring for the sick, have five schools in Beirut, and two orphanages near. They have houses also at Tripoli and Damascus. The Sisters of St. Joseph have schools at Beirut, Nazareth, Saïda, Tyre and Deir-el-Komar. All the Sisters' establishments in Syria educate nearly 5,000 girls. An organization of native sisters, called Sisters of the Sacred Heart, aided greatly by the Congregations of the Sacred Heart in France, have fifty-seven schools with 3,509 pupils, in the neighborhood of Lebanon. Altogether, the primary Catholic schools of Syria teach 22,280 children, of whom 12,780 are boys.

There is a keen religious competition with Catholics in Syria and the neighboring countries. Russia, the official religious protectress of the schismatics, has 140 schools scattered over Syria and Galilee. The American and English Protestants have in their Syrian schools nearly 12,000 children.

V.—IN ARMENIA.

South of the Caucasus and the Black sea, the mission of Armenia is due to the direct personal zeal and action of Pope Leo. The Armenians are intelligent and enterprising ; they are found

everywhere, and the great Pontiff hoped that, if converted, they would become Apostles. He confided to the Jesuits of Lyons the parts of Armenia not yet evangelized by Catholic missionaries. The mission contains the two great tracts of Adana and Sivas with a part of Angora, or the ancient provinces of Pontus, Cappadocia and Cilicia, containing in all a population of 2,282,000; of these 1,134,000 are Mahometans; 500,000 native Christians; about 14,000 Protestants and 12,000 Catholics. Scattered through this population are six residences of missionaries. In one of the missions, Amassia, at the close of the first year, there were 120 children in the school. The work of education has gone on successfully, and, besides the converts, scattered Catholics have been sought out and brought to the practice of their religion.

Father Galland, O.P., writing from Van to the director of the "Ecoles d'Orient," states that the great movement towards reunion is steadily progressing in Turkish Armenia: "Not a week passes without some village or other asking to return to Catholic unity. Yesterday it was Casem Olgu, consisting of 130 houses. We have had to defer our decision till we shall have sufficient resources to organize divine service. Since our expedition with Father Defrance among the Nestorians, the latter have opened their doors wide to us. Twenty-two villages in the districts of Van, Serai, Norduz, Mahmudie and Lewin, have become Catholic together with their priests, and in most of them we are maintaining schools. This represents a population of 2,400 souls. From information just received from the district of Giver, there are also 697 Catholics there. The chief of the Gelo tribe, Malik Benjamin, is a Catholic and the Baz tribe is also asking for reunion."

An Assyrian grammar which is being issued in Paris by the eminent Dominican Assyriologist, Father V. Schiel, O.P., in conjunction with M. C. Fossey,

will probably become the standard textbook of the grammar of the Assyrian language.

VI.—AMONGST THE COPTS.

In these separated Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians the Holy Father Pope Leo, is keenly interested, and not without strong hope of seeing them return to the unity of the Catholic fold. He has sent to them a patriarch, bishops, and distinguished missionaries. The Patriarch, Mgr. Macaire, and the Coptic bishops of Hermopolis and Thebes proposed, in 1896, to build a joint seminary for the more rapid training of a native clergy, the seminary of Cairo still affording the slower and more perfect formation. The new seminary has been erected at Tahta, where the Bishop of Thebes resides. Tahta has some 17,000 souls. It is perhaps 300 miles south of Cairo, and one hour's journey from the left bank of the Nile. Father Jullien, S.J., who lately visited this place, gives interesting news of it in the *Missions Catholiques*. The Coptic Catholics form about one-twentieth of the population, and have a certain social prestige. It is said that more than half the Coptic Catholic priests are from Tahta and the neighboring villages. The seminary is going on very successfully having about forty students. The Catholics of the city deserve the esteem in which they are held. Amongst them have been and are still shining examples of virtue. Family life is admirable. Absolute obedience is paid to the father; even a married son will not be absent in the evening from the family circle. The richest of the men consider it an honor to carry the banners in processions, to read the epistle at High Mass, and hold the crucifix while the priest makes the round of the Stations of the Cross. The poor women have yet to suffer from the extreme customs of Eastern countries. When going almost fur-tively to church, they are enveloped

from head to foot in a large and shapeless mantle of black silk, the face being uncovered only just enough to see the way. In the church they are hidden away in closed galleries, behind heavy screens of lattice work. When receiving Holy Communion, they must come like cloistered nuns, through a covered passage, and present themselves at a little gate behind the altar. In social life they are secluded almost as amongst the Mussulmans; only the imperative order of a physician will bring permission to breathe a little purer air in the gardens of their houses. Even then they must go out in the evening or early morning, and accompanied by servants who see that all others are excluded. When the husband receives his friends, the wife does not appear, unless, perhaps, to offer coffee like a servant. The Coptic women know only what their mothers tell them, and what they hear in sermons at church.

Syrian Sisters have opened a school and novitiate at Tahta and have entrusted to them the daughters of the Catholic families. The good Sisters are introducing, to the joy of the people, a little more Christian liberty for the Coptic girls and women. The Christian Brothers have had a boys' school for the last ten years.

The Catholics of Tahta are much attached to devotions taught them by their first missionary, a Franciscan Father. They love especially the Stations of the Cross. With much admiration they tell of the good missionary's setting out on Mondays with his breviary and a little bread and cheese, to spend several days each week amongst the people, converting some and winning the esteem of all. Fifty years ago Father Bonaventure converted 200 men of a neighboring village and established there a model mission. To this day it remains as a proverb that if a faithful servant be needed he must be sought in this village. At the wish of Pope Leo the Franciscan Fathers gave

their convent as the residence of the new Bishop and their church to be his cathedral. They have still several missions in Upper Egypt.

The laboring class in Egypt, as our readers know, are called *fellahs*. There are about 2,000 Catholic *fellahs* around Tahta, within a radius of ten or twelve miles. They are generally very poor, often not owning the hut in which they live. Subsisting on their daily earnings, they are not by any means idle. At dawn they are on the way to the fields and almost the whole family shares in the labor. They work on all day, with an hour's rest at noon, and return home at sundown. Their life is generally one of unbroken peace and almost constant labor. The only time they remain at home is during the annual forty or sixty days of inundation of the Nile, during which time instruments of labor are repaired, the little hut improved, cords of palm fibre woven, and occasionally a little festivity indulged in, for then it is that marriages are celebrated. While very industrious the *fellahs* work with intelligence and never allow the slightest thing to go to waste. The small quantity of food taken to support life and its extreme simplicity make one marvel. Wages are so low that, with all his economy and steady labor, the *fellah's* lot is one of great poverty. It is really surprising how peacefully and contentedly the Catholic peasants toil on forever without dreaming of greater ease or enjoyment. The European missionaries and the Coptic priests see to their spiritual interests. Within the last five years, eight churches and as many schools have been built for them. Many are at a distance and have to be visited. This is a painful ministry, tried by want and fever. In remote places the Catholics gather round the missionary and remain far into the night, hearing his instructions and asking him questions.

Through the vast regions of Asia

Minor, Armenia and Northern Mesopotamia, over the dust of countless generations and the ruins of hundreds of Catholic dioceses of the early Church, extends the Armenian Catholic Patriarchate, including some twenty dioceses and reaching down to Damascus and Bagdad.

Interwoven with these are dioceses of Greek rite, of Greek-Melchite, Syriac, Syro-Chaldaic and Syro-Maronite; while over them are spread the newer web of missionary prefectures and vicariates apostolic, with archbishoprics at Smyrna and Babylon, and the patriarchal mission of Jerusalem. In this almost boundless field the Catholic religious orders, chiefly from France, have their churches, colleges, schools, hospitals, industries, painfully, yet successfully, and, withal, rapidly extending the Kingdom of God.

In Egypt the interests of the Holy

See are represented by a Latin Patriarchate at Alexandria, a Coptic Patriarchate of the same city, a Catholic Armenian, a Catholic Syrian and a Catholic Melchite diocese of Alexandria, a vicariate apostolic for the Copts, the two Coptic Catholic dioceses of Hermopolis and Thebes, a Latin vicariate apostolic of Egypt, a prefecture apostolic of upper Egypt, and prefecture apostolic of the Nile Delta.

In this second Holy Land, blessed by our Lord's own presence in the flesh, sanctified by the lives of countless monks and anchorites and fertilized by the blood of innumerable martyrs, where, for the first seven centuries of the Christian era, the Christian religion held as wide a sway as Islamism does at present, there promises to be a Second Spring through the zealous toil of the Church, the eternal Re-beginner.

EDITORIAL.

THE NEW SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

Our readers must have observed that the number of colleges and academies in our educational directory has been greater this summer than ever before. This indicates that these institutions of learning have been prospering the past year, and that their prospects for the coming year are very favorable. What is true of our higher and select Catholic schools is true also of our primary and free schools. With few, if any, exceptions, they are not only competing with other schools but surpassing them in many places, and gradually growing self-supporting, though, for the most part, maintained by voluntary offerings and tuition fees, and not always encouraged or recommended by those to whom Catholics naturally look for the promotion of religious education. After the administration of the Sacraments it is the greatest work in the Church of God, and, like all God's works, it is best done when done without human favor or resources, and, like all His work, it is found to prosper even when opposition is greatest. To all our schools, high and low, pay and free, we wish a happy scholastic year.

ROME AND THE RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS.

The letter of Cardinal Gotti, in the name of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, instructing the Superiors of Religious Congregations how to act in regard to the Associations Law, is in strict accord with the letters of His Holiness to Cardinal Richard and to the Superiors General of Religious Orders on this same subject. Against all opposition from the French government, or from whatever quarter, Rome is determined to maintain the integrity of its jurisdiction over the Religious and to safeguard their independence. This letter was not intended for publication in the newspapers any more

than the special letter addressed to the French Bishops on this same subject which has not been published. It is well, however, that the world should know how consistently and firmly the Sovereign Pontiff is determined to protect all the Religious in France, and especially those who depend directly on him. The clause in this law, which is aimed against Congregations governed by Superiors with headquarters outside of France, logically militates against the exercise of papal authority over all the French clergy, bishops and priests alike.

This clause alone proves clearly the animus of the law, not merely against the religious orders but against the Catholic Church in France. This all unbiased Frenchmen, in Church and State, see clearly enough. It is not yet so clear to those who are biased by their dependence upon the State, for the advancement they have obtained or still hope to obtain by their affiliations with the men who control the government. The Holy See is sparing no pains to arouse them to a sense of the real danger for religion in France.

WHAT WILL THE CONGREGATIONS DO?

There is a strange affectation of curiosity in some of our newspapers to know what the Religious in France mean to do. We speak of it as affectation because every man of sense knows very well what they mean to do. The French Government and press and our own newspapers know, or should know, what some of the chief religious congregations in France have been doing the past twenty-five years, and what they have done over and over again during the century just closed—existing, active and flourishing, though under the ban of unjust laws framed to suppress or to drive them out of the country. The letter of the Bishop of Montpellier tells

how, in most places, the colleges and other institutions founded and maintained until lately by religious congregations will still be conducted by men thoroughly familiar with the principles and traditions of the Religious themselves. There is room in the French colonies for many of the Religious, and, strange to say, the government which accuses them of amassing excessive wealth and indoctrinating youth with anti-republican principles, is quite willing, nay, eager, to have them help to widen the sphere of French influence, not fearing, apparently, that they may aggrandize themselves and sow the seeds of treachery in places where the government most needs to control all the resources and to command all the loyalty of the natives, and where it is naturally less capable of checking the cupidity and subduing the rebellious instincts of its subjects.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a glee" sings the poet and his philosophy is illustrated in France in a way that is almost amusing even if it had an apostolic issue. Some years ago a few of the arch-plotters in the Government met in secret session and chuckled over a new *projet de loi*. "We'll get these beggarly seminarians, you see, into the army; make them serve a term of service like all other lovers of France; rub them up against the rough-and-tumble element they will meet in the barracks, and we'll see how soon we'll rub off the varnish of their sentimental piety. They will soon begin to curse and swear like their fellows; get compromised in some ugly scrapes, perhaps, and, as they're better educated than the common, we'll push them ahead, make lieutenants of them, and then *la gloire militaire*, which sets every Frenchman crazy, will soon cause them to forget the seminary. Thus we shall cut short the supply of priests, and reach the

end rapidly when there shall be no more churches." Good! Well planned! Now for the *projet de loi* which will make them don the glorious uniform for three years! The bill was passed and visitors in France were often edified by the piety of soldiers kneeling in the churches and remaining long hours in prayer. They were the seminarians and young religious who were at it nip and tuck with the Freemason Government.

Now comes the second act of the drama—or is it a farce? It is laid in Parliament. A wild member mounts the tribune and has a *projet de loi* to repeal the first *projet de loi* with regard to the seminarians. "Take them out of the army and send them to the hospitals." Why? Because they are corrupting the army. They are actually favorites in the ranks, and are getting the men to go to confession and say their prayers. They are forming Catholic Clubs and, if they are allowed to remain, we shall not be able to trust the army.

So another bill was passed relegating all the seminarist-conscripts to the hospital. Whereupon, all Catholic France rejoices and congratulates itself meekly that the Government is becoming pious and wants to do the right thing. But, lo! Another deputy is on his feet and declares the last project to be worse than the first. "What are you doing?" he asked frenziedly, though, perhaps, he was laughing at his fellow members. "These accursed seminarians were able to do their deadly work in the barracks while the soldiers were in good health and under the impulse of vigorous passions. What will they not do when they catch these same soldiers on the sick bed and in a penitential mood. They will make saints of them." And so the government stands between the devil and the deep sea; between their bad purposes and the profound Catholic spirit of the men they tried to ruin. Meantime the seminarians are out of the ranks, but with a better chance for

apostolic work or, at least, another if not a better.

This curious incident which has made the government so absurd, is very creditable to the seminarian who comes out so well from the trial. Perhaps it will commend itself to the distinguished writer among us who wants the seminary to resemble a barracks. But possibly it may show that it is uncalled for and that, when the occasion presents itself, the well-trained seminarian in the strictest school can rise to the emergency.

POOR ITALY.

Many of us in these days are heavily clad in sack-cloth and ashes lamenting the political corruption of our beloved United States. United Italy can give us points we never dreamed of in that particular, and our biggest political sinners look almost like saints in comparison with the little boss in every village of the Peninsula, who directs his *camorra* or ring for personal and patriotic purposes.

Two Englishmen, Bolton King and Thomas Okey, tell the story in a book they have just published and called "Italy of To-day." Do not suspect them of putting on the dark colors too heavily. They are more than sanguine about what Italy is going to do when it gets out of the dreadful mess. "The standard of life has already risen," they tell us.

The reason given reads like a joke ; but they are serious: "Because the women are wearing calicoes and cheap shoes." There are other reasons, of course, but not much better. Calicoes and cheap shoes are not much of a foundation to build on for national prosperity when "the majority of the people are living on half rations; when the Sicilian dwells with his donkeys, pigs and children, in a one-roomed, windowless, floorless cottage; when close to the gates of Rome, malaria-stricken laborers from the Abruzzi, with their diet of maize and carrion-meat, are

sleeping in caves or doorless huts of straw; and when education is at such a low ebb that there is no provision in the greater part of the country for teaching boys or girls of the lower class, who are over ten years of age, so that once intellectual Italy has the sad primacy of illiteracy in western Europe."

He is a hopeful man who can discover bright prospects through such gloomy clouds. From whom and through whom are they to come? The statesman? Scarcely, if it is true that "governmental pressure and private bribery reach monstrous proportions. Prefects who will not work for ministerial candidates are dismissed or suspended; electors suspected of anti-official sentiments have been imprisoned on false charges on the eve of the poll; syndics, school teachers, railway and municipal employees and the like are terrorized by various means; policemen are stationed at the polling booth to shut out opposition voters; the registers are tampered with *par ordre du musti* to an incredible extent, as in Catania, for example, where five thousand electors out of nine thousand, with university professors and lawyers amongst them, were once removed at a single swoop." The writers go on to say that "a year ago the Prefect of Corleone sent the police to warn the peasants that unless the ministerialist candidate was returned they would all be arrested; after which free licenses were given to a Mafia gang of notorious criminals that they might terrorize the electors." New York, Philadelphia and Chicago politicians could not improve on all that. Campaign assessments are but venial offences when weighed in this balance. "Last year," we are told, "a prominent person stated that more than half the Chamber were directly or indirectly in the pay of the government; the ordinary member, being poor, expects some help in return for clean or dirty work. The treasury

winks at contracts which defraud the public ; the resources of provincial corruption are inexhaustible ; charities are manipulated for party ends and communal chests are jobbed in the interests of the local magnate."

It is against this kind of politician that the uprising is to take place.

And who or what is to do the rising? Socialism, "which stands boldly for purity in public life." "When we hear of the new level to which these worthies are to lift the country we cannot but think," says the *Spectator*, in commenting on all this, "of the gusts of brute ferocity by which they have turned the Chamber into a bear pit." And the bears are getting fiercer as they continue to feed on their dead leaders. Even Crispi, Giolotti, Zanardelli and other such are savorless for the strenuous socialists of to-day. The outrages upon justice and decency formerly committed are all too mild to satisfy the pack which is increasing to an alarming extent. There are sixty socialists in Parliament to-day where there were but five a few years ago, and the numbers will still grow, and the assaults upon law and order be more audacious and more successful. It is no longer the cleric, the monk and the nun whom they devour ; the monarchy and the army are objects of their hatred now, and the end will soon come in a general *débâcle*. United Italy is like a name invented by a scoffing demon. Each part is rending the other in a wild frenzy ; and the old consequences of apostasy from the Church are being repeated. There is but one ray of hope, one way to prevent the nation from descending into the abyss of anarchy, and it is not the monarchy of Victor Emmanuel and not the Socialist.

PROTESTANT SUPERSTITION.

When one who is not a Catholic becomes pious he is apt to grow silly and sentimental. Thus, for example, when

the Empress Frederick died it was gravely recorded, and the world took note, that a butterfly fluttered over the body and then flew out of the window. Everybody forthwith fluttered and the writer proceeded to opine that it was possibly the soul of the dead princess winging its flight to heaven. Apart from the fact that butterflies never soar high it is quite sure that the average non-Catholic reader would be shocked by any such symbolism in a book of Catholic devotion. If such a one happened, for instance, on the story of St. Benedict seeing a snow-white dove disappearing in the clouds when his sister Scholastica died it would be put down as a symptom of Catholic superstition. And yet we can imagine snow-white doves announcing the departure of the sweet soul of the secluded nun ; but it is hard to admit that nature would send a sign when the life of the great Empress Frederick ended. The world wondered what she believed. The Court preacher declared she admitted the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Christ the second of which doctrines may allow divers interpretations. Her life had little of the joy of the butterfly in it. Living almost all her days in a country which she heartily disliked and which repayed her in kind ; reigning, if she did reign, for a brief space after seeing her husband devoured by cancer—a disease which was in turn to destroy her ; powerless to graft any of her ideas on the nation ; withdrawing into solitude after the death of her husband and seeing her son reigning and ruling in contradiction to every political theory which she might have taught him, while around her coffin stood the great monarchs of the world, and around them, in turn, glittered ten thousand swords to protect them from the anarchy which threatens all their thrones. Her disappointments and defeat, which must have brought such bitterness, teach the lesson that riches and power are no guarantee for happiness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

Since our last issue the Church in the United States has sustained the loss of Bishop Moore of St. Augustine, Florida. Born in Ireland, 1834, he was consecrated Bishop in 1877. During the long duration of his episcopate, he built St. Leo's College and several churches, including his Cathedral, after its destruction by fire.

The *New World*, describing the brilliant ceremonies attending the consecration of Bishop Muldoon, Coadjutor Bishop of Chicago, remarks that the enthusiasm of the people and the presence of so many prelates and priests sufficiently testify to the esteem in which he is held.

Mgr. Garvey, of the diocese of Scranton, has been appointed, Bishop of the new diocese of Altoona.

The Summer School has been remarkably well attended, notwithstanding the attractions of the Buffalo Exposition. Strangers from the Far West were numerous. The intellectual work done by the School has been very highly praised.

The General Direction of the Priests' Eucharistic League calls the attention of its members to the fact that the dates of the St. Louis Eucharistic Congress have been changed to October 15, 16 and 17. A card of admission to the Congress will be sent, to any one applying for it, free of charge. Address the Rev. J. J. McGlynn, 1119 Goodfellow Ave., St. Louis, Mo. The Congress will be held at the St. Louis University, Grand Avenue and Lindell Boulevard, that location being more central and easier of access for all the members of the Congress.

During the last days of July the city of Detroit celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its foundation. A marked feature of the celebration was the religious services ordered by the

Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley in commemoration of the first Mass said on the site of the present city. On Friday, July 26, His Excellency, the Most Rev. Diomed Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, was the celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass and Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, the preacher of the day. On the 27th Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, was the officiating prelate and Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, preached in French. On Sunday the Rt. Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, Bishop of Sioux Falls, S. D., delivered the sermon, and His Eminence, Cardinal Martinelli, sang the Solemn Pontifical Mass.

THE PHILIPPINES.

Of the 1,000 trained teachers required for the schools in the Islands, the Government notified several Catholic educational establishments and Catholic dignitaries that it desired 400 Catholic teachers and twenty Catholic aspirants for the post of superintendent of school districts. All teachers are forbidden under pain of dismissal to interfere in questions of religion, either in the way of teaching or criticism. Priests, ministers, or other duly appointed religious teachers, are allowed to teach their faith for one-half hour, three times a week, in the public-school buildings to the children of the schools whose parents desire it.

The Jesuit Observatory at Manila has been made the central station of the Weather Bureau of the Philippines, at the head of which are five Jesuits under the Directorship of Father Algué, his First Assistant being Father John Doyle. At this central station three "first-class observers," demanded by the law, receive annual salaries of \$900 each, three calculators, \$720 each; a first-class draughtsman, \$720; two assistant observers and an assistant librarian, \$600 each: and so on through a

long staff. Moreover, at the central station, the Government pays \$375 a month rent for Jesuit scientific instruments, rooms and towers, printing and lithographic presses, etc. Besides the central station, there are to be nine other first-class stations, twenty-five second-class, seventeen third-class, and twenty rain stations. At the central station, hourly meteorological observations must be made, and a continuous record kept. Weather forecasts and storm-warnings must be sent out as heretofore.

Father J. Clos, S.J., lately in America, has been appointed rector of the *Ateneo de Manila*. The *Ateneo* and the Normal College are independent Jesuit educational institutions, without aid from Government.

ROME.

A few days before Pope Leo sent his Letter to the Superiors of the Religious Orders in France, he forwarded to the French Government a diplomatic note much more strongly worded in condemnation of its action. On August 4 His Holiness signed the decree of heroicity of virtue of Ven. Father de la Colombière. Father Buffet, the Postulator, hopes to have the required proof of miracles soon ready, and expects the beatification for next year. On the occasion of a recent Papal jubilee a Christian Labor League of *both men and employers* against socialism was inaugurated in Rome.

SPAIN.

At Saragossa, on the 17th of July, a Jubilee procession, in which were many distinguished and some noble persons, and at the head of which walked the Carlist General Cavero, was fiercely attacked by a large mob of rioters. To the cries of "Down with Jesus!" and others similar, the old Carlist veteran answered, "Long Live Liberty!" A hail of stones rained upon the processionists, amongst whom even the women stood their ground, as

the Spanish papers put it, "like Christian heroines at their post of honor." When at length refuge was sought in the church of St. Philip, an attempt was made to burn down the doors, after petroleum had been poured upon them. About fifty persons were injured, and the office of a Catholic paper, *El Noticiero*, was wrecked. It is stated that the authorities did little to defend those in procession; and that the governor, after having been applauded by the mass of rioters, even embraced their leader.

Inflammatory speeches denouncing the Religious Orders have been delivered in various parts of Spain to crowds who shouted for a Spanish republic. The choice of Señor Alfonso Gonzalez as Minister of the Interior is not considered a propitious omen of Premier Sagasta's future policy in matters educational and religious.

FRANCE.

The Pope, in his letter to the Religious Orders, declares that the reason of the persecution of them is hatred of the Church, with the object of driving from society the restorative action of Christ; the Religious Orders being "an elite body," "the special representatives of the spirit and mortification of Christ." The Vicar of Christ, who has never used violent measures, is not going to sacrifice the Catholics of France as the secret society legislators seemed to hope and desire: he is too wise for them. Most of the Religious Congregations will ask for authorization, and will employ every legal means of defence. There is some doubt as to whether the Religious in Savoy need further authorization, as they were recognized when Savoy was incorporated with France. According to the *Daily Chronicle*, a leading Jesuit said to its Paris correspondent: "You will find that the Jesuits in France will neither decrease nor depart. We were decreed off the face of the earth by Jules Ferry,

and since then our novices have doubled." The Colleges in which the Jesuits teach are not owned by them ; and many if not all those colleges will be opened as usual, "in the best conditions," as Mgr. Cabrières, Bishop of Montpellier, expresses it, referring to his own College of the Sacred Heart. The Jesuits, who, he said, "created the success and the property of this college as of those of Paris, Bordeaux, Sarlat, Toulouse, and elsewhere, must leave, but they will have successors animated with their spirit, familiarized with their traditions, and long since prepared for the labor of education." The legal director of the College is the Bishop himself. It seems likely that the immense foreign missions of the French Jesuits, occupying one-third of China, all Syria, and nearly all British-India, will remain as they have been, under the protection of the French government.

Cardinal Perraud has been authorized by Pope Leo to resign his superiority of the Oratorians : it would not be fitting that a Prince of the Church should ask for authorization. He remains, however, a member of the order, and even its honorary head. The Oratorians will demand authorization.

It is easy to see the dilemma in which the Religious are about to place the Government. If authorization be granted, the Bill fails of its object ; if refused, there is not even a shadow to hide the legislator's duplicity.

The General Society of Education, founded thirty years ago for the defence of Christian education, protests against the Bill. "No nation," it affirms, "can live without religion. In France, it is Catholic. Amongst the most prominent and best teachers are the Religious Orders." Towards the end of the session of Parliament, "an enormous number" of petitions, says the *Univers*, were forwarded, demanding the abrogation of the law.

A very great number of people in France, the sanely patriotic and better

class, see the interest of the State in religion, but they cannot control the masses. Economic interests are just now uppermost in people's minds, and not the Associations Bill. The Government is playing with its socialist measures. And meanwhile, says the correspondent of the *New York Sun*, (August 4), "The 'Higher Finance' will take in the profit of the operation ; socialism will provide the troops ; the lodges will train the staff of plunder, and the Government will act as coachman."

By way of contrast and consolation the Religious Orders continue to win public honor in France. The President of the Paris Geographical Society said that the zoological discoveries of the Lazarist missionary, Father David, which threw light on the little known western provinces of China, surpassed, in the opinion of an eminent savant, what could be expected from one man : "He died as he had lived, careless of fame . . . having no ambition but to do good, and advance knowledge." The Legerot gold medal of the Society was awarded to Father Chevalier, S.J., who developed the Zi-ka-wei Observatory, near Shanghai ; and whose atlas and studies of typhoons in the Chinese seas are famous in the scientific world.

With a rare consistency, the former deputy of Carmaux, the fire-eating radical M. Jaurès, allows his little daughter to make her First Communion and be confirmed by the Archbishop of Paris. Perhaps something similar may be allowed by the Minister of War, General André, who forbids the free soldiers of France to assist at any religious service, and is credited by the correspondent of the *Tablet* with the explanation, that "it is necessary to dechristianize the army." What a splendid method of increasing the patriotism of the nation's defenders !

ITALY.

The internal condition of Italy could not be better described than in the

words of the English *Tablet*. "The alienation of the permanent party of order from all active part in public life, owing to the attitude of armed hostility adopted by the State towards the national religion, is slowly but surely working out the dissolution of society. The Nemesis of perpetual unrest dogs the footsteps of revolution." Rebels and regicides beget their like. The actual danger is in the Parliament itself: the national spirit is falsified, and the country is a prey to set after set of political adventurers. The Monarchy subsists by favor of republicanism, and with the at least tacit understanding that a large liberty is to be allowed to the proclamation of anti-monarchical and anti-social tenets. The *Times* Roman correspondent remarks, that, if "the wholesale corruption and extravagance, 'democratic finance,' and rampant protectionism of late years be renewed, it would sign the death warrant of Italy, not only as a political power, but as an organized State."

At the present moment the Ministry is yielding to the extremists, who seem to threaten persecution, and unite for the passing of a divorce law.

There has been a late and peculiarly sad instance of secret society tyranny presiding even at the bed of death. Prof. Mezzabotta, a publicist and writer of novels which contributed little to foster faith and good morals, had changed his ways and regretted the evil of them. He feared, however, to openly break with Masonry: he was "alone and weak," he said; and dared not. When he came to die no priest was allowed to enter his room: a double guard of his secret society friends stood at the door. He died repeating the *Ave Maria*.

BELGIUM.

The Socialists in the national parliament have cried out during the public sessions, "Long live the republic!" "Down with the pasteboard King!"

The Catholic members are more loyal. Since the 1st of July, the Sisters have returned to the Hospice of Ledeberg, an important faubourg (of 12,060 pop.) of Ghent. The Catholics are a minority in the Communal Council; and it was M. Stevens, the leader of the anti-clericals, who called them back. The reasons are, that thus there will be an annual saving of 20,000 francs, and that "the incalculable losses of a bad and disorganised service" will cease. The Hospice is not paid for yet, and some 50,000 francs must be spent on repairs. The Council hopes that "those modest and devoted women will save the Commune from complete ruin."

The tenth anniversary of the publication of the Papal Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum* was celebrated with High Mass for the workingmen in the cities, and with imposing demonstrations of the wage-earners.

Great numbers have visited Lourdes during the summer months. After France, Belgium sent the largest number of pilgrims.

IRELAND.

In the Honours and Exhibitions following the Royal University's examinations the Catholic Colleges share largely. The Catholic University College, Dublin, has 49; and Loreto College has 14, taking also the Stewart Scholarship in Modern Languages. The Queen's College, Belfast, received 37; the Queen's College, Galway, 16; and the Queen's College, Cork, nothing.

Archbishop Walsh, referring to his resignation from the Board of Education, describes the Education Office as being in hopeless confusion: the officials seem to do pretty much as they please. Yet the Commissioners of Education in Ireland dispose of the enormous annual grant of 1,400,000 pounds. Mr. Redmond, M.P., affirms that the Board is as "irresponsible and antinational" as it is inefficient; while Mr. T. W. Russel, M.P., remarks reasonably enough that

Catholics, being the majority, have quite as good a right to control and direct their educational system as the English have.

The Jubilee processions have been so imposing that Archbishop Walsh has issued a pastoral congratulating the people for having given this triumphant proof of the bond between the national spirit and the Catholic faith. The Bishop of Raphoe, speaking at the consecration of Dr. O'Neil, as Bishop of Dromore, said that the wonderful spreading of Catholicity in English-speaking countries was "not the work of English speech, but of Irish faith." "America, Australia, India, Africa, bear witness."

In political circles, the compulsory sale of land has become the prominent issue, in order to stem the tide of emigration, which has reduced the country's population by one-half in the memory of living men.

ENGLAND.

There has been "an extraordinary example of infatuated prejudice" in the Protestant *Ladies' League*, with its titled president and titled members. They gave a peculiarly malicious version of the *Jesuit Oath*, and piously suppressed the refutation of Father Thurston. In consequence, a libel suit against the Ladies has been begun. All this apropos of the King's Coronation Oath and the Declaration affixed thereunto. Freedom and the British Constitution are in danger, according to the fanatics of St. James' Hall. A revised line of the National Anthem, "Frustrate their Popish tricks," is in great favor in not a few places. There was a two hours' discussion in the House of Lords on the Committee's Report. It came out that the Committee had not even an elementary knowledge of the doctrines involved in the Declaration. Lord Salisbury and others are said to have heard with astonishment from Lord Llandaff that we do not adore the

Blessed Virgin. Lord Grey said, that though no one was more opposed to Catholic doctrines than he, he would prefer to have the Declaration remain "an archaic and meaningless form," than have it amended in such a way as to be a deliberate re-affirmation of an anti-Catholic spirit foreign to religious liberty in England. Curious logic that cannot define a Protestant succession without denouncing the central doctrines of 12,000,000 of Catholic citizens! The Catholic hierarchy sent a memorandum to the Committee, requesting that "the national folly of stigmatizing the Catholic religion be avoided in a nation filled with religious differences." Curious logic again that the title, "Defender of the Faith"—the Catholic faith in Transubstantiation and the Blessed Virgin, etc., as the title meant when conferred by the Pope, should be allowed to remain, notwithstanding the proposal of the Catholic Irish members of Parliament to have it taken away! Some one suggested that there should be an amendment added, declaring that Mahomet was not a prophet, nor Shiva a goddess, nor Buddha worthy of adoration. Lord Halifax said that the royal Declaration came with a "tainted history," as having deprived Catholics of their liberty for one hundred and fifty years, and recalling other absurd and tragic associations. Although read a third time, the Bill dealing with the Coronation Oath is likely to become a dead letter.

Cardinal Vaughan and his brother Bishops have re-affirmed in a set of public resolutions as a doctrine of the Catholic Church, that Catholic children, "whether of the humbler or richer classes" ought not to be educated in non-Catholic schools. They adhere to the resolution of the Protestant Bishops that all cost of elementary education ought to be defrayed from the public purse.

The Protestant Church Association, which protested against the advance-

ment of Highchurchmen to places of dignity, have complained to Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour that Ritualists are preferred just as much as heretofore, namely to an alarming extent.

St. Edmund, King and Martyr, has had, as befitted him, a triumphal procession returning to his native land. After having rested long at Bury St. Edmunds, where a stately abbey rose over his remains, the sacred body was carried to France in the days of King John. Now it has been restored at the instance of the Pope, and the Sebastian of England will rest in the new cathedral of Westminster. This brave King of East Anglia was slain by the Danes on November 20, A. D., 870, at Hoxne or Heglesdune. Nothing can be conceived more revolting than "the disgusting blood-imbued barbarism" and lust of the Norsemen; nor did they belie their character as they advanced against St. Edmund. Their leader seized the venerable abbot of Croyland by his white locks just as he finished Mass and struck off his head at the foot of the altar. All the inmates of the monastery were similarly slain and their bodies burned with the monastery. Like scenes of carnage and indescribable deeds of lust everywhere marked the invaders' road. When resistance was no longer of any use, the saintly king, who had repeatedly defeated the Danes before, gave himself up to the most savage insults and torture. He was torn with scourges and pierced with arrows till they remained imbedded in his body "like thorns on the thistle." Finally he was beheaded.

GERMANY.

In connection with the reform of the secondary schools in the Kingdom of Prussia, which has been in process for some years, the Minister of Public Instruction has lately promulgated a series of ordinances some of which will be of interest to the readers of the Catholic Chronicle. By secondary schools in Prus-

sia are understood those institutions that open the way to the University—namely, the Gymnasium, the Real-Gymnasium and the Oberrealschule. Most of them are denominational schools; in all of them, whether denominational or mixed, religious instruction is obligatory. The following are the ordinances:

1. *Catholic Religious Instruction.*—The special object of Catholic religious instruction as a regular branch of study is to make the Catholic youth acquainted with the doctrines and laws, the interior and exterior life and action of the Catholic Church; to strengthen in their minds the conviction of the truth and divine origin of Christianity and of the Catholic Church; and to lead them on to preserve faithfully, to foster diligently and to confess unswervingly this their conviction by a life in and with Christ and His Church. The teaching must keep pace with the gradual mental development of the student as he passes from class to class. Religious instruction must be built upon the firm foundation of a *certain* religious profession of faith, supernatural conviction, and loyalty to the Church. Then and then only can the hope be entertained that religious instruction will attain with full and permanent success its other end and object—neither the last nor the least—namely, the religious *education* and the moral elevation of the student. Upon obedience to the Church as the divinely accredited guardian and interpreter of God's ordinances rests, according to Catholic teaching, a truly moral life, and herein also is found a special safeguard against the false and subversive tendencies of the times. These ordinances, it is to be noted, were promulgated by the joint authority of Church and State.

2. *Directions for the Professors of the Higher Classes of Secondary Schools.*—If the higher school is to fulfil its mission as an institution of *education*, it must maintain exterior discipline and order, foster obedience, application,

truthfulness and pure-mindedness ; and draw from all subjects, but especially from the ethical subjects of instruction, fertilizing germs for the formation of character and noble ambition. While thus the youthful mind is filled with elevating moral ideas and its interest in these ideas is permanently stimulated, the will also receives a definite impulse towards the same goal. The task hereby imposed upon the professor is as difficult as it is meritorious and the attempt to accomplish it must never be abandoned. It goes without saying that in its pursuit a loving study of the student's character is required. The primary condition for even an imperfect solution of the problem—in view of our modern conditions and the oftentimes overcrowded classes—is a serious and conscientious preparation on the part of the professor for his vocation, not only as an instructor but also as an *educator*. Besides the training, which the future teacher receives in the methods of instruction, he must by self-exertion make himself more and more capable for his task, not only by using all the helps and suggestions offered him at the University and during his "trial-year" but also by personal observation and experience. And he must never, for a moment, forget that his example, before everything else, is of decided influence for success. A further condition is that the whole professorial body strive with one accord for the same end and thus imprint upon the spirit of the school a definite direction. The attainment of this end depends in great part on the strengthening of the influence and action of the *class teacher*, as distinct from the *branch teacher*, especially in the lower and middle classes of the school. The splitting-up of the teaching in these classes among too many teachers as well as the frequent changes of teachers, are an obstacle to any enduring educational influence. To put a stop as far as possible to these evils, the provincial

school authorities are strictly bound to see to it, when the annual programmes for the schools under their direction are submitted to them for approval, that a professor proposed as a class teacher be suitable for the position and that he teach in his class as many subjects as possible, so far as his scholastic attainments and practical teaching experience allow of it. It is the special duty of the class teacher to establish relations and keep up intercourse with the families of his pupils and assist parents, by word and deed. The connection of a pupil with a certain religious denomination imposes upon the school the obligation, not only to remove everything that may interfere with the free exercise of the pupil's religious duties but also, so far as school discipline will permit, positively to further such exercise. The professorial bodies will gladly lend their aid to the attainment of this object.

3. *Principles for the guidance of the Professor of History.*—The object of the teaching of History in the lower classes is to bring home to the pupil's heart and imagination the heroic figures of the past, whether ancient or modern. These heroic characters, and those that are furnished by Bible History, are to fill his thoughts ; and thus the first foundation is laid for the historical spirit and historical views. In the following classes, besides the picturing of the exterior events, a beginning must be made towards explaining their interior circumstances. And here the connection of facts, as cause and effect, the action of Providence, the interpretation of the present by the past, must be brought to the understanding of the student. Special attention is to be paid to social questions in history, to the justice of many social demands and to the disastrous attempts at solving social problems by the subversion of the existing social order. Such serious historical consideration will arm the pupils against the destructive teaching of modern agitators, etc.



THE READER

Faith and Folly. By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. Benziger Bros., New York. \$1.60.

This book is in reality a series of discourses delivered on various occasions and now bound in one volume. The themes range over the entire field of the religious, intellectual and social problems of the day. The opening essay, whose title is that of the book, discusses, with unusual brilliancy of language, the necessity of faith, and shows what folly it is for the human mind which makes such a mess of the mysteries of the material world, to hope to fathom spiritual and supernatural abysses all unaided. The style of the writer is more subdued as he proceeds ; but that is due to the changed nature of the subjects. It is hard to be poetical when discussing the income tax, the labor question, the productivity of land, etc. ; but even there grace and felicity of expression never fail the writer. The refutation of the argument of the infinite series, which is a favorite device of disbelievers to account for the world, is novel (at least one-half of it) and not a little diverting. It is this. Suppose you start from the point of time or development where we now are and go backwards through the reaches of the ever-receding line—can you ever arrive at the beginning of your infinite series? Never! For, according to your own admission it is infinitely removed. Now reverse the process, and, by a stretch of imagination, if it is strong enough to stand the strain, begin your journey from the other end. Can you ever reach the point where the world now is? Never! For the distance is the same both ways—namely, infinite. Hence, if your sup-

position of the infinite series is true the world could never have attained to its present condition. Almost comical, but true.

This process of reasoning disturbs the gentle soul of the London *Spectator* and "reminds it of certain old logical puzzles." Indeed! Why is it not rather reminded of certain old psychological puzzles, as, for instance, the tricks which men, who claim to be profound, sincere and candid thinkers, often resort to when cornered; pouting like children and calling pretty, reproachful names: "Now, really, Mgr. Vaughan, you are not serious!" etc.

The same little maidenish trick of dropping the eyes and looking askance is in evidence again later on, when the *Spectator* addresses itself to the chapter on *Faith and Reason*. "We see there," it says, "nine reasons for faith in Christ, mostly valid and unexceptionable. But surely the History of the Papacy from Peter to Leo XIII (which is the ninth reason) is of doubtful force. Does Mgr. Vaughan remember Pope Sergius III, the three Johns (X, XI, XII), Theodora and her daughters, and Benedict IX whose second rule was only twenty-six years before Hildebrand?"

Yes, Mgr. Vaughan probably does remember, better, perhaps, than the *Spectator*, that there were popes who were not all that they should have been; but he is aware also that those ugly historical blots in no ways discredit his argument but rather enforce it, viz. : that the line of popes, which extends unbrokenly from Peter to Leo, in spite of the great and the little enemies of the Church, in spite of the persecutors, heretics and immoral men, papal or otherwise, is proof enough that the

Papacy is more than a mere human institution. Even the unfair Macaulay who wastes so much gorgeous rhetoric upon the "tigers leaping in the Flavian amphitheatre" and the rest, is candid enough to say that there is no other human institution like it, though he is not candid enough to accept the manifest conclusion, viz.: that therefore it is more than human.

But to come to the matter in hand: Why does the *Spectator* still hug these hideously old historical superstitions to its heart about Sergius and the Johns? It ought to know that modern historical research has absolutely cleared the characters of all but one of those popes, and that every one of the accusations against them—Cardinal Baronius, St. Antoninus and others to the contrary, notwithstanding—are gross calumnies, invented merely for political purposes by Luitprandus, the secretary of the German Emperor Otho. That prince wanted the imperial crown. These popes opposed him, and infamous vilification by the emperor's paid servant was the consequence.

The *Spectator* should read some new books and not cling to the discredited calumnies of the past. It is an admitted fact among all reputable historians of to-day that not only is there absolutely no reproach that can be brought against Sergius III, John X and John XI, but that even John XII is most likely a victim of the same political slander. Both Jungman and Balan, whom probably the *Spectator* never heard of but who are great historians nevertheless, regard the charges against him as at least open to suspicion. Balan does not hesitate to say that "the mock Council that formulated the charges against John XII prove rather the wickedness of the Council than the guilt of the Pope." "I do not claim," he admits, "that he was blameless and pious; but I cannot judge him guilty with the disloyal and unreliable records that remain of those days."

As for Benedict XI, we grant that he was unworthy of his high office; but, if it had not been for the Emperor Conrad, whom very likely the *Spectator* admires, he would probably never have been appointed, especially for that "second period, which was only twenty-six years before Hildebrand." The import of this latter sneer it is impossible to guess at, or how even Hildebrand could correct what happened twenty-six years *before* his time.

Finally, why not be more considerate to a weary world and give it a rest about St. Bartholomew? The Church had very little to do with that very irreligious and hardened old creature of a de Medicis who was the Lady Macbeth of the tragedy and who would have slaughtered Catholics with as little compunction as Huguenots if it served her purpose. Even if she did trick Rome into singing a *Te Deum* and striking a medal, by means of a doctored report of the event, we at least should not object to it who are so used to unreliable war despatches of certain other slaughters that are occurring. Intelligent papers ought to know that infallibility regards other spheres than that of diplomatic communications. But the St. Bartholomew is always a handy spell for anti-Catholic incantations. The weird sisters would take it "for a charm of powerful trouble."

* * *

Joan of Arc. By L. Petit de Julleville. Benziger Bros. \$1.00.

Frenchmen of course concern themselves much about the Maid. But does not this book anticipate the Church somewhat by giving her even a publisher's canonization? De Julleville does not declare her a saint categorically; but his book is one of the Joly series entitled "Psychologie des Saints," and on his cover is the customary inscription in gold: "The Saints" with the fleur-de-lys underneath. The emblem predisposes the republicans against her sainthood, even if it were palliated by

her love for France. However, republican patriotism in that country is under suspicion at present. The story is simply and rapidly told and makes a pleasant afternoon's reading. The translator's work is well done.

On the question that most vexes Frenchmen, viz.: did the maid's mission end with the deliverance of Rheims or did it extend to the complete expulsion of the English from France, Jullerville is not very pronounced; but he implies that it stopped with the king's coronation; the rest he attributes largely to the popular enthusiasm by which Joan was more or less misled. There are weighty authorities, however, on the other side who are not at all disconcerted by Joan's failure and do not see that it discredits her sanctity. A recent perfervid contributor to the great theme thinks it does, and accuses the learned men who take the opposite view of being emissaries, minions and what-not of the Freethinkers. This worthy gentleman is named Choussy, and the best part of his book, or the biggest, appears to be the preface and is thus like modern cities whose best part is the suburbs, *i. e.*, something outside the limits. It is not a serious work and is written in a style for which his Reviewer hopes God will forgive him. The poor fellow was simple enough to ask the editor of the *Etudes* to review it *in the manner that his conscience would dictate*. Whether it was a reflection on the fashion in which reviews are usually made we do not know; but the consequences were disastrous for Choussy. Out of this literary squabble, however,

comes the interesting, if little fact that the maid's name was not D'Arc, but plain Darc, as became a simple peasant. She was not an aristocrat even if she did lead armies and crown the king. Of course Catholic Frenchmen want to canonize her; but we doubt if good Choussy's wish will ever be realized, viz.: that there will be 36,000 altars in her honor, one in each parish and a statue in each commune. Even sanctity could not palliate so much plastic and pious patriotism.

* * *

The Bible and Rationalism. By Rev. John Thein. B. Herder, St. Louis.

The subject in which the world, Christian and non-Christian alike, is deeply interested to-day, viz.: The difficulties in the Bible, is discussed by the distinguished Father Thein, in four large octavo volumes, which are just recently from the press. The general title of the work is "The Bible and Rationalism." The first volume gives us the answers to the difficulties in the Books of Moses; the second to those of the Historical, Sapiential and Prophetical books of the Old Testament; the third to those of the New Testament; while the fourth takes up the questions of Mosaic Cosmogony, Anthropology and Biblical Chronology. One can see from the vastness of the scope, the value of the work and the depth of knowledge it implies.

We reserve for a future occasion a study of these erudite treatises, offering meantime our congratulations to the learned and laborious author.

“The condition of things at present proclaims, and proclaims vehemently, that there is need for the union of brave minds with all the resources they can command. The harvest of misery is before our eyes, and the dreadful projects of the most disastrous national upheavals are threatening us from the growing power of the socialistic movement. They have insidiously worked their way into the very heart of the State, and in the darkness of their secret gatherings, and in the open light of day, in their writings and in their harangues, they are urging the masses onward to sedition ; they fling aside religious discipline, they scorn duties and clamor only for rights ; they are working incessantly on the multitudes of the needy which daily grow greater, and which, because of their poverty, are easily deluded and hurried off into ways that are evil. It is equally the concern of the State and of Religion, and all good men should deem it a sacred duty to preserve and guard both in the honor which is their due.”

—*Leo XIII, in his Encyclical on True Christian Democracy.*



CHRIST, FRIEND OF THE POOR.
(Lhermitte.)

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FAMOUS SPANISH GATEWAYS.

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

THE precarious conditions of mediæval times made residence in remote districts a dangerous experiment, and the method of gathering together within castle walls, and, later on, within city walls, soon became a prevailing fashion, mothered by necessity. The city walls begat the city gates, and to-day nearly all mediæval towns show at least traces of,

"Old bastions built upon the solid tufa,
Vast gaping gateways, black in shadow."

The city gates were the important places of defence in siege or battle, and they could "many a tale unfold" of "wars and rumors of wars," of,

"Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarfs and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume."

Love and adventure strode hand in hand beneath the old city gates, as some doughty knight adventured forth to puissant deeds for his inamorata ; or romance held sway as the grim old warder there espied one who,

"Lights and rings the gateway bell,
A happy lover who has come
To look on her who loves him well."

Often there was hint of danger in the dewy air, as, with sudden rush strategy endeavored to take the portal and baffled foes fell back from the frowning old gateway.

Again, a saddened train of riders would wend its way back from the battlefield, bearing the gaunt form of a knight whose steed, with drooping head, walked solemnly beside the bier of his master, through the gate to the home where mourning must endure for one to whom,

"The battle's glory brought but Death's dark pall."

In Spain many and varied were the dynasties, from Cæsar to Bourbon ; diverse peoples ruled and the old Spanish gateways saw change after change, race after race, in the fair Iberian peninsula.

Nearly every city can boast a famous gate and very quaint and interesting are these relics of the past. In many places, where the gate itself has long since crumbled into dust, it has left its name to some square or park, where once stood the portal. In Madrid the principal streets radiate from a plaza where once stood the "Puerta de Sol" (Gate of the Sun) and the square still bears the name of the old gate.

In other of the Spanish cities the gates are still preserved as monuments

Famous Spanish Gateways.



THE NEW GATE OF VISAGRA, TOLEDO.

to the curious customs of mediævalism, and mementoes of the heroes who guarded the city's portals with their lives. Very interesting are these Spanish cities.

Imperial Toledo,

" Built and walled among,
The wars of Wamba's time,"

beloved city of the Goths, the Toledoth of the Israelite, once the pride and glory of all Spain, beloved of Carlos *Quintos*, his court and favorite residence bears to-day but a tithe of its former greatness, though still proudly grand, aloft upon its rocky hillside, like some king eagle, perched within his eyry. There is within the historic streets and quaint corners,

" A sense of undefined regret,
Irreparable loss, uncertain what,"

yet there is much to remind one of the glorious past. Every stone and arch conceals some story of the days of yore; in every archway lurks some tale of love or warfare in those historic days, when Hercules chose Toledo for his throne, or St. Eugenius (the friend of St. Denis) introduced Christianity, or

Count Julian, for a private wrong, brought all Spain to war and grief.

Dating from the days of Roman rule, Toledo's walls are now picturesque ruins, overgrown with moss and ivy. Her bridges are quaintly interesting, and her city gates are beautiful as any in Spain.

On three sides the mediæval city is guarded by Nature from the onslaught of foes. It is built upon a high rock almost perpendicular save where the Vega slopes towards the Tagus, the turgid river which lazily winds its way through the now treeless plain, where once blossomed the mulberry and the palm. Military defence supplied the want felt by the fourth side of the town and Alfonso VI, in 1102, enclosed the space with a wall, opening on the Vega with the Gate of Visagra. This gate was architecturally beautiful, but not so much so as the Puerta Lobada, once the Puerta Visagra. This is purely Moorish in style, built in the ninth century, and still intact just as it was in 837, when the valiant Hixem's gory-head was displayed upon its buttresses. Its horseshoe arch, springing from heavy pillars, leads to two narrower arches, and the second archway opens into a passage, narrow, dark and winding.

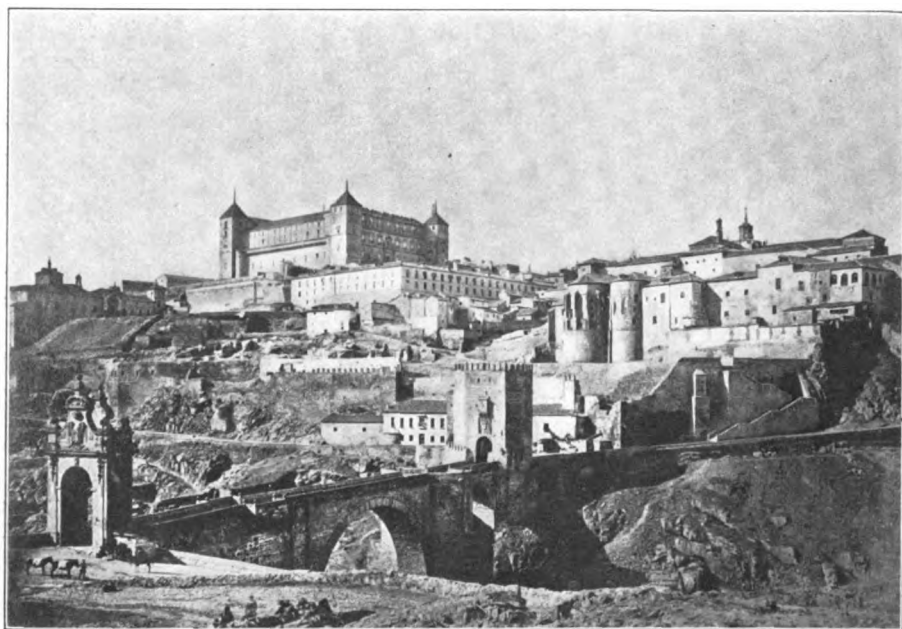
This old gate should not be confounded with the new gate of Visagra, which was built by Philip II, in 1575. The last named has two cuboid towers forming a large arch, over which are displayed the arms and eagle of Charles V, and a fine statue of St. Michael, by Berruguete.

Of all Toledo's gates none is more famous than the Puerta del Sol (Gate of the Sun). It was built long, long ago, yet to-day it is perfectly preserved, and one may study there a quaint mixture of Gothic and Moorish architecture. There are two arches, one above the other, the lower one a horseshoe which forms the entrance. One of the two flanking turrets is round, the other

square. This last forms a part of the city walls, and the arch is built at right angles to the wall, a sensible way of making the gate defensible from the side as well as from overhead. Over the second arch is a bas-relief of the Blessed Virgin, with various saints, and within the passage there is a rude structure of an Alguazil *Alcaide*. He is represented with his head borne in a dish, Ferdinand III having punished him in this pleasing manner, for some frightful crime which the mayor had

said, that "he was of very lofty mind, as great in war as he was in peace, and whose soul breathed none but noble thoughts."

Through the old archway St. Eusebius brought the far-famed Virgin of the Sagrario, a curious effigy of wood, darkened by time, and one of the oldest and most revered statues in Spain. In 1085, Alfonso VI made his triumphal entry into Toledo through the gate of the Sun, and the lichen grown stones saw the wedding procession of "Doña



BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA, AT ENTRANCE TO TOLEDO.

committed. Nothing could be more picturesquely beautiful than the warm orange hues of this striking gate, as its serrated and battlemented towers gleam in the brilliant sunlight and stand out in bold relief against the rich *lapis-lazuli* of the cloudless sky.

How many great men have ridden through the Gate of the Sun? There was Don Alvaro de Luno, whose recumbent effigy in the cathedral chapel lies in full armor, calm and peaceful the face as though rude storms had not passed o'er it. Of him Pope Pius II

Catalina del Alencastre," wedded to Henrique III. She was the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, Shakespeare's "Good John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster."

"Where Cordoba is hidden among
The vine, the olive and the palm,"

lie many quaint bits of scenery, veritable landscape poems. Here are the remains of that wonderful mosque of Abdu-r-rhman I, of which, when the Spaniards destroyed a portion to build chapels, Charles V said, indignantly,



THE GATE OF THE SUN, TOLEDO.

"You have built here what can be built anywhere else, but you have destroyed what was unique in all the world!" Here also is the beautiful bridge, originally erected by Octavius Cæsar, and beside it the Moorish mill and the Calahorra tower, which last played an important part in Pedro of Castile's siege of Cordoba. Cordoban streets, the first ever paved in Europe, are curious and interesting. One passes the garden where grew the famous plane tree planted by Cæsar after the battle of Munda, and of which Martial sings :

*"In Tartessiacis domus est notissima
terris,
Qua dives placidium Corduba Bactin
amat."*

The streets throng with memories of the *Gran Capitan*, whose name was in everyone's mouth and whose ashes were ruthlessly scattered to the four winds of heaven by the invading French. Amidst groves of the orange, olive and evergreen oak trees, the ancient city, known in the time of the early Phœni-

cians and its charms sung Silius Italicus in his poem on the Second Punic War, is a fair sight.

*"Cordoue aux maisons vieilles
À sa mosquée où l'on se perd dans
les merveilles,"*

sang Victor Hugo, and, despite its sorrowful air as if mourning for its Moorish past, when it was the rival of Bagdad or Damascus, the city is exceedingly beautiful.

In Moorish times its walls were fashioned in the fairest workmanship, of *tapia*, strengthened by turrets, safe strongholds for the famous Saracen archers. The towers were square, octagonal or round, with typical Arabic archways and gates. Of these, the gate of Almodovar is the best preserved, and in the brilliant landscape it is a picturesque bit of color, soft-hued by the painter Time.

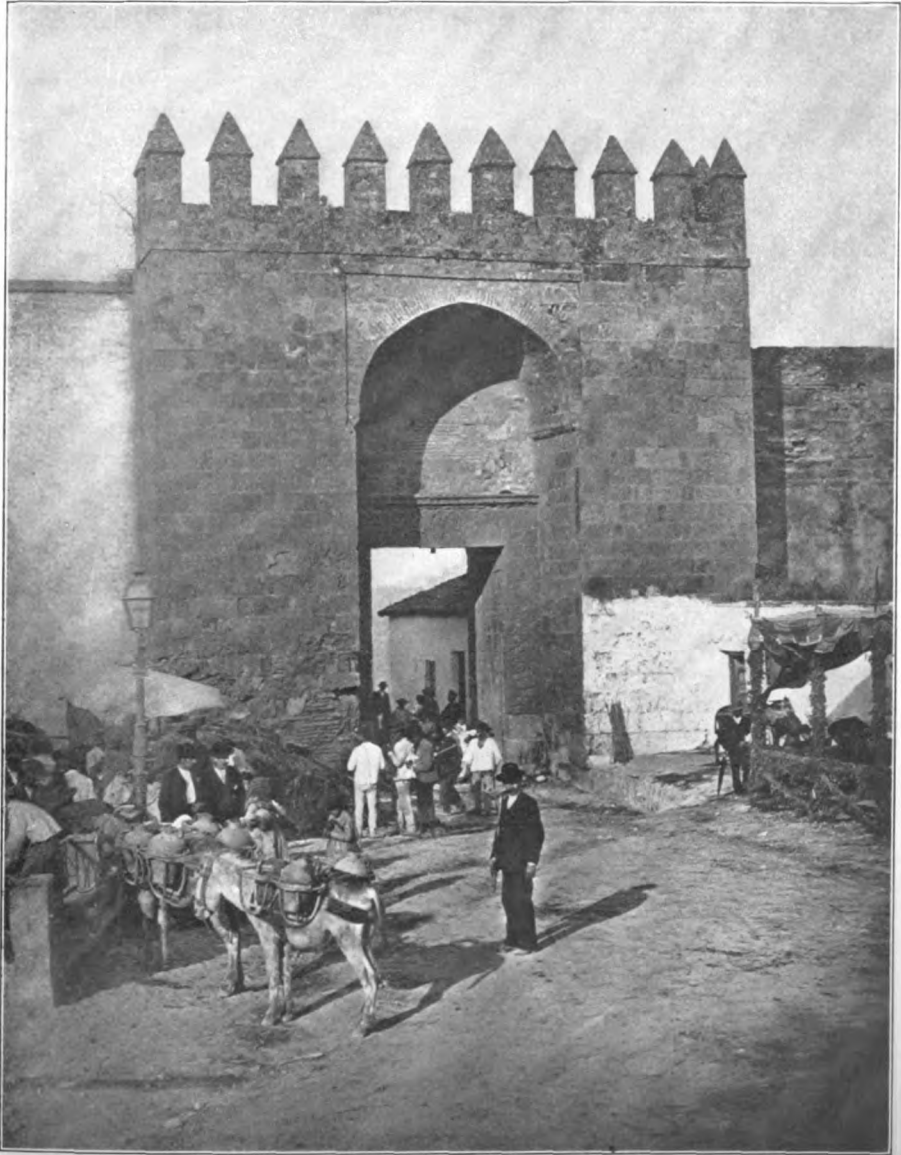
What strange pageants this old gate has seen ! A wild rush, a mighty onslaught—the noise of battle, fierce thrust of Moorish javalin, the whistle of Saracen arrows, as the followers of Mohammed II rushed through the portal to sack the town. Later the triumphant Djahwar family entered to make Cordoba a republic, and in 1091 the Almoravides' procession through the gate of Almodovar metamorphosed the city into a kingdom again.

The silent stones saw the end put to Moorish rule, when Saint Ferdinand captured Cordoba in 1236, and the pageants and jousts of chivalric Spain followed the indolent ease of the Arabian inhabitants, as Cordoba became "*la flor de saber y de cabelleria*," as Juan de Mena says in "*El Laberinto*."

Beside the Almodovar gate is the *Torre de la Mula Muerte*, dating from 1406, and near by lay the ancient Juderia, the Jews' quarter, remnant of those days when the Hebrew was compelled to live in proscribed places, and only tolerated there.

Stranger than all the pageants of

history seem to the stranger of to-day to fill their water bottles and they laugh the passers by beneath the city's gate. and chatter, happy gamins for all the Beyond the portal lie odd little booths world like Murillo's beggar boys. where, out of siesta time, cool drinks Their cunning little donkeys have and little cakes, and fresh fruit on dewy strange paniers, with two water jars



THE GATE OF ALMODOVAR, CORDOBA.

green leaves are sold, while a picturesque fountain, gurgling refreshingly in the soft air, is the *rialto* for all manner of men. Here pause the donkey boys disposed upon either side of their sleek bodies. They are comfortable looking little beasties, with their wise faces, their absurd, flapping ears, their am-



THE GATE OF THE MARKET-PLACE, SEVILLE.

bling gait and their serene, thoroughly Spanish habit of having their own way. Through the gate there pass and repass servants and their masters; gaily dressed cigarette girls, though these are less in evidence than in Seville, gaze at fine ladies *en route* for a morning drive; peasant women, kerchief over their heads, come to fill their water jars; gay *caballeros* jest together; priests hasten with reverent feet, carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the dying. It is all life, whether gay, sordid, mournful—still life, and the ebb and flow passes ever through the Almodovar Gate, moss-covered, lichen-grown, time-worn, as ever the present flits from the past.

"He who has not visited Seville, has not visited a marvel," says an old Spanish proverb, and a fair sight is the loveliest of Andalusian cities, gleaming like a gem in the golden setting of the Guadalquivir's banks. Framed by verdant meadows, fringed with orange and olive groves, in Phœnician times the city shared with Cordoba and Gadeira (Cadiz) the trade of western Europe. Cæsar conquered it in 45 B. C. and called it Julia Romulea, and, enlarging and fortifying it, he made it the head of Roman Bætica. The Silingi Vandals, the Goths and the Moors in turn ruled the city, and many are

the strange happenings which her quaint gates have seen.

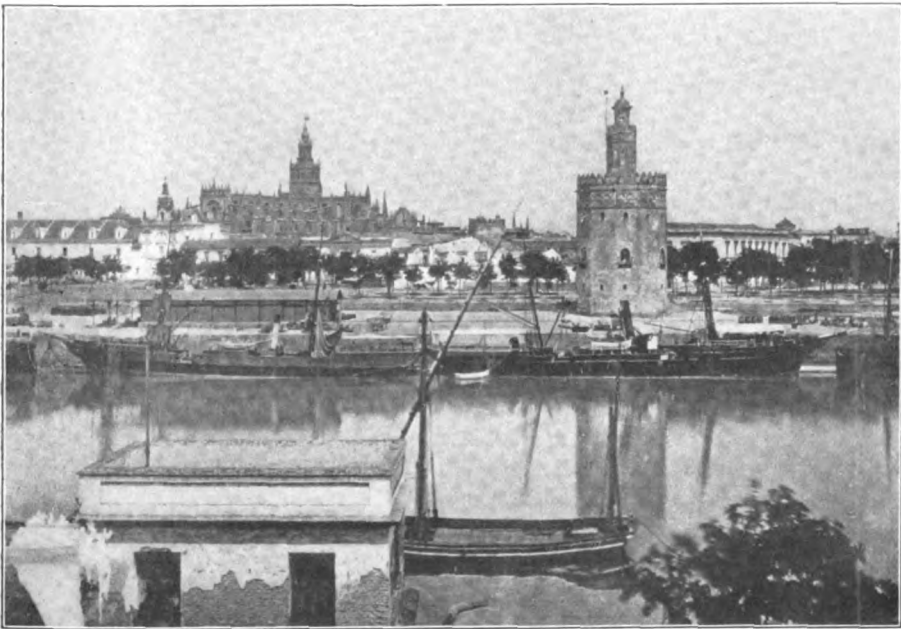
"Walls have ears" and if gates had tongues those of Seville could speak and tell of thrilling scenes. While the gate of Puerta Real is probably the most famous of all the Sevillian gates, because through it St. Ferdinand entered the city when he conquered it in 1248, none is more

interesting than the Gate of the Market Place. In the middle of the eighth century Seville came under the rule of the Ummeyyah family, and prosperity waited upon it. The reigning family made the city a rival of Cordoba, built mosques, palaces, walls, gates, and laid out wonderful gardens. The Market Place dates from this period and it is thoroughly Moorish in character. Its quaint and beautiful gateway lies between the white houses with their roofs of that terra cotta tiling so common in Spain and the grim city wall rises beyond. Above the arch is a space now bricked up but once a loop hole for the Moorish archers who did such deadly damage to St. Ferdinand's troops, and to the left is the niche of some saint, now empty and bare. The arch itself is of the best type of Saracenic architecture. Too pointed for the horse-shoe style it is Mozarabic in character and has on either side ten fluted pillars of white stone, the arch being mortised in fine brick work.

It is a gate of the people and daily all sorts and conditions pass and repass through the old arch of the Market Place. Gipsies loll in the sun, await a chance stranger whose fortune they may tell; cheese-makers sell rich cream cheese from the farms near by: *criadas*

stand at their tiny coffee tables, awaiting the arrival of their regular customers, who daily come through the archway to take a cup of black coffee and smoke a *cigarito* in the sunshiny square. The foreign artists sketch the place and the people, and a crowd gathers about the man with the kodak—*un Americano*—still a somewhat novel sight and always an interesting one to the rural Spaniard. Much of the peasant life of modern Seville may be studied here and studied as faithfully as when *El Maestro* Murillo posed the gipsy boys for his famous

fresh and flourishing by the countless streams of snow water which gush from the Sierras—the gardens of the palace are beautiful as a dream. There nightingales trill, their songs mingling with the flow of the fountains, and birds twitter and chirp in the huge elm trees which line the shady lanes. The approach to this Palace of Delights is by a steep avenue, leading up from the town and one enters the grounds through the *Puerta Judicaria* (Gate of Judgment). Called also the Gate of Justice this doorway was built for an



SEVILLE AND THE GUADALQUIVER.

St. John, or copied some sweet-faced Andalusian beauty for his "Virgen del Servilleta." The old arch gazes down as tranquilly upon the teeming life of to-day as it did upon the pageant and battles of chivalry in centuries gone by.

Of all the relics of the Moorish past in Spain there is nothing more justly famous, nothing half so beautiful, so clothed in romance as Granada's Palace of the Alhambra. Filled with sweet scented flowers, lilacs, fleur-de-lys, pansies, wall flowers, lilies, roses kept

open-air court of appeals, or a place where the Kalife or his Kaid gave audience, since Saracenic law compelled the ruler to hear the complaints of his subjects—great or small—settle disputes and dispense judgment. This was a patriarchal custom dating back to ancient times, the Arabs receiving it from the Jews. "Judges shalt thou make in all thy gates," said the Hebrew law, and in I Kings vii, 7, it says: "Then he made a porch where he might judge, even the porch of Judg-



THE GATE OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA.

ment." From this custom of the Gate of Justice arose the usage of the "Sublime Porte," in speaking of the government of Constantinople.

The Alhambra Gate of Justice is massive, plain, almost clumsy as compared to the airy lightness of many of the Arabic portals, but its square tower shelters a horseshoe arch of beautiful symmetry. It is twenty-eight feet high, and over it runs an inscription in Arabic, telling of the erection of the gate by Abu-l-wale'd Yusef, 1328. It was built by this famous Kalife Yusef, the great decorator of the Alhambra, who was also its architect. On each side of the arch there are marble pillars terminating in sculptured capitals and inscribed: "There is no God but Allah; Mohammed is the envoy (prophet) from Allah. There is no power or strength but in Allah."

Limestone from Loja and Sierra Elvira in tapia work is the material of which the gateway is made, and, like many of the Moorish gates, it is composed of an outer and an inner arch. Over the outer horseshoe arch is carved an arm, the hand outstretched, which some writers consider symbolic of the five principal tenets of Mohammedanism: to pray and make ablutions: to give alms; to keep the Feast of Ramadan; to believe in God and Mohammed;

to make a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. There were five commandments to correspond to the five fingers of the hand, according to the verse in Deuteronomy VI, 8: "Thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand."

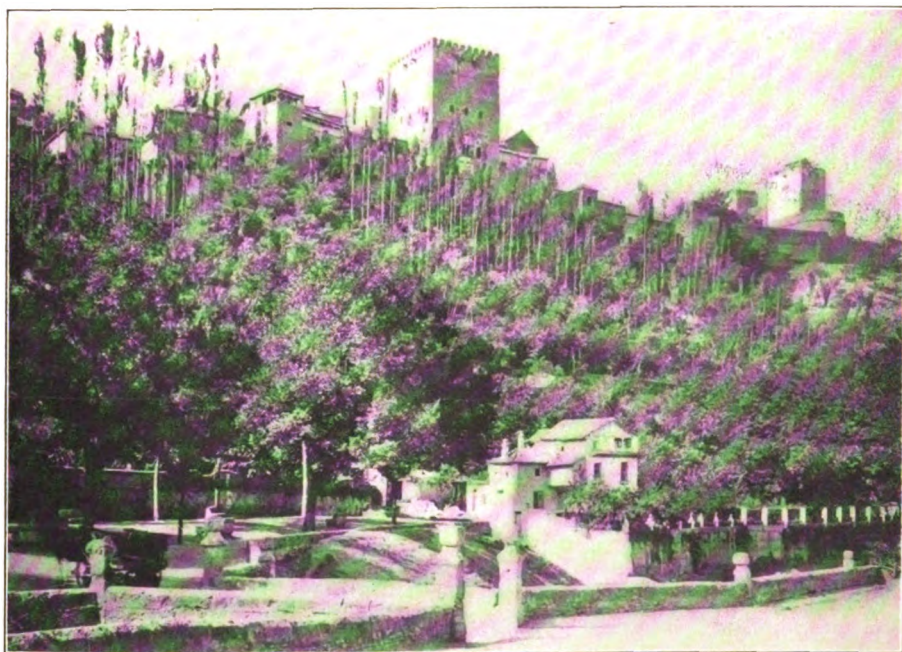
More plausible is the explanation frequently given by Arabic writers that the hand was placed over the doorway to avert the evil eye. Mohammedans believe that the

angel Gabriel revealed to the Prophet the proper method of turning aside and counteracting the influence of the evil eye, and hands are to-day placed over the portal of every Moroccan house. The superstition is shared by nearly all Eastern nations. In Tangier, Fez, Tetuan and other Moorish habitations, rings and earrings are sold with tiny gold or silver hands upon them, while in Naples the very boys in the streets beset the traveller to purchase little hands made of coral. The use of such hands for amulets was prohibited in Spain by order of Charles V, in 1526, but the Emperor did not notice the Alhambra amulet or did not classify it under the head. "Most unchristian superstition." To the Emperor's time also, probably belongs the small image of the Blessed Virgin, placed over the first arch in a niche. Upon the second arch is carved a key, symbol of the Prophet's power to open the gate of Heaven, as according to Moorish legend. In the Sura it says: "Did not Allah give him the keys with the rank of doorkeeper, that the Prophet should be entitled to usher in the elected ones." The key was also regarded by the Moors as symbolizing knowledge and occurs frequently in Moorish arches.

Between the outer and inner gates of

the Puerta de Justicia are narrow, winding passages, bewilderingly tortuous to the uninitiated. Similar passages appear in nearly all mediæval tower gateways, and they were designed to check the advancing foe. Projectiles could be thrown from the opening above the gate and the inscription, "May God make this gate a projecting bulwark," together with the peculiarly warlike appearance of the massive tower, shows that the gate was designed as means of defence in war, as well as a court of judgment in times of peace.

the palace of Charles V, seems to have connected the Wine gate with the Puerta de Hierro (Iron Gate) restored by the Catholic King, and so separated the Alcazaba (Royal Palace) and principal mosque from the more plebian part of the Alhambra settlement. Above the Wine gate a key is sculptured and there is an inscription beginning with the words: "I flee to God for shelter from Satan, the pelted with stones." This is an allusion to the legend of the Koran, that Abraham put the devil to flight by pelting him with stones. There follows



THE ALHAMBRA—"PALACE OF DELIGHTS."

From the Puerta Judicaria a narrow walled path ascends to the house of Mariano Contreras, "Conservador de la Alhambra." Incorporated with the north wing of this building is the Puerta del Vino, named from the wine stored here in the sixteenth century. This gate formed the main west entrance of the Alhambra Alta, where lay the quarters of the courtiers and officials of the palace. A wall, of which remains were recently found in the southern part of

this inscription, the first, second and third verses of the forty-eighth Sura of the Koran, and praises of the Sultan Abu Abdallah, and especially of "Billah, the contented with God, who erected this monument."

Very soft are the tawny hues of this beautiful gate, and remarkably interesting the *azulejos* above the arch. In intricacy of design and richness of coloring these ornamentations are excelled by none of the exterior decorations of



THE WINE GATE, ALHAMBRA.

the Alhambra, that fairest gem in the crown of the fairest of mediæval cities.

“ Over all the rest supreme,
The star of stars, the cynosure,
The artist's and the poet's theme,
The young man's vision, the old
man's dream—
Granada by its winding stream,
The city of the Moor.”

None of Spain's famous gateways are more beautiful than this quaint old arch, a fitting entrance to that “Palace of Delights” which, with its sculptures, gardens, towers and gateways, is one of the world's wonders, the finest existing specimen of the architecture of the day when the Moor was master of Andalusian Spain, and his finest thoughts were poemed in stone.

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER AND HIS DISCIPLES.

By James J. Walsh, Ph.D., M.D.

THE present generation is practically the first in modern history whose education has been to a large extent at least, imparted without concomitant religious instruction. Of the dangers of this state of affairs we hear complaints from many sides. Some of the effects of this modern method in education are not hard to see. One of the most striking of them is the spiritual starvation that draws many people later in life to adhesion to almost any cult that promises a satisfaction of spiritual needs so as to off-set the materialism with which they have been sated to repletion all their lives. This natural appetite for the immaterial has much more to do with the conversions to Christian Science and such cults than is usually imagined. Another manifest effect of the absence of early religious and ethical training is the lack of fundamental guiding principles that would be standards of judgment for the acceptance or rejection of ethical doctrines so much bruited about in our day.

The most interesting fact and at the same time the most striking paradox in contemporary history in the midst of our vaunted generalization of education is the number of adherents that anyone with sufficient self-confidence, or self-assertion can gain for any new social movement or novel cult. We have been led to expect that popular education would free men's minds from the incubus of unthinking adoption of opinions merely because they happen to be held by some individual of mental force. We have been especially led to consider that social and ethical questions would somehow be settled on their rational merits. We venture to say that there has scarcely ever been a time in the world's history when men were more prone to follow where others led,

or to swear by the *ipse dixit* of a master without further reason asked, than at the present moment.

It does not seem to matter how absurd the new teaching may be, if the doctrines have but the merit of apparent novelty and are advanced with unhesitant confidence, there is scarcely a limit to the number of converts that may be made. This remains true even though the new teaching may to the generality of men appear eminently irrational. Those within the special sphere of influence of the leader's mind submit their reason with apparent sincerity almost without a question. The new teacher may seem utterly lacking in the qualities presumably necessary to win followers. He or she, may not be especially intelligent and sordid motives may be suspiciously prominent in the whole movement, yet followers are easily gained and retained, even though material sacrifices are required on the part of adherents in order to make the movement in which they are interested successful.

The psychology of the propaganda of novel ideas in religion and ethics is really only the expression, in a large field, of the factors that the psychiatrist is almost constantly meeting in his practice. Probably the most widely accepted hypothesis in that unconscious applied psychology which forms the basis of common sense in men's relations with one another, is that if a peculiar notion is accepted by a number of individuals there is good reason to think that it must have some basis of truth. How false this hypothesis is under certain conditions may be best realized from the fact that nothing is more familiar to specialists in mental diseases than to have the same delusions accepted by several members of a family,

or by persons who have been intimately associated with each other.

Minds of more or less similar calibre are prone to be the victims of the same erroneous interpretations of observed facts or to connect ideas by the same faulty train of reasoning. This is moreover, not only true when the mental constitution of the individuals has the sameness that naturally comes from family and hereditary resemblances, but at times also when they are of very different racial derivation. It is no unfamiliar observation to find that individuals who have been closely in contact with one another for long periods, as for instance husband and wife, or sometimes even partners in business, accept the same misconceptions or draw similarly mistaken conclusions. One will has been, often unconsciously, overshadowed by the other and the result is community of delusion, for the will can bring the intellect to accept conclusions that are at first, perhaps, entirely repugnant to the individual reason.

These cases are, of course, extreme illustrations of a well recognized tendency. They serve to make clearer, however, something of the way in which ideas gain acceptance and they are not without a certain parity with every day occurrences in practical psychology that gives them a value in the study of the psychology of the crowd. The fact is, that most minds lack initiative in intellectual matters almost entirely, and are constantly in a favorable receptive state for other people's ideas. In politics this mental receptivity is taken advantage of by political orators and newspaper editors. The political persuasions of the masses are only the reflections of a favorite organ, or some especially insinuating spellbinder. Even that time-honored, supposed bulwark of our liberties, trial by jury, has become in most cases an exemplification of the influence of the stronger mind. The twelve good men and true, the defend-

ant's peers, are supposed to reach conclusions from the facts set before them. What they usually do is accept the conclusions suggested by the facts as they are manipulated by the better character-discerning attorney.

It is this basic principle in the psychology of the average mind that makes the early impression of certain fixed ethical standards of judgment so necessary. The absence of religious training in early life means for most men the lack of proper criteria for personal judgment in matters of spiritual import. Later in life this lack leaves men without the guiding posts that would direct their course and save them from worse than futile wandering. When the French Encyclopedists paving the way all unconsciously for the French Revolution hailed popular education as the Saviour of the race and saw in it redemption from most of the evils to which mankind is subject, their principal argument was that knowledge would set men free. We have had a century of popular education, but the race instead of being freer is, where early religious education has been neglected, ready to be dominated by the views of any one who has the confidence to set up without hesitancy unaccustomed opinions in ethical matters. A certain amount of education and the development of a taste for reading have apparently only proved an occasion for inoculation with peculiar notions, attractive because of their singularity and supposed progressiveness. Surely a little learning is a dangerous thing.

It is not only those who have received what is generally thought to be a modicum of education who fall the readiest victims to the intellectual charlatans and self-assured seers. At the present moment the adherents of Christian Science and other such novel religious absurdities are not gathered from the uneducated, or even the less educated classes. In things medical, we are brought face to face every day,

with the fact that the sceptics of normal medical advance and the ready converts to each new therapeutic fad are not those whose culture has been neglected.

On the contrary there seems to be something in the possession of a certain degree of culture that tempts people to accept opinions that differentiate them from the mass of ordinary people. It is almost as if they resented being classed with others in the acceptance of the principles that rule health and morals, and so eagerly accept without due consideration, other beliefs and modes of thought.

It is this tendency in human nature, as we know it in our phase of civilization, that has given vogue to many a writer in recent years. The prayer of the Pharisee in thanksgiving that he is not as other men is dear to most human hearts. The thinker, or philosopher, so called, who will furnish unthinking readers with views that segregate them from the mass of men and give them a certain feeling of distinction in their oddity, will have many followers. It may be that the followers will not understand the new prophet. He may even fail properly to understand himself, though of this there will usually be no hint. In fact, obscurity is an attractive trait in a new teaching since surely outsiders will fail to understand what adepts miss the comprehension of, but then mystery is attractive and gives wide scope for the exercise if not of individual reasoning power, at least of personal capacity to explain and while so doing for the display of a facile familiarity with abstruse and obscure terms that can scarcely fail to win admiration.

We have had perhaps no better exemplification of the existence of this tendency among the cultured classes to set up an idol for themselves than in the intellectual worship accorded to Friederich Nietzsche during the last fifteen years of the nineteenth century. Nietzsche died last September after

having been for more than ten years in a state of practically complete mental alienation. His mental disease was one of those which usually develop on a basis of previously disturbed mentality and are often associated with hereditary defects, or are due to some serious brain disturbance in early life. Nietzsche lost his father at the age of five years. The father had been suffering for eleven months before his death from a cerebral affection of an indefinite character with regard to which sufficient details are not given to enable us to decide its nature. Nietzsche's sister says that her father's condition was the consequence of a fall. Traumatic cerebral conditions are apt to be acute, that is to end fatally or in complete recovery before the lapse of so long a period as that chronicled in this case. In a predisposed individual of already somewhat unstable mental equilibrium an injury to the brain, even though but slight, might well be the prelude to lasting cerebral disturbance. Nietzsche, who complained all his life of severe nervous symptoms, periodical attacks of headache during which he was utterly incapacitated for work, stated his own belief that his nervous condition was an hereditary trait from his father. When there is question of family sanity near blood relatives are, as doctors well know, not good authorities to depend on. Other biographers of Nietzsche who have been practically in as favorable a position as his sister to know the details of the family history have not been so sparing of the family reputation as to sanity. Olla Hanssen for example says that it was learned from the members of a family who knew Friederich Nietzsche from his very early years that a disposition to insanity had been noticed in the Nietzsche family for several generations not only on the father's, but also on the mother's side of the house.

Nietzsche himself very early showed suspicious signs of following the family

traits. He did not talk till much later than is usually the case. As a boy he was retiring and solitary in his habits. Even at school his interest was always in books not in sports, in lonely walks not in young companions. As the mental disease that was later to develop is essentially a precocious senility of the brain, a development of the supporting and connecting tissues of the brain at the expense of the true brain cells, this primal manifestation of the condition is an interesting prophetic symptom. In boyhood the tendency to dissipation of mind, the lack of the faculty of concentration denotes incomplete development of brain structures so that the guidance of thought through the proper channels of nerve substance is more difficult. Infant prodigies are notably prone to early demise. Years naturally bring with them facility of brain employment and then as the mechanism wears out once more comes difficulty of adaptation. Development has as much to do with the growing facility of brain operations as the exercise of the instrument. With age comes degenerative processes that hamper its usefulness. If the developmental period is hastened the degenerative process will set in before its time. Nietzsche's precocious gravity at a time when the sports of childhood should satisfy the child was an ill omen for the endurance of normal mental powers to the usual limit.

Critics generally are pretty well agreed in finding in Nietzsche's work at all times during his life some evidences of mental instability. Medical critics are especially outspoken in this matter and give the reasons for their views.

Dr. Ireland in a paper called "A Study in Mental Pathology" which appeared in the *Journal of Ancient Science* in England and the *Alienist and Neurologist* in this country said :

"The unfortunate Nietzsche was born with an hereditary tendency to abnormal mental action. In infancy he

was backward. In childhood he was shy and solitary. In youth he took no pleasure in the sports and amusements of young men, but was quick at book learning and literary aptitude with a love for straying away from beaten paths. A careful education by a good mother helped to keep down his lower propensities and the early dignity of a responsible position and academic surroundings, made him give hostages to behavior. But he soon showed an irrepressible combativeness and an excessive self-conceit. The connection of the nervous sufferings with the mental derangement is not absolutely clear. But no doubt these sufferings exasperated his mind and increased his discontent with life. Few men and only the best of men are made better by sickness."

The nervous sufferings to which Dr. Ireland refers, took the form of periodical attacks of migraine, that grew constantly worse and finally completely incapacitated Nietzsche for the work of his professorship of philology, at the University of Basle in Switzerland. To this he had been appointed in his twenty-fourth year—a good index of his precocious development, since professorships in German Universities, even in Switzerland, do not go begging for youthful candidates. Migraine is usually not a serious nervous condition, and does not in its ordinary form lead to mental disturbance. When it is accompanied by extreme depression of spirits, as in Nietzsche's case, however, this is usually a sign of the existence of cerebral degeneration as its basis. It then takes on the character of psychical epilepsy and is often so called. These severer attacks like true epilepsy are almost certain to be the prelude of progressive mental disturbance, eventually assuming the form of serious mental alienation.

Most of those who have studied Nietzsche's works in a seriously critical spirit have been convinced that his mental disease was not a sudden development

or a late incident in his career, but had been gradually assuming sway over his intellectual faculties for many years. His serious mental breakdown came in 1889. Good authorities are able to point out passages in his works, written years before this, that bear only one interpretation—a lack of mental balance on the part of their author. Edward Caird, in his article on Philosophy, written for the *New York Sun's* review of the progress of the nineteenth century, calls him “not a philosopher at all, but a writer of pungent and suggestive aphorisms, winged with indignant passion against prevalent opinions—aphorisms which always contradict someone and often contradict each other.”

Oswald Crawford in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1900, said: “When Nietzsche wrote his famous work, ‘Zarathustra,’ that his more advanced pupils so love and so follow, the reins of the bridle were as it seems to me, no longer between his fingers. He had lost hold of what Tasso calls *il freno del arte* the check-rein of his art.”

Nietzsche complained of the lack of “arrogant intellectuality” in Wagner. The words contain the life note of Nietzsche’s own character. Wagner and Nietzsche had been great friends. So long as Wagner was not generally accepted as a great genius Nietzsche and he were fast friends. Wagner said of Nietzsche that after his wife he was the greatest gift that life had given him. When Wagner came to be generally acknowledged, however, Nietzsche could no longer patronize him; then he lost his admiration for the great musician and said that Wagner was no more than a neurosis. It is interesting to note that Nietzsche’s musical idol, after he had thus abandoned the patronage of Wagner, was Bizet, the composer of *Carmen*. There are those who would say that this was of itself sufficient proof of his mental alienation.

Professor Theobald Ziegler, of Stras-

bourg, probably the most attentive student of Nietzsche in Europe, and who has given the most careful thought to every one of his works, finds the first signs of insanity in “Zarathustra,” written and published in 1883. In all the subsequent works, he finds much that marks “the overstrung, distorted, coarse and glaring, the loud and shrieking in increasing intensity.”

The most striking feature of Nietzsche’s intellectual life is his intense self-conceit. He himself writes in the *Ecce Homo*: “To suffer from solitude is an inferiority. I have never suffered save from the crowd. At seven years, an age absurdly tender, I already knew that never a word of man would reach me. Have they ever seen me afflicted by it? Even to-day I have for all the same affability, I am full of deference for the most humble, and in all my bearing there is not an atom of pride nor of secret scorn. He whom I despise guesses that he is despised by me. With my simple presence I put out of sorts any one who has vitiated blood in his veins.”

These are, of course, the vaporings of a mind intensely self-centered. When found under ordinary circumstances such expressions are the stigmata of mental disequilibrium. These words of Nietzsche are, however, only mildly megalomaniacal compared to expressions that occur here and there in other of his works.

† We find a description of the first frank attack of insanity in Nietzsche’s case in a paper by his sister on Friedrich Nietzsche’s illness in the German periodical *Zukunft*, shortly after his death. He was living in Turin at the time and on returning from a walk fell down at the gate of the house where he was residing. He had to be carried into the house and lay for two days on a sofa, speechless and motionless. The first signs of active life consisted in talking to himself and singing. Later he played considerably and made noise. When

he first went out he showed that he had lost the proper appreciation of the value of money, paying for the simplest things in gold pieces. After this he took to writing, covering many sheets of paper with strange fancies, jumbling characters in Greek mythology and the personages of the gospel with those of history of later times. He became morbidly suspicious, had ideas of persecution and accused some of his friends of injuring him. During this time he signed his letters Dionysos or "Der Gekreuzigte," "The Crucified."

He was removed by friends, first to Basle in Switzerland, and later to Jena. The period of excitement of the disease terminated towards the end of the year. Hopes of recovery were still entertained because he had intervals of almost complete lucidity. These hopes were dashed to the ground, however, by repeated slight apoplectic attacks that kept recurring from time to time.

His mental disease was diagnosed as an atypical form of general or progressive paralysis of the insane. The most notable symptom of this disease, as it occurs in ordinary practice, is a delusion of grandeur. Patients are suddenly taken with the idea that they have fallen heir to millions of dollars and proceed to spend money recklessly and to give orders that are far beyond their means. They buy friends expensive presents, are continually ordering unnecessary things and often give money away. Or they acquire the idea that they have become President of the United States, or governor of a state, or president of an important bank, and act accordingly. Meantime their memory, particularly for recent events, fails notably. They are apt to make mistakes in even small calculations, they elide syllables in talking, they miss letters and words in writing. Later there come a series of apoplectic attacks, in the midst of which the mentality becomes more and more disturbed and finally dementia sets in.

Atypical forms of progressive paralysis, such as Nietzsche's, are invariably associated with neurotic dispositions. They occur in persons who have been queer in many ways all their lives and the physical basis of whose mental operation has evidently been imperfect from the very beginning. That Nietzsche was one of these is evident from the course of his disease, though it might have been gathered from the peculiarities of his mental operations, long before the sad terminal stage of his condition developed.

In the early part of his career when Nietzsche had but few readers his self-conceit was almost as great as when later the extravagance of his ideas and his breaking with all the old ties gave him the sympathy of the large Nihilistic portion of humanity. He used to boast that he had readers in Vienna, in Copenhagen, in Stockholm, in Paris and in New York. In the preface to the "Anti-Christian" he proclaims that the book was written for the few, perhaps none of them yet in the land of the living.

"The day after to-morrow," said Nietzsche, "will belong to me."

"There alone are my right readers, there are my predestined readers. What about the rest? The rest are merely mankind."

Some of the expressions of Nietzsche's early life, are typical of the delusion of grandeur that is the preliminary symptom of paralysis of the insane which was to develop in his case. The motto of his "Froehliche Wissenschaft," the gay science, runs about as follows: "I dwell in my own house. I have never imitated anybody in anything. I have laughed at every master except those who have laughed at themselves."

Nietzsche was a devoted student of Goethe, but seem to have forgotten the master's well-known epigram with regard to just this state of mind that Nietzsche and his disciples have been so

proud of. The epigram in question sums up so well by anticipation the proper judgment with regard to Nietzsche's condition that it seems worth while to quote Kirsch's translation of it as found in "Genius and Degeneration" :

" Says Zigzag in his latest book,
Within no school have I a nook ;
From living wight no thoughts I've
took.
Still less to dead man do I look.
He means, unless I've much mis-
took,
I'm just a crank on my own hook."

Nietzsche's poems, queer compounds of poetic thoughts with philosophic obscurities and strivings after hidden meanings that are evidently not clear to the writer himself, are the index of his tendencies to mental incompleteness of idea. Strokes of genius there are, but in the midst of absurdities and bathos almost incomprehensible.

The other prominent symptom of Nietzsche's failure of intellectual power has only come to be realized in its true significance in very recent times. The disposition to doubt many things so common in the nervous excitement of modern life is represented in its exaggerated form in certain combinations of symptoms that come to the nervous specialist for treatment. The analogy between these states and certain sceptical conditions of mind is so obvious that one can scarcely help but think that the brain condition at the basis of the doubts of actions done in practical life is similar to the cerebral state that at least increases the tendency to doubt in things intellectual. A few words of explanation of the mania for doubting that neurologists have to treat and which by the way represent almost exactly the state of mind that exists in exaggerated scrupulosity are necessary in order to make our meaning clear.

Of late years alienists and neurologists

have become familiar with a set of symptoms that have probably existed for all time, but that have only become markedly prominent in the increased introspection of our day. It is no uncommon thing to find a man who doubts of his performance of an action. Most physicians, even in ordinary practice, see cases where this mania for doubting is a distinct feature of the nervous condition. The cashier of a bank, who is responsible for the closure of a safe, runs down in health because of a too insistent sense of responsibility and a neglect of his physical condition, comes complaining that he seems no longer able to be sure that he has locked the safe. He goes back to reassure himself, gets to the sidewalk and has to go back once more. He may find himself on the elevated station when the doubt becomes so appalling that he must return again. At times he may even have to go some distance down town to assure himself that the safe is locked though he has perhaps been back once or twice before to test it. Under similar circumstances a business man, or a clerk who knows how important it is that a certain letter should be delivered may go back three or four times to assure himself that it found its way properly into the mail box, and was not caught any place in the upper opening of the chute. He may still have a tremor of suspense in the matter lest he should have failed to stamp it properly.

This *folie du doute*, doubting mania, as the French have so aptly called it, is characteristic of certain natures in what regards intellectual principles as well as more material facts. There are natures that can not find it in themselves to accept any principle with absolute assurance though they may have gone over the grounds for their acceptance time and time again. There are always hankering doubts, timorous fears of some missed point in logic, that keep them constantly uncertain of their

definite point of view with regard even to important principles.

Nietzsche had a philosophic mind of this description. He realized something of his tendency to doubt every thing, even his last accepted position. Once, when talking over the mental changes which lay behind him with his sister, Frau Andreas, who seems to have been for Nietzsche all that Renan's sister was for the French savant, he said: "Yes, the course has begun and will go on, but whither? When all has been rung, whence will one start afresh?"

Nietzsche even contemplated with more or less equanimity the possibility of sometime becoming a Catholic. "When all possible complications are exhausted he asked his sister what will follow? Must one not arrive again at faith, perhaps even at Catholic faith? In any case a circle is more likely than a standing still."

The temptation to become a Catholic in Nietzsche's case must have been very slight. There was little in such a conversion to tempt his intense egoism. Submission to authority of any kind was the last thing of which his nature would have been capable for any length of time.

A connected account of Nietzsche's literary work seems scarcely in place here because it would require more space than can well be allowed. All the books of his later life—those to which his disciples turn with so much fervor are collections of disgruntled thoughts without near so much intrinsic connection for instance as the *Pensées* of Pascal.

Nietzsche was by training a philologist. His professorial duties at Basle included the teaching of Greek. His first book was naturally written in the line of his work. It was "The Birth of Tragedy," or "The Greek National Spirit and Pessimism." The sub-title shows that Nietzsche was already intent on philosophic questions. Nietzsche

attributed the decadence of Greek tragedy to the spread of Socrates' teaching that man had duties to fulfil, despite fate and his tendencies to seek ever the beautiful and that death was not the end of life. Greek pessimism was for Nietzsche the root of Greek art.

During this first period Nietzsche wrote a book against Strauss, the notorious author of the "Life of Jesus." Nietzsche condemned Strauss in almost unmeasured terms—not, however, because of any desire to defend Christianity, but because Strauss was the representative of a class in Germany whom Nietzsche hated very cordially, the *Bildungs Philister*, the cultured Philistines who would not believe with the rest of mankind, though they dared not follow out their own ideas to their true nihilistic conclusions.

After Nietzsche's health broke down, he spent his winters in Nice and Genoa and his summers on the heights of the Engadine. He read very little and had abundant time for thought. Serious application for long continued periods was impossible to him, so that his books are collections of scattered thoughts. A certain connected system of philosophy does exist in them, though there are frequent contradictions of his own basic principles to be found in many parts of his works. His disciples have made out a very clear cut scheme of philosophy, but as Max Nordau says in *Degeneration*, it would not be difficult to find exactly contradictory propositions to those that have been selected as representative.

The writings of his second or purely positivistic period are "Human all too Human," "The Dawn," and "The Gay Science." They are collections of aphorisms, mostly not too harshly condemnatory of things as they are. These works were followed by his entire break with all accepted conventions. He wrote of a "Transference of Values" according to which everything would be appreciated by a differ-

ent standard to that which rules at present.

His break with Wagner was followed by the books "The Case of Wagner" and later by "Nietzsche Against Wagner." The field of ethics was invaded by a series of disconnected reflections gathered rather heterogeneously together under the titles. "Thus, spake Zarathustra," "Beyond Good and Evil," "The Genealogy of Morals," and "The Twilight of the Idols." One of his last effusions was an excursion into heedless blasphemy in "The Anti-Christ."

The one idea that Nietzsche's writings have added to popular philosophy is what he calls the "overman." *Der Übermensch*, Nietzsche's "overman" is a conception of a being without any of the human weaknesses, among which the philosopher places all sympathy and tenderness towards fellow-man. It represents in our generation an anticipation of what man is to become according to Nietzsche in the process of evolution. The main characteristic of this being to be is his utter disregard for others and complete absorption in self. Nietzsche's philosophy has in this been well called the religion of egoism. Like Leibnitz, a century before, one doubts if Nietzsche was not at times poking fun at too ardent disciples in his exaggerations of philosophic speculation. He confesses almost as much in one of his books. "Such is my lack of confidence in you," he says to his disciples, "that I sometimes smile to myself at the idea that you will call my 'overman' a demon." There were evidently in Nietzsche's case flashes of supremest common sense.

Nietzsche the man and the writer is not as important as Nietzsche the founder of a school of thought, the originator of a new system of philosophy to which thousands of cultured and even intelligent people (though one hesitates to say it without qualification) have been drawn in all parts of the world.

For there is no denying that Nietzsche was a power in his time. He must be because of the influence exerted on many followers be reckoned as one of the leaders of thought at the close of the century.

The best proof of the profound impression which Nietzsche produced on his generation is to be found in the remarkable number of articles in magazines concerning him and his career since his death last fall. It can be said without exaggeration, we think, that over one hundred periodical critiques of himself and his work have appeared during the present year. The beginning century and the many phases of politics and of commercial and literary activity are furnishing just at the present time a surplus of suitable subjects for magazine articles. The fact that Nietzsche was considered by editors to deserve a place in the midst of this press of available material shows how important his work was considered to be.

The reviewer of his career in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century* said just after Nietzsche's death: "If the greatness of a thinker and writer be in proportion to the amount of controversy he arouses directly and indirectly, then Friederich Nietzsche, who at the age of fifty-six has just passed away at Weimar, deserves to be ranked among the greater men of the ending century."

An important German literary weekly said just after Nietzsche's death: "None of his contemporaries among the German poets and philosophers has touched so deeply the spiritual life of his people, none has created so many enthusiastic followers nor so many embittered enemies as Friederich Nietzsche, the poet philosopher whose recent death in a madhouse has aroused the sympathy of the world."

Certain of the elements that are accountable for Nietzsche's popularity are not hard to find. In an article in the *Monist*, Heinrich Goebel and Ernest

Antrim, writing before Nietzsche's death said: "The influence of Nietzsche as undoubtedly the most popular thinker of the present generation is simply phenomenal. It is far greater than that of any other widely known world deliverer since the days of Schopenhauer. Four things have made Nietzsche's influence. First, the charm of his style. Second, the beauty of his thought. Third, the greatness of his message, and, fourth, the magic of his personality." It is, I suppose, scarcely proper for a foreigner to say much of the influence of the beauty of Nietzsche's style. After having heard educated Germans dilate on it and enthuse over it again and again, one is tempted to think that this element accounts for more of Nietzsche's popularity than almost anything else.

Nietzsche has a bright, apothegmatic, pointed way of saying even obscure things that can not but attract and prove a source of pleasure. Even the deeper phases of philosophic and especially sociologic truth, that are in German usually treated with a dull heaviness that is not only depressing but almost forbidding, find in Nietzsche an exposition that is often lucid and always interesting even when not satisfying. This clever style is aptly chosen to bring out the daring half truths and frequent paradoxes that Nietzsche loves. The charm of Nietzsche's style is not entirely lost on the foreigner. His precepts bear translation very well and lose very little of their forceful brevity. They are perhaps more suited to the genius of the Latin languages, or of a Teutonic tongue deeply tinged by Latinisms, rather than to the German. Some of his striking expressions, as they occur in "Zarathustra," seem worth while quoting, in order to give some idea of the attraction there is in the style.

"That everybody is allowed to learn to read spoileth in the long run not only writing, but thinking."

"I hate the reading idlers. Another

century of readers, and spirit itself will stink."

"Once spirit was God. Then it became man, and now it is becoming mob."

"In the world even the best things are useless without some one to show them. The showmen are called great men by the people."

"Be that day reckoned lost on which we do not dance once, and be every truth called false with which no laughter is connected."

Some of Nietzsche's aphorisms are typically French in character. He was evidently influenced by French style and by Heine and Schopenhauer's Gallic tendencies. In his early days he said of himself that he felt himself more like Emerson than any writer of the century. An American reader is apt to find other traces of American influences in his work. There is breeziness to his comic statements of great truths at times that undoubtedly owes its distinctive character to the modern American humorists. It may seem eminently contradictory to set these two influences side by side, but a few examples will serve to illustrate what is meant. One of his last books is called "The Twilight of the Idols, or How to Philosophize with a Hammer." One of the sub-titles of the book is "The Roving Expeditions of an Inopportune Philosopher." One might almost think the titles selected for the philosophic fables of a Sunday edition.

Some of the expressions in it are characteristic of his serio-comic vein.

"Idleness is the parent of all psychology." "What is psychology then? A vice?"

"What, you are seeking to multiply yourself? You would like to decuple, to centuple yourself? You are seeking adherents? Seek ciphers."

"Morality is anti-naturalness."

"Even the oldest of us have but seldom the courage for what we really know."

"Socrates himself was just a chronic valetudinarian. The wisest of all self-dupers."

"Once for all, there is much I do not want to know. Wisdom sets bounds even to knowledge."

"To live alone one must be an animal, or a god, says Aristotle. The third case is wanting, one must be a philosopher."

It is hard to understand however that even these brilliant aphoristic qualities of Nietzsche should have made up in so many readers' minds for his peculiar views on ethical subjects of the highest importance. Nietzsche utterly rejected not only doctrinal Christianity but all the beautiful precepts of brotherly love that exist in most religions and have found their highest expression in Christian charity. Nietzsche's teaching is just the opposite of Love thy neighbor as thyself. Do unto others as you would be done by! For him the Sermon on the Mount and its touching precepts are the encouragement of pusillanimity. Man was made for himself, not others. He is on earth to attain the highest possible perfection of his own character, let who will suffer thereby. His ethical teaching is well summed up by the expression of a writer in the *Études*—it is "the religion of egoism"—the worship of self.

This is a parable from "Thus Spake Zarathustra." The Gospel according to Nietzsche: "Once upon a time the soft coal said to the diamond, 'Why are you so hard? Are we not near relatives?'"

"And the diamond answered, 'Why are you so soft, Brother, I ask you? Are you not my brother?'"

"Why is there so much weakness, so much yielding and giving ground in this world? Why is there so much self-denial? So much yielding to others in your heart? Why so little severity in your look?"

"If you will not be determined and immovable, how can you expect to

triumph with me, for all creators are hard and it must mean happiness to you to press your hand upon thousands of years as upon wax. It must be happiness to write your will on millenniums, as on metal, harder than metal, nobler than metal. True nobility is supremely hard.

"This is the new dispensation, my brothers that I give you. My new commandment is, 'Be hard.'"

In the International Journal of Ethics Professor Charles M. Bakewell said in an article on the teaching of Friederich Nietzsche written some two years ago:

"The teachings of Nietzsche appear at first sight so absurd, so blasphemous, that one is tempted to set them aside as simply unworthy of serious consideration. There is throughout a scorn of consistency and contempt for argument worthy of Emerson, and a megalomaniacal conceit that outdoes Walt Whitman, who is by the way, a curious pendant and counterpart to Nietzsche."

Professor Bakewell claims that Nietzsche's influence is due to the presence of a reactionary tendency in the minds of cultured Germans. This mental reaction against Lutheran Christianity has taken its rise in the insincerity of German religious authority. The Higher Criticism of things religious and especially of Biblical origins, has had a very wide circulation among the German people. The Lutheran clergy, at least those of the specially educated classes, have accepted very fully, even the most radical conclusions of the higher biblical criticism. The attempt has been made notwithstanding this acceptance of nullifying so-called biblical science to teach the doctrines of supreme biblical authority to the common people, quite as before. This has given rise in many minds to a feeling not unlike that so prevalent among the cultured Roman classes about the time of the introduction of Christianity. Then Cicero and many of his friends realized the lack of any rational foundation for the estab-

lished national religion, yet thought it advisable, partly from fear perhaps, but partly also from motives of policy not to take a decided stand against what they considered the irrationality of paganism, but to allow the old order of things to stand since it seemed to furnish the only secure basis for ethical principles for the common people.

It might have been expected that Nietzsche's doctrines, from their very radicalness and especially their rejection of all the humaner sympathetic elements, would be especially deterrent to women. On the contrary, women formed a large number of Nietzsche's disciples. This is all the more curious and interesting, since Nietzsche made no effort to conceal his dislike of the sex. The last instruction of Zarathustra, the master, and evidently intended as a *quasi* personification myth of Nietzsche himself is this: "You are going among women; forget not to take a whip with you." Nietzsche not only failed to appreciate women, but seems to have despised them. In a well-known passage he says: "Superficiality is the very essence of a woman's character. Woman must obey and so find solidity upon which to rest her superficiality. Man's happiness is expressed by 'I will.' Woman's happiness consists in 'He will.'"

With regard to poor Nietzsche himself, the most charitable opinion is at the same time the one that is best justified by all the facts of the case. He was undoubtedly a man with elements of genius that, in a properly equilibrated intellect, would surely have given expression to great thoughts. More than that, he had the faculty for the apt expression of great truths with an illuminative directness and concreteness that drove them home. His Slav nature—for he was the descendant of Slavs and most of his originality is due to the Slav element in his character—undoubtedly gave him that freshness of view and unconventionality of

expression that have made the thoughts of so many writers of the Slav race on ethical subjects of extreme interest in the last two generations.

Unfortunately the sweet bells of genius were jangled out of tune very early in life and so one can only share the attitude of mind of a writer in the *Études*, who says: "We cannot but feel in the presence of Nietzsche's work and of his soul as it is revealed to us in that work, a large pity and a pious indignation to see so sacrificed and spoiled by such pride the greatest gift that one can admire in a man—force of conception, amplitude of poetic vibration, the instinct for the beautiful and for the æsthetic, combined with vengeful hatred of everything that was low and commonplace." The physician who approaches the Nietzsche problem with the remembrance of the philosopher's nervous symptoms constantly before him, is apt to feel only the pity and to spare the indignation. Poor Nietzsche!

As to his followers they, too, deserve much more our pity than our blame. It would almost seem that they must have been wilfully blind to follow where a mad fellow led, especially when it is borne in mind that they found excuses even for the wildest vagaries of his latest years.

Notwithstanding all that was known of Nietzsche's illness, we find in the *Nineteenth Century* article already quoted "that there were disciples of Nietzsche who claimed to know that the philosopher in the latter years of his life, was not mad at all, no more mad than Hamlet himself, only under the stress of intellectual resolve to save mankind from the mental bondage under which it is laboring—that his later extravagances of language are the sane interpretations of sane reasoning too deep, too intense, too subtle and too true for the apprehension of ordinary minds. In short, that Nietzsche has been playing Hamlet to the nations on the stage of modern Europe."

Of course the facts are all the other way. We have said already how much we think poor Nietzsche himself was to be pitied. It is the sentiment, of course, for which he would have thanked us least. His disciples will probably also be obdurate to our feeling of sympathy for their condition. The followers of the new cults and the peculiar systems of thought that are constantly to be found, are in like manner eminently deserving of our pity. The one hope for the proper direction of such aberrant minds is the establishment of a personal criterion of judgment for them in very early years, by a system of education that implants deeply certain ethical principles and gives them due respect for authority before they become imbued with the idea of egoistic dependence on the vagaries of individual intellect. Even Nietzsche's own aberrant intellectuality seems to have been kept in check for many years by the influence of a favorable home life.

There is, perhaps, no greater fault in our modern system of education without God and without religion, than this absence of the teaching of dependence on a higher power and on authority.

The average human intellect has almost unending tendencies to adopt the ideas of others. If to these tendencies are superadded a certain selfconsciousness of intellectual culture and a feeling of pride that tempts its possessor to make himself, or herself, distinct from the generality of mankind, there is almost no system of thought, however absurd, that may not have a large number of earnest and reasonably sincere disciples. It is wonderful how much this aberrancy in purely intellectual matters may be associated with clearness of vision in practical affairs. A recent writer on Christian Science has said that the most interesting thing about the new cult is the question, "How near the verge of insanity may persons wander and still retain their financial ability?"

This presupposes that such persons are sincere. As a rule they are and are eminently deserving of pity rather than of oburgations. The hope of cure is not for our generation, however, since the defect is in the fundamental training of such individuals and their education was without the inculcation of standards of judgment that can never be set up after mental development has become complete.

THE PERIL OF MODERN STATES.

By the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J.

THE assassination of rulers is a nineteenth century crime and bids fair to put its stamp on the twentieth. A backward glance over the world's records will reveal how distinctly this horrible blot differentiates our times from those that have preceded. France, for example, which, since 1789 is painfully conspicuous in this respect, shows us that from the reign of Charlemagne down to that of Louis XVI, only two of her kings were murdered, namely, Henry III and Henry IV ; and in both cases there were the extenuating circumstances (if there can be extenuation of such horrors) of a relentless civil and religious war raging at the time. There was a conviction, also, in the minds of a large part of the people that both of these monarchs had ceased to be rulers. According to the fundamental laws of France, the king had to be a Catholic, just as the king of England now has to be a Protestant. Henry III had apparently espoused the Protestant cause and was at that moment actually engaged in besieging Paris, which was being defended against him ; and by some, Henry IV was suspected of harboring the same design. The misguided fanatics in both cases may have persuaded themselves that in reality they were not attacking the sovereign majesty of the realm. But in any case, the fact that only two such instances can be cited through almost a thousand years of tyranny and ambition, of civil disorder and religious strife, is a most convincing evidence of the power of Catholic Christianity over the passions of the multitude.

England, also, is a case in point. From the invasion of William the Conqueror in 1066, down to our own times,

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that is to say for a period of eight hundred years, there is but one instance, and that a doubtful one, of this kind of crime, namely, the death of William Rufus, who was found pierced by an arrow in the forest. How it happened no one ever knew. Some hold it was an accident ; possibly it was the outcome of a drunken brawl, for it was after a wild debauch, or may have been a complication such as ended the life of Prince Rudolph in our own times.

The tragic deaths of the other English rulers which are such stains upon the nation's history, cannot be classed in the same category. For there was either the pretence of a judicial execution—as in the case of Edward II, Charles I and Mary Stuart, who were first deposed, and consequently were not exercising kingly power when they died, then imprisoned and finally executed, thus depriving the murder of the character of a private act—or there was the claim of public policy, exercised, it must be noted, by the actual incumbent of the throne, as when Edward IV, without trial, slew his rival, Henry VI, or Richard III strangled the two young princes in the Tower, but in both these cases it was a crime committed by royalty. The crimes of kings we are not considering. Moreover, it was not the doing to death of a reigning prince, but of alleged pretenders ; and thirdly, it was not the crime of any one of the people against the sovereign, and that is what concerns us now.

The fact is that of such a crime we have but one example in English history, and that a dubious one, as we have said, during a lapse of eight centuries. Not only was there no such act committed,

but its possibility was scarcely conceivable. Such was the reverence for authority in those days in England and in the rest of Christendom, that in the midst of the fanatical fury of the Lollard rebellion and the protracted War of the Roses which nearly ruined England, Richard II though a mere stripling dared to ride unattended into a mob of 100,000 peasants infuriated by oppression, and with a few words induced them to disperse. What especially emphasizes this confidence in the loyalty of the people is that John Wicliff who is commonly put forward as the forerunner of the Reformation, had gathered together that wild army precisely to depose and kill the king, and had taught them a worse doctrine than even the anarchist could conceive, viz : that any one in a state of mortal sin has no right to rule either in Church or State. But the Catholic training of centuries was too strong for him. It checked the rage of the mob and quelled the rebellion. In spite of Wicliff's teachings authority was still sacred in their eyes.

Another striking instance of this reverential attitude of the mind of Christendom towards those who ruled, even when their government was characterized by extreme injustice and cruelty, is to be found in the history of the medieval German Empire. That power took its rise in the political chaos which resulted from the inability of the descendants of Charlemagne to retain the imperial sceptre of their great ancestor. The three great dukedoms of Suabia Franconia and Saxony entered into the fight for it. It was the time of the sanguinary and almost universal strife of the Guelfs and the Ghibellines and the Church was seeing some of its darkest days. Otho I was the first German who was crowned Emperor. That was in 936 and though the Empire continued uncontrolled in its action till the days of the monster Frederick II in 1295, with its track marked by inces-

sant war, pillage, massacres, rebellions and apostasies and under such mad monarchs as Frederick Barbarossa, Henry IV, and Frederick II, with all of whom nothing was safe in Church or State, yet during that period of 360 years not one of these kings fell under the assassin's dagger except Philip of Suabia in 1197, who was at the time contesting the crown with Otho IV, and it is thought he was a victim of private revenge and not political hatred.

Spain also rejoined in the same conviction of affairs, and the assassination of kings was unknown from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella down to the period of decay which the French Revolution brought upon it. And in this connection it is instructive to listen to the indignant but solemn declaration of the Poles of our own country, solemn especially because of the awful circumstances which evoked it, namely, that never in all the days of the warrior existence of this splendid country which has shown heroism almost unequalled in the history of the world has the hand of any Catholic Pole been lifted against even the most tyrannical ruler. And this credit is voluntarily accorded them by the most rabid anarchists of to-day.

As an offset to this immunity of the rulers of Christian nations from the daggers of the assassin, even when the nations which they governed were in wild disorder, here are a few (for the list is incomplete) of the tragedies that have horrified mankind, in a period which is perpetually boasting of its enlightenment, its superior education, its uplifting of the laboring classes, its political liberty and large liberality in religion—namely, our own.

The entire reign of Louis Philippe was made a constant terror to him and the nation by attacks on his life.

King Humbert of Italy escaped the knife aimed at him, only by his quickness of action. He was recently slain.

Queen Victoria's life was attempted three times.

Two efforts were made to kill the Prince of Wales.

Napoleon III was frequently shot at and bombshells were exploded around him.

The King of Prussia was twice fired at.

Victor Emmanuel narrowly escaped death at the hands of an assassin.

Ferdinand of Naples was stabbed by a soldier.

Isabella of Spain was likewise attacked.

The Queen of Greece was shot.

Two attempts were made on the life of the German Emperor.

Alfonso of Spain was shot at.

Alexander of Russia was killed after two other attempts had been made on his life.

President Carnot of France was stabbed to death.

A bomb was thrown at President Faure.

The Empress of Austria was murdered in the street.

In our own free Republic where we fancied that liberty afforded such protection, we are, at the present moment crushed with shame by the murder of President McKinley, after having seen two other of his illustrious predecessors die in the same way.

All this is within our own memory and under our own eyes and it brings us face to face with the startling fact that we are fast settling down into a condition of things which filled the nations with horrors when paganism prevailed in the world. A brief retrospect will show this.

The Roman Republic had just perished in the blood of Julius Cæsar, who was murdered in the very senate house by his political rivals. A devastating civil war ensued and then as always happens the Dictator came and the Empire was founded. In its material prosperity, its intellectual culture, its progress in literature and the arts and sciences which won for that period the name

of the Golden Age, in the development of its marvellous military prestige by its formidable fleets and armies as well as by the genius of its emperors, which made the Romans the rulers of the habitable globe, that world-wide empire rose to a degree of splendor such as was never known before nor since. So mighty was it, in fact, that the men of those days could not conceive that it would ever cease to be. Nevertheless, in spite of all this material greatness here is what happened :

The Emperor Tiberius was murdered by his attendants A.D. 37.

Caligula (A.D. 41) was murdered by the Prætorian guard.

Claudius after killing thirty-five senators, 300 Roman knights and the terrible Messalina, his third wife, was in turn killed by Agrippina, in 54.

Nero to escape murder at the hands of others, committed suicide.

Domitian, in the year 96, was murdered by his freedmen.

Commodus, the last of the Antonines was murdered by his intimate associates.

"From 292 to 384," writes the historian, "twenty-five Emperors ruled, with an average reign of less than four years. Nearly all of them were raised to the purple by the prætorian guards, or the legions, and most of them were murdered."

Placed side by side with our own catalogue of murders does it not look as if modern times were bent upon reproducing the awful condition of anarchy and bloodshed of ancient paganism?

How are we to explain this startling contrast? On one side long lapses of many centuries in the national life of widely divergent races and under most exasperating conditions, and no one ever dreaming of redress by the instrumentality of murder; and on the other hand, in only a portion of a century whose principal glory is material success and political liberty, there is a cata-

logue of crime that makes one shudder to read, and which may be added to, God knows to what extent, in the flaring and terrifying headlines of to-morrow's paper. How are we to explain in Christian times and in alleged Christian nations this adoption of pagan methods?

The answer is not hard to find. Those centuries were under Catholic influence. Ours is not. The Catholic Church proclaims and must ever proclaim that the ruler of a nation, be he president, emperor or king, is a sacred person and in Catholic times was really and truly the Lord's anointed whom to touch was sacrilege. It mattered not what his private life might be; in his official capacity he represented the authority of God and was to be revered and obeyed because of it. It is only fanatical sectaries like Wicliff and John Huss, whom, unfortunately, so many of our non-Catholic brethren ignorantly worship, who taught that a ruler forfeited his authority when he was in a state of sin. "All authority," the Church forever teaches, and in that she is only echoing St. Paul, "comes from God." My right to rule and to exact submission whether I be a king, or a president, or a governor, or a mayor, or a parent, or a superior of any kind, comes from the fact, not that I have the power to enforce my authority by the soldier's bayonet or the policeman's club, or punishment of any kind, or because those whom I govern consent to my sway, but because I represent with due limitations according to my position the authority of the Supreme Ruler, God, who necessarily and essentially must command order to be preserved and forbid it to be disturbed.

That is what is meant by the divine right of kings, which so many modern scribblers ignorantly scoff at. It is not a right that makes a man quasi-divine; but it is so designated because of the root from which it springs, the foundation on which it is built. All rights are divine for the simple reason that I can claim my due in all things, because of

the eternal law of justice which is in God. There is indeed no right divine to govern wrong, as it is sometimes travestied, but there is a right divine to govern; and the decision as to whether the governing is right or wrong is not to be left to the arbitrament of an assassin. This right divine is in the President as well as in the most autocratic king that ever ruled.

It matters not how a ruler's authority has come to him, whether through the people by election, or by inheritance from a line of ancestry or by some such tragic event as that which has placed President Roosevelt in power; once there, he is to be obeyed as God's representative, and while he may be checked or even deposed, it can only be with due regard to the fundamental laws of the country and by public legislative act, but never can the hand of any private individual be lifted against him.

This dignity which earthly rulers assume and which is their glory, is at the same time the reason why obedience to them is proper and honorable. It is but base slavery to obey a man like myself, or perhaps personally inferior in intellect or morals, merely because I cannot help it; and it is truculent meanness to obey him because it is to my advantage to do so, but to obey him because he interprets to me the will of the Almighty, particularized and made concrete in the laws of the nation, or the Church, or the family, that is to consult my dignity as a man, to ensure respect and submission to the ruler, and to guarantee the State against revolution and anarchy. That is Catholic doctrine and it is because that doctrine entered into every fibre of domestic, social and national life that even in the days of barbarism the world was spared the horrors that appal it now.

It was in order to impress that truth on the people's minds that the Church invested the inauguration of secular rulers into their office with all the pomp and solemnity at its command.

Here is the way Lingard describes the coronation of the Anglo-Saxon kings. "They received the royal insignia from the ministers of the Church, and the splendor of royalty was added to by the ceremonies of religion. In the library of St. Columba there was a book of the *ordination* of kings as if they were ministers of religion. The ceremony began with the coronation oath. This oath was a species of compact between the monarch and his people which the bishop, as the representative of heaven, ratified with his benediction. A written copy of this oath was then laid as a memorial on the altar. A portion of the gospel was then read; three prayers were recited to implore the blessing of God and the consecrated oil was poured on the head of the king. Whilst the other prelates anointed him the archbishop chanted the collect: "O God the strength of the elect and the exaltation of the humble, who by the unction of oil didst sanctify thy servant Aaron, and by the same didst prepare priests, kings and prophets to rule thy people Israel, sanctify in like manner, this thy servant that like them he may be able to govern the people committed to his charge." At the conclusion of the prayer, the principal thanes approached and in conjunction with the bishops placed the sceptre in his hand; then after many benedictions were invoked on him by the archbishop, the rod was given to him and the crown was placed upon his head, the consecrator still invoking blessings upon him, all with reference to his office of sovereign, the people responding to each of them: Amen. They were then admitted to kiss him on his throne. The queen consort was similarly honored. Before the gospel the prelate put a ring on her finger to remind her that she was now wedded to the kingdom, anointed her on the head and perhaps on the breast and then placed a crown on her head.

Such solemnities were customary all through Christendom, and Froissart

thus describes the ceremony as it took place in France. "It was on Sunday 1380 when Charles was in the twelfth year of his age and there were present almost all the mighty lords and nobles of the kingdom. The young king made entry into the city on the Saturday previous and heard Vespers in the Church of Our Lady, where he performed his vigils the greater part of the night as did all the young men desirous of knighthood.

"On Sunday, which was All Saint's Day, the church was very richly decorated, and when all were assembled, the Archbishop of Rheims said Mass with great solemnity; after which he consecrated the king with the holy ampulla with which St. Remy had anointed Clovis, the first Christian king of the French. Tradition had it that this ampulla or vessel had been brought down from heaven by a dove for the baptismal unction of Clovis in 496, and that by a standing miracle it was replenished for each succeeding coronation. Before his consecration, the king in front of the altar conferred the order of knighthood on all the young squires who presented themselves for that distinction and during the chanting of the Mass, he sat clad in his royal robes on an elevated throne adorned with a cloth of gold, while all the newly-made knights were on low benches at his feet. When Mass was over the king and his retinue went to the palace and the rest of the day was spent in feasting and merriment."

No wonder that after this *sacring*, Shakespeare, who was merely voicing the sentiment of the people could make Hamlet speak of his kingly father's "canonized bones," and permit even the wicked uncle to say:

"Do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will."
This reverence for the person of the

king was not new; it was the same as that which actuated David when he bitterly reproached himself with profaning the Lord's anointed because he had cut off a portion of the robes of Saul who was asleep in the cave; although Saul at that very time was seeking to kill David and although David himself had been anointed king. But the opening chapter of the Second Book of Kings brings that feeling out in a manner that is almost startling: "Now it came to pass after Saul was dead, that David returned from the slaughter of the Amalecites. And on the third day there appeared a man who came out of Saul's camp with his garments rent and dust strewed upon his head, and when he came to David he fell on his face and adored. And David said unto him: What is the matter that has come to pass? Tell me. He said: The people are fled from the battle and many of the people are fallen and dead; moreover Saul and Jonathan his son are slain. And David said to the young man who told him: How knowest thou that Saul and Jonathan his son are slain? And the young man that told him said: I came by chance upon Mount Gelboe, and Saul leaned upon his spear, and the chariots and horsemen drew nigh to him. And looking behind him and seeing me, he called me. And I answered: Here am I. And he said to me: Who art thou? And I said to him: I am an Amalecite. And he said to me: Stand over me and kill me, for anguish has come upon me, and as yet my whole life is in me. So standing over him I killed him; for I knew that he could not live after the fall, and I took the diadem that was upon his head and the bracelet that was on his arm and have brought them hither to thee, my lord. Then David took hold of his garments and rent them, and likewise all the men that were with him; and they mourned and wept and fasted until evening for Saul and for Jonathan his son, and for the house of Israel because they were fallen by the sword. And

David said to the young man: Why didst thou not fear to put out thy hand to kill the Lord's anointed? And David calling one of his servants, said: Go near and kill him. And he struck him so that he died. And David said to him: Thy blood be upon thy own head; for thy own mouth hath spoken against thee; I have slain the Lord's anointed. Then follows the outbursts of grief against the very mountains of Gelboe, which he curses in his wrath: let neither dew nor rain come upon you, neither be there fields of first fruits, because there was cast away the shield of the valiant, the shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil.

Such is the attitude of the Church under the immediate guidance of God, both in the Old and the New Covenant, towards earthly rulers; an attitude which is in direct opposition to the way in which the paganism of the ancient or modern world regards them. Paganism, both ancient and modern, murders its kings and emperors and presidents whenever the fancy or the frenzy seizes it. Christianity holds their persons sacred, no matter under what form of government. In former days it actually consecrated them to God with solemn ceremonies and holy oils, and to touch them with evil intent was sacrilege; and it is almost so now when this consecration has been done away with.

This does not mean that the Church accorded them unlimited power. She has never been the ally of tyranny. On the contrary, for the people's sake she has withstood the most bloodthirsty and remorseless tyrants that ever wielded the sceptre and won from them the best liberties the nations now enjoy; she has released whole realms from their obedience and has forced the proudest monarchs to sue for forgiveness in the garb of penitents like Theodosius at the church door of Milan or Henry IV in the winter snows at Canossa. She regarded kings as sacred indeed, but was ever the champion of the liberties of the peo-

ple; and therefor while she held in check the mad passions of poplaces wilder than ours, for many of them were just emerging from savagery, she threw her ægis over the consecrated life of the ruler, and saving him saved the people. There is no such arbiter now, and hence our modern disorder. While her influence prevailed, the dastardly assassin of modern times was impossible and yet the people's rights were battled for and won. Princes have separated from her now and so have the people and the consequences are what we contemplate with tears and consternation.

What has brought the nations of the world to the dreadful pass? The answer is just as easy to find, as was the other about the influence which has preserved them hitherto from ruin.

In general of course it is because the nations, or their rulers, at least, have abandoned Christianity; but the specific and immediately provocative cause, the connecting wire that sent on the destructive volts, the hand that pressed the button to work the havoc is nothing else than the school of infidel philosophers and writers called the Encyclopædists in France with their similars in England like Locke and Hobbes and Gibbon and Hume and others (the idols let us say, in passing, of the educational world of our country to-day) who with their associates in other countries popularized the abominable doctrines which overwhelmed Christianity, and brought about that culminating horror of the French Revolution whose spirit is continually evoked as the excuse and the explanation of every popular upheaval that has occurred since then. And if there is one man who is to be singled out as the mouthpiece, one who is the oracle of all these enemies of God and humanity, it is their chief monster Jean Jacques Rousseau who with his diabolical writings couched in a most captivating style and language formulated their anarchistic political and pedagogical principles which have

been adopted by almost all modern nations in the administration of their governments, and the education of their youth. He towers above them all because of the personal popularity he has achieved, and of him, as if he were alone, it may be said, that just as the prophet of God stood before the adulterous king to reproach him with his crime and its consequences, so history will ever hold its blood-stained hand over Jean Jacques Rousseau and say: "Thou art not the man but the human fiend that hath brought all this ruin upon modern nations."

Rousseau was as foul a creature morally as ever lived, but his writings were read with avidity by all classes of his countrymen who were the first to experience the terrible consequences of them in the horrors of the French Revolution, and they were taken up to a greater or less extent by the people of other nations and reduced to practice.

His theory of government which unfortunately is now commonly accepted is in his own words as follows: "The original and natural condition of mankind is a state of equality, which has been disturbed by the establishment of property and the institution of authority. Authority was devised by those who had possession of property; but that possession is a fraud and a crime against humanity. It has thus happened that the laws which were devised have put fetters on the weak, given power to the rich, irrevocably overturned our natural liberty, by perpetuating the possession of property and the condition of inequality. Of a skilful usurpation the usurpers thus made an irrevocable right, and they subjected the human race for all time to labor, slavery, and misery for the advantage of a few ambitious men.

"The State as we now have it was formed by a *Social Contract*, with the understanding however, that the will of the people which thus transmitted to the authorities the exercise of power, for the interest of all, should continue to

be the source of this power, and consequently it is the only real sovereign ; for the act by which the people institutes a government, is less a contract with the ruler than it is an order imposed on him to fulfil the will of the sovereign people; an understanding that those who are charged with the administration are not the masters but the servants of the people, and that the people can establish them or put them aside at will ; that the first duty of rulers is to obey the people and in accepting the responsibilities which are imposed on them they merely fulfil a duty which weighs on all alike and have no right to discuss the conditions of their authority. As soon as the ruler violates those conditions, the *Social Contract* lapses and each citizen recovers his natural liberty, and consequently is no longer bound to obey. At the very moment that the people assemble as a sovereign body, all governmental jurisdiction ceases, all executive power is suspended, and the person of the last citizen becomes as sacred and as inviolable as that of the ruler. In fact there is no ruler then; for the depositary and source of all authority, the people, is present."

There are doctrines here possibly, which rightly interpreted are sane enough ; many of them we have appropriated and the conservative instincts of the American people have applied them with wisdom and prudence and have not permitted the evil consequences which many of them contain in germ, to be deduced; for the American people has hitherto been a religious people with the fear of God and the reverence for authority before their eyes, but as religion disappears and as these awful crimes against our rulers deaden the finer sense within us, for the older of us fancy that the shudder of horror diminishes with each of these murders, the same consequences are to be dreaded which followed the first application of these doctrines in their logical completeness. Let us bear in mind that

Rousseau's theory of government was the great cause of the French Revolution. It served as a pretext of the jealousy of the poor against the rich, of the masses against the classes; and only a spark was needed, only a shock from without to bring the chief mandatory of the people, Louis Capet, to the scaffold and to inaugurate those national orgies the like of which the world has never seen. Rousseau, though dead, was the idol of the pretended patriots ; the fiends of the Reign of Terror. They carried his remains to the Pantheon ; and called his *Social Contract* the beacon light of the Revolution, their pass-words were taken from his books; and on all occasions they invoked his authority to sanction their laws, their injustice and their crimes. Without possibly knowing his name the anarchists of to-day have been brought up on his doctrines without anything to qualify or correct them, and their purpose is to repeat the horrors which desolated the world at the opening of the nineteenth century. The persons of rulers are no more sacred in their eyes than the wild members of their frantic clubs. The *Social Contract*, they have determined, is violated and they are free from all allegiance.

What makes this all the more dreadful is that these doctrines are being taught to our children. For Jean Jacques Rousseau is not only the evangelist of modern politics, but of modern pedagogy. The pretendedly greatest educational organ of this country has declared—apparently with approval and no one contradicted it—that Jean Jacques Rousseau is the great formative influence that pervades the education of the nineteenth century. God help us if that be so. For Rousseau's educational principles are only the reflex of his political and religious teachings. His purpose in education is to form the *natural* man ; he is to have no religion but natural religion and to cultivate the one passion that is born in man, viz: self-love. "The child is not

to learn because you have taught him, but because he has found out for himself; the teacher is merely to remove obstacles from the pupils and let them discover for themselves with a consequence, of course, of boundless conceit and an absence of all gratitude to the teacher. The child is to take nothing on authority; nothing is good for him except what he feels is good; otherwise you take away his good sense; you accustom him to be led and to be a machine in the hands of others. To ask a child to be docile when he is young is to wish to make him credulous and a dupe when he grows up. It is useless to assure a child that what you tell him is for his good; he will see that later on," etc. In other words, this system, which is adopted in our own country from the kindergarten up, professedly teaches a child not to obey and not to bend to any authority; it fills him with conceit of his own prowess; urges him at all times to follow his own judgment and his own will, that is to say, his own passions, and to decide always on the principle of utility; it stuffs his poor little addled brain with a thousand scraps of undigested knowledge, exhorts him to be ever restless, ever seeking, ever dissatisfied with the existing state of things; in point of fact it is preparing a most dangerous element for the social and political conditions of our country.

The pupil of Rousseau is to ask continually "What good is it?" and remember, it is always "What material good is it?" In his eyes the artisan is the most useful member of society; the depositories and representatives of spiritual interests are the lowest in the scale of usefulness and are to be expelled from society as the representatives of a scientific aristocracy. There is to be no question of God in education. "If," he wrote, "I had to paint a picture of disgusting stupidity I would paint a pedant teaching catechism to his pupils; if I wanted to make a child a fool, I

would oblige him to explain what he says in reciting his catechism. When a child says he believes in God, it is not God he believes in, but Peter or James, who tell him there is something he calls God. To teach children mysteries which they cannot understand is to accustom them early to lie." The ultimate object he proposes is, to form with the fundamental dogmas of Judaism, Mahomedanism and Christianity, a universal religion, and the one who shall teach anything contrary to it will be banished from society as an enemy of its fundamental laws. Meantime, as regards the child, he asks: "In what religion shall we bring him up? To what sect shall we affiliate him? The answer is simple: In none. But we shall enable him to choose when he reaches the age of reason."

If this is the spirit that pervades our modern education and we are assured on high authority that it is, nay we see many of these principles inculcated in our schools throughout the land, can we look to the future of our country with any other feelings than those of alarm and terror? The entire youth of a country taught to have no respect for God, for religion, for authority of any kind, with heads bursting with conceit for their ability to know everything and to do everything and decide everything; with hearts that have not only been indulged from infancy, but have been taught to seek only what pleases them, with contempt for anyone who is idiotic enough to be concerned about spiritual things; such a youth brought up on the pedagogical principles of Rousseau, will be only too eager to accept and put in practice the political principles of that same miscreant when they come to man's estate. And then God help the country. Over the prostrate form of William McKinley lying in his gore amid the triumphs of material civilization, looms the ominous spectre which has banished God from politics and education.

DISOWNED.

By the Rev. A. Belanger, S.J.

IV.

CONGREGATIONS AND THE CLERGY.

DIVIDE ET IMPERA : divide and rule. That is the old formula of all kinds of despotism and it is being employed now. It would be an excellent scheme also to work for the benefit of the army. Thus someone might suggest to the infantry : "These scouts and cavalry only exasperate the enemy. Let us get rid of them. Then we can rest for a while. After that we can say to the enemy : 'Now the fight is between you and us alone !'" What would be the consequence ? The enemy would make quick work of the detached scouts and cavalry and would then at their ease demolish the weakened forces on the field. Such were the tactics used in the last century with regard to the Church. The Jesuits were suppressed for the sake of peace. Then the rest of the clergy had to stand the brunt alone and we know the disasters that followed.

And this part of history seems about to repeat itself. However, there is at present but little chance to deceive the greater part of the clergy for they understand exactly how far to rely on the hypocritical sympathy of those men who pretend to deliver them from all opposition, only the better to subjugate them. Moreover, it is above all to good, honest laymen that these deceivers appeal. "To be sure," they exclaim, "we attack the Congreganists, but it is in the interest of parish priests whom they annoy and oppress. Indeed, the latter are seeking deliverance from these objectionable helpers. And the poor bishops ! What a trial to them are these religious, wandering about their dioceses, hearing confessions without

episcopal authorization, preaching without episcopal control—a sort of irregular Bashi-Bazooks in the paid employ of Rome—bothering and annoying every one."

To reply to this sophism it will suffice to bring to state on the one side, the services rendered by Congreganists to the secular clergy, and on the other, the *true sentiments* of the latter in regard to their auxiliaries.

By *true sentiments*, we mean those which are voluntary, and which are nurtured in the depths of the heart ; not the few outbursts of passing irritation which may, at times, disturb on the surface the unity of these closely allied companions in arms. That there have existed and still exist some differences as to jurisdiction, influence, and method between regular and secular clergy as also among various religious orders, it would be puerile to deny.

However, as a rule, these dissensions are as I have said merely on the surface ; only family quarrels which in no wise interfere with profound esteem and true affection and which, above all, never prevent the unanimous taking up of arms against the enemy of God, once his intentions are openly discovered. Would you like a comparison ? Tradition has it that, in our large military ports, once or twice a year the sailors and soldiers indulge in Homeric pugilism. Just why, it would be hard to say, but a strong underlying reason is, a pitiable exaggeration of that very excellent thing : *l'esprit de corps*. On the one side are the sailors, proud to call themselves sons of the great ocean and to be rocked by its surging billows : on the other are the soldiers inflamed

with self esteem, which is sometimes justly hurt, and imbued with a consciousness of sterling military qualities, oftentimes boasted of to the point of heroism. If, through some imprudence, the two strong electric currents running from both sides clash, a spark is generated and, for the moment, all brothership is lost sight of. And thus it is that the little meannesses of which even the most devoted are sometimes guilty, periodically beget strife. But, do you therefore conclude that the soldiers would rejoice to see the sailors attacked by the English? Never. Let an enemy offer an insult to the flag; let a sacrilegious hand be outstretched to steal it, and you will behold only valiant Frenchmen united by their love of country, and the soldiers defending the seamen as they would defend themselves.

It is the same with the two sets of clergy. Even though some of their members be divided on certain points, they are one in the defence of the Church and the work of saving souls. With two such great objects in view, disputes over most theological questions can be pardoned, as well as a sifting of methods in order to determine whether that of St. Ignatius is superior to that of M. Olier, and whether Molinism should give way to Thomism. But the trouble is that those who know us not, mistake our disagreements on these matters, for grave internal dissensions. This is an error; the two kinds of clergy love and esteem each other and should religious orders ever be overwhelmed by the terrible tempest which now threatens them, rest assured that all good priests—and they are legion—would deplore the misfortune as would the soldier upon seeing washed ashore the wreck of a gallant ship aboard which intrepid souls had fought against a common enemy in defence of the same flag.

Besides, if one would analyze a few incidents instead of allowing them to

baffle or blind him, he would find among the secular clergy unmistakable evidences of sympathy for the Congregations.

Take, for instance, the Congregations of women. All priests are witnesses of their labors, and consequently admire them. They behold these good women instructing children, caring for the sick and consoling the afflicted, and joyfully contemplate their devotedness, their life of poverty, their cheerful patience, because they know the price of such self-conquest, such victories over nature. They also know—at least such as keep abreast of all the religious interests of the day—the incalculable amount of good done by these heroic women who go about promoting everywhere the glory of France while exhaling the perfume of Christian charity.

How could they possibly cause a priest annoyance?

These religious are nearly all subject to him. He is their director, their adviser; they are the instruments he uses for the accomplishment of good. And should they not come under the authority of a parish priest, they would be subject to that of a bishop, who, in his diocese, is their superior.

Of Congreganists who are not members of the priesthood, about the same may be said. They are united to the parish priests by a bond of mutual assistance and are also subject to the bishop of the diocese.

There now remain only the Congregations or Religious Orders of priests. They alone could be a menace to the seculars and, above all, to the bishops. However, at a glance their supposedly formidable numbers will dwindle and the danger they have been accused of causing be reduced to zero.

Indeed, the religious priests constitute a mere handful. If, from the 30,000 male Congreganists in France were deducted the lay religious, contemplatives, (Carthusians, Benedictines, Premonstratensians, Trappists), the novices

and those who are pursuing their studies, there would remain but three or four thousand of the regular clergy. And, if we push the matter still further, we will find that many of this number are engaged in teaching; that some do very little work except with the pen, and that others are incapacitated either because of old age or chronic illness. It can, therefore, be readily seen how few there are to do mission work, preach and hear confessions. How few indeed are they compared with the 50,000 secular priests in France!

Moreover, these regulars are far from being independent of the bishop. It is true that the members of large orders—and they alone—enjoy what is known as ecclesiastical exemption, wherefore a great hue and cry is raised in behalf of the liberty of the Gallican Church. But it were well for that liberty had it naught else to fear.

As to ecclesiastical exemption, Cardinal Bourret of Rodez tells us what it is.

"One should not be needlessly alarmed," he says, "at the prerogatives of exemption. This exemption is enjoyed by a small number of institutes in France and it dispenses them from the official right to be visited, but this privilege is compensated for by many other forms of surveillance and authority. Thus, all religious receive episcopal approbation for the different ministrations they perform; for preaching, hearing confessions, holding conferences, teaching catechism and other works, of zeal and charity; in fact, they do nothing without having first advised the bishops and obtained their approval, which, I happily admit, is accorded." And, somewhat further on, speaking of the objections made against the ministrations of religious, he adds these severe words: "These particular objections are advanced only by a few laymen who are influenced by educational and racial prejudices. Among the old clergy of the State or the modern adherents of

Jansenism and old Catholicism, they are formulated chiefly by priests imbued with false precepts, often preoccupied with personal considerations and sometimes wishing to disguise under this pretext the want of edification in their conduct or of success in their ministry."

¶ As for us, since our appointment, despite our unworthiness, to the head of a large diocese almost ten years ago, we have had religious, particularly Jesuits, under our jurisdiction, and we loudly assert that we have never felt the prick of that sword which, according to a famous saying, is everywhere, and that these invaders, these leaders of men and things have never requested of us the promotion of a pastor nor the removal of a beadle or a sexton. We have ever found them reserved, tactful, agreeable, always keeping their place and leaving it only when invited to do so, and then returning to it with the same modesty and punctuality with which they had emerged from it." (1)

Here, then, is the spectre of ecclesiastical exemption vanishing before the crosier stroke of one who would have a right to complain of it were it really an attack upon his authority.

Another bishop, Mgr. Pie, whose firm character could ill brook any encroachment upon his jurisdiction, did not speak otherwise. "I want to say in your presence," remarked he to his priests, "that my esteem and sympathy for the Society of Jesus are proportionate to the opposition and hatred borne it by the enemies of God and the Church. And I know that you will share these sentiments of your bishop, because the clergy of Poitiers are incontestably good priests and the love of religious orders and of this one in particular, is characteristic of a good priest" (2).

(1) *Des principales raisons d'être des Ordres religieux dans l'Eglise et dans la Société*, by the Bishop of Rodez, 1880, pp. 47, 48, 49.

(2) *Vie du Cardinal Pie*, by Mgr. Baudard, vol. I, p. 142.

If, however, these grand voices be somewhat lost in the distance, refer to the history of yesterday; turn to the letters of five French bishops attacked for having given publicity to their ardent love for persecuted religious. And how many others, whose names it is deemed wiser to withhold, have expressed the same sentiments!

But, by way of conclusion, here is the calm, dignified protestation of Cardinal Coullié, Archbishop of Lyons, in his *Instruction pastorale pour le carême de 1900*. Its opportuneness cannot be questioned.

"Have you not lately heard a statesman affirm that priests in parishes would eagerly applaud the persecution directed against religious? Meet this calumny with the statement that priests and religious are soldiers in the same army.

"Say that there exist between them no other sentiments than those of a fruitful emulation in the work of teaching, as in all their works for the salvation of souls."

In fine, it may be clearly seen that those who represent religious as enemies of the secular clergy are either deceivers or deceived; that if the regular orders molested their brethren, it would not be necessary to make an appeal to the secular clergy. There is in Rome a senate of cardinals, but few of whom are religious; there is also a Sovereign Pontiff who is not a religious either, but who loves the Congregations because he loves the Church, and one word from him would suffice to curb any religious who might have overstepped the proper limit.

Therefore, do leave the Church to defend herself. To persecute religious under pretext of helping the Church would be insolent, hypocritical or, at best, silly.

V.

ARE RELIGIOUS HOSTILE TO THE REPUBLIC?

A priori this would be strange, since they realize—with the exception of the

disorder or injustice—the beau ideal of the most extreme republicans, a kind of socialism.

And what is that? A *régime* according to which the community controls the wealth of all, the labor of all, and provides for the needs of all, according to their extent, but without any exception as to persons.

Now this is precisely the picture of perfect fraternity presented by religious congregations. In them each individual labors for collectivity and its works. Whether he accomplish little or much, whether he be gifted with unusual talent or ply a humble trade, whether he be a brilliant preacher, a successful teacher, or poor and sickly and scarcely able to hear a few confessions, his personal salary is the same, that is to say: he is provided with the necessities of every-day life. He enjoys no privilege save that of the sacerdotal character, and even this only carries with it the simple precedence due, in the eyes of faith, to whomsoever is chosen by God to dispense grace through the Sacraments and to immolate daily the Victim of the Altar.

It is only in the cloister that one sees upon an equal footing the wealthy descendants of great lords and those whom, in the outside world, they would not have selected for servants. They sit at the same table and call each other *brother*, and oftentimes it is the great ones of earth who serve the lowly peasant; it is the learned doctor who, attired in a gingham apron, carries in the plates of his pupils; it is the veteran, silver-haired religious who waits upon his younger brethren. And all this is carried out so naturally that only newcomers remark it.

This calls to mind a Requiem Mass during which the families and friends of four religious, victims of a tragic accident, knelt around the catafalque. One of the deceased had belonged to the ancient nobility, another to the respectable middle class, a third to the

peasantry and the fourth to the working class. These four men of varied ancestry had died helping one another. Indeed, had it been necessary to grade them, the nobleman and the respected civilian would have had to retire in favor of the two others, the first of whom was a priest and the second on the point of becoming one. Such then is true, good socialism.

Even the superiors are subject to this uniformity, at least such is the case in modern Orders. They are clothed, fed and employed in just the same way as are their spiritual children. Their cells are somewhat larger and furnished with a few extra chairs ; but so moderate is this luxury, that more than one man of the world upon entering one of these bare, whitewashed, uninviting apartments, has been thoroughly astonished and seized with a feeling of utter loneliness which nature, in spite of itself, holds in abhorrence.

These superiors are frequently elected by suffrage which, if not universal, is at least very comprehensive. When they are appointed by a superior general, it is for a limited time only—three to six years. After that, the chief once more becomes a private member of the community, being obliged to submit to one of his inferiors, one whom he has, perhaps, instructed and whom he may have formed in the religious life.

Hence, what could be more republican than this *régime* ? Does it not entail labor for a collective body ; the temporary entrusting of authority ; the rendering of accounts to a chapter or a superior general ? Anarchy and self assertion are the only missing elements ; but really, are these indispensable to the essence of the Republic ?

And we may add that the immense majority of Congreganists come from the ranks of the middle and humbler classes of society and consequently are not imbued with class prejudices, and only seldom with family tradition established

from a political point of view, and, therefore, they are ready to accept without repugnance all forms of honest government. Even in those Orders which, with or without reason, are reputed to be the most aristocratic, the descendants of the nobility are far from domineering and even the proud Duc de Saint-Simon would not be disconcerted to find among them successors of Père Le Tellier ready, like him, to boast of being the son of peasants.

Now, though all this may be admitted, the impression still remains with you that religious do not like the Republic.

And here, to my sorrow, I must of necessity introduce a *distinction* ; so much the worse for those who have perfidiously coupled an utterly odious persecution with a perfectly legitimate form of government.

There are two Republics ; the one good and honest, claimed by all and which would give even to monks the liberty promised in its programme. Such a government we would accept with a sigh of relief.

But alas ! there is also the Free Masons' Republic which violates the most sacred liberties, is faithless to its principles and its promises and seeks only to extinguish Christian life in France and, to that end, the religious life also.

Such is the unvarnished truth, and though Congreganists do not dote on this republic they have never conspired against it.

But religious are not the only ones to find fault with such a system. Indeed, there are in France millions wearing "the short robe" who cannot accept it. Behold Jules Lemaitre, de Marcère, Drumont, Guérin, Déroulède, Mercier, Rochefort and many others who are neither monks nor friars, and yet ! ! !

If I dared risk a somewhat irreverent comparison, I would liken these poor Congreganists to dogs trained by smugglers to get lace past the custom

house. One of these scheming scoundrels dressed as a custom house officer, administers, without rhyme or reason, periodic whippings to his four legged scholars, and soon the poor, maltreated animals connect the idea of the custom house officer's uniform with that of the violence from which they suffer at the hands of this man. After that, load one of these abused dogs with lace and let him loose on the border and he'll run like mad at sight of blue trousers trimmed with red stripes.

Well, the Republic presents itself to us under the austere form of M. Brisson, who is virtuously engaged in emptying our purse, and under that of M. Waldeck, who brandishes all the swords of old decrees and new laws. Do you wonder, therefore, that the poor, robbed, expelled, exiled victims, do not run forward and enthusiastically embrace these malevolent customs officers?

No, the Congreganists have no love for the laws decreeing their spoliation and depriving them of the rights of citizenship; for the men who, to please Free Masonry, threaten them at every turn; for the politicians who, to save their own pocket-books, offer to deliver up the Congregations as a prey to odious passions.

But it is round the true, sincere, justice-dispensing Republic that the immense majority rallies and has rallied or else has had no need so to do. And again, be it remembered that a Congreganist is a son of the people or of the respected middle class, and that he is imbued from infancy with the sympathies of the centre whence he has sprung. It is also quite a well-known fact that in many families belonging to these middle and humbler classes, there is not the shadow of hostility against the republican *régime*.

If one enters religion it is generally between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, and at that time of life one hardly modifies his political opinions, especially when a command from on high

enjoins a strict observance of the established form of government.

Now, should there be among the Congreganists some few who wish to remain faithful to old and respectable traditions of their race, nothing is more legitimate. Certainly the mere holding of these preferences does not constitute open or illegal opposition. Six months ago France was thrown into confusion, close searches were made and not alone family secrets, but even the more sacred ones of conscience were laid bare. But in all this giant conspiracy there could not be found a single trace of ecclesiastical plotting.

The few religious who, in their hearts, are opposed to the actual *régime* have no recourse to dark machinations against it. Would you behold a change of sentiment in even these few exceptions? Then give us a Republic insuring each one true liberty and you will see how eagerly all will accept it. Note the affection of the Catholic priests and religious of the United States for their country's Constitution. Why do they so love it? Because it treats them as citizens not as pariahs.

I think that I can therefore conclude with all propriety, that the Congreganists are in no wise hostile to the republican *régime*. To be sure they defend themselves against its caricature which cruelly oppresses them but they proceed legally, using only their best established rights as citizens and without attacking even the form of government.

But here you interrupt me with a cry of: "Halt! you have uttered a word that compromises your cause. Wherefore call attention to these priests, these disputatious monks who brandish the pen as the deceased Archbishop of Turpin did his club; who thunder forth their indignation not only in the pulpit but through the medium of brochures, newspapers and reviews. Is this evangelical meekness? Is this the attitude of a martyr or even of a priest? Let the

latter, and above all the religious, remain in his church and say his office or attend to the penitents grouped about his confessional ; he could do no better. But this assuming of a military mien so foreign to that of the gentle, benign clergyman of our ideal is beyond endurance."

I could answer all these imputations but shall set at least the principal one aside. It belongs to ancient history and satisfaction has already been given you.

But a question should not be evaded when any light can possibly be thrown upon it, so let us consider the matter both from a legal and conventional standpoint.

Legality has no reason to complain, for a religious is neither a pupil, a protégé or a functionary. Under the actual *régime* he is a citizen, and nothing but a citizen. The State knows naught of his vows. Should he be inclined to disobey his rule, he may utterly disregard it. He votes, he is subject to common tribunals, in short, he is a gentleman just like anyone else. Therefore, by what right is his civil liberty encroached upon? If any ordinary citizen is allowed to write in the newspapers the religious may do likewise. If he be guilty of any misdemeanor in print let him be prosecuted on that score, for there is a law for all citizens and being one, he comes under it. Surely the conclusion is inevitable.

"But," you may say, "he is not like every other citizen, because the character with which he is invested imparts a singular authority to his words."

Do you mean the authority conferred upon him by his virtue, his scientific knowledge and the purity of his life? This principle does not hold for it would lead to absurd results. A member of the Institute has special authority and must he therefore refrain from writing in favor of his convictions, political or otherwise? A former minister, an ex ambassador or a retired officer

has special authority and must he consequently abstain from defending truth, or at least from using the really efficacious means of making it triumph? Accordingly, the more learned and virtuous a man is, the less right he has to combat abuses. Similar consequences follow upon this principle and are sufficient to shatter it. However, do you allude to the religious character? If so, permit me to once more assert that, from a *legal* standpoint, it is *null*. By refusing to recognize the value of religious vows, the law authoritatively declares that, in its sight, a religious is nothing but an ordinary citizen. We might add that under no pretext can he be claimed to be a functionary, and moreover, it is well known that no priest has ever accepted this arbitrary incorporation. He is God's functionary and that is enough for him.

The question of *legality* being satisfactorily settled, let us now see if ecclesiastical conventionalities allow religious to introduce *polemics* into the press and into their speech. It is not without a purpose that I use the word *polemics* instead of *politics*. If, indeed, the latter enter into the free domain of every citizen, it cannot be denied that they are unsuited to a man devoted to heavenly pursuits. However, let us observe that, at times, alleged politics are but a cloak for religious persecution. To rob the fathers of families of their sacred rights over the education of their children ; to overwhelm the congregations with taxes, threaten them with permanent dissolution, etc., etc. ; does all this come under the head of politics? No indeed ; it is war against the Church, against conscience, against truth. It is not in accordance with the evangelical spirit to yield or, like the hireling, to fly at the approach of the wolf. The Master has said : "The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." He gives his labor, his rest, even his life in order to save his sheep from the fury of their assailants.

Thus has it been understood by the true priests of the Church, by such men as Athanasius, Basil, Ambrose and Chrysostom, and the apologists of the first century, also St. Justin, Tertullian, Minucius Felix and so many others, have left no other example. They did not deem it wrong to upbraid the pagans for their vices, their injustice and their inconsistencies. They knew how to show those poor benighted people the baseness of their false gods and the sham of oracles. And why? The reply will astound more than one reader. Simply for charity's sake.

This century is one of insatiable egotism and, at the same time, of insipid, nauseating meekness. It would really seem that, for many people, charity, especially that of Catholics and priests, should set up for itself as an ideal type, that of a toothless old devotee seated at the door of the church, saying a kind word to evil doers, excusing and encouraging them. A little more and she will be holding the ladder for them while they plunder the sanctuary, and keeping a lookout for them while they, at their ease, destroy the faith in souls. Flimsy, anæmic sort of virtue of which senile goodness is the only alluring feature. Now, is this true Christian charity? No, a thousand times no! I appeal to the Apostles who traversed the Roman world denouncing its corruption; to the pontiffs who resisted the excessive power of the pagan emperors, the Arians and the iconoclasts; to the holy missionaries who scored abuses, exposed hypocrisy and feared not to violate evangelical meekness by unmasking liars and the corrupters of morals.

Well, in this our day, evil is differently disseminated. Each morning it is set afloat upon flimsy sheets which flaunt their calumnies and ignorance and stimulate social hatred and religious persecution. In them religion is blasphemed, history falsified and all that is most sacred, insulted. And the

crime of crimes is that the poisonous seed thus carried about on wings of paper demoralizes the young and the ignorant, those who, of themselves, are incapable of discerning truth from falsehood.

How is this dreadful crisis to be met? How are the souls thus wickedly deceived to be kept from going astray? Will it remedy matters to speak in the churches? In some places, where well attended, they are too small; in others, too large because not frequented. Therefore it is that the modern apostle cheerfully takes his pen and feeds the printing press, realizing what a great bishop said St. Paul would do were he to live again. He becomes a journalist, a polemist. If he makes an attack it is because he must do so for the good of those souls who are being deluded, souls very dear to him and of whom the priesthood has constituted him the father. You are scandalized at the invectives, perhaps violent ones, aimed by an ardent heart at ravishers of the faith, morals and true happiness of the people, but this is because you have never heard the cry issuing from the heart of a mother whose children are being torn from her. Then excuse the priest of Jesus Christ who passionately loves souls, especially those of the young and lowly so beloved by the Saviour, if, in the heat of the strife, he utter a cry of execration against wickedness; it is indeed nothing but an outburst of love.

Believe me, it is not hatred that enkindles in the most vehement of polemical priests the fire that burns in his writings. Hatred! why hatred is so foreign to him that he prays daily and in the sincerity of his heart, for the conversion of the seducers whom he must combat.

But, while waiting, he cannot put his sword into its scabbard without betraying the holy cause of truth, and without abandoning the souls whom it is his mission to enlighten, strengthen and

defend by all the legitimate means within his reach.

Does this mean that he can never make a mistake ; that, carried away by a too human ardor, he will never overstep the just limit ; that he will not sometimes overdo the boldness of a defence or the manly temerity of an attack ?

To hope so would be to strangely miscalculate the strength of human nature. But can not he who, through love, fights for the poor, the lowly and the deluded ; who acts only in the interest of truth and without the shadow of self-interest, be shown some indulgence ? It seems to me that allowances can and should be made for him. To sum up the religious who would give himself up to polemics, even through the medium of newspapers, reviews, etc., would only be using his just right as a citizen, provided that, like others, he submit to the laws of the press.

This is no abuse of evangelical charity ; on the contrary, it prevents the corrupters of the lowly from working with unlimited freedom and perfect security. Neither does it savor of any hostility toward the Republic, unless it be maintained that to defend religion and attack the Republic are one and the same thing. Sectarians hold this view, but we are not writing for them ; those who are blinded by hatred could not see the calm and simple light of reason.

Furthermore, I would say that every man, no matter who he may be, who endeavors to check and abolish the odious religious persecution which is wearying his unfortunate country, renders France and the Republic a signal service, for a rule which oppresses consciences never lasts long, and they who, to satisfy their spite and promote their own interests, are its votaries, end by one day throwing the country into the hands of a dictator.

Finally, if at times there have appeared offensive pen products and out-

bursts of untimely ardor, were they not after all but a mild return for the slanderous, injurious thrusts ceaselessly aimed by an indiscreet press against religion and its ministers ?

Moreover, be it well understood that when the clergy oversteps the limits of proper moderation there is a voice ever obeyed and venerated, that of a wise man, a father, a chief, which will instantly restrain all excess in words and writing : *Ecce non dormitabit qui custodit Israel.*

VI.

THE JESUITS.

Unfortunately it is necessary to devote a special chapter to these criminals singled out for public prosecution. Indeed I verily believe that if public sympathy were to be at length secured to all other religious it would still be denied to the Jesuits.

And now, allow me to put a few questions to some one of the great multitude so intensely prejudiced against them.

"Why," I would ask him, "are you so bitterly opposed to the Jesuits ? Do you know any of them ?"

"Thank God, sir," he would earnestly reply, "I associate with good men only."

"Then you have never spoken to a Jesuit ?"

"Well, pardon me, but I wish to be exact. I once knew a charming young fellow, upright and intelligent, who strayed into a band of Jesuits : needless to say that I did not see him again."

"Ah ! because he ceased to be intelligent or upright ?—which ?"

"Neither, he could not be other than both : but *he is being duped*, poor fellow ! He is, without doubt, the unconscious instrument of the cunning, crafty members of the society. As was formerly said of Father de Ravignan : 'He is guileless enough to believe himself a Jesuit.' But he will never be

one; they will never initiate him into all their secrets."

"Wonderful, indeed! Will you now permit me to ask a simple question? I notice that your opinion of the Jesuits is very narrow. May I inquire where you got it?"

"Well, I formed it gradually; partially from reading my newspaper which, I must admit, is but little given to clericalism, but which seems well informed and has only evil to say of the celebrated Order. Besides that, I was influenced by the famous discourses of Paul Bert in 1879; by the crushing investigation of Montlosier, *the Wandering Jew*, and, while I was still young, by two or three of the *Provinciales*."

"So much *against* the Jesuits. Now, what have you read that was favorable to them?"

"Favorable? I don't quite understand."

"It is nevertheless very simple. Surely you are too well informed not to know that all this has been a hundred times disproved. Pascal is considered a genius but a calumniator by Chateaubriand, who calls the *Provinciales* an immortal lie. De Maistre echoes this sentiment and Voltaire was indignant to think that the Jesuits should be judged by Pascal's impassioned satire. Montlosier was mercilessly attacked; Paul Bert was vigorously and victoriously convicted of error. As for what your newspaper says, it has been so often refuted as to be now considered beneath further notice. You may say that you are not obliged to take our word for this. Of course not, and nobody asks you to do so. However, we do ask that you honestly examine the defence, since you listened to the attack, an attack too impassioned not to rouse the suspicion of a fair-minded judge, and looked upon by men of great worth as a pure, unmitigated calumny. My question therefore, reduces itself to this: Before condemning did you hear the defence?"

"Indeed no; and I must confess, and somewhat to my shame, that I had not even thought of it. The Jesuit Order has always seemed to me, proverbially so ambitious, intriguing, corrupt and deceitful, in a word, so anti-human, that I had never thought of verifying the postulate of its atrocity, unquestioningly admitted from my infancy."

"Now, do not imagine that I am making a 'charge,' but just reflect a bit and, in perfect sincerity, count the number of readings made about the Jesuits *pro* and *con* and you will find that the *cons* are legion while the *pros* are few and far between. Have you read a serious history of the Society of Jesus? Have you perused the life of its founder or that equally wonderful one of its saints and illustrious men? Have you heard the numberless testimonies given in its favor by a score of Popes and thousands of bishops? Have you gathered the acknowledgments of the Protestants Grotius, Leibnitz and Bacon? It was the last named who said: 'Would to God that being what you are, you were of us!'

"Are you familiar with the encomiums that escaped from Voltaire and even from Michelet? Have you ever taken the trouble to examine their defence which was so French, so full of a delicately disdainful good humor and made in open Parliament by the good king, Henry IV? And, above all, have you read attentively the apology of Père de Ravignan (1) proceeding from a heart undeniably noble and unquestionably sincere? No one could accuse him of lying for, if the incomparable nobility of his soul were not sufficient guarantee of his veracity, there is, in the accents of this great religious, a tone of austere purity, which neither deceit nor inexactitude could reproduce. Every good, honest man who does not wish to expose himself to the unspeakable mis-

(1) *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jésuites.*

fortune of hating the innocent—and, above all, of calumniating them *owes it to himself* to read this short brochure. Then, assured of the result, I would refer the matter to his conscience."

There remains but one expedient, the same that was made use of when that illustrious protestant said : " Père de Ravignan is guileless enough to believe himself a Jesuit ! He does not know all, he does not know to what work he is lending himself unquestioningly." A similarly strange, absurd assertion is made by each one concerning the Jesuits with whom he is personally acquainted. "*So and so* is good, but he does not know, he will never know the secrets of the leaders !"

It is not my intention to make anew a formal defence of the Society of Jesus. It has been made, as I have already stated, in Père de Ravignan's book and is incomparable. And if, in the stream of accusations which has continued to flow since then, some new lies chanced to appear, they were triumphantly set at naught at the time of the discussion of article 7. (1) But the following pyramidal objection : " Good Jesuits are, *without knowing it*, the instruments of conniving, execrable leaders," must be squarely answered, difficult though it be to maintain one's gravity.

If, taken as a body, the Jesuits are what they are accused of being, it is *absolutely impossible* for a good man to be a Jesuit, as it is *absolutely impossible* for him to ignore the misdeeds and scandalous tendencies of his institute.

Therefore there is no alternative.

Either the Society of Jesus is innocent of the villainy imputed to it or *all its members* are scoundrels.

(1) See, besides the the replies of Père Clair to M. Paul Bert : *Balaam à Versailles* ; *Un Ministre calomnié* ; *Suis-je Français* by Père Longhaye ; *La Morale des Jésuites* by de Badts de Cagnac ; the fourth letter of the Comte de Mun in his beautiful book : *Loi des Suspects*.

It is readily admitted that they are not imbeciles. Many of them have been excellent pupils of the colleges of their Order ; not a few have formerly been lawyers, engineers, officers, doctors, etc.

Natural perspicacity is sharpened by long and inclusive study ; Literature, History, Philosophy, Theology, each in its turn helps to develop these minds and open to them broad horizons at the four cardinal points of the intellectual world.

They often study in the *Facultés de l'Etat*, listen to university masters and peruse their works. Moreover, in every case the demands of teaching or of controversy bring them into touch with the modern spirit of criticism and investigation. And this is very necessary, because nothing develops the distrustful and scrutinizing faculties of the intellect as does the study of Philosophy and Scholastic Theology. It is the perpetual exercise of an examining magistrate in the service of truth.

Thus are Jesuits trained, and I could cite, for example, a Theology class that I knew well and the thirty members of which ranged from thirty to thirty-five years of age. The great majority of them had earned the degree of *licentiate* in letters or sciences and several had won that of *doctor*. Four had left the Polytechnic and others the Law School and *l'Ecole des Chartes* ("in which twenty students are trained during a three years' course to study the documents and historical remains of the Middle Ages"). Those who were without these degrees lacked them, not for want of ability, but because they had not had a favorable opportunity of winning them.

Well, how could such a set of men, in full maturity and having already spent ten or twelve years in religious life, fail to see at such a moment or at some time during the course of their life, that they were only miserable instruments in the hands of a ma-

licious, intriguing, cheating, lying Society?

They are thoroughly on their guard, for they well know all that is said against their institute ; nobody seeks to keep it a mystery from them.

Have they no means of enlightening themselves? Every means, as they live with their superiors from morning till night ; see them pray, converse and eat ; frequent their rooms at all times ; observe the orders which they give and behold the execution and consequences of these commands.

And do you maintain that under the eyes of these good, honest Jesuits—for such you suppose them to be—iniquitous manœuvring could be carried on and they not see it? Do you hold that they could be made use of in the perpetration of infamous deeds and be unaware of the fact? Imagine my superior using me to force vocations, to try to appropriate estates, to defame the innocent and poison enemies and I not to know it! Moreover, conceive such a state of affairs continuing for twenty, thirty, forty years without my knowledge! While *le Siècle*, *la Lanterne* and *le Temps* were fairly loaded down with sensational accounts of all these infernal doings would I not be a simpleton, an idiot not to observe what was going on about me and in which I was coöperating?

It is all superlatively ridiculous! Far better to say that we are cheats and liars, because, even though it would be contrary to the opinion of those who know us, at least it would not be absurd. But to say that we are poor, duped innocents, we whose eyes are open to a thousand doubts—impossible!

Therefore, choose. Either the Society of Jesus is innocent of the crimes imputed to it or there is not a single honest Jesuit. They are all scoundrels!

Scoundrels : our saints, our savants, our missionaries!

Scoundrels : Bourdaloue, Bellarmine, Suarez!

Scoundrels : men of the Olivaint, Ravignan, Secchi, Milleriot type!

All those whom you know, have known and will know ; all who have shed their blood in Japan, India, America and Africa ; all who courageously continue the same heroic missionary work (and these number 3,789) ; all who have died in hospitals while caring for the plague stricken ; all who were at Cayenne, at the price of their lives, to soften the hearts of the convicts ; all who, in their colleges, have educated thousands of good Frenchmen ; all who have marched beside our soldiers in the Crimea, on invaded French territory and in Madagascar—all, all are cheats, liars, impostors and scoundrels.

Say so, if in your heart you think it, but it is *impossible* to allege ignorance as the excuse. We *all* know everything about the Society, its object and the means it employs for the attaining of that object.

And now, since you do some of our members the honor of proclaiming them respectable men ; since you admit—and with reason—that they cannot wittingly remain in an association that is designing, ambitious under cover of being virtuous, in fact, utterly malicious ; since it has been clearly proven that unless they be perfect idiots, they know *all* concerning the said association, there follows this inevitable conclusion : The Society of Jesus is not and cannot be what its enemies maintain : an organization full of deceit, trickery and ambitious domination. Its principles cannot be such as are attributed to it and said to be hidden in the so-called *monita secreta*, of which the secret would have been long ago penetrated by those most interested, namely : respectable Jesuits. Its means cannot be crafty, hypocritical proceedings and learned lies that could have eluded the perspicacity of the so-called respectable Jesuits.

Therefore, the Society of Jesus is a

religious order like others, seeking to procure the glory of God and the salvation of its neighbor by open, legitimate means. Of course, in its admirable history, so totally unknown to those who misjudge it, will be noticed the record of faults and errors : among its members are some who are not as virtuous, learned and capable as they should be. But this is not surprising. The Order is composed of frail, fallible men, not of impeccable angels. But the spirit of the Order, its principles and its formation are not to blame for the imperfections, much less for the imaginary abominations with which its children are charged. By way of retaliation it has produced great numbers of distinguished savants, illustrious educators, missionaries devoted even unto death, and better still, martyrs and saints. And all of these have loved it as they would a mother ; all have protested that they have imbibed from it nothing but the pure spirit of the Gospel ; all have declared that it made them what they were. I would believe these giants in science and sanctity even had I not the absolute evidence which meets my gaze. Therefore, I can affirm, without possibility of erring, that the Society of Jesus is free from the crimes, the ambitions, the knavery and malicious tendencies imputed to it.

This justification is sufficient for me, for, I repeat, it arises from two incontestible premises. First, the probity of many intelligent Jesuits which is admitted by all their honest enemies ; second, the evident impossibility of their ignoring, throughout life, what would be plotted under their eyes and with their coöperation.

As for *detailed* attacks, they will be found triumphantly refuted in the admirable works indicated above. These will also show clearly the kind of an education given by Jesuits and with how strong a love for mother country they know how to inspire their pupils. Certificates of patriotism written in

blood cannot be questioned : they are authenticated by fact.

However, kindly allow me a word upon a particular grievance, because this explanation will confirm what was said before on the subject of religious obedience in general. That of the Jesuit differs not, on general principles, from that of other religious. But, being called to particular perfection in the line of obedience, he is more absorbed in ascertaining its exact limits. Each month in the reading of his rules he is reminded that, though he must be perfectly submissive to the orders of his superiors, it is only where he sees no sin : (*ubi peccatum non cernitur.*) This doctrine is taught in the novitiate and is studied still more closely during the years devoted to Moral Theology, a study known to be long and deep. (1)

Briefly, the Jesuit knows better than any one else, that the vow of obedience would cease to bind him were he commanded to commit the most venial of venial faults. The *perinde ac cadaver* is therefore not a formula of deliquescent annihilation. The conscience of the religious remains very much alive, a vigilant sentinel charged with always verifying the legitimacy of the order received.

But, enough on the subject of anti-Jesuitical hallucinations. It has been made clear where information can be found, and that is sufficient. When honest men read the simple truth on this matter their prejudices will be dissipated and they will see in us religious such as others, eager to glorify God, serve religion, our country and humanity.

(1) I shall add that they are in no wise exclusive. The student finds at his disposal all the great authors of other Orders whether secular or regular: Dominicans, Franciscans, Redemptorists, etc. It is therefore impossible that, on so important a point, he would not know the unanimous doctrine of all the doctors as well as of those of the Society, a doctrine which, as we have said, limits obedience.

THE LEGEND OF ST. ERIC, KING OF SWEDEN.

By Mary Macalpine.

ERIC the Christian, Sweden's King stood high on the heights afar,
Gazing below on the vanquished slain, on the terrible field of war.
Heathenish Finns and unbaptized, were lying in hundreds there;
Eric the King was weeping sore, and praying a mournful prayer.

His was the victory; hot and long had lasted the dreadful fight;
Routed were now his enemies, the Finlanders put to flight.
Safe was his crown, but King Eric wept, and gazed at the blood-
stained sod—
At the dead and the dying lying there, who knew not the Christian's
God !

Calling the prisoners to his tent, he taught them the Sacred Word,
Bid them destroy their idols vain, in the name of the Blessèd Lord;
Sent them again to their Finland shores, back o'er the stormy sea
To carry the message of Christ afar; so set he the captives free.

Humble of heart was St. Eric the king; none from his palace door
Empty or hungry was turned away, the blessing of rich and poor
Was showered upon his princely head, and no taxes levied he,
But lived in content on his father's wealth with great simplicity.

Then Magnus, King of Denmark said "What simpleton is this
Who rules his warriors with his words, his nation with a kiss?
Up, Danish soldiers, seize him now, we'll strike the dotard down
So ours shall be fair Sweden's land, and mine the Swedish crown."

All stealthily the traitors came, with glittering knife and sword,
To where King Eric knelt before the Table of the Lord,
On Christ's Ascension Day. The folks were filled with dire alarms.
Then ran around the whispered words: "The rebels are in arms!"

Up from their knees the worshippers in wild disorder sprang;
With cries of "Lo the rebels come," the sacred rafters rang!
Spake Eric by the altar "See! the sacrifice is there
Complete it now. The feast, God grant, I'll finish other where."

First, kneeling down, he gave his soul into God's Mighty Hand;
Then marched before his gallant guards, and all the warrior band;
To meet the grim conspirators with Magnus at their head
Who, seizing, stabbed and left him there, upon God's threshold—
dead.

So passed the glorious Eric; to this day his people tell
Of the gentle King and Martyr, whom his country loved so well—
How he found his life in Heaven, when on earth he laid it down—
Where his kingdom shall not perish, and he wears a surer crown!

THE HOUSE OF THE CROSSES.

By Claude M. Girardeau.

(Concluded.)

V.



Y eight o'clock the sky was entirely obscured by heavy clouds and a fierce gale blew from the southwest. The business men of the city put on their overshoes and oilskins, opened their umbrellas, staggered to passing cars—summer-cars with rain-curtains tugging at their stanchions—and withdrew from the more or less anxious eyes of their households. If the storm increased they would be at home at midday. But by nine o'clock the seawater was in possession of the streets and the summer-cars could not be run into their barns. It would be better to wait until the icy, driving rain held up. No use to get wet and catch cold if one could help it. Perhaps by two or three o'clock. . . .

But at one o'clock the telephones refused to reply to the frantic ringings from every quarter of the city. The electric wires were all down. The ocean was advancing like an army, irresistible, in the very teeth of the tornado which leaped from forty to eighty miles an hour and veered to the opposite compass-point, its velocity steadily increasing. The shrill voice of the tempest now deepened and became a horrible roaring as of legions of evil spirits speeding open-mouthed over the tumultuous bosom of the deep. Small houses began to go down silently, sucked in and under by the ravening waves; fences fell swiftly in long lines, without sound. Great trees bowed, then suddenly lay upon the seething water, torn up like weeds, their tan-

gled roots writhing against the sky. The air was filled with flying timbers, branches, tin-roofs crushed up into shapeless masses, slates that descended and decapitated like the sword of an executioner, all silent in the terrible clamor of the stormwind.

Ninian Fournier in company with many other bank clerks, had delayed going home until it was impossible to cross unless one wished to drown in the gutters, be torn to pieces by falling wires and flying débris, or crushed beneath crumbling shop-fronts.

Before leaving home he had urged Basil's invitation upon his mother and Hélène, and at twelve o'clock when the two were preparing to desert the cottage, already a wreck quaking to the eager flood, Basil himself appeared and succeeded in getting them into his house. Negro women who had worked for the Fourniers, now waded to the back doors and beat with frantic hands for admittance, then huddled with their children in company with the white women, and resigned themselves speechless to death. Men and women from alleys whose pitiful shelters had collapsed upon their heads, crept after them and were taken in. The Duchantals and one or two young men who were with them, were also harbored. One of the latter, Alcide Dupas, exclaimed poignantly: "*Mon dieu . . .* my mother! My poor mother!"

Basil drew him aside.

"Where is she?"

"She went yesterday to stay with a sick woman near the convent at the foot of Twenty-Fifth street, on the beach. She may have gone to the convent also, but I do not know. I must find out. . . . I must find out. I came home

hoping to find her there and the house was gone !”

He was a slender boy already fatigued by his fight with wind and water. “I will go with you,” said Basil. “There is someone near there whose life is in danger. A poor old creature whom no one is likely to think of.”

He spoke to his mother who turned pale, but offered no objections. Then to Mr. Duchantal to whose care he confided her and the house, and the two went out into the hurricane.

Before seven in the evening, the city presented the appearance of the ocean covered with wreckage. The ruins of the small houses along the beach served as a frightful breakwater for the houses in the middle of the town; but all the aspiring towers and chimneys were, with few exceptions, torn off and flung upon the rushing water to bruise and mutilate the bodies that floated or sank, that screamed and flung up torn and futile hands in the tempest's fury or whirled face down, silent, beyond the reach of storms.

The Mother Superior of the convent, whither Basil and Alcide were fighting their awful way, called her band of valiant women about her. They girded their garments tight about them, wrapped their veils tight about their heads, rolled tight and taut the loose sleeves upon their arms, and hung from the ruined windows, dragging in by main force the victims of the waves as the hurricane rushed past, the water tearing at the casements, dissolving the foundations of half the building. Ceilings fell, floors yawned; in the unroofed chapel statues and stained glass blent in one hideous ruin.

At nine o'clock the tidal-wave swept in with lightning speed upon the crest and summit of destruction—engulfing, crushing, overwhelming—all but obliterating every vestige of the city.

At this moment, a man who gripped the ledge of one of the convent win-

dows and displayed his deathly mask above it, was seized by a nun. Aided by a companion she dragged him to safety. The twelve-foot wall of masonry surrounding the convent fell as the wave leaped upon it. As the rescued struggled in the hands that grasped him a fearful cry came from the blackness beyond the window. The man gained his feet,—his wits.

“A woman . . . out there ! Let me . . . let me . . .” and plunged again, gripping the ledge with one fierce hand, while with the other he snatched his prize. The boiling waves rushed at them, bursting upon the stone, driving the spume over the nuns who leaned from the wrecked casement, periling their lives. They grasped as he held up, and drew him fainting after.

The woman whose clothes hung in red rags about her, pulled feebly at the religious who bent to see if she breathed, a blessed candle in her dripping hand. “Tell me,” she gasped, “is my face injured?” Then fainted.

The nun, too astonished to reply, let some drops of melting wax fall upon the lips as if to seal them, and stood gazing at a beauty that was almost great enough to excuse such fearful vanity.

The man over whose broken misery the other nun had cast her mantle, raised himself upon an elbow and thrust his face into the circle of candle-light, staring. Then crying:—

“Violetta ! Violetta !” became as one dead.

VI.

Basil woke with a groan the night after his rescue. A candle and a waning moon lighted the cell in which he lay. He could not know it, but the cell was the Mother Superior's and the clothes he had on were her's also.

His left shoulder and arm ached savagely and he perceived that they were tightly bandaged, one of his feet was bound, and when he held it up and



"THEY LEANED FROM THE WRECKED CASEMENT, PERILING THEIR LIVES."

twisted his aching neck to look at it, he saw that the wrappings were streaked. The sight of it and the jagged glass in the window, made him sick. He compressed his lips to quell the interior rebellion and lay quite still, aching from head to foot, thinking.

Could the woman have been Violetta ! That face was unmistakable. Evidently there was some connection of blood or of kind between her and old Antonia, for they were together when he and Alcide caught at the floating timber that went to pieces under them.

When did Violetta come to Campeachy ?

She must have just arrived. And where was she now ? And where was he ? Was this a prison ? Why should they imprison him ? Why, he had saved her life, and she . . . what had she done ? The terrible pain in his shoulder was like the first agony when Violetta stabbed him. But that was in Florence. She was not beautiful when she was in a rage. And she was to blame, too. He had a perfect right to restrain her. But where was his mother ? Yes ; his mother ? And Hélène ? And the Duchantals and . . . yes, the entire city. Oh, God . . . what a storm ! Where on earth was he ? Was this a tomb, then ? Was this the stillness of the grave ?

A child screamed shrilly and suddenly near him and he almost leaped out of bed, the blood bursting in his temples. Then ground his teeth with agony and nervousness. Footsteps padded by the open door and he called loudly.

Mother St. Louis went in. "For God's sake . . ." he cried, "come here ! Who is that screaming ? And where am I ? Tell me . . . tell me !"

"It is a child who has nightmare, Mr. Merle. No wonder you were alarmed. Do you not remember what happened ? You are in the convent on Twenty-Fifth street."

The quiet voice uttering these composed words fell like balm on his overwrought nerves.

"Yes, of course. Can you tell me anything of my mother ?"

"She is safe and well and all who were with her. She is here ; but I have induced her to sleep for awhile, as she is worn out with anxiety and fatigue." She did not say that she had been sitting by the door in Mrs. Merle's stead.

"And the woman ?" he began.

The Superior hesitated a moment.

"She left a message for you. Shall I deliver it now ?"

"If you please. But 'left' a message ? Then she has —— ?"

"She died at seven this evening. She told me a great many things ; first of all that she was your wife."

"And last of all ?" queried Basil.

"That she realized the extent of her wickedness and begged for your forgiveness. She confessed to an ungoverned jealousy of you and declared that you should never have married her."

"God knows I do forgive her," said Basil, "she was right, I should never have married her. But, having done so I should have been less of a fool. I provoked her beyond endurance, and she really did not care for me."

"So she said," replied Mother St. Louis calmly.

"Did she tell you why she came to Campeachy ?"

"She came to see you," was the evasive reply.

"Poor girl," said Basil, "how strange and sad it all seems. Poor Violetta ! She was a beautiful woman."

"She was, indeed," replied Mother Superior with a sigh. "There is something else. She was concerned, strange to say, about your attitude toward the Church. She insisted that I should tell you that you should not judge our Holy Mother by such a one as herself. She begged that you would be just, and

distinguish between the Church and her unworthy children."

"She was devout in her way," replied Basil. "It used to puzzle me. Did she have the Sacraments before she died?"

"Yes; and she was distressed beyond measure lest you should think the Church as hideous as herself—to quote her own language—for forgiving her sins."

"She must have thought me an awful brute," said Basil with a twinge of conscience. "I am truly glad that she had some religion. I feel horribly sick," he added.

"I am sure that you do," answered Mother St. Louis. "You must go to sleep again."

She picked up something from the table. "The doctor left this for you to take if you should wake in the night. It is half-past two o'clock."

She held the candle to his face, scrutinizing his eyes before administering the dose.

"You are not seriously hurt," she continued, "but you will have to lie where you are for a few days. I am afraid it will be very noisy and disturbing, for there are hundreds of people in the convent, half of which is completely wrecked. But the streets are in such a condition you cannot be moved just now." Is there anything you especially want?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"A Sister is sitting in the corridor. If you should want anything ring the bell," and she pushed the table within reach of his uninjured hand. "Compose yourself and try to aid the effect of the medicine you have taken. I will pray for your recovery and for your peace of mind." She glided away and Basil fixed his eyes upon the small crucifix opposite his bed until his lids closed and he slept again.

Mother St. Louis made her way through lines of sleeping negroes to the door leading into the gallery of the

chapel, but dared not enter, for destruction gaped at her feet and the night-sky roofed the sanctuary.

She fixed her eyes upon the ruined altar and summoned her courage by recalling a speech of the priest who had confessed Violetta.

"Oh, Father!" she had exclaimed upon meeting him; "our loss is terrible,—irreparable! And think of yours! The entire church gone and the college all but a wreck!"

Father Yorke had looked at her with bright, smiling eyes.

"The entire church gone! One would think you meant the other! Why it is nothing—nothing. Only bricks and mortar. Do you not know that?"

"You console me and make me ashamed at the same time," she replied. "I shall pray for your beautiful faith."

VII.

The Church of the Sacred Heart was indeed a dreadful sight when Basil went to look at it. He beheld fragments of walls from which every vestige of windows had been torn; and interior piled with debris of roof and wall splintered into small fragments; statues lying in sickening mutilation upon the demolished shrines and altars. One of the sanctuary doors was intact and over it, uninjured, was his painting representing the founder of the Order and his companions making their vow before the tabernacle.

Nothing else was left except the large crucifix nailed to the pillar upon the right of the main altar, the woeful figure upon it brooding over the scene of desolation and horror. It seemed a renewal of Calvary, and the sight stabbed the young man to the heart. He sat below it, groaning in spirit, hiding his face with his uninjured hand.

Beyond the torn and gaping walls the sea shone, blue as turquoise under the burning sun of September. Never had nature worn so heartless an aspect.

A woman moved from out the shadows near the Virgin's ruined shrine and advanced timidly over the heaps of débris.

"Miss Fournier!" exclaimed Basil, thinking that chaos indeed had come, if she could be alone in such surroundings. "Be careful! This is a frightful place for you! A misstep—and you would be badly hurt. You should not be here." She colored at his peremptory tone. "The Fathers have converted their college into a refuge for the destitute, and there are people among them that I know. On my way home I stopped to look at the poor Church, and to pray for the living and the dead." She eyed him wistfully, having heard somewhat of his unfortunate experience. Then in almost the same language Violetta had used:

"Do not visit upon the Church the sins of her children. Not that we are to be excused. No; our punishment is all the more severe because we should know better. But in our day the tendency is to judge—and condemn—the Church by her most unworthy children. It wrings my heart because, alas, none of us is worthy. Believe in the glory of one Holy Mother and love Her and pity us."

"Who am I that I should judge?" exclaimed Basil. "I can only say now as I said before, to this dreadful reality as to that lovely vision—'Lord what wilt thou have me to do?'"

He bent the knee beneath the crucifix and signed himself with the Cross. As they made their cautious way to the street, Basil found himself pondering certain comparisons. The women that he best knew, young and old, were unconscious shopkeepers—perhaps one should say instinctive, rather than unconscious—who displayed their choicest wares in their street windows, reserving but a slender stock for the shelves.

In Violetta's case the windows were dazzling, but the wares there displayed

were of quite a different sort from those within.

She reminded him of a sheathed stiletto whose richly jewelled hilt attracts the hand, to dismay the eye with the unadorned menace of edged steel. Hélène, almost as lovely in face, was like a clear pool in a shaded place, that, when the sunlight falls upon it, sparkles in a fountain of unexpected brilliancy, or discloses unsuspected depths. A mere girl in appearance, and shy out of all fashion of the day, she concealed behind her heavy-lidded eyes and softly moulded lips the wisdom and wit of maturer years.

But one had to live in the same house with her, as he had done since the storm, to discover this.

With discovery came regret, for the young man had a supersensitive delicacy in certain matters that other people settled off-hand with small scruples. With him honor often forbade what custom easily allowed. He never took unless he could give an equivalent, or more, in return.

While these reflections flashed through his mind, Father Yorke came up to them.

"The very man I want," he said to Basil, "for one hand will do my work. I want 'not thy gifts, but thee.' I am sorry to take him from you, Miss Fournier, but I need him more and you are near home."

The words spoken with no meaning beyond that most obvious, startled Basil's ear with peculiar significance. He felt suddenly that he was at the parting of the way; that the pythical Spirit of Life stood before him with gifts in each hand.

Had his past existence been entirely free from reproach, he would not have hesitated to choose. Then with a vivid comprehension he questioned his soul. Would he have offered to Earth his best and most beautiful as things too bright and lovely for Heaven?

His heart sank.

Should he, then, offer to the Church—that glorious Empress crowned with constellations and throned upon the moon—the service which his sense of justice and honor withheld from the woman he knew that he loved? The answer was easy, but the decision was hard.

Hélène would have forgiven him, but he could not forgive himself. His chivalry and self-disgust saluted with farewell the hand of love. His humility and contrition lifted his eyes to heaven.

He turned away from Hélène with Father Yorke and the exigencies of the day, the week, the month after the terrible catastrophe kept him too busy with the material needs of others to attend to his own spiritual cravings. Nevertheless it gave him time for self-examination, for while he dealt out flour and tea, potatoes and clothing, he

went over the subjects again and again, from every view-point and tested his determination by a daily association with Hélène.

He finally found opportunity to have serious speech with Father Yorke, one evening as they paced together the flat roof of the college; for the building was overrun with all sorts and conditions of men, women and children.

The serenity of the priest in the midst of confusion and creature complaints, made Basil feel that any question of eternity would not be met with present preoccupation. Father Yorke heard him gladly; put a few questions that pierced the very ribs of resolution, and then with great joy felicitated him upon the signal favor of Heaven and welcomed him to a trial of faith and courage in the Company of the Cross.



THE CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.

By Georgina Pell Curtis.

THE eyes of the Christian world are turned toward France—the “*belle patrie*,” most glorious in faith, and most heavily weighed down by infidelity, among the nations who profess Christ.

Bereft are many of her children of their ancient heritage; but her beautiful Cathedrals still stand as a splendid memorial of what that faith has been. Speaking of its teaching, an English writer and critic has said—“Believe it or not . . . as you will; understand only how thoroughly it *was* once believed; and that all beautiful things were made, and all brave deeds done in the strength of it—until what we may call ‘this present time,’ in which it is gravely asked whether religion has any effect on morals, by persons who have essentially no idea whatever of the meaning of either religion or morality.”

It was otherwise in the fifth century when the Franks poured into France from the north, and when the Frankish standard was planted in Amiens, the first capital of France, and the site of the first Cathedral of the French Nation.

Clodion, the leader of the first Franks, fought his way through the Roman cohorts as far as Amiens, and took it in 445. Then came Meroveus and Chilperic and finally Clovis, who became king of all Central France.

To Amiens came St. Remy shortly before A. D. 500, preaching and baptizing the heathen Franks. Gifted with a fiery and eloquent tongue he appeared before the young king, and discoursed with such power and pathos on the suffering of Christ, that Clovis sprang from his throne and grasping his spear, cried out:

“Had I been there with my brave Franks I would have avenged His wrongs.”

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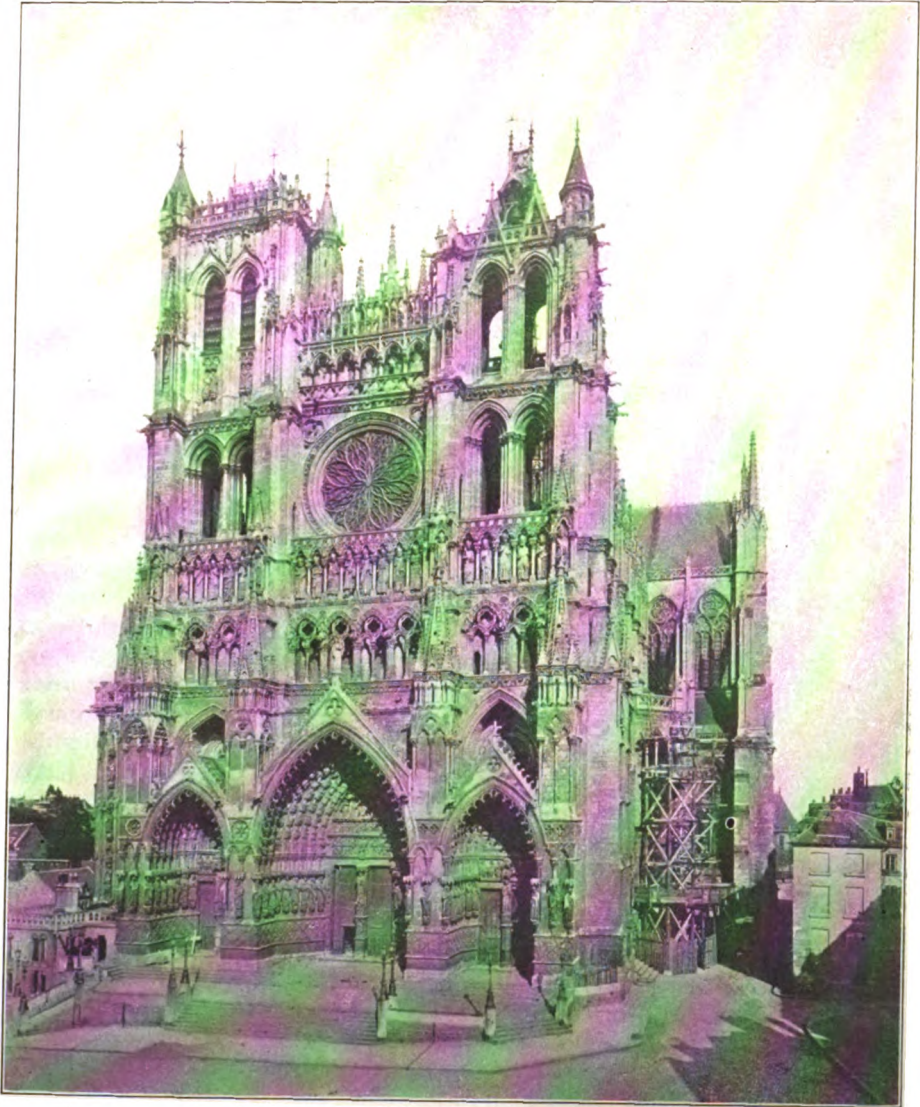
Before Clovis, came Saint Firmin, three hundred years after Christ; he remained forty days in Amiens, preaching and baptizing until he was beheaded by the natives of Amiens, most of them descendents of a Druid-taught race who once inhabited the whole of France.

Firmin was a native of Pampelone in Navarre, and was instructed in the Christian faith by Honestus of Toulouse. He visited the most remote parts of Gaul, until he was martyred at Amiens in 303. His body was received and buried by a Roman Senator, who had been his disciple, a true Joseph of Arimathea, and who interred the saint's remains in his own garden, building a little oratory over his grave. The Senator's son replaced the oratory by a church, and dedicated it to our Lady of Martyrs. This church became the first Episcopal Seat of the French Nation, and near its site now stands the Cathedral.

In November, 332, a noble horseman crossed the River Somme and turned his horse toward Amiens. Passing through the city's gate he met a miserable beggar. Struck by the man's appearance of cold and neglect, the young Roman dismounted and, slashing in two his cloak, the *trabea* of purple and white stripes, he wrapped one-half around the beggar, and placing the other half on his own shoulders, remounted his horse and cantered away. That night he had a dream, in which he beheld our Blessed Lord surrounded by His angels, and lo! on His shoulders was the half of the cloak he had given the beggar. Then said our Lord to His angels, “Know ye who hath arrayed me? My servant Martin, tho' yet unbaptized, hath done this.” Could St. Martin also have seen in his vision the future magnificent Cathedral that was to do honor to the Lord whom he

had served? Perchance his good deed that windy November day sanctified the ground to holy use. Tradition has it that his meeting with the beggar was near where the Cathedral now stands.

It was rebuilt and stood for nearly 200 years, until 1019, when it was partly destroyed by lightning. Again it was rebuilt, only to be laid in ruins by fire, caused by lightning in 1107. The next cathedral stood until 1218, when fire



FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.

The first church built over St. Firmin's grave in 350 was nearly destroyed by the invasion of the Franks; then a cathedral, built of wood, was burned by the Normans in 881.

once more laid it in ashes. In 1220 Bishop Everard, the King, Louis VIII, son of Philip Augustus, and a certain Robert of Luzarches, began to erect the present and sixth Cathedral.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE AISLE.

one of the most beautiful pieces of workmanship in the cathedral. The screen is of sculptured stone with massive iron gates in the centre, while the choir is in the flamboyant style, at a period just past the fifteenth century, with the addition of some Flemish strength and solidity. The wood used was young oak which is as sound now as four hundred years ago.

There are one hundred and twenty stalls with historical subjects. Early in 1508 the contract for them was given to Arnold Bonlin, a master joiner of Amiens, while Antoine Avernier, an image cutter, also of Amiens, was engaged for the sculptures and histories of each seat. The wood used came chiefly from Clermont in Beauvais near Amiens; the very finest, for the bas-reliefs, was imported from Holland.

It is curious to note the prices paid for the work. The principal workmen and his apprentice received one sou a day—simple workmen three sous a day—the superintendent was paid twelve crowns a year, while each carved piece of sculpture was paid for at the rate of thirty-two sous a piece. The master,

apprentices, workmen and image cutter, with four canons as overseers, commenced work on the choir July 3, 1508. Alexander Huet in 1509 began carving the stalls on the right of the choir, and Arnold Bonlin went on with the ones on the left. In 1510, two Franciscan monks of Abbeville "expert and renowned in working in wood" were called to the city to consult on the work that had so far been done; for this they received twenty sous apiece and their travelling expenses. In 1511, Huet and Bonlin journeyed to Rouen to study the great cathedral there. The carving on the stalls was finished on St. John's day, 1522. The entire cost of workmen's wages for the fourteen years was \$2,000. Probably one reason that cathedrals are so much slower in building now is be-

cause the expense is so much greater. The Protestant Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now in course of erection in New York, has already cost over a million dollars for the foundation alone.

Under the ninety-second stall in Amiens is carved: "Yan Trupin, God take care of thee." It is said to have been done by one of the simple workmen. The flower and leaf design in the traceries was the work of Huet and Bonlin, the Scripture history by Avernier, with curious grotesque designs by Trupin. The joining and fitting was all executed by the common workmen, and so beautifully that every part is perfect and immovable to this day. No nails were employed, all the parts being mortised so as to be almost invisible to the eye.

There are some verses in French on a stone in the pavement of the nave giving a short résumé of the Cathedral, its builders and founders. They may be thus rendered in English:

"In the year of Grace, twelve hundred and twenty, the work, then falling to ruins was first begun again.

Then was of this bishopric, Everard

the blessed Bishop, and King of France, Louis, who was son to Philip the Wise. He who was master of the work was called Master Robert, and called, beyond that, of Luzarches.

Master Thomas was after him, of Cormont, and after him his son Master Reginald, who to be put, made—at this point—this reading :

“When the Incarnation was of account

Thirteen hundred, less twelve, which it failed of.”

The great organ of the Cathedral was built in 1429, and was the gift of a chamberlain of Charles VI. It is almost the only one of its kind left in France. Coming out of the cathedral, the exterior is as beautiful in detail as the interior, its chief glory being the five great entrances that distinguish most Gothic cathedrals.

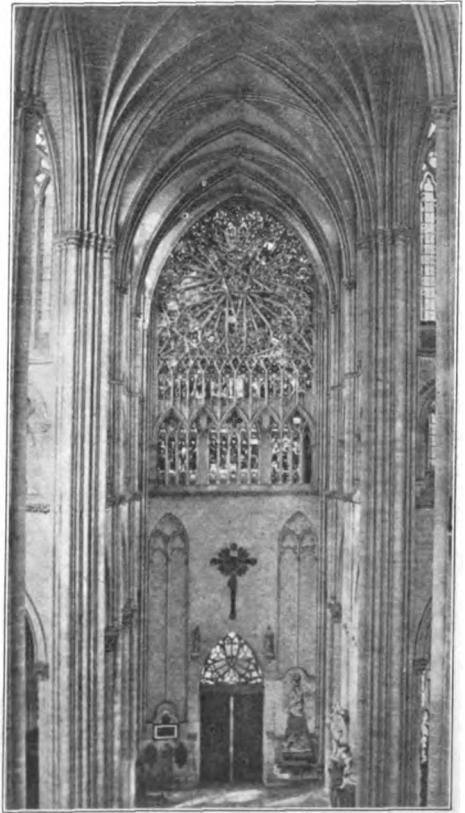
The great west door, which is really the central door or porch, forms the main entrance to the cathedral. To right and left of this are the northern and southern doors (or porches) : these must be distinguished from the north and south transept doors. When, however, we use the terms left and right, we should use them in going out of the cathedral, walking from the altar down the nave.

At Amiens the great central door is dedicated to the “Beau Dieu d'Amiens”—so called when the Cathedral was built. The northern porch is dedicated to St. Firmin, the southern to the Blessed Virgin.

Conspicuous on the trumeau of the central porch is the glorious figure of Christ Immanuel. On His right and left, filling all the rest of the wall of this porch, are the Apostles and four greater prophets. The twelve minor prophets are side by side on the front wall that joins the porches—three on each of its great piers. We see here Christ built on the foundation of the Apostles and of the prophets who foretold him.

Moses and Elijah, great as they were,

are not represented, as they did not foretell His coming. Occupying the niche in front of the pedestal of Christ is David, head of the royal line that ended in Him who was the root and offspring of David. He holds a sceptre in his right hand and a scroll in the left—showing him as king and prophet. Above this pedestal is a smaller one having in front of it a tendril of vine, and on each side of David are two flow-



ROSE WINDOW.

ers in vases, the lily and the rose. This completes the symbolism of the text : “I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.” Ruskin calls it “one of the noblest pieces of Christian sculpture in the world.”

Under the feet of each Apostle is carved the virtue that each one's character showed forth. In St. Peter it is

courage, in St. Paul faith and in St. John love.

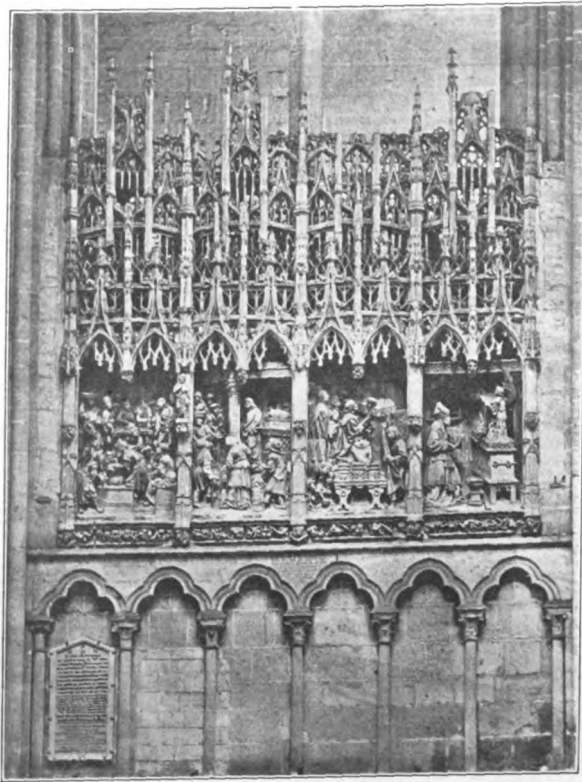
Above the portals of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and St. Firmin, set in a gallery of niches across the façade, is a line of twenty-two statues, representing the kings of France from Childeric II to Philip Augustus.

Under the feet of Christ is a serpent that is half a dragon and half a cockatrice. She lies with one ear to the

of a lion and a dragon also placed under his feet.

The northern porch dedicated to St. Firmin, has a fine carving representing the finding of the saint's relics. These relics after being first buried in the field Abladaue were several times removed to different parts of the Cathedral until finally in 1200, Bishop Theobald put them in a gold shrine where they have remained ever since. On each side of

the porch are companion saints and angels. On the saint's right hand and left are statues of St. Honoré and St. Geoffrey. St. Honoré succeeded St. Bêat as Bishop of Amiens in 565, and his episcopate was chiefly noteworthy for the discovery of the bodies of Saints Fuscien and Victorice de Gentian who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Maximian. St. Honoré died in 585, and devotion to him is very general in France. He is the patron saint of bakers because of a miracle that took place during his celebration of Mass when a divine hand presented him with the Sacred Host as he was about to receive Holy Communion. There is a beautiful church dedicated to his honor in Paris, on a street that also bears his



BASE-RELIEF—THE TWO TESTAMENTS.

ground, with her tail over the other ear, as if to shut out sound. Historians see in her, pride, deafness and death. In the cockatrice a desire for kingship rather than servanthip, and in the adder deaf death, rather than hearkening life. These sins are common to the entire animal life.

The more distinctively human sins, anger and lust, Christ conquered by the might of His Sacred Humanity, and this is embodied in the second carving

name and which was built by a wealthy bourgeois in 1204.

St. Geoffrey was born at Molincourt, in Soissonais, and was Bishop of Amiens from 1104 to 1150. He is described as having been a great bishop—simple and pure, ascetic and yet cheerful, most gentle and merciful to all. He was consecrated at Rheims and attended by a train of nobles and bishops to his diocese. Arrived there he walked barefooted from St. Acheul, the place of

St. Firmin's first tomb, to the cathedral. He upheld the privileges of the citizens against the powerful Comte d'Amiens. Later in life he retired to the Grand Chartreuse. The Carthusian Superior asked him if he had ever sold the offices of the Church. He replied: "My Father, my hands are pure of simony but I have a thousand times allowed myself to be seduced by praise."



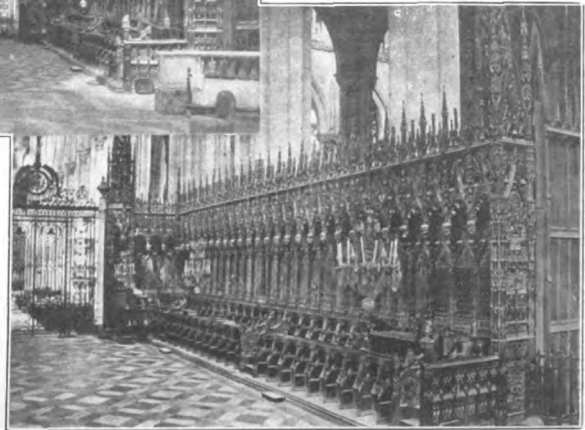
The Madonna porch is one of the most beautiful in the world, and no one who has once seen the figure of the Blessed Virgin can ever forget it. The most queenly dignity, the tenderest love, the most divine compassion breathes in every line of the exquisite marble figure that is surrounded and set off by a series of the most wonderful carvings that the hand of man ever fashioned.

Ruskin calls this the Queen Madonna, and the one of the south transept the Nurse Madonna. He notes three distinct types of the Madonna in Christian art. First, the Mater Dolorosa, as seen in Cimabue and the Byzantine schools, which he calls the noblest of all and the earliest. Secondly, the Madonna Reine, who is essentially Frank and Norman—always crowned

—calm and full of power and gentleness, as we see her in the south porch; and thirdly, the Madonna Nourrice, who is the Raphaelesque and latest, and whom we see in a somewhat modified form in the south transept porch.

On the left hand of the Blessed Virgin in the south porch stand the Angel Gabriel, the Virgin Annunciate, the Virgin Visitant, St. Elizabeth, the Virgin in Presentation and St. Simeon. On the right are statues of the three kings, Herod, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

One cannot but be struck by the difference between Solomon's reception of the Queen of Sheba, and Herod's driving the Blessed Virgin into Egypt, and



NAVE AND CHOIR STALLS.

what the consequence was to the two kings and to the world.

There is also a carving of the Massacre of the Innocents, and the quatrefoils under the statues represent the Flight into Egypt, the Dream of Joseph, the Return to Nazareth, the Adoration in Bethlehem, the Star in the East, Solomon receiving the Queen of Sheba, and Solomon on his Throne of Judgment.

Space will scarcely allow us to examine in detail the north and south

transept porches dedicated to St. Honoré and the Blessed Virgin. Both are most beautiful, the south transept Madonna represents the culminating power of Gothic architecture in the thirteenth century; severe falling drapery set off by rich falling ornamentation, while surrounding the statue is a floral design of exquisitely arranged hawthorn.

St. Honoré's door is best described by quoting an old writer: "We see first St. Honoré sitting in a corner hug-

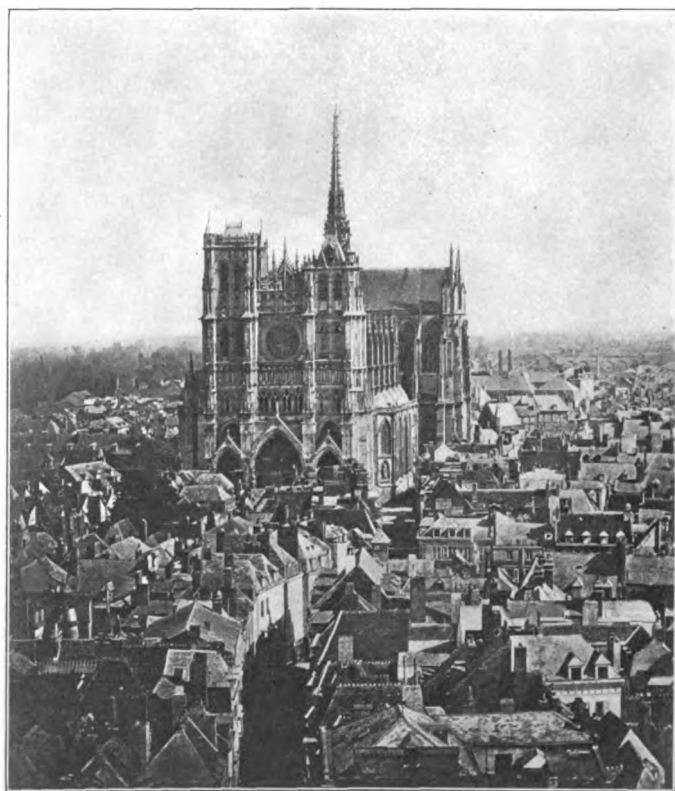
here is the curate, and here are the tombs of St. Victorien and Gentien in them.

Next St. Honoré performing a Mass and the miracle of a hand blessing and presenting the Wafer, which occurrence was afterwards painted for the arms of the abbey. Then St. Honoré dies and miracles are performed on his tomb. A deaf man has his ears touched, and a blind man is groping his way to the tomb, led by a dog. Then a great procession in honor of

St. Honoré; under his coffin are some cripples being healed. Tradition says that the figure on the Crucifix of the Church of St. Firmin bowed its head in token of acceptance as the relics of St. Honoré passed by."

All these carvings are as perfect in design and execution as those in the rest of the cathedral.

Louis XI called Amiens "Little Venice" and the old part of the town, cut up by canals, is still very picturesque. Generations have come and gone since Louis the King



AMIENS AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

ging his book with both hands, and he wont get up to take his crozier. Near him stand all the City Aldermen of Amiens come to poke him, and all the monks in the town puzzled, for a Bishop St. Honoré doesn't want to be. At last he consents to be Bishop, and he sits on a throne and has a book on a desk and he directs a curate how to find relics in a wood. Here is the wood and

and good Bishop Everard planned and built the Cathedral; others, not unlike it, now adorn towns that were uncultivated country seven hundred years ago.

Many of them are most beautiful but none more so, and none are more full of the spirit of worship and romance, than this glorious Cathedral of Amiens, in old Picardy.

PÈRE HERMANN.

By D. S. Béni.

(Concluded.)

HERMANN was free, his debts all paid, and he made a vow to devote himself to the conversion of the Jews, but how, he knew not. We read in his journal under date of November 10, 1847, these words : " The twenty-seventh anniversary of my birth; renewed before the Altar of the Blessed Virgin at Sainte Valère, the vow to take Holy Orders and to consecrate myself to the service of the Lord as soon as I shall be free from my creditors. M. de la Bouillerie, holy man, prophesies that I shall enter the Order of Mount Carmel." This prophecy was verified.

Mme. Cohen paid little attention to Hermann's change of religion, which she regarded as one of his many vagaries, but when he announced his intention of becoming a monk, the poor mother felt that perhaps she was taking leave of him for the last time, and on the following day, July 16, 1849, she went to the railroad station at Orleans, accompanied by her children, hoping to intercept him, and by prayers and tears induce him to return to Paris. She waited for some time, and finally perceived her son, advancing on foot, modestly dressed with his valise in his hand. Could this be her imperious self-indulgent Hermann? He was no longer insensible to her grief, and in his anguish tears stole down his cheeks and mingled with those of his mother. When she asked him to give her one of the soft curls, which she had so often dressed with a mother's pride, he could not conceal his emotion, and in the presence of many witnesses of the touching scene, the strong man bowed down his head, while his mother severed the precious lock of hair; then gently disengaging himself from her tender caresses, they parted—and God and the most tender of all Mothers looked down and strengthened him in that trying hour.

Three days later saw him radiant with joy in the Monastery of Agen, better known as " The Hermitage," situated on a hill which overlooks the surrounding country. The pure air, the picturesque scenery, and the perpetual sunshine which flooded Hermann's grateful heart, made it a paradise, and he wrote to one of his friends : " Saint Teresa will be my mother, the scapular my raiment, a cell eight feet square, my universe. I am happy, for I feel that I am accomplishing the will of God." At the same time, he wrote to his religious friend, Sister Pauline de Fourgerais : " I live here in a delicious solitude, in a hermitage sanctified as the abode of two martyrs of the Faith in this country, Saints Caprais and Vincent : the two first Bishops of Agen sought refuge here, and since then a whole hierarchy of hermits have perpetuated the divine service in these caves hewn in the rock. We might think we were in the catacombs and living in the first ages of Christianity, when holy Mass was heard in these narrow caves. This silence, this poverty, this nakedness, easily lift the soul to God."

We shall make a short extract from a touching letter, dated August 16, 1849, from the " Couvent au Broussy, par Cardillac-sur-Garonne : "

" My dear Mother, dear Sister, dear Brother and Brother-in-law :

" It is one month since I left Paris, and I have had time to reflect alone with God, far from the world, on the decision I have taken to lead henceforth, a life conformed to my convictions, and to the will of God for me. You know well that I have abandoned the world and

the dangerous profession which attached me to it, but you do not yet know the kind of religious life to which I am going to consecrate myself. What you feared so much, will not happen. No, you will not see me in Paris wearing the priest's soutane ; you will not see me a missionary, although that is a beautiful vocation. I have chosen another life. I am about to take for my portion solitude, retreat, silence, a life hidden and unknown. In a word, I have entered the novitiate of a Religious Order famous in history for its austerities, its penance and its love of God. This Order had its birth among the Jews 930 years before Jesus Christ ; it was founded on Mount Carmel in Palestine by the Prophet Elias of the Old Testament. It is an order of true Jews, children of the prophets, who expected the Messiah, who believed in Him when He came, and who have perpetuated their Order to the present day, always living in the same manner, with the same privations of the body, and the same enjoyments of the soul, as when they lived on Mount Carmel in Judea about two thousand, eight hundred years ago. . . . The austerities are, for example, never to eat meat, to walk barefoot winter and summer, to fast almost the entire year, to sleep on a board without blankets, sheets, mattress or straw ; to be clothed with woolen serge next to the body, for linen is given only to the sick, to practise almost continual silence and solitude, to rise every night to chant the praises of the Lord from midnight till two o'clock, and to meditate on His holy law day and night. . . . My little cell is about four or five feet wide and seven in length, and I am happier and more contented than if I were enthroned in the great hall of the Tuilleries, or the imperial palace of St. Petersburg. I must say also that we are never relieved from work, and the bell announces to us punctually every hour, or half hour what we have to do.

"In the time of the Jews in Palestine,

there were already many societies of pious men who practised this life to call down the mercy of the Almighty upon earth and to avert His just anger, ready to strike those who offend Him, to suffer in the place of those who fear suffering, and live in pleasure ; finally, to love God as He has loved us, and to imitate the life which Jesus Christ led when He came on earth to save men by suffering, sacrifice, obedience, humiliation, poverty and death. This is the life which I have chosen, and when you shall see me one day, as I hope, you will see a countenance contented, serene and happy ; a heart that loves you, that asks, and will continue day and night to ask the Lord to pour upon you His paternal benediction, to load you with blessings and with all that can contribute to your happiness. If any one of you should have the misfortune to displease or offend God, I will ask Him to make me expiate the fault here below on earth, that the offender may not suffer in eternity, and that we may all be one day reunited in the bosom of Abraham, our common father. You will give me pleasure if you will make known to my father my new position, since he is prepared for it by my letter. He will be astonished to see his son going barefoot, a mendicant monk, and very happy to be so. . . . I wish that you could feel the peace and interior joy which I have felt continually for two years past, and above all since I have left all for God. Every day he repays me a thousand and a thousand times for what I have sacrificed to Him by pouring into my soul treasures of grace. Adieu !

"Your devoted and affectionate

"HERMANN."

Sobs and tears overwhelmed Mme. Cohen during the reading of this touching letter. Hermann's vocation was no longer to be looked upon as an ephemeral fancy, and this thought strengthened her resolution to do all in her

power to recover her son who had cost her so many tears ; and indeed she would have gained new courage had she known that the Superiors of Carmel, fearing that the enthusiastic Jewish convert would not persevere, had refused him the habit of a novice. Although deeply grieved, Hermann was not discouraged, and that same day he set out for Rome to throw himself at the feet of the Holy Father. Clad in the plainest attire, he took his place among the lowliest on the boat from Marseilles to Civit  Vecchia. But he could not escape recognition nor the warm welcome with which the passengers greeted the gifted musician, and while he yielded to their entreaties to entertain them with his sweet melodies, he was unmoved by their applause and their inducements to return to the musical world.

God had led him to Rome at a propitious hour, for he found there the Superiors General of the Carmelites assembled in council to treat of the affairs of their Order, as political events had prevented them from assembling in the month of May as was their custom. The council opened on September 10, and the question of his admission was discussed and decided in his favor. Hermann arrived in Rome on September 12, and on the 14th he wrote to one of his friends : " I have just carried my affair by assault without recourse to the Pope, and have obtained from the General Council the dispensation which is necessary for a Jewish convert to enter the Order of Carmel."

But in his joy Hermann could not forget his dear works of the Association of the Nocturnal Adoration which he had founded in Paris and which he now had canonically aggregated to the Arch-confraternity in Rome, and secured for the members all the indulgences, partial and plenary, which had been granted by many Popes.

On October 6, 1849, Hermann received with the habit of Carmel the name of Brother Augustine-Marie of

the Blessed Sacrament, in the Convent of Broussy. The world was now nothing to him. Formerly, he had spent the nights in feasting and gaiety, and the best hours of the day in a prolonged sleep. Henceforth, he will retire early, rise at midnight and in the intense cold, go barefoot to the chapel to sing the praises of God ; then he will return chilled to his hard couch, to seek again for a few hours the sleep which fatigue and cold will often banish from his eyes. In the world he was loaded with praises, worshipped for his genius and his accomplishments ; now he comes to the middle of the refectory, bearing a cross upon his shoulders, and kneeling before his brothers in Religion, he openly accuses himself of his faults. What a change ! And yet Hermann is happy.

But the most intense of all sacrifices was to give up his beloved music. He thus speaks of it in writing to Sister M. Pauline : " Yesterday I read the canticle you sent me, and it seemed to me that I heard within my heart the harmony. As I read it the desire to compose increased, and I think if I had read it a second time, I could have retained the notes and could have written them. But Jesus has spoken . . . I was obliged to make the sacrifice, and if a sacrifice made to Jesus could ever be painful, it would be this. May the holy will of Jesus be done, and may He be blessed for giving us the opportunity to offer Him some little sacrifice !"

On the 7th of October, 1850, Brother Augustine made his religious profession as a Carmelite, and he began his new life by perfect submission to the will of his superiors. From the day of his conversion he distinguished the true from the false and his intellect as well as his heart was entirely consecrated to God. He saw the truths of Faith in the clearest light, as we glean from his own words : " I remember that when I determined to believe in Jesus Christ,

all that I read, felt, saw or heard after this decision of my reason, appeared to me in a new light, luminous, brilliant, and I passed from one joy to another, as by the aid of this belief, I saw the picture of our Holy Scriptures unrolled before me ; on every page of our books I touched with my finger the Messiah promised in the Old Testament. How beautiful, how magnificent this all seemed to me."

As a recreation during his theological studies, his superiors permitted Brother Augustine to return to his music and he then composed his collection of canticles in honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The preface is a spontaneous outburst of love that cannot be read without emotion. He cries out as one inflamed : "O Jesus, God of love, Thou hast given me a voice of harmony ; shall I remain dumb amid this worship which is rendered to Thee? Have not I also, a Hosanna to sing to Thy glory and a palm branch to lay at Thy feet? Am I not myself, a living trophy of Thy victories over the prince of this world, over evil, impiety and terrible passions, a trophy of victory which Thou hast nailed to Thy Altar? . . . I kiss with joy the walls of my cherished cell, where nothing distracts me from my one, only thought, where I breathe only to love Thy Divine Sacrament ; and sheltering myself in the shade of this Tree of Life, I breathe the perfume of its flowers, I taste its fruits, I am gently soothed by Thy sweet words and I fall asleep inebriated with love and happiness at the feet of my Beloved : this is my rest forever ; here will I dwell, because I have chosen it."

On the 19th of April, 1851, the day of his ordination, Hermann's overflowing heart left these words upon a page of his journal : "Let us be consumed with the love of Jesus ! I am filled with the thought that I have put to death Him, Whom I love ; having so often put Him to death by my sins,

to-morrow I shall, in a certain sense, restore to Him a new life in the Consecration ; but even if I were to say Mass every day for a thousand years, I could never give Him this new life as often as I have given Him death by my sins, my ingratitude and my crimes." On the same day he wrote to a friend begging him to obtain for him "fidelity, love of the Cross, and a thirst for the glory of God."

The fervent levite ceased not by prayers and tears to importune Heaven for the conversion of those of his family who were still Jews, and many Religious united with him in Masses, novenas and pilgrimages for this intention. At the shrine of Notre Dame de Peyragude, he composed and sang new canticles in honor of our Lady, and his heart burst forth in touching prayers for his Jewish mother. Unconscious of the persons who surrounded him he prayed aloud : "O my mother in Heaven, for your love I have left all those who were dear to me ; have pity on their souls and do not forget that for your sake, I have left my mother also ! O Mary ! Daughter of Israel, she is of your race, look upon her with pity and affection. O Mary, you have saved the son, do not permit him to be forever separated from his mother."

In 1870 he made a second pilgrimage to Peyragude to thank our Lady for the conversion of ten members of his family, whom he had received into the Church ; but his mother was not of the number. Her conversion was made known to him in a singular manner, six years after her death, which occurred in 1855. In announcing her death to a friend, he said : "God has given a terrible blow to my heart ; my poor mother is dead. We know not what passed between God and her soul in those last moments ; we can only pray and hope." In the anguish of his heart, Hermann sought comfort from the holy Curé d'Ars, who said to him : "You must hope, hope ; one

day on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception you will receive a letter which will give you great consolation."

These prophetic words were almost forgotten, when on December 8, 1861, a Jesuit Father placed in Hermann's hands a remarkable letter. On one occasion Père Hermann visited a community of nuns not far from Geneva, to whom he related the touching story of his own conversion, and then read to them the letter from which we will make a short extract, and which as far as we can remember, was written by a holy Carmelite nun, of whom he had never heard. "At the moment when Père Hermann's mother was on the point of breathing her last sigh, when she seemed to be unconscious and without life, Mary, our good Mother presented herself before her Divine Son and prostrating herself at his feet, she said: 'Grace, pity, O my Son for this soul, who is about to perish; in one moment she will be lost for eternity. I beseech Thee to do for the mother of my servant Hermann, what you would wish him to do for yours, if she were in her place and You were in his. The soul of his mother is his most precious treasure, he has consecrated it to me a thousand times, and he has confided it to the solicitude and tenderness of my heart. This soul is my possession, I cannot suffer it to perish—I plead for it, I claim it as my inheritance as the price of Your Blood and my sorrows at the foot of the Cross.' . . . Immediately, a strong, powerful grace escaped from the Adorable Heart of Jesus and illuminated the soul of the dying Jewess, who said to Jesus: 'O Jesus, God of the Christians, God whom my son adores, I believe, I hope in Thee, have pity on me!' This outburst of faith and hope was the last sentiment of the soul, which at the same time broke the weak bonds which detained her in her mortal frame, and she fell at the feet of Him, who was her Saviour before He was her Judge. . . . Then our Lord

said to me: 'Make this known to Hermann; I wish to grant him this consolation after his long sorrows, that he may bless and make others bless everywhere, the goodness of the heart of My mother, and her power over mine.' "

Hermann's whole life as a priest was spent for the conversion of souls, especially among the Jews. After hours in the pulpit, he presided at the organ, while the people chanted his canticles in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Everywhere he propagated the Nocturnal Adoration; it was the subject of his sermons and his letters, and everywhere he made converts. In 1853 he was sent to preach in Geneva, and he rejoiced that he might repair the scandal he had given there in his youth. In Paris also, he made the most humble reparation before the Archbishop, and the immense crowds who had known him as a musician, and who were later, attracted to him by his miraculous conversion. As the young men gathered around him, he implored them with such earnestness to share his happiness, that they could not restrain their tears.

His former associates were the constant object of his prayers, and he had the consolation of leading many of them into the Church after long wanderings. In 1862 he had the inexpressible joy of meeting in Rome his old master, Liszt, and their friendship was renewed and cemented by the conversion of the maestro, who received Holy Communion from the hands of his former pupil. This reconciliation with Liszt and his conversion, were to the heart and soul of Hermann, one of the greatest joys of his pilgrimage to Rome.

Cardinal Wiseman, then in Rome, having heard of Hermann's conversion by the Holy Eucharist, determined to secure the zealous Carmelite to propagate that devotion in England. Refused by the Superior of the Carmelites, His Eminence appealed to Pius IX and Hermann, fortified by the blessing of

the Vicar of Christ, was soon on his way to London. He set out like the Apostles, for he had neither scrip in his purse, nor two coats, but with 160 francs, given him as alms by his friends in Paris, he set out to build a convent in London, which he placed under the protection of St. Simon Stock. Hermann could not remain long unknown in that city, where he had given so many brilliant concerts, and had won hosts of friends by his fascinating conversation; people now crowded to hear his sermons and he made many converts, especially among the Germans at Brighton. He preached in German, French and English and heard confessions in many languages, and the greater part of the night was spent before the Tabernacle, to plead for that kingdom, where he said "the God of the Eucharist is the unknown God," but where he soon established his dear devotion, the Nocturnal Adoration. Cardinal Wiseman gave him charge of all the Eucharistic Societies of London, and despite his failing health, he preached Retreats for the clergy and the laity.

In 1866 he devoted himself to the cholera-stricken in London, where he nursed and assisted many dying souls, and he said regretfully, that the good Lord did not judge him worthy to find his death among them. In 1866 and 1867 he gave various discourses in the cities of England, Ireland, France, Italy and Prussia, made several pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial, where he preached two Retreats, and whence he wrote to Sister Marie Pauline: "I have passed very sweet days at Paray, where the Blessed One loaded me with consolations," and in whose honor he composed one of his most beautiful canticles. Wherever he preached, immense crowds thronged around him, but his heart longed for the silence and solitude of the desert, toward which God was leading him. In 1868 he was sent to the Desert of Tarasteix in the Py-

renees, which seemed to him as the ante-chamber of heaven. But the rigors of the austere life soon told upon his health and his sight was so seriously affected that he could not bear the faintest glimmer of light. The physician declared an operation necessary, and prescribed more food and absolute rest for the brain. But Hermann had recourse to the heavenly Physician through our Lady of Lourdes. With some of his friends he made a novena at the Shrine and bathed his eyes each day in the miraculous water, and on the ninth day he was entirely cured. He discarded his glasses, looked steadily at the sun at midday, or at the lamps at night without feeling any inconvenience, and read and wrote without effort or fatigue; a miracle, however, less striking than that wrought in his soul when he was snatched from the blindness of Judaism, and his spiritual eyes were opened to the truth. He remained at Lourdes to celebrate a Mass of thanksgiving, at which his own beautiful canticles were sung, and he took for the text of his sermon the words of the royal Psalmist: *What shall I render to the Lord for all the things he hath rendered me?* Returning to his dear solitude in the desert he composed "Le Thabor," canticles which suggest the ecstatic state of his grateful soul.

At the time of the Franco-Prussian war, Father Hermann wrote these words to one of his family: "I am going to offer myself to Jesus, with all that I shall be able to immolate, to obtain the end of so many misfortunes. Nevertheless I bless His loving hand for all that happens, because He is as lovable when He chastises as when He caresses." The sad situation of France caused him great sorrow; it was the land of his adoption, there God had called him, it was the country of his baptism and his religious profession, far dearer to him than his fatherland. The French government had ordered the expulsion of all Germans, and after several missions

among the refugees and soldiers, Father Hermann was sent to Spandau to take charge of 6,000 French prisoners, whose confidence he soon gained. He wrote to his sister-in-law: "I never had so vast a field to win souls to Jesus. The prisoners besiege me from morning until night, and they repay me for the love I show them." The daily preachings in a very cold church and the long hours in the confessional soon made him ill, but he still consecrated the remaining hours of the day to the small-pox patients, about three hundred in number.

On the 8th of January, 1871, the devoted chaplain went to Berlin to obtain clothing for his prisoners, and he had the happiness of meeting there, his brother and other members of his family. He looked careworn and complained of a sore throat, and his right hand bore marks of the contagion of the hospital. He was near the end of his glorious career. He returned to Spandau and during the weeks he was confined to his bed, his thoughts were constantly with his soldiers who were the indirect cause of his death. In his delirium he preached to them, and in lucid intervals he prayed for them and sent them kind messages.

As the supreme hour drew near, in spite of intense suffering, he sang in a

loud voice, the *Te Deum*, *Magnificat*, *Salve Regina* and *De Profundis*, then he kept his eyes directed towards the church to unite himself more closely to Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament, "that Talisman which always opens the doors of divine mercy, that Victim whose offering ascends as an odor of sweetness to the God of Abraham." At nine P.M. January 19, he received the holy Viaticum, and remained in silent thanksgiving until near midnight. Then one of his attendants implored a last blessing for those who knelt around him. Raising himself slowly Father Hermann extended his arms and pronounced the words of benediction; exhausted by the effort, he fell back upon his bed as he uttered these words: "And now, *O my God into Thy hands I commend my spirit.*" These were his last words, and only the feeble respirations during the night showed that he still lived. At ten o'clock the next morning with only a slight movement of the body, the soul of Father Hermann escaped from its earthly prison, and went forth to see in unveiled splendor Him Whom he had adored and loved so ardently, and Whose voice in that last solemn moment had brought peace to his heart: "*Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, and called thee by thy name; thou art mine.*"

CHRISTIAN GENEROSITY.¹

GENEROSITY is the birthright of a Christian. To be generous, in the original meaning of the term, is to be of noble extraction, and to have the nobility of mind and heart, the lofty sentiments that should be inseparable from noble birth. What nobler origin can there be than ours in Jesus Christ? It is no mere figure of speech, but reality, that by baptism we are born anew in Him, the sons of God, brothers of Christ, heirs of the kingdom of heaven. In thought, deed and sentiment we should strive to be as noble as our birth.

Generosity would make us rise above everything low and petty, and despise the meaner sentiments which spring from envy, jealousy and spite. It prompts us to overlook the faults of others, and pardon them even when they are offensive to ourselves. It shrinks from the pleasure which meaner spirits find in contention, carping, unkindly and often slanderous conversations. It is not forever suspecting others of wrong or sensitively imagining that they are plotting mischief. It is patient with the evil-doer, forgetful of injuries, benevolent instead of envious, never self-seeking, never narrow nor low in view or aim, but always broad and lofty. It is the spirit of Christ inherited by all who are regenerated in Him.

Generosity prompts us to give to others what we hold most precious, to use our resources for their welfare, to share with them our treasures, to extend to them the benefit of our advantages, to devote to their improvement our personal gifts, our energy, intelligence, experience and the influence or authority we may have acquired. It is charity practised to a

heroic degree, because it waits not until others are in extreme, or even urgent need; in fact, it does not consider their needs, but studies their enrichment and improvement: nor does it give solely of its superabundance, but yields even what is necessary, even so far as to forego its rights and abjure its privileges. All this, finally, is without other motive than the sincere desire to help others, and it is always done without display, self-laudation, or quest for popular applause.

Virtue like this is necessarily Christian, and there is no need of qualifying it under this name except to put before us the One, who alone as God and man, could be its source and model, since it is more divine than human. It is the excessive charity with which Christ loved us, the charity which prompted Him to annihilate Himself when the slightest act of His would have been enough to save us, to shed His blood in profusion when the least drop would have paid our ransom. How generous it was in Christ to bestow the benefit of His presence and the might of His miraculous powers on the poor and afflicted of Israel! How generously patient to bear with their ignorance and prejudice, and to instruct them in the simplest elements of religion! How generously He overlooked the pettiness and meanness of His Apostles, their low ambition, rivalries, contention, and recourse to human influence? How generously He could accept as well as give, for this, too, is a trait of generosity, as when He insisted on letting Mary Magdalene scatter the precious ointment on His feet, and magnified the mite of the poor widow in the eyes of all in the Temple!

The generosity of Christ is itself a proof of its divinity, and it is an unerring mark of His spirit. Would any one search in his heart for some meas-

(1) Christian Generosity: the object recommended to our prayers during the month of October.

ure of his spirit of Christ, let him begin by exploring it for the slightest measure of generosity, and ask how far he puts the interests of God, of Christ, of religion, of humanity before, or even on par, with his own. How true it is, that instead of being generous, men seek their own and not what is Christ's. His claims are set aside until they have satisfied themselves and exhausted the very gifts they have derived from Him. How eloquently men laud the advantages of Christian civilization, how abundantly they draw upon it, and yet how meanly they shrink from doing their share to preserve or advance it. Christ condescends to let the Church with which He identifies Himself stand in need of the talents, the fortune, the influence they have acquired chiefly through the medium of religion, and yet they hesitate to come to His aid. They look to others to show the way, they fear to incur the displeasure of the world, to suffer any inconvenience or loss, as they consider it, though really it would be their real gain. The poor are clamoring for help, the laborer is vainly appealing to them not to multiply his burdens, the little ones of the flock are crying to have the bread of the Word broken unto them, the waif and the orphan are seeking a shelter, and millions of heathens are groping in darkness for the light of the religion and for the benefit of the civilization without which it were better we had not been born into this world; all about us, even in the bosom of our own families, minds and hearts are craving for light and consolation. Mere human pity, and the ordinary spirit of mercy, nay, the very self-love that would make us be glad to be rid of their importunities, should inspire us to give lavishly of our means to relieve their needs; and yet their cry is unheeded, their appeal is in vain. Now and then a sop is thrown in the way of money they do not want, of legislation, or some scheme of enlightenment, or of education, that will only

intensify the sense of their deficiency. One looks almost vainly for the gift given freely, unconditionally, without advertisement, with any real self-sacrifice, or unselfish consideration of the purpose for which it is given.

The object of our Holy Father in designating "Christian Generosity" as the General Intention for October, is manifestly to renew among Catholics the world over, a sense of the need of this virtue in the persecutions to which the Church is subject in countries in which the government has been seized by enemies of religion, and in the face of hardships which we encounter in countries like England and our own, in which there is so much discrimination, on the part of certain bodies of our fellow-citizens, if not on the part of our government, against Catholic interests.

Without adverting to the need of more Christian generosity among the Catholics in other countries, it is well worth while to reflect on the need of it in our own country. A little more of it would support our schools, or at least inspire those who give a trifle for this purpose to give it cheerfully, without forever harping on the hardships or impossibility of supporting a Catholic school, and cherishing secretly, if not avowing openly, the conviction, rarely well founded, that a free religious school is necessarily inferior to a common one. Christian generosity would prompt some rich Catholics to make Catholic colleges quite capable of supporting the fine appearance of the sectarian or secular institutions to which they send their sons or daughters, because they are not generous enough to take God at His word, and train their offspring to seek first the kingdom of God, in the sure hope that all things will be added unto them, even the social advantages and business chances they hope to secure for their future.

Christian generosity, finally, would make us all give more of our time, our

energy, ability, learning, fortune, influence, political or social, to the advancement of religion, and make us give it ungrudgingly, modestly, yet fearlessly, with no other motive than that of repaying the generosity with which Christ has treated us, with no other hope of reward than the confidence that He will not be outdone in generosity.

There are many reasons why we

should pray for Christian generosity. First of all it is something heroic, and nothing heroic can be had without prayer. Then it is something very rare ; its opposite—meanness—is common, but it is altogether exceptional. Necessary at all times, it was rarely more needed than it is in our time ; without it Christian life is impossible and religion must perish.

PORTA PIA.

By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.

“**S**TAND by ! Stand by and see the old man flayed !
 Let Garcia Moreno lift his hand
 Alone for truth and justice. Here we stand
 To help the robber ply his kingly trade,
 Down with the Cross ! What now ? A new crusade ?
 Trooping to Rome from every Christian land
 Noble and peasant ? Poor deluded band !
 Empty the tomb for which ye draw the blade.”
 So spake the rulers of the Earth, while He
 Slept on in Simon's boat ; but we have cried :
 “ Lord, save us or we perish ! ” The wild sea
 Leaps up to crush us ; yet we fearless ride
 The storm-tossed waters—all our hope in Thee.
 The world against us, God is on our side.

EDITORIAL.

In these days, when so many wild things are being said both in the pulpit and the press about the lamentable condition into which anarchy has brought us, it may be well to listen, for a brief space, to some of the utterances of him who speaks with authority to the world, and who is able, as no one else, to lift society out of the abyss into which it has fallen. These excerpts taken here and there from the encyclicals of Leo XIII, (and many more might have been added) will show us luminously and comprehensively, though in the succinctest fashion, the origin of these disasters, the affiliations of the miscreants who cause them and the means which are employed to repair the ruin.

"The doctrines of Socialism, Communism and Nihilism," he tells us, "have carried a deadly poison into the very veins of modern society which is now in the throes of dissolution.

"The associations which advocate and inculcate such doctrines are to be found in every country of the world ; they are closely bound in a compact of iniquity, and no longer skulk in the dark, but are out in the open proclaiming what, for a long time back, they had been secretly plotting, viz.: that their purpose is the overthrow of the civil order as it now exists.

"These associations have been prophetically described by St. Jude the Apostle, as of 'men who defile the flesh, despise all rule and blaspheme the majesty of authority.'" They assail everything that divine or human laws have established for the honor or security of life ; they refuse obedience to the higher powers, to whom the Apostle bids us be subject because the right to govern is from God, and they clamor for an absolute equality for all men in the enjoyment of every right and the emoluments and advantages of every office.

"The natural union of man and woman which even the savage holds sacred, they degrade ; and the bond of domestic society they either break, or turn into a means of sensual indulgence. Inflamed with the lust of riches, which as the Apostle says (I. Tim. vi. 19) are the root of all evil, and which seduce from the faith those who seek them, they denounce the rights of property as against the natural law, and with a wickedness that is simply monstrous, declare that to provide for the needs and to satisfy the demands of their followers, they have a right to seize and hold in common, whatever has been acquired by title or heredity, by qualities of mind, by labor of hand, or by the savings of frugality or thrift. These doctrines, which are so portentous of evil, and which by means of books, pamphlets and the daily press are scattered widecast among the people have already bred such a hatred against the ever to be venerated majesty of the authority of governments, that these nefarious traitors have frequently within a brief period of time, and with the most daring impiety turned their instruments of death against the rulers of the nations.

"The audacity of these impious wretches which every day forebodes more disastrous ruin for civil society, and which already fills the minds of all with consternation and alarm, has its source and origin in those poisonous teachings, which in times past were sown like bad seeds among the people and which produced in due time their deadly fruit. It began with that fierce war against the Catholic faith in the sixteenth century ; it has increased in intensity as time went on, and has lasted even to our own days ; the whole purpose of it being to sweep away revelation and the entire supernatural order, and to open the way to the inquisition, or rather to the

wild ravings of unassisted reason. This error which unrighteously arrogated to itself the name of Rationalism, by exciting and augmenting the cravings of ambition, whose impulses are in every man's heart, offers free scope to cupidity of every description and easily pervades not only individual minds, but all civil society in its widest extent.

"As a consequence of this there were established governments, such as even the wickedness of the heathen never dreamed of, namely, which made no account of God or the order established by Him, which proclaimed that public authority derived neither its principles, nor the respect due to it, nor its right to command, from God, but from the majority of the people, which held itself to be dispensed from all divine sanction, and submitted itself only to those laws which it had been pleased to formulate. The supernatural truths of faith were assailed and rejected as being against reason, and the Author and Redeemer of humanity was banished from the Universities, colleges and schools, and thus insensibly and little by little disappeared from all the public affairs of life. The rewards and the punishments of the after life were lost sight of, and man's ardent thirst of happiness was restricted to the limited space of the present. With such doctrines scattered far and wide, and such license of thought and action permitted everywhere, there is no wonder that the humbler classes of people weary of their miserable tenements or their shops, should long to fling themselves at the fortunes and palaces of the rich; that now there is no security in public or private life, and that the human race has almost been brought to the verge of destruction."

The Holy Father then goes on to show how long ago these warnings were given to the world. "Identifying themselves with these doctrines of Rationalism, secret societies were formed to propagate them." Those societies were condemned by Pope Clement XII and

Benedict XIV. Later on the Philosophers, as they were called, whose writings were another effort of the same propaganda, were condemned by Pius VI. Other reprobations were uttered by Pius VII and Leo XII, and the efforts of Pius IX against these secret societies and the Socialism which they were fomenting and which was just then beginning to assume the name, form a great part of the glories of that illustrious pontificate.

"It is to be regretted," continues Leo XIII, "that public men, deceived or frightened by these conspirators against society, have always looked with suspicion on the efforts of the Catholic Church in this direction. They did not appreciate the fact that if the doctrine of the Catholic Church and the authority of the Roman Pontiffs had remained in honor with princes and peoples, the efforts of these modern enemies of society would have utterly failed. On the doctrines and precepts of the Church, the safety and peace of society depend, and by them alone this accursed growth of Socialism can be uprooted."

It will be interesting to know what is the mind of the Holy Father about the affiliations of our present day Socialists and Communists and the means by which their principles are propagated.

In the Encyclical *Humanum Genus*, April 20, 1884, he says: "Let not the Masonic Order assert that it is averse to these efforts of Communism; for it strongly approves of those projects and identifies itself with their main principle. And if they are not continually in evidence and are not everywhere reduced to practice, it is not to be ascribed to the rules or purpose of the Order, but to the fact that the divine virtue of religion is not utterly extinct, and that the saner part of the human family rebels against the slavery of these secret associations and withstands their mad attempts to wreck the existing civil and domestic order."

The method of resisting these increasing evils is presented in the Encyclical to the German Bishops January 16, 1886.

"There are, as you know," he says, "Venerable Brethren, seeds of revolution cast into the very bosom of society in our days, or rather there are a great number of smouldering fires seen here and there which threaten at any moment to burst out into a fierce conflagration. Chief among them is the Labor Question, which fills the minds of statesmen with concern while seeking in vain for some means of averting the impending calamity and of thwarting the adherents of these new sects which convert every public calamity into a means of their own aggrandizement, and which are always devising new occasions of public disaster. In this matter the ministers of the Church can furnish invaluable assistance to the State, as they have so often done in

other storms and other calamities. For priests whose ministry brings them into daily contact with the masses of the people and who deal with them on terms of easy familiarity, who know thoroughly the sorrows and labors of that class of men, can look into the wounds of their hearts, and by affording opportune assistance, and giving them religious instruction can bring them consolation, can apply to their sick and weary souls the proper remedies, can soften the sense of present evils, lift them up from their despondency and prevent them from running headlong into the wild projects which the organizations around them are forming."

To sum up all these invaluable teachings, ruin has been brought upon modern society by its abandonment of Catholicity. Order can be restored only by the teachings and ministrations of the Church.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

In connection with the deep regret expressed from every Catholic pulpit for the untimely taking off of President McKinley, the following letter, issued by Archbishop Corrigan of New York, to his clergy, deserves to be quoted at length as representing the mind and heart of all Catholics in this hour of national bereavement.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
452 MADISON AVENUE. }
NEW YORK, Sept. 13, 1901. }

Reverend Dear Sir:—This day week, like a bolt from a clear sky, came the terrible news of the attempt on the life of President McKinley, and to-day, while we are still offering fervent prayers for his recovery and fondly indulging the hope of his speedy restoration to health, with a second startling shock, comes the sad announcement of his death.

Unable previously, on account of absence to express the horror of the whole Diocese, at a crime aimed at every citizen of this Republic, I now seize the first opportunity of testifying in union with our fellow citizens, our grief and sorrow in this unexpected and bitter bereavement. It is sad to realize that in our beloved country, where the people choose their own rulers, such a crime as that which we deplore, could have been possible. And that, too, in a season of almost unexampled prosperity, saddest of all to feel the hand of an assassin has been raised against a chief magistrate whose personal and civic virtues, and whose most amiable character not only endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, but made him, as these last few days have revealed, almost the idol of the nation.

I need not urge you, Reverend Dear Sir, to share in the public evidences of grief which the whole country will offer as a tribute of respect to the memory of the departed President.

While the prescriptions of the liturgy do not permit us to have official church services, yet our whole hearts ascend in prayer to God for the welfare of our afflicted country and for those on whom rests the burden of its destinies. As children of the Church, we are ever loyal to constituted authority; and under no circumstances ought our fidelity to duty and loyalty to country be more pronounced or more earnest than in the hour of trial and adversity. I, therefore, request you after High Mass, on every Sunday of this month, to recite with the people the Litany of the Saints, that God in His mercy may look graciously on the nation and drive far from it the dangerous and fatal principles whose consequences have to-day plunged the whole land in sorrow.

I would request you, further, to impress upon the faithful the constant teachings of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, against the errors of socialism. In this way we will contribute, modestly, it is true, yet not without fruit, to strengthen and intensify public opinion on this most important subject.

Pope Leo XIII, denounced the pest of socialism and anarchy in his very first encyclical letter and on many later occasions. For convenience of reference I append the dates of some of these documents that happen to be at hand, so that, consulting them, you may find excellent subject matter for your instructions: December 28, 1878; February 24, 1880; June 29, 1881; April 20, 1884; January 6, 1886; August 22, 1886; June 20, 1888; December 30, 1888; May 15, 1891; September 19, 1891; June 20, 1894; July 10, 1895.

These teachings of the Sovereign Pontiff are directed to the working classes and the peoples of various nationalities. They are all based on truths of Sacred Scriptures, on the lessons of

sound philosophy and the results of human experience. With our enjoyment of great liberty, we need also the chastening restraint of authority ; of respect and reverence for our rulers, remembering "there is no authority, but from God."

Let us then, Reverend Dear Sir, be instant in prayer that this great sorrow which now overwhelms us—the third of its kind within our memory—may be the last to grieve and afflict our country and that our hearts being given to the keeping of God's commandments and the fear of enemies being removed, our days, by His protection, may be peaceful. I am, Reverend Dear Sir, Very faithfully yours,

MICHAEL AUGUSTINE,
Archbishop of New York.

Special measures are now being taken for the good of our Italian Catholics. Mgr. Scalabrini, Bishop of Piacenza (Italy) is here, to consider the question of Italian immigration, Italian hospitals and schools. The zealous bishop has a jewelled chasuble, ornamented with 1,000 precious stones, presented to him by the ex-Queen, Margherita of Italy.

Bishop McFaul opened the convention of Catholic societies at Long Branch on August 29, assembled for the purpose of considering the means of federation. The delegates represented, it is said, a membership of 300,000. It has been arranged to hold a convention in December in Cincinnati for permanent organization.

Archbishop Corrigan was the guest of the Knights of Columbus assembled in convention at Cliff Haven on August 15. His Grace complimented the Knights on their loyalty to the Church, and assured them that they had the good-will of the bishops and priests throughout the country.

Monsignor Stephan for the past sixteen years Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau at Washington, died in that city on September 12, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was born at

Baden, and in March, 1899, celebrated the golden jubilee of his elevation to the priesthood. He had served as a chaplain in the civil war, and his many years of practical experience as a missionary among the Indian tribes fitted him in a special manner for the duties he was called on to discharge as working-head of the Indian missions.

North Tonawanda is marked with very small letters on the map of New York State, and the dedication of its new high school would perhaps not have been recorded except in the local newspaper, had it not been for an unexpected feature not set down on the official programme. State Superintendent of Schools, Charles R. Skinner, was present and delivered the dedicatory address, and upon the platform were many other distinguished educators, city and village superintendents, principals et al. There were the usual religious exercises, Protestant hymns and Protestant Bible reading and the ceremony was drawing to a close, when the Rev. Patrick Cronin, Pastor of the Church of the Ascension, North Tonawanda, well-known as the able editor of the *Catholic Union* and *Times*, of Buffalo, asked the chairman's permission to make a few remarks pertinent to the occasion. The permission was granted and in all courtesy and moderation Father Cronin pointed out the inconsistency of State Superintendent Skinner in openly permitting the violation of a law in pursuance of which he had closed schools taught by Catholic sisters in other sections of the state. At the close of Father Cronin's remarks, the room was in perfect silence and no one arose to refute or even question the force of his argument. The reason for silence will be best understood by a quotation from the Rev. Father's protest:

"I maintain, sir, that the obtained custom of introducing religious features of any sort in connection with public school exercises is a direct violation of the letter and spirit of the law

governing our system of public education. The very cornerstone of that system is the absolute divorce of religious manifestation from every and any phase of our State schools. The chapel exercises, therefore, of whatever nature are against the law ; so also are Bible readings, hymn singing and prayers of every description ; and to these I may add the habit of delivering baccalaureate sermons in sectarian churches.

"Why should the children of Hebrew parents, for instance, who do not believe in the Founder of Christianity, be subject to such practices? Why should Catholic children have a version of the Scriptures read to them which their Church rejects? Why should they be expected to join in Protestant prayers and hymns?"

"So jealous has the State Superintendent of Education—the gentleman who has just addressed you—been on this question, that he excluded from the public school room ladies of recognized ability as teachers, because they wore a religious garb. No law exists in this commonwealth discriminating as to the dress that the teachers shall wear ; but the gentleman found one in Pennsylvania and he colonized it hither to aid his contention. And yet by notable inconsistency, the same gentleman openly permits a glaring violation of the law along the lines I have pointed out.

"What then? Am I opposed to religion as a factor in education? Quite the reverse. I hold, on the contrary, with numbers of our public personages 'of light and leading,' that the training of the moral nature of the child must go hand in hand with its mental development ; that the seeds of honesty, chastity, justice and other virtues should be implanted in the plastic heart of youth ; that otherwise our nation will be honeycombed with crime ; and that in the words of Lloyd Garrison, 'our prime criminals will be the educated ones.' But I have dealt with our public school system as it now exists ; and

I repeat, that so long as it thus stands, all semblance of religion connected therewith is contrary to its fundamental principle."

Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the well-known Catholic artist and writer, died at Durand, Ill., on Sept. 7. Born at Deerfield, Mass., August 29, 1824, she was received into the Church by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, in 1854. Shortly after her conversion her family moved West and Miss Starr, while continuing the literary labors which were gaining for her no little renown, took up the special Christian art work with which her name has become inseparably connected in this country. Her home, "St. Joseph's Cottage," in Chicago, became a centre of all that was best and most elevating in Catholic art and literature, and lectures in many cities, private instructions to her pupils in drawing and painting, and original articles in different magazines, extended still more widely the sphere of her salutary influence. Her best known published works are "Christian Art in Our Own Age," the two volumes of "Patron Saints, Pilgrims and Shrines," "Isabella of Castile" and the "Songs of a Lifetime." In 1880 the University of Notre Dame conferred upon Miss Starr the Lætare medal in recognition of her services to Catholic art and literature, and some years later she was still more highly honored by the gift from the Holy Father of a cameo medallion of himself. In private life Miss Starr was an earnest, fervent Catholic, full of sympathy towards the poor and the needy, whether of soul and body, and of that cheerful simplicity of character which is only possessed by those whose learning and accomplishments rest on a firm basis of faith and love. May she rest in peace!

The "Central-Verein," of the German-American Catholics, held its 46th annual Congress from Sept. 9-11, in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The Young

Men's League held its annual meeting at the same time and in the same place.

Of late years the German-American Catholics have organized themselves in those States of the Union where they live in considerable numbers, into State-Unions, and these hold their meetings every year in some representative town of the State. These unions flourish in most of the Western States, and in the East in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. The meeting of the New Jersey Union was held this year in Paterson, Sept. 2. The New York Union held its meeting in Buffalo early in July. It was the most notable of state-congresses held up to that time. The earnestness and enthusiasm of the members, the presence of distinguished leaders, foremost among whom was the Rev. Dr. Heiter, and most of all the importance of the resolution passed, makes this assembly a memorable event.

It is needless to say that these societies always meet with the approbation and under the blessing of the bishops of the respective dioceses, who usually honor some of the meetings with their presence, as did the Right Reverend Bishop Quigley, at Buffalo.

Seventh Annual Convention of the Union of German-American Catholics of the State of New Jersey.—The convention was held this year in Paterson, N. J. The proceedings were opened with a Solemn High Mass in St. Boniface Church, during which Father Clement, O.F.M., preached the sermon. Right Reverend Bishop O'Connor, was present in the Sanctuary and gave the episcopal blessing at the end of the Mass. At three o'clock in the afternoon the business meeting was held at which the President of the Executive Committee read the annual report. He reported that the attempt to pass a law taxing private schools had been defeated thanks to the watchfulness of the executive committee and pointed out the necessity of unwearied vigilance as

the price of liberty. We summarize the resolutions passed: Love and obedience to the Holy Father and demand for the restoration of His independence. We demand equal rights for all citizens. We protest against the suppression of Indian Catholic schools. We condemn the suppression of Catholic schools in Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands and will do all we can to have their Catholic schools restored to them.

A mass meeting was held at eight o'clock at night, at which Bishop McFaul delivered a splendid discourse on Catholic Federation. The convention came to a close after the singing of Holy God we praise Thy name.

The Polish people in the United States number about two millions and a half. As the immigration is likely to continue and as the Poles are most remarkable for their love of their religion, they are becoming a very important element of the Catholic Church in our midst. Hence, our bishops are taking steps to have their language studied, sending students to Polish seminaries for this purpose.

A few weeks ago Cardinal Martinelli dedicated a magnificent Polish church in Milwaukee. It cost about \$300,000 and accommodates some 3,500 people. The zealous pastor who erected it, Father Grutza, has since died. Archbishop Kutzer celebrated a Pontifical Mass of requiem in presence of 150 priests and an enormous crowd of people, who wept aloud during the sermon.

Another evidence of the deep faith of the Poles is furnished by their Jubilee Communion in Holy Rosary Church, Baltimore, Md. Three thousand approached the Holy Table in a body and the day before twenty priests were kept engaged from 8 A. M. till 11 P. M. hearing confessions. Their patriotism and love of their adopted country has also been shown by their indignant repudiation of the act of the assassin Czolgosz, whom, they claim, is not of

Polish descent. The resolution adopted by the four hundred Polish-Americans gathered together in St. Laurentius' Church, Philadelphia, voices the unanimous sentiment of the Polish people expressed in many other similar assemblies: "Resolved, That we, as Roman Catholic Polish citizens of the United States, protest most energetically against the insinuations of the English newspapers that the anarchist who raised his sacrilegious hand against the authority of this great republic had any connection with the Polish people residing in these States. * * * The Polish nation can boast of never having produced a man who would stain its reputation by attacking lawful authority, because imbued by Christian principles, it is well aware that all lawful authority comes from God and that it must be respected."

CUBA.

"On August 7, his feast day, Bishop Sbarretti was visited," says the *Catholic Mirror*, "by a host of earnest and devoted Catholics, representing the best families of the city of Havana." During a visit of Archbishop Barnada, of Santiago, consecrated by the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Chapelle, in 1899, and said to be the first native-born Cuban to occupy that See, the two Bishops were received at the Girl's Training School, an orphan asylum established by the United States Military authorities. This institution is non-sectarian; but the Catholic children attend Mass and catechism at St. Augustine's Chapel. The Archiepiscopal See of Santiago, dates from 1516, and has as suffragan sees, San Juan (Porto Rico) and Havana.

CANADA.

After High Mass in all the churches of Quebec City on Sunday, August 21, a petition to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was circulated for signature, expressing the regret of Catholics, that, "notwithstanding their energetic protest,

he persists in retaining in the formula of the Coronation Oath declarations contrary to the Catholic Faith, and to the spirit of justice and liberty which they have a right to expect from the people of England." The petition is being signed through the Province of Quebec.

This Catholic province stands first in refilling the cradles of Canada. The whole population is given as 6,388,883, there being an increase of about half a million since the last census. The increase in Quebec is 132,439; in Ontario, 53,657; British Columbia, 91,827; Northwest Territories, 78,201; Manitoba, 93,958; New Brunswick, 9,830; Nova Scotia, 8,720, while Prince Edward's Island has decreased by 5,820. Hence Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, will lose Parliamentary representation.

ITALY.

Crispi, companion in arms of Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi, died as he lived, excommunicated. It is said that for days before his death the neighborhood was startled by his agonizing cries; and that his body was decomposing before he died. It appears that he was buried in a Catholic Church in defiance of ecclesiastical authority. A convict is proposed for his seat in Parliament by ever-gaining and revolutionary socialism.

The English Protestant paper, the *Pilot*, recalling that there are about three hundred Christian Democratic (Catholic) associations in Italy, affirms, that "the two reformations, Catholic and anarchical, cannot work side by side in peace . . . The whole movement is a strange commentary on the belief so general among Englishmen that religion in Italy is dead or in a trance."

Anti-clericalism, which is just now encouraging socialism, has notably grown since the present Zanardelli ministry came into office. Owing to radi-

cal agitation, the semi-official Capitan Fracasso announces a forthcoming ministerial measure against the entrance of the exiled French Religious into Italy. It seems probable that an Italian Associations Bill will be soon introduced into Parliament.

At Pisa the anarchist societies taking part in an anti-clerical meeting cheered for Bresci, the assassin of King Humbert, for anarchy, and for bombs for the *borghesia*, "the people well to do." The anarchists and the Italian government are aroused over the admission of the exiled French Religious into Italy.

Pope Leo had handed over the institute of St. Jerome to the Croatian Bishops for the training of priests for their people, when the Italian radicals protested wildly, and the Minister of the Interior is like to prevent this Papal act.

ROME.

On Lady Day (August 15), the hundreds of shrines at the street corners of Rome, and many houses were illuminated.

Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, sent out with the instructions to the French Religious Superiors a letter stating that the Pope insisted absolutely on the independence of the Religious Orders and their direct subjection only to the Holy See.

The anarchists of Rome have a paper, the *Agitazione*, in which they are just now proving "the immorality of the Catholic religion as shown in texts of the Fathers of the Church." Two pornographic socialist sheets have had to make "a most abject apology" for their attacks on priests—their enemies.

The anarchists now begin to figure in the public life of Rome, three of them having been elected with five republicans in the recent voting of the Camera di Lavoro, a sort of Trades' Union subsidized by the municipality of Rome.

SPAIN.

Monsignor Spinola, Archbishop of Seville, has thrown all his energy into the union and federation of Catholic societies and parties in Spain. He soon gathered 4,000 people of all parties into his Cathedral who consented to realize his ideas. His example has caused great joy in Spain, and will no doubt be imitated by the other bishops, amongst whom the Primate, Cardinal Sancha, has pointed to this union as the only means of Catholic success. It seems that the "Reds" have grown much more peaceful since old Catholic Spain began to show her natural and normal temper.

FRANCE.

The Associations Bill against the Catholic Religious Orders has been made much more severe by the Council of State since the voting of it in the Chamber and Senate. Hence the *République* calls it "a bastard law, modified by the Council of State." So many embarrassing, annoying and almost impossible conditions for authorization of religious associations are added, that, in the words of the English *Tablet* "the leave to live is made as difficult as possible." So many absurd details are insisted upon that even a policeman could not insist on a more complete knowledge of a criminal. The request for authorization, or for leave to live in France, on the part of a Religious Order, must be accompanied by a recommendation of the Council, before being presented to the Chamber of Deputies. A special authorization will be required for each new establishment, even of an authorized association.

The Society of the Holy Ghost, the Lazarists, Christian Brothers and Society of Foreign Missions, are, it seems, already approved.

An official note, issued towards the end of August, stated that some five congregations of men and thirty of women had asked for permission to live.

Petitions are coming in from various places against the expulsion of the religious. The Municipal Council of En-trammes (Mayenne) demanded peace for the Trappist Monks of their place in view of the latter's "immense services, the public esteem of them, and the dire consequences to the indigent, the laborers and cultivators." Eighty Benedictines have gone to the Isle of Wight, to the south of England; and, strangely enough, to a place which belonged to their Order centuries ago. Not far from there one hundred French nuns will find a refuge at Northwood, the seat of the eminent convert, Dr. Ward. The Carthusians, who pay a very large sum to the French government, boldly announce that they will continue in France only on condition of not being interfered with. The Brothers of St. John of God say the same. These latter care for nearly 1000 insane patients at Lyons, and have similar establishments in other parts of France.

A clear attempt is made by the government to destroy the organization of the Religious Orders by making them diocesan—a step towards a new Gallicanism.

In the meantime, the Minister of War, André, is touring through France, decrying "clerical wealth and oppression, and the consequent misery of the people," and "combating for the triumph of modern ideas"; while M. Piou tells the Catholic young men of France that it is time to wake up.

ENGLAND.

From the results of the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations it would seem, says the *Weekly Register* (London) that the average Catholic pupils are educated better than their fellows. This year 10,091 candidates presented themselves for the Oxford Locals; 6,907 passed. And out of these, 1,385 were from Catholic Schools; amongst the other victors were, no doubt, Catholics from other schools. Those

successes are more than our proportion of the population would promise. The highest positions in the Honors' lists were taken by Catholic students: the first in the first class was from St. Ignatius' College, Stamford Hill; the first of the girls being from Notre Dame Convent, Everton Valley. In the Certificate Examinations (of the Universities' Joint Board), which are displacing the Locals in the higher schools, the Catholic colleges have obtained between them thirty-six Higher Certificates, and four colleges thirty-one lower. In the Higher Examinations, Stonyhurst was easily first. A Mr. Muir from there obtained first class in all his six subjects.

The Work of the Catholic Newspaper Guild has extended to public libraries, hospitals, barracks, seamen's homes, workhouses, infirmaries, to emigrants, to isolated Catholics, and to inquiring Protestants. Owing to this development, five separate sections have lately been formed. Sixty free libraries are now supplied with Catholic weeklies. Still many public libraries, even where religious literature is supplied from the rates, have no Catholic publications; yet they have Jewish and Agnostic. The Secretary, Mr. Dudley Baxter, instances one "scandalous case," the *free* library of Bethnal Green, in the midst of the poor Catholics of East London, where the committee refused to take Catholic publications.

According to the Blue Book for 1899, published by the Home Office, there was an increase of sixty thousand cases of crime on the preceding five years. The increase, naturally, was in lighter offences. "There is an enormous prevalence of drunkenness and gambling," says the *Weekly Register*, "and an appalling increase of suicide."

IRELAND.

In the parliamentary discussion as to government inspection of laundries, Earl Spencer said, apropos of inspection

of convent laundries, "Anyone who had been long in Ireland must have admiration for the great philosophic work done by nuns. They objected to inspection, and he regretted it, because they would have had nothing to fear from inspection." The inspection clause of the factory bill was first modified out of deference to the Irish members, and finally dropped.

The Report of the National Board of Education shows that the schools are growing more and more denominational, not only separate religious, but also separate secular education being on the increase, especially in Ulster. Attendance of children is, however, growing less, owing to the vast emigration of the people. Of all parts of Ireland, Ulster accepted least readily and completely the National System of Education, in this as in other matters educational being content to follow the lead and accept the ideas of the Catholic South.

The Intermediate Examinations show a steady Catholic progress, the convent schools this year having left the Protestant female schools far behind. Blackrock (Fathers of the Holy Ghost) leads amongst the schools and colleges of boys. Clongowes Wood (Jesuit) is next, and the highest in Ulster is the Catholic St. Columba. It is remarkable that the girls most successful in Celtic won the honors in English.

Under the auspices of the Gaelic League, there was a vast gathering at Omeath, on the shores of Carlingford Lough, for the revival of Irish literature, music and games, Cardinal Logue presiding. "The Cardinal does not exaggerate," says the *English Weekly Register*, "the wonderful strength of this movement which has overspread every part of the country."

Bishop Clancy, of Elphin, sternly condemned the leasing of the Town Hall to an English Dramatic Company, which produced a play condemned as indecent by the local press. It was

about to be reproduced, and he condemned it again. Then the manager promised to expurgate it, and the corporation passed a resolution regretting its former action, and approving the Bishop's zeal as worthy of the thanks, not only of his own, but also of all the Catholics of Ireland.

The Youghal Urban Council dealt in a similar manner with a company of singers.

GERMANY.

The last two or three months has been the season for the holding of Catholic Congresses. Our space will not allow us to do more than chronicle some of them briefly.

The sixth "Charitastag" (Congress of the League of charitable organizations) was held in the middle of July at Aix-la-Chapelle. This noble League aims at binding together all the Catholic charitable associations of the Empire so as to imprint a common direction and increase their efficiency and earnestness. Two hundred and seven societies and institutions have joined the League and it counts among its members eight bishops, ten members of princely families, 135 of the nobility, 800 parish-priests and 786 laymen. The deliberations this year embraced the training of nurses for country places, for which purpose the League expended nearly 5,000 marks during the past year, the care of the destitute poor, sanitary dwellings for workmen's families, etc. The most important point of discussion was the fight against alcoholism. On this subject Professor Wesner, a physician, delivered a telling and instructive speech. The fight against drunkenness is in its charitable and social aspect.

One of the many flourishing associations in Catholic Germany is the "Union of guilds of Catholic merchants." One hundred and twenty-seven guilds belong to the Union which counts more than 13,500 members.

Once a year they meet in congress to deliberate on matters bearing on their spiritual and material welfare and progress. The congress was held this year in Berlin in the early days of August. One of the subjects of discussion was a resolution demanding legislation in favor of legitimate business against dishonest trade-practices. The resolution was passed and sent to the Centre-party for action in the Reichstag. A vote was also passed to grant monetary assistance to Catholic students at commercial high-schools.

Many of the "journeymen's guilds" have been celebrating this year their golden jubilee. This admirable association was founded a little more than half-a-century ago (in 1849) by a zealous priest, Adolphus Kolping, who had been himself a journeyman shoemaker. The guilds are scattered all over Germany and Austria-Hungary and form a Union. It counts in Germany alone over 100,000 members and 200 hospices. In these hospices, many of which are splendid buildings, travelling journeymen find board and lodging and opportunities for instruction and recreation. All who belong to the Union are received in every local guild as members of the family. Each local guild is presided over by a priest, and the whole Union has a President-General, who also must be a priest. The guild at Mainz which has just celebrated its golden jubilee has had since its birth 15,000 members in round numbers and has afforded lodging to between fifty and sixty thousand journeymen. The "Gesellenverein," as the Germans call this association, has always been so highly thought of in Germany that even Bebel, the leader of the atheistic socialists, has nothing but praise for it, and the Kulturkampf, whose brutal hand tried to lay low everything Catholic, left it undisturbed.

In the latter part of August was held at Ratisbonne the sixteenth congress of the German "Caecilien-Verein" for

the reform of church music. The deliberations were interesting this year on account of the controversy concerning the true Gregorian chant. The President of the Society, the able and distinguished Dr. Haberl, has been for some years in disagreement with the famous school of Solesmes, which has lately received great praise and encouragement from the Holy Father himself. Suffice it to say in this chronicle that the key-note of all the speakers in the congress was: Obedience to the directions of the Holy See in this as in every other question. In this connection the German Catholic papers note with pleasure that the new school for Gregorian chant lately established in Rome has been entrusted to Father Hartmann, O.F.M., and another, just founded at the Catholic University of Freiburg in Switzerland, to the Professor of the History of Music, Dr. Peter Wagner.

The central committee of the "Afrika-Verein" of the German Catholics held its annual meeting in Archbishop's House, Cologne, on June 24. The object of the Association is the support of the missionaries that evangelize the German colonies in Africa and in the South Sea Islands. When the German government first entered upon Colonial enterprises it found itself in presence of the Centre-party without whose goodwill nothing could be accomplished. This party was willing to coöperate with the government, provided the religious interests of the new territories and the freedom of missionary work were safeguarded. The government therefore proclaimed liberty for all Religious Orders to labor in the colonies, the Jesuits included. The result was that after a few years twelve training houses had been established in the Catholic parts of the Empire by various congregations and thirteen periodicals founded by them in the interest of their missions. At the late meeting of the "Afrika-Verein" the secretary read an exhaustive report on the present condi-

tion of the various missions in the colonies, from which we take the following data : *East Africa* : 1. Fathers of the Holy Ghost, eleven stations; 10,000 Catholics. 2. Trappists, three stations. 3. St. Benedict's Missionary Congregation, nine stations; 1,700 Catholics, 1,300 Catechumens. 4. White Fathers, twenty stations; 5,000 Catholics, 20,000 Catechumens. *Cameroons* : 5. Pious Society of Missions, six stations; 3,200 Catholics. *Togo* : 6. Society of the Divine Word, five stations. *South West Africa* : 7. Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, four stations. 8. Salesians, one station. *South Sea Islands* : 9. Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, twenty-five stations; 8,500 Catholics. 10. Marists, fourteen stations; 6,600 Catholics. The Society of the Divine Word has also four stations in the South Sea Islands.

The Caroline and Mariane Islands are evangelized by Spanish Capuchins and Augustinians. In the former group are living about 1,400 Catholics; in the latter 10,800, of which number nearly 9,000 are living on the American island of Guam.

After the reading of the reports a provisional sum of 66,000 marks was voted for immediate distribution among the various missionary bodies.

The great annual Review of the Catholic army, the "Katholikentag" was this year held at Osnabrück, in Hanover. This is in ordinary times looked upon as the greatest event of the year in Germany, not by Catholics alone, but also by Protestants. The great newspapers of all parties send their correspondents and print, from day to day, more or less full reports of the proceedings. In the Protestant camp the event is watched, not merely with curiosity, but with envy and hatred. Hatred is an essential part of the creed of a very large class of Protestants in Germany; envy arises in their breasts at sight of the splendid union, the clearness and solidity of principle, the love and en-

thusiasm for their Church which they witness in these Catholics; gifts which they themselves are conscious of lacking and can never hope to possess. It seemed a foolhardy undertaking to carry the Congress to Osnabrück, which is a comparatively small city of 50,000 inhabitants, only one-third of whom are Catholics. Some Catholics were not without apprehensions as to the outcome of the venture and the Protestants secretly hoped that the "Katholikentag" would for once prove a failure. And lo! to the amazement of the Catholics themselves, their forty-eighth congress has outstripped all its predecessors. The railroads were unequal to the task of carrying all that wished to come and or the first time in the history of the congresses, though they have been held in such cities as Munich, Cologne and Breslau, the managers were forced to divide the visitors into parallel meetings, as the hall of congress was entirely inadequate to hold the crowds. The large church of the Sacred Heart, just finished but not yet opened for divine service, was chosen for the overflow meetings and it, too, proved too small. Not only was the congress great in numbers, but also in distinction. The acknowledged leaders of the Catholics, laymen and priests, had hastened to Osnabrück from all Germany, north, south, east and west. The nobility, too, particularly from Rhineland and Westphalia, was well represented. Three bishops, Dr. Voss, Bishop of Osnabrück, Dr. Bitter, Vicar Apostolic of Sweden and Dr. von Euch, Vicar Apostolic of Denmark, the last two sons of Osnabrück, were assiduous attendants at the meetings and several times addressed the congress. All the Bishops of the Empire, many of the Austrian and Swiss Bishops and the bishop of Luxemburg had sent either letters or dispatches of congratulation and encouragement; and last, but not least, the congress was cheered by an affectionate message and the blessing of

the Holy Father. The Coryphæi of the Centre-party were present almost to a man. These men, the idols of the Catholic people, are most of them battle-scarred veterans of the Kulturkampf, splendidly fearless Catholics, the ablest parliamentarians and the most brilliant speakers in the Reichstag, to whose surpassing ability it is due that the Centre has become the ruling party in Parliament. They were trained by Windthorst and grew great by contact with his greatness. The spirit of Ludwig Windthorst, in truth, hovered over the assembly, for it was opened on the feast of St. Louis, his name-day, and held in his old home, for he was a Hanoverian and a son of Osnabrück. During the speech delivered by the eloquent Dr. Porsch in honor of Windthorst, gray-bearded men sobbed and wept with emotion. The president of the congress, Dr. Trimborn, a distinguished lawyer of Cologne and member of the Reichstag, in his first great speech, struck the key-note of the deliberations of the congress. "A dark cloud," he said, "is rising over our heads and growing bigger every day; the new Kulturkampf with which we are threatened. It is not this time a struggle inaugurated against us by the government, but we are menaced in Germany with an agitation after the manner of the *Los-von-Rom* movement.

"Our enemies are bracing themselves for a tremendous assault. The instinct of a common hatred against the Church has leagued together all the anti-Catholic forces of the country. Our watchful press has already unveiled their tactics. They seek to throw discredit and contempt upon the Church and its ministers in the eyes of both Catholics and non-Catholics. They seek to arouse suspicion against the Church, and sneer at Catholic thought and Catholic principles as antiquated and re-actionary and irreconcilable with modern civilization. Weak Catholics who daily breathe this

atmosphere of vile abuse and slander are in constant danger of making shipwreck of the faith. One of the best means against this agitation is the holding of popular apologetic lectures, some of which will be delivered during the Congress. And, as the Catholics living in the *diaspora* are the most exposed, an earnest appeal will be made to you to join the 'Bonifatiusverein,' which supports the churches and schools of the poor Catholics living scattered in the Protestant parts of the country." The "Catholic Volksverein," Windthorst's last great foundation, whose principal aim is to rally the Catholic men against the destructive propaganda of the Socialists, also held its meetings during the Congress and was addressed by Dr. Lieber, Dr. Gröber and other distinguished leaders. Every Catholic man in the Empire, said Bishop Voss, should be enrolled in this important association. Our limits forbid mentioning in detail the deliberation of the Windthorstbund, whose object is the training of young men for public life; of the students' clubs, the Bonifatiusverein, the St. Raphael's Society, the Catholics' Union, and others. We must likewise omit reference to the many resolutions proposed and passed, most of them with great unanimity and enthusiasm. The readers of the Chronicle will be pleased, however, to read the resolution protesting against the oppression of the Holy See, which is always the first in order. "The Forty-eight Congress of the Catholics of Germany protests again and again against the situation of the Holy See since the year 1870, which, to the Catholics of the Universe as well as to the person of the Holy Father is truly intolerable. It fully and unreservedly endorses the words which our Holy Father Leo XIII, now happily reigning, addressed to the bishops, clergy and faithful of Italy in his Encyclical of August 5, 1898: 'The Italian Catholics, because they are Catholics, cannot renounce the demand that to their

Chief Pastor be fully restored the necessary independence and that true and real liberty which is the essential condition of the independence and liberty of the Catholic Church.' It sees in the mission of the Papacy a most important factor for the security of Christian nations, and deems the Holy See singularly fitted, as the history of the world has many times demonstrated, to act as arbiter in the clash of interests between nations and governments." Jointly with this resolution was passed another, akin to it, appealing to the German Catholics for generous contributions to Peter's pence.

Through their admirable press all Catholic Germany shared the joys and the hopes, the griefs and the fears that moved the hearts of the members of the Congress. The common dangers also were pointed out to all, as well as the new measures concerted to meet them and ward them off. Those especially that were present returned to their homes filled with new courage in their struggle against social revolution and religious infidelity; they were elevated by personal contact with their noble leaders so devoted to the Church; electrified and carried away by the eloquent discourses of the members of the Reichstag laboring so unselfishly for the love of the common cause, for the members of the Reichstag receive no salary and no rich government plum has ever fallen into the lap of a member of the Centre-party.

It is worthy of note, as a rare exception in Germany which was pointed out in speeches and newspapers, that in Osnabrück the Protestant majority lives in peace and good will with the Catholics. A striking proof of it was the fact that the Protestants vied with the Catholics in decorating the streets and houses in honor of the Congress, and that many Protestants hospitably opened their houses to the Catholic visitors. They were, of course, roundly abused for it by the class of Protestants men-

tioned above. It was an apostasy from the creed of hatred.

The body of the murdered German Minister to China, Baron von Ketteler, was brought to Bremen early in August. The North German Lloyd converted one of its halls into a chapel and a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the presence of the military and naval authorities. The funeral was held on the 10th of August, in the Cathedral of Münster, by the bishop of the diocese, with great pomp amid an immense concourse of people. The deceased was a nephew of the illustrious Bishop von Ketteler, of Mainz. Soon after this event apparently well-founded rumors began to be spread that the famous astronomical instruments made by the old Jesuits for the Peking observatory, had been brought to Germany. All the independent papers of the country protested with indignation against this action, declaring that Germany stood disgraced before the civilized world and demanding that the instruments should be returned to China. Dr. Bachem in a speech at the Catholic Congress also uttered an energetic protest against it as unworthy of a civilized nation. "The German," he said, sarcastically, "hates the Jesuit, but loves his instruments. Let the government restore to us the Jesuits and their instruments to China."

The first church built in Germany for the Catholic marines of the Imperial navy, was consecrated at Wilhelms-haven on August 1, by Bishop Assmann, assisted by several clergymen of the navy and many other priests, and in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of representatives of the navy, foremost among whom was Admiral Thomsen. The church is described as a beautiful basilica of noble proportions, built in pure Romanesque style and in the form of a cross, complete in all its details: tower with bells which were given by the Emperor, organ, exquisite stained glass windows, incandescent light. The

ground was given by the Empire, the estimated cost, 320,000 Marks, voted by the Reichstag. It may interest the readers of the Chronicle to learn how the spiritual interests of the Catholic soldiers in the Prussian army are cared for. The whole army may be likened to a vast diocese stretching over the entire kingdom. At the head of this "diocese" is placed a bishop, at present Dr. Assmann, with jurisdiction over all the Catholics of the army. He has under him a Vicar-General and a large body of clergy of various degrees, whose hierarchical dignities and salaries, which are paid by the government, correspond in a manner to the various grades of officers of the army. In most of the garrison towns, especially the larger ones, the government has built churches for its Catholic soldiers. In places where there is no garrison church, some other church is used by agreement with the diocesan authority and local clergymen are sometimes appointed as assistant military chaplains. The military chaplains are usually distinguished men and good preachers. The Catholic soldiers are marched to Mass in a body every other Sunday, and on the intervening Sundays their barrack duties must be so arranged as to leave them free to attend Mass. The Easter Communion of the soldiers is always surrounded with great solemnities.

The army bishop makes the canonical visitation of his "diocese" every year, at which time he also administers the Sacrament of Confirmation to those who have not yet received it. When the German navy was created, not many years ago, Dr. Assmann, bishop of the Prussian army, was also made spiritual head of the Catholics of the German navy. As the government's naval programme has always been and is now at the mercy of the Centre-party, who can make or mar it, the wishes of the Catholics with reference to the spiritual care of their co-religionists in the navy are

readily agreed to by the government. One result of this understanding between the government and the Centre-party is the new church just consecrated, another is the appointment of a sufficient number of navy-chaplains. In the southern states of the Empire the soldiers are also cared for, though the arrangements are not as perfect as in Prussia.

Prince Karl von Löwenstein publishes from time to time, in the Catholic papers the names of adherents to his anti-duelling manifesto. Besides 111 names of the nobility, he has received 536 other names. In his latest list he publishes the names of 133 jurists and 117 physicians, all university men. He will soon call a meeting which will deliberate on the next steps to take. In this meeting an executive committee will be elected to carry out the resolutions expected to be passed. The prince tells us that in France many high military officers have signed the anti-duelling appeal, and that the agitation will be taken up at an early date in Austria. We may note, by the way, that this important matter formed one of the subjects of deliberation at the late Catholic Congress at Osnabrück.

The Catholic publishing house Schöningh in Paderborn announces the one hundredth edition of the immortal poem "Dreizehnlinden." For a high-priced epic poem published for the first time only twenty-three years ago this must be called a phenomenal success. The Catholic papers take this occasion to say that now the time has come to allow this noble work to become a household treasure of the German nation by publishing a cheap popular edition. Whose fault is it, they ask, that the best works of Catholic authors so often remain unknown both to Catholics and non-Catholics? The answer is left to the reader who will probably say that it is in a measure the fault of Catholic publishers who charge prohibitive prices for the best Catholic books. The jubi-

lee edition of Weber's famous epic costs seven marks ! Why not issue a large people's edition at two marks ? It would pay.

The long vacancy of the episcopal See of Metz has at last come to an end, and Abbot Willibrod Benzler, a learned and holy monk of Maria-Laach is to be the successor of the late Bishop Fleck Mgr. Zorn von Bulach, who was the government's candidate for the See of Metz but was not accepted by the Holy See, is to be made auxiliary bishop of Strassburg in place of Dr. Marbach whose resignation was demanded on his refusing to go to Metz as auxiliary to Bishop Benzler. In this whole affair the dignity and liberty of the Holy See were not sufficiently respected by the German government ; on the other hand, several Alsatian papers showed a scandalous lack of submission and reverence to the Holy Father.

An important letter which Cardinal Rampolla addressed a year ago to the Cathedral chapters of the Episcopal sees in Prussia as well as to those of Freiburg, Mainz and Rottenburg has just been made public. The Cardinal reminds the Chapters that the Holy See does not grant to non-Catholic governments more than a negative influence in the election of bishops and charges them to see to it that their liberty of election be in no way curtailed and especially that the government's negative influence be not turned into positive co-operation. The negative influence which the Prussian and some other Protestant governments in Germany exercise consists in this that out of a number of candidates whose names are sent to the government by the Chapter before the election, the government has the privilege of marking some as *personae minus gratae*, provided that a sufficient number of names be left on the list to make a canonical election possible. Cardinal Rampolla's admonition was timely, for on several recent occasions, the Catholic papers bitterly

complained of undue government interference with the liberty of Cathedral chapters in the election of bishops.

Dr. Langen, the last survivor of the "Old-Catholic" Professors of the University of Bonn, has just died without making his reconciliation with the Church. His death relieves the Prussian government of an embarrassment of long standing. He will have no successor.

AUSTRIA.

The German Catholics of Bohemia met in congress at Leitmeritz on August 25. We make the following extract from the programme issued in connection with the call to this meeting. "This assembly will have no political character and will serve no political ends or purposes ; its object is to strengthen all in the faith and unite them in charity ; it intends to be a loud protest against the *Los-von-Rom* movement, against anti-religious agitation and unpatriotic sentiments ; an energetic appeal to all good men to unfurl the banner of Christ and of our Austrian fatherland." Union gives strength, and the hopes entertained for the congress were more than fulfilled. From all over northern Bohemia, the part of the kingdom mostly inhabited by German Catholics, the faithful flocked to the town of Leitmeritz and filled it to overflowing. From the earnestness and enthusiasm manifested at the meetings we may hope that the congress will be rich in abiding results for the Catholic cause. The enthusiasm reached the highest point when the whole congress marched in procession to the episcopal residence to give an ovation to Dr. Schöbel, the Bishop of Leitmeritz, who has been the target of the abuse of the Pan-Germans. The Pan-German opposition meeting held on the same day in Leitmeritz became so violent and disorderly that it was broken up by the police.

A call has also been issued for a con-

gress of the German Catholics of Moravia to be held at Olmütz from September 7 to 9. Among the subjects of deliberation are : social action, education, scientific work. In the public sessions the speakers will treat of the duties, private and public, of Catholics in our times.

The Czech Catholic congress held on August 25-6 at Kremsier in Moravia was largely attended by the people of Bohemia and Moravia. The Prince-Archbishop, Dr. Kohn, of Olmütz, Dr. Bauer, Bishop of Brünn, many priests, noblemen and professors were also present. The Catholic congress of Leitmeritz, which was being held at the same time, sent a hearty message of congratulation. Among the more important discourses delivered we mention the following : " Science and Faith," " The Christian Family," " The Catholic Church," " The School." The last discourse, " Authority in Church and State," was delivered by Dr. Stojan, a distinguished member of the Austrian Reichsrath.—*From the Germania.*

The Moravian " Old-Catholics " publish in their paper an appeal for funds. " Alas," they say, " our means are nearly exhausted and we are compelled under pain of seeing the *Los-von-Rom*

movement come to a standstill equivalent to a retreat, to call upon our friends for assistance." Upon which a Moravian Catholic paper remarks : " A great spiritual movement that comes to a standstill as soon as the money gives out, is a mournful and pitiful spectacle."

HOLLAND.

In consequence of the victory of the Catholics and conservative Protestants at the late elections in Holland, the liberal ministry has resigned and has been replaced by one made up of the victorious coalition. The leader of the conservatives, Dr. Kuyper, has formed the new cabinet and is Prime Minister. He was formerly a Calvinist Minister and is the dreaded foe of the liberal Calvinists. He is, however, believed to be free from bigotry and fair toward the Catholics. Dr. Kuyper is not unknown in this country, having some years ago delivered a course of lectures on Calvin and Calvinism in an American University. Of the eight new ministers three are Catholics : Dr. Loeff, Minister of Justice; Bergansius, Minister of War, who held the same office in the former conservative cabinet from 1888-91, and Dr. Harte van Tecklenburg, Minister of Finance.



The Sweet Enemy. By Katherine Tynan.

The Wizard's Knot. By Dr. William Barry.

The Irish novelists at present seem to have an attack of the Sheilas. There is a Sheila in the *Sweet Enemy*, another in the *Wizard's Knot* and *Sheila's Wooing* is on the market by a third Irish writer whom we are afraid to know because of Sheila.

Miss Tynan's representative of the name is a fairy-like creature with the black hair and blue eyes which Irish beauties lay claim to as their peculiar privilege and possession, but she is a most uncomfortable and trouble-producing member of the household, for she is always swooning, always nourishing most unreasonable hate, and then most unreasonably falling in love with the wrong person. She travels off in her sleep and enters (unconsciously of course) the castle of an Englishman with whom she is smitten, though she had let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on her damask cheek. He, of course, marries her after that occurrence, which seems like forcing the situation, but he had made up his mind to do it anyhow, although she was already engaged to someone else. This is the only unpleasant part of this otherwise delightful book. For it is hard to reconcile the proprieties in Miss Sheila's cancelling her engagement with a very decent Irishman who was off in Boerland or somewhere else, fighting for England, and then before she is released marrying the Sassenach who was enjoying himself in Ireland instead of being at the front with the foolish Celt, fighting the battles of his country. To

help the ethical requirements, however, the Irishman is killed before the faithless lady's missive arrived. Why not let the sweet girl die of love rather than the soldier of a bullet? But the authoress is merciful to her countryman, for the bullet was a milder messenger of death than the missive would have been; so she kills him first. Or perhaps it is her way of punishing the enemies of her country by marrying one of them to an Irish Una who was so sentimental and untrustworthy; for, unless the Englishman was hopelessly infatuated, he must have often feared she would cancel her engagement with him for some one else whom she might choose to fall in love with.

Dr. Barry's Sheila is a still more distressing kind of a female. Though the wife of a hedge schoolmaster, she scampers off with someone else, lives a disorderly life and then comes back to die in an Irish famine, which she ought to have done to begin with. But, of course, that would have spoiled the story.

Of the two books, Miss Tynan's is by far the pleasanter and better. Apart from the dubious Sheila, all the characters are such as one would like to know: Aunt Theodosia and Decima especially and even the "horsey" squire, who, perhaps, is too persistently "horsey." The "moonshiner" incident, Aunt Theodosia in court, and the horse-race, are all racy of the soil; and we are finally made happy (barring a moan over Sheila) by everyone getting married and occupying Castle Finn. A pork-packer's daughter from America works the latter miracle by marrying one of the sons and buying the castle. There is a cur-

ious geographical error about Rome, N. Y., and Utica, in connection with this young lady that is surprising in Irish people who exercise such a proprietorship over America.

Dr. Barry's book is a puzzle, or is it an Irishman's joke? Every character in it, to borrow a word from Dr. Barry's repertoire (for he is fond of French) is a *farceur*. Imagine an Irish lord ashamed of his ugly face and because of it, keeping indoors. Of course he had other reasons; for his mother (who wasn't Irish by the way) had run off with two or three men (she should have been called Sheila) and that made him misanthropic and misogynic. While he sits ogrelike in his castle the recreant lady returns, and although the mother of a grown-up Irish lord and turned fifty, turns the head of a youthful Englishman (is this another blow at the Saxon?) who is smitten with her unearthly loveliness, although she was on the roof of the castle and he off in the lake when he gave the fatal glance. She is held in durance in the castle tower by her angry son, and, consequently, there is a melodramatic rescue scene when half the castle falls into the sea amidst thunder and lightning, but without the rescue. Then the furious son carries his bad mother to a solitary rock in the lake, and declares that he or she must jump off. The Englishman arrives opportunely in a boat; the parties ceremoniously bow to each other, and the Irishman departs, having first exchanged cards for a duel, and the old Circe and the porcine Englishman who, in some mysterious way, had married, depart also. The duel took place; nobody is hit and, as the Irishman is swarming over a fence, he suddenly remembers that he had promised to get killed and he comes back and is despatched. There is a curious jumble of unusual characters all through the book. We have a priggish student, a cousin of the lord, and with an eye to the succession, who turns off Moschus

into Gaelic, while walking about the house; there is an impossible school-master "the greatest scholar in Ireland;" there is a Kalmuk attendant, and a Carlovna O'Doherty or words to that effect, who is an angelic Irish Russian. It is to laugh; for otherwise if it is to be taken seriously as a sketch of Irish conditions, the sooner the country is invaded by the English the better. It must have required a great deal of resolution and abundance of leisure in a clergyman to write such a book.

Le Règne du Cœur de Jésus. 5 vols. Paris, Rue de la Barre 31.

It is a pity that some of the publishers of ascetical works in English, could not see their way to give us books at as cheap a rate as we can purchase these five French volumes. The entire set can be obtained for seven and a half francs; that is, at about thirty cents apiece, though each volume contains six or seven hundred pages—unbound of course. That they are printed for the glory of God may explain it. No wonder the first edition of 5,000 was immediately snapped up.

It is altogether novel in its design and as the subtitle indicates, is "the complete doctrine of the Blessed Margaret Mary on the devotion to the Sacred Heart." The Archbishop of Paris regards the work as "monumental" and goes so far as to say that it is no less precious than the monument of stone erected on the heights of Montmartre. Making use of the letters and revelations of the Blessed Margaret Mary, of which he has evidently made the study of a lifetime, the author, who is a chaplain of Montmartre, but who does not reveal his personality any more than that he is an Oblate Father, puts into our hands a systematically constructed digest in her words, of the doctrine of the devotion; its extension by love and reparation and the homage demanded from individuals and families,

the nations and the Church; of the virtues required in the servants of the Sacred Heart, both religious and secular; of the methods of making it known and loved; and finally of the advantage to be obtained by the cult. We have, in a word, dogma, asceticism and history; a great mine where all manner of explorers may find treasures.

The fact that it is in French will, of course, restrict its sale in this country, but it may well find a place in the libraries of convents and rectories. A German translation will soon be ready and the English one is to be made and published within a year.

The Little Flower of Jesus.—An Autobiography of Sister Thérèse of the Order of Carmel. (Benziger, \$1.60).

The first part of this title (and that is all that appears on the cover) is a business mistake, and though the two do not always go together, an apostolic error. Such a name we fear will not help the sale of the book for many may take it for a manual of devotions or the outpouring of some pious soul anxious to do good to others. It is no such thing, but a most bewitching autobiography of a pretty flower; the dainty story of its blooming and its fragrance at home and in Carmel. Perhaps the pictures in the book, if one happens on them will dispel the first impression. We hope so. The frontispiece is the little nun's portrait in her habit, shortly before she died at twenty-five; a strong vigorous joyous face with plenty of character in it and plenty of merriment beaming in her eyes; another further on shows her as a mere lassie of four snuggling up to her mother whose features, by the way, are revealed in the nun later on; and a third a pensive, spiritual and affectionate girl of fifteen leaning on her father's shoulder. That was when she was going to the convent. The human aspect of these three portraits is quite captivating for the average mortal and even for those who are not.

How came this secluded nun to write her autobiography? It was because her beloved Mother, the Superior of the convent, played a little trick on her. She never dreamed the world would see it; but it was a blessed trick for which we are grateful; the world needs comfort like this.

She tells her story from babyhood, and the picture she unconsciously draws of her home with its tender love and devotedness; its memories and, above all, its remoteness from anything that could cloud, be it ever so slightly, the white light of purity in which they lived, may help to show how much real enjoyment and nobility of life there is in being a genuine Catholic. The little fairy wanted to be a nun from the time she was three years old; only the austere Carmel would suit her; but that did not prevent her from being the unspoiled darling of the household. The candor with which she tells of her good qualities is quite diverting. "A little flower if it could speak," she said, "would not say it was withered and ugly and sunscorched, but would rejoice in its brilliant color and sweet fragrance and because of the diamond dew-drops that glitter in its petals. Jesus has made me His little flower and given me everything that is beautiful." The garden of home was fair for her, but Carmel was fairer; and she wanted to be transplanted there; not that she was wearied of home or loved it less; on the contrary, it was pulling up the flower by the roots, but the good God wished it. Of course everybody laughed at her. Why should she go at fifteen? The priests reprov'd her, and the bishop was cold, but when good luck brought her on a pilgrimage to Rome she put her hands affectionately on the knees of the Holy Father and said: "Please let me go. If you say yes, there will be no difficulty."

Her life in the cloister shows what even Catholics may lose sight of at times—namely, that religious life does not kill human affections, but elevates

and purifies them. She was intensely fond of the Mother Superior and longed to ask her a thousand questions every day so as to hear her and look at her. Often she would run past the door, or hold on to the banisters so as not to yield to the temptation of going in ; and not unfrequently would have to sit down on the stairs to let her heart stop throbbing after she had won the victory. With Our Blessed Lord she was on terms of familiarity that were almost amusing. She wanted to write verses, so she asked Him and got the gift. She wanted to paint and became quite an artist. At her profession she wanted snow, "for I was born in winter and always loved to see the earth in its white mantle ;" so the snow came, though the weather had given no promise of it. Although so young she was made mistress of novices, and her directions indicate a most remarkable spiritual insight, while all her writings reveal her as simply saturated with the knowledge of Holy Scripture, the Imitation and the works of St. John of God. How could she have learned it all and she still a child? Besides that, there is a very unusual charm about her spirituality. There is a grace, a beauty, a poetic touch, a constant gaiety and

prettiness in everything she says that must be exquisite in French, but which the translator has succeeded remarkably well in forcing our stiff English speech to express. She said she was a little ball the Infant Jesus was playing with and wanted to see what was inside. Sometimes He forgot the ball and went to sleep. This is only an example of her manner.

In spite of her joyousness, however, there were long periods in which her soul was overwhelmed with darkness, gloom and depression, while all the time to her little convent world she was the happy, winning creature who saw herself almost the idol of every one there, but who never forgot that she was only a little flower that God had planted near His altar and whom His love kept in the sunlight.

She died at twenty-five, and when the first hemorrhage declared itself she was as happy as a girl of the world getting ready for her wedding day. Rather much happier, for she was going to heaven.

The delightful thing about all this is that it is not a mediæval story. It happened a year or so ago, for she died in '95. So that this poor old world of ours that we speak so ill of sometimes is not so bad after all.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- | | |
|---|--|
| "Old Thoughts on Old Themes." By the Rev. E. C. Hearn. J. S. Hyland & Co., Chicago. | "Mass Devotions and Readings on the Mass." By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Bros. |
| "The McBride Literature and Art Books." McBride & Co., New York-Chicago. | "Kindness." By Father Faber. Benziger Bros. (30 cts. Net.) |
| "St. Nicholas I. Psychology of the Saints Series." Duckworth & Co., London. | "Annales du Tres Saint Sacrement." For August. Jumptertz Bros. Eltenbeck-Brussels. 150 Av. de Anderghem 150. (1 Fr. per an.) |
| "Special Devotions for the Pupils of the Sacred Heart" Cathedral Library Association, N. Y. | "Annual of St. Joseph's College." Trichinopoly. India. |

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MADONNA OF THE STAR.
(Fra Angelico.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

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No. 11

SAN MARCO'S PAINTER-MONK.

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

WHERE the olive-clad hills and quaint cathedral tower of fair Fiesole gaze down over beautiful Florence and the exquisite plain of the Arno, there was born in 1387, Guido Petri di Mugello. Little is known of this great man's early life, but as a boy he drank in inspiration from the sapphire sky of sunny Italy, and the rose-bowered gardens, and taught by Starnina—the best colorist of his time;—he and his brother learned painting and illuminating. The missals and choral books at San Marco to-day are the work of his hand and rarely beautiful specimens they are.

In 1407 Guido and his brother entered the Convent of San Marco, taking the habit of the Dominican Order and becoming in religion, Fra Benedetto and Fra Giovanni. Of Fra Benedetto nothing further is known, he living simply the quiet life of his order, but Fra Giovanni bore the stamp of a genius too great to be hidden

or repressed. His painting soon became the wonder of all Florence and then of Italy.

"Fra Angelico," they called him, so perfect was the life he lived, and even the scanty account we have of his quiet existence shows him to have well deserved the title "Brother Angel."

It would seem as if he had never done a wrong thing, so transparently clear is his record during the tranquil stream of his placid existence as it rolled from Fiesole to Florence, from Florence to Rome.

Of him Vasari said, "He was one of those who might have lived a very agreeable life in the world, had he not, impelled by a sin-



FRA ANGELICO.

cere and fervent spirit of devotion, retired from it at the age of twenty years, to busy himself within the walls of a cloister; a man with whom the practice of a beautiful art was henceforth a hymn of praise, and every creation of his pencil an act of piety and charity; and who in seeking only the

glory of God, earned an immortal glory among men."

So holy was Fra Angelico's life that he is called "Il Beato," and art was to him the highest expression of the soul's aspiration towards God. To him painting a picture was a religious act to be prefaced with prayer for God's blessing and direction. Having prayed earnestly before beginning each picture, alive with inspiration he painted with fervor, always refusing to make any alterations, with simple faith believing that God had influenced his work and that nothing could be gained from any outside influence.

His paintings show a rare religious fervor, a purity and spiritual beauty not always found in the work of the Old Masters. He never painted anything for money, prostituting his talents, and chose only religious subjects. When patrons desired to order his work he sent them to the prior of his convent

for permission for him to paint, and whatever price was paid for the now almost priceless art treasures of his hand, went to the community of which he was a member.

When Pope Nicholas V. called him to the Vatican at Rome, to paint for him, Fra Angelico did not wish to go; but he yielded to the wish of his superiors, and died in the Eternal City in 1455. He was buried in the stately aisles of the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

The Holy Father, much struck with the monk's piety, wished him to become Archbishop of Florence, the see being vacant at the time. But Il Beato refused positively the honor, recommending one of his brother monks as eminently suitable. The Pope listened to his recommendations and appointed Fra Antonio who justified Angelico's belief in him by being one of the best archbishops Florence has ever known.

The portraits of the Angelical painter show a lovely face. In one of himself he is represented with his cowl drawn over his head, the face *en profile*, the features sad and delicately chiselled. Another portrait, taken with the cowl thrown back, shows a beautiful face. The forehead is massive and dome-like; the lower eyelids lie upon gentle eyes; the nose is artistic; the mouth firm and sweet.

His work is very largely in fresco though he painted also in distemper, i. e. the colors mixed with some cohesive substance, egg, fig juice, glue or size, causing them to adhere to the surface to which they were applied. Many of his best works are as fine and delicate as miniatures.

The best known of his



COURTYARD AND CLOISTER OF SAN MARCO.



SAN MARCO—CHURCH AND CONVENT.

frescos are those in the Convent of San Marco in Florence. A wonderful history has this beautiful old convent. The old buildings were dilapidated and scarce habitable when the Dominicans took the convent from the Silvestrini and Cosimo de Medici rebuilt the habitation with princely generosity. Very attractive is the church, with its ornamental portal, and the white walls of the convent gleam in the glorious Florentine sun as brightly as they did in the days long gone by, when its proud builders rejoiced in its glory.

These same walls served to perpetuate Angelico's work "*ad maiorem Dei gloriam*," and to-day bear witness to the art of one whose every stroke was a prayer.

Very beautiful is the cloister of San Marco, the spaces between its arches covered with frescos, faded and weather-stained, 'tis true, yet beautiful still. The scene upon which the painter gazed is enough to inspire a less beauty-loving soul to grace of action. Beneath lies Florence, the gem of all Italy, white-

hued and beautiful, and beyond, the valley of the Arno, and the Tuscan hills, alight with loveliness in the summer haze; white castles gleaming through the trees, far up the hillsides where snowy way-side Calvarys stretch long-ing arms towards where the snows of the Apennines seem to woo high Heaven.

Cloisters, chapter house, refectory, community room—nearly all the convent of San Marco knows the touch of that vanished hand, Angelico's, as he set before the brother monks, "the sweetest heaven that ever appeared to poetic vision, the tenderest, friendliest angels, the gentlest and loveliest of Virgin Mothers."

One of the loveliest of the San Marco Frescos is the "*Annunciation*," a picture filled with reverent interest to the devout soul. It is a great work of genius, almost the finest *Annunciation* ever painted, though perhaps lacking the sentiment of Murillo's famous work.

Our Lady kneels in a graceful attitude with clasped hands, and an ex-

pression of humility upon her sweet face. Before her stands Gabriel, Angel of the Annunciation. His attitude is one of dignity and calm as befits the Messenger of God; he wears flowing draperies, has superbly sweeping wings, and his features gleam delicately against his golden halo. It is one of Il Beato's best works, painted in his smooth and delicate style and exquisite as to grace and coloring, with a deep religious sentiment and purity of conception.

luggage and looking far more like an Italian *contadino* than a venerable Jewish carpenter. But the figure of Our Lady atones for anything less beautiful in the picture, so lovable is it. Riding upon a white ass, hers is a sweet little figure, robed all in white, her *bambino* clasped tight in her arms, on her girlish face a weariness very pathetic. She is so young—that poor little Madonna. After all the pain and weariness of Bethlehem she should have been cared for and protected at home, with her baby, and all the pitifulness of her journeyings the sweet soul of Angelico has realized and pictured for us. His Madonnas are always inexpressibly tender and lovable.

In a small easel picture, now in the Louvre, the Madonna is of great beauty; represented as crowned by her Son in the presence of saints and angels. Our Lord is seated upon a throne under a superb Gothic canopy, to which lead up nine steps. On the highest step kneels the Blessed Virgin, veiled in white, her hands crossed on her breast, her tunic of red, her robe soft blue, from her shoulders floating a royal mantle. Her features are exquisitely lovely and delicate, her expression



ANGELS (UFFIZI).

Somewhat similar to this sweet picture of Our Lady is one in the "Flight into Egypt," a painting now in the Florentine Academy. The accessories to the scene are droll. Tiny pine trees, looking for all the world like the little, green, cone-shaped, toy trees with the children's Noah's Ark, dot the background, which shows a Tuscan landscape. Behind Our Lady walks St. Joseph carrying an immense amount of

chaste and humble. The figure of Our Lord is more dignified than is common to Angelico's representations of Him, though He looks like a fifteenth century Florentine. On each side of the throne are twelve angels playing harps, viols and other musical instruments, while below these are forty Old and New Testament characters. At the foot of the throne are all the saints among whom we recognize Saint Catherine with her wheel,

Saint Agnes and her lamb, Saint Barbara from her tower, and Saint Cecilia crowned with roses.

The border of the painting contains seven small pictures, scenes in the life of Saint Dominic since the scene was painted for the Dominican Church in Florence. The colors in this picture are as pure as only Fra Giovanni knew how to make them and the long and floating draperies are as graceful as the work of Giotto's brush. Of this picture Mrs. Jameson says : "The gaiety and

diate from the throne, and a throng of marvellous angel figures in poses of indescribable grace, with trumpet and harp praising God, float earthward, with an airy, bird-like motion unsurpassed by anything in art.

For the painting of angels Fra Giovanni is celebrated. Oh ! the marvellous grace of his angel forms in the famous painting of Our Lady of the Great Tabernacle.

The Blessed Virgin, clad in a gold embroidered robe of soft-hued blue, is



FROM THE FRAME OF THE MADONNA OF THE TABERNACLE.

harmony of the tints, the expression of the various heads, the divine rapture of the angels with their immortal youth, and the devout reverence of the older personages, the unspeakable serenity and beauty of the whole composition, render this picture worthy of the celebrity it has enjoyed for more than four centuries." The "Coronation of the Virgin" in the Uffizi Gallery is quite different in style. Crowned by Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin is enthroned in the clouds, glorious golden rays ra-

seated upon a throne, holding the Baby, Our Lord. Her face is lovely with that beauty of the soul with which Fra Angelico always endowed his Madonnas ; she is girlish, gentle,

"Eyes not down-dropt nor over bright,
but fed

With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended
by

Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent
fame
Of her still spirit."

Modestly arranged are her graceful draperies, her figure showing against the superb background of many-hued tapestries. An arras is drawn back, curtain-like, and forms a niche for the shrining of this fairest saint, and above her haloed head is poised the dove, emblem of the Holy Spirit. The Child-God, a graceful little figure with a preternaturally solemn face, holds the

beauty, like "Living jewels dropped unstained from Heaven."

The angel with the trumpet is poised with exquisite grace, his trumpet raised, as if he were one who

"Music made

In Heaven, ere man's creation."

His eyes are turned heavenward, his golden hair is bound about his head, his floating crimson robe is wrought



THE ANNUNCIATION—FRA ANGELICO.

world in His tiny hand and is frocked in a quaint little Florentine gown, very rich and exquisitely colored. All around the picture, as a frame, are solitary angel forms, holding musical instruments, trumpets, harps, tambourines, violins, cymbals; each figure clad in gorgeous robes with argus-eyed peacock-feather wings, haloed heads and expressions of lovely friendliness and innocence, in their marvellous

with golden stars and marvellous golden 'broidery. Less eager of expression yet equally beautiful is the angel of the tambourine, clad in dull green robes with golden bands, his slender hands outlined against his instrument as he pauses a moment with an indescribable expression upon his face. Perhaps the most beautiful of all is the angel with the violin, by many esteemed the most perfect angel ever

painted. He has "a smile and eloquence of beauty," as he stands gazing frankly out of the picture, his viol poised at his shoulder, his bow held in a slender, graceful hand. His draperies float down to the soft clouds upon which he stands, in folds of marvellous

from the mute strings of his viol
breathes a memory of
"Music sweet that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the
grass,
Or night dew on still waters, between
walls



MADONNA OF THE GREAT TABERNACLE.

beauty, his robe a delicate blue with golden 'broideries and stars. His pure and lofty face is framed in the glory of golden hair, haloed in gold; his wings, of sweeping, many-hued feathers, seem ready to waft him heavenward, and

Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down
from the blissful skies."
The trumpet angel is rejoicing, tri-

umphant ; the angel of the viol is restful, peaceful, calm.

Taken singly, the angels in the Uffizi are not considered so fine as those of the "Great Tabernacle," but as a group the picture is flawless. Poised upon clouds, seven matchless forms seem to float across the sky, as if with

"Eddy of wings innumerable, crossed
By trailing curls that have not lost
The glitter of the God-smile shed
On every Angel-head."



CROWNING OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The angels' trailing robes, marvels of artistic grace, float about them with an airyness, an indescribable modesty. The two angels with trumpets are praising God, the others seem awaiting the expression of His will for loyal service. The floating motion expressed, the eagerness or rather readiness, yet quiet of the various poses, is one of the most wonderful things in all the wonderful

world of art. The picture's beauty is enhanced by a Florentine frame of rare value and marvellous workmanship, superbly carved with that goldsmith's art so popular in the fifteenth century.

Another sample of this beautiful Tuscan work is the carved frame of a Triptych in the Pitti Palace, containing Fra Angelico's "Our Lady and Four Saints," a picture rather quaint than artistic, though the face of Our Lady is one of the loveliest of all the angelical

painter's Madonnas, being replete with a sweet maidenliness.

The Blessed Virgin was a favorite subject with Fra Giovanni, devotion to her being a part of every soul so pure as his. Nearly all his Madonnas are very young and girlish, all of them are exquisitely lovely. Never does he lapse from his early conception of her save in the series of pictures of Our Lord's Passion. In the painting of "Christ Carrying the Cross" Our Lord, surrounded by the brutal Jewish rabble and Roman soldiery, meets His mother with St. Mary Mag-

dalen and St. Veronica. The picture is full of action and the Blessed Virgin womanly and tragic but the canvas is crowded and there is no harmony of composition. The friar of San Marco was never at his best in complicated compositions nor could "Il Beato" portray sin or suffering.

An Italian said of a brother sculptor, that he carved "not Christ but a con-

tadino," and deeply as he loved Our Lord—and Vasari tells that he could not paint a crucifix without tears streaming down his face in his realization of the sufferings of his Master—the painter-monk could not master the combination of human and divine to portray Our Lord.

In the "Crucifixion" in San Marco the tortured Christ is not the great

simpler, hence greater, since all great things have the element of simplicity. The Blessed Virgin, in an attitude of unspeakable anguish, stands at the foot of the Cross attended by St. Mary Magdalen. On the other side the centurion and two Jews stand gazing upward to where the figure of Christ is stretched upon the Cross, two soldiers holding his hands. Our Lord's face and figure



ST. LAWRENCE GIVING ALMS.

central figure to which all eyes should turn and all else be subservient. The eye passes almost lightly over the figure on the Cross to view the company gathered at the foot; saints, angels, monks, heads of the order of Saint Dominic, a splendid array—so splendid that it detracts from the awful solemnity of the scene. His other "Crucifixion" is far

are pitiful. There is here none of the grandeur of Van Dyke's Crucified God in this portrayal of the Christ. He is too young, too slight, not great enough; and one feels at once that Angelico could not paint Our Lord, no matter how perfectly he could portray Our Lady.

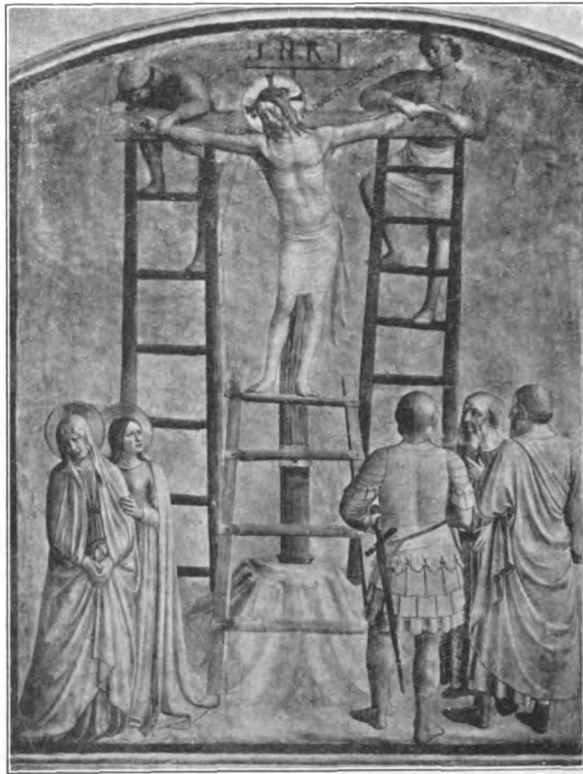
In his picture of the "Transfigura-

tion" there is greater majesty, a marked dignity and a nearer approach to the divine, than in any of Fra Giovanni's representations of Our Lord, yet even the Christ of the Transfiguration, great though it is, has not the magic blending of earth and heaven, the human and the divine, which marks Da Vinci's matchless "Cenacolo," half ruined though it is.

Angelico's "Last Supper" is quaint and interesting. According to the

figure of Our Lord is thrown into bold relief against the dark panels of the wall, as in one hand He holds aloft the consecrated bread, in the other hand, the chalice. The faces of the Apostles are a curious study, the personality of each very apparent.

Another famous picture of the Angelic Friar is that of "St. Lawrence Giving Alms," one of the frescos in the chapel of Nicholas V. at Rome. For two centuries the key to this chapel



THE CRUCIFIXION.

custom of the day, the painter has, heedless of anachronism, portrayed the Eucharistic Feast as if in Florence, in his own day, within San Marco's snowy walls. The Apostles gather about a long table as do the monks in the convent refectory. Quaint little three-legged stools are set at the table, and some of the Apostles are kneeling as if to receive Holy Communion.

Our Lady kneels at one side and the

of the Vatican was lost and few knew of the existence of the rare frescos. In 1769 those who wished to see them were compelled to force an entrance through a window.

It was when called to Rome to paint these frescos that the gentle old painter met his death, and they have a sad interest as the last works of the patient hand which had wrought so much beauty.

Saint Lawrence—a monkish figure—stands in the centre of the canvas, in the midst of a motley group of beggars, painted in *Il Beato's* smooth style. The best figures are a mother and child, very sweet and simple, and an inimitably graceful woman, holding by the hand a little child. There is little action in the work, but there is much

“Artist—saint !

O Fra Angelico, your brush was dyed
In hues of opal, not of vulgar paint ;
You showed to us pure joy, for which
you sighed.

Your heart was in your work, you never
feigned ;

You left us here the Paradise you
gained.”



THE LAST SUPPER.

expression, especially in the face of an old, white-bearded, crippled Jew, stretching forth a beseeching hand to the Saint. The picture shadows forth the character of the painter, for Vasari says that “Fra Giovanni was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul must be in Heaven,” and his was, indeed, a rare soul. Pure, lofty, humble, submissive, he was worthy of the poet’s words :

Such a life of spotless innocence was his as was rare in those days of license, and his pictures breathe his spirit of angelic simplicity and an atmosphere of saintly goodness and beauty, telling of a soul so perfect that ‘tis no wonder men called him “*Il Beato*,” and well-nigh canonized the angelic painter of fair San Marco.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

By B. F. De Costa.

HOW fair above the Andes climbs
The dome of turquoise blue,
Ablaze with empyrean light,
Whose splendor glads the royal sight
Of eagles sailing through;
But, Jesus, in Thy Sacred Heart
Rays more resplendent shine,
There, Light of Light ! who finds the way
May know the joy of perfect day,
A radiance Divine:
O, Sacred Heart, fling wide Thy Portal,
Illume my soul with Light Immortal.

Calm are the deeps that great seas hold,
There storms forever cease;
Though hoarse-voiced thunders rumble o'er
The strident waves that smite the shore,
The green caves glow in peace;
But, Jesus, in Thy Sacred Heart
A calm that never wanes,
A calm unknown in ponded deep
Where fair sea lilies bloom and sleep,—
Perpetually reigns:
O, Sacred Heart, fling wide Thy Portal,
Vouchsafe some taste of peace immortal.

Rich is the joy that glads the earth,
Illumes the tremulous star,
The joy that spring-time blossoms yield,
That wakes a thankful harvest field,
And lights the land afar;
But, Jesus, in Thy Sacred Heart
A joy eternal springs,
A joy above all joys that thrill,
In woodland note or song of rill,
The joy an angel sings:
O, Sacred Heart, throw wide Thy Portal,
Reveal to me the joy Immortal.

A mystic stream from Mexique's gulf
 In warm, life-giving tides,
 Rolls far to continent and isle,
 Drear deserts lighting with a smile
 Where Zembla lone abides;
 Yet, Jesus, from Thy Sacred Heart,
 A flood superior flows,
 A tide of sweet, supernal Love
 In strength and volume far above
 The measure nature knows;
 O, Sacred Heart, ope wide Thy Portal,
 Refresh my soul with streams Immortal.

Well would I know the Love Divine
 Whose goodness calms each fear,
 A refuge safe for fainting souls
 When Sinai's judgment thunder rolls
 A Sanctuary dear;
 O, Jesus, in Thy Sacred Heart
 Assured I now would rest,
 Yet dare I bring my soul to be
 Endowed from Thy deep treasury
 And made a constant guest?
 Yea, Sacred Heart, free is Thy Portal
 Exhaustless is the love Immortal.

A wafer holds Thy Heart, dear Lord,
 Thy Heart holds all the world,
 Thus some small place remains for me
 Within Thy Heart,—sweet mystery,
 By seraph thought impearled;
 Now, Jesus, to Thy Sacred Heart,
 So broken, yet so whole,
 So wounded by neglect and sin,
 So glad when penitents come in,
 I consecrate my soul:
 Wide, high, resplendent is the Portal,
 Transforming is the Soul Immortal.

THE ONLY TRUE AMERICAN SCHOOL SYSTEM.*

By the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.

AN enthusiastic but poorly inspired prophet in the West, has informed the world that the religion of the future is not to be, as he puts it, a matter of godology but of manology. Apparently his theology is on a par with his philology, and doubtless he would be surprised to learn that the more even he knows of man, the more he will be compelled to know of God, for the image must always refer back to the original from which it is copied. "Let us make man after our own image and likeness," God said in the beginning, and whether it be in the intellect's infinite avidity for truth, or the inviolability of the human will, or the imperishability of the human soul, that likeness must remain to the end, and with it an intimate and eternal relationship between the Creator and creature. From that relationship obligations on the part of man ensue. That is religion; and without it, man is simply unthinkable.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. Religion is indispensable. "You may find," says Cicero, "cities without palaces, without towers and without walls, but never without a temple or without worship." Or as Bonaparte when building up his empire, paradoxically but emphatically, though somewhat blasphemously expressed it: "If there were no God we should have to create him."

Not only are all nations convinced of its necessity, but we have at least one example of a political power actually arrogating divine honors to itself, erect-

ing temples for its cult and immolating hundreds of thousands of victims on its altars. *Ave Roma immortalis* was but the expression of a belief that the Empire had the immortality of God.

(In the modern dispensation, the religion that is essential to the prosperity and existence of the State is Christianity. History proves that beyond question. The Jews who rejected it saw Judah's sceptre broken and the once chosen people scattered as wanderers over the world; it was persecuted by the Cæsars and the great Empire crumbled to the dust; where it has been expelled, you have the barbarism of Mohammed devastating and degrading the fairest countries of the earth; Europe owes its civilization to Christianity, and where it is in honor and associated with the State, you have, as a distinguished Churchman lately pointed out, three of the strongest nations of to-day: England, Russia and Germany; while those countries which once ruled the world in arms, as well in arts and letters, but whose governments have been seized by a set of freebooting infidels, anarchists and foes of Christianity, are now scoffed at by their enemies and taunted with being of the decadent and moribund Latin race.

How does our own country stand in this matter? Though there is not a word about Christianity in the Declaration of Independence, or the Constitution, we are undoubtedly a Christian nation. The intense religiousness of the original Colonies, the opening of the Federal and State Legislatures with prayer, the annual proclamation of a Day of Thanksgiving to God, and, just at this terrible moment through which we are passing, the touchingly Christian death of the last President who fell under the bullets of the assassin and whose dying words

* To comply with the earnest request of many of our subscribers, besides publishing this address in the MESSENGER, we shall issue it also in separate pamphlet, as announced in our advertiser.

were those of Jesus Christ : "Thy will be done," followed as the tragic event was by the truly religious messages of the new President and the Governors of the various Commonwealths, all go to show that we are a Christian nation.

But on the other hand the appalling fact revealed by the statement of the most representative Protestant paper of the country, the *Independent*, that out of our 75,000,000 people only 23,000,000 belong to any Christian denomination, Catholics included, and secondly the startling and ever increasing emptiness of our Churches, coupled with the scandalous revolt of so many ministers of religion against what was considered hitherto as the essential tenet of Protestant Christianity viz. : the authority of the Bible, and the rejection by so many of them of the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ whom they accept merely as a religious teacher, force upon us the dreadful conviction that what Christianity there is in the country is fast disappearing.

Does that mean that our existence as a nation is menaced? We might answer that question by another. Have we any right to expect any other result than what has happened elsewhere under similar conditions?

Washington in his Farewell Address has warned us that "reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." And where there is no national morality, there is national ruin. Gladstone has said the same thing of England. Other great men have expressed themselves in a similar strain ; and for the matter of that, though so easily lost sight of, it is almost a self-evident proposition.

But are there facts to support this pessimistic theory?

They are not wanting. Neglecting such agents of corruption as the literature of the day which exerts a most malign influence even upon our children,

and which such a competent judge as Marion Crawford declares to be "the worst, the vilest, the most degrading, and the most criminal literature that has ever disgraced civilization"; omitting the influence which the stage exerts on what is now a theatre-loving people, and which, if half that is said of it be true, seems designed to excite the foulest passions and inculcate the vilest principles of human conduct ; passing by all that, we are confronted with the fact that the vast majority of our school children never hear a word of Christianity during the entire school-week, and never enter a house of worship on Sunday. What will the Christianity of these future men and women be? What is it now? And yet the destinies of the United States will be in their hands in the next generation. Conspicuous men among us, who are not Catholics, have already raised the note of alarm.

Add to this the ominous condition of American life in the matter of marriage, in which there is not only a falling off, but a wholesale apostacy from the spirit and legislation of Christianity. The condition of things is not only humiliating and shameful, but appalling. Mulhall in his *Dictionary of Statistics* tells us (and his authority is unimpeachable) that "the actual number of divorces granted, in the twenty years that preceded 1886, was in the United States 328,716, while in the same period throughout the entire Continent of Europe there were but 258,000. The population of Europe at that time was 350,000,000, while ours was a trifle over 50,000,000." That is to say Europe had seven times as many people as we, and yet we—distanced it by nearly 100,000 divorces. Is Christianity waning or not? That was fifteen years ago, and we have gone down deeper in the abyss since then. It is wise to remember that the world-wide empire of Rome, the most stupendous political structure ever built, dated its destruc-

tion from the multiplication of its divorces. Can we promise ourselves a different fate?

The record of crime is still more distressing. In 1880, our prison population was 59,259; that is, 1,180 for every million inhabitants. Already in 1899, the number had risen to 82,329 and of these 7,386 were charged with homicide. In 1886 alone, 1,499 murders were committed, while in Germany in the same year, with its population of 48,000,000, as against our 60,000,000, there were only 337 homicides. Four years after, namely in 1890 alone, we have the horrible record of 3,567 murders. The *Chicago Tribune* quoted by Mulhall says that in the six years between 1884-1889 there were no less than 14,770 murders and 975 lynchings, which of course are murders in an aggravated and atrocious form, with the guilt of blood on all the abettors.

Nor is this frightful increase in homicide due chiefly to the foreign element. The *World Almanac* of 1901 informs us as to the nativity of the 4,425 white homicidal criminals in jail, that "3,157 were born in the United States, and 1,213 foreign born." The 2,739 negro murderers are of course native to the soil.

With regard to the scenes which are occurring in certain parts of our country with such alarming frequency and with circumstances of such unexampled ferocity, we say nothing except to note that it is not an imported crime, and that if the negroes against whom the fury is raging had been Catholicized, they would not be regarded now as wild beasts. It is a boast in the South, that the foreign element has not entered there.

We may well heed the warning of the Protestant Bishop of Western Texas, who is quoted in the *New York Sun* as saying: "The conditions around us are to lead in a few decades to a struggle the like of which has never been seen in this country, and it will be

with a generation that will not believe in anything at all."

There is no denying the danger ahead of us. The question is, how is it to be averted. Why of course, we are told, "by the churches." But they are empty, and it is a physical impossibility to reach the people through that agency. They are not there to hear, and even if they were, the jarring and discord of the preachers would soon drive them out.

"Let men think then, and their reason will guide them aright." As a matter of fact, it is a prevailing impression with our more than self-sufficient fellow countrymen that each man is a law unto himself, quite competent to formulate his religious views and frame his code of morals. If we have a national religion, it is that.

However flattering such an assumption may be to our self-conceit, it is in flat contradiction with reason and experience. Think out his own religion! Can the mud-stained laborer who perhaps has taken his dinner in the ditch and who stumbles home after his hard day's work to a miserable tenement amid a swarm of squalling children to snatch a few hours rest for the toil of the morrow, do any independent thinking on the abstruse matters of morality or religion? Can the mechanic who slaves at his bench, or the clerk at his desk, or the merchant, engrossed in money making, or even the lawyer or physician absorbed by the anxieties of his profession, sit down and ponder the vast mysteries of the spiritual world? Taking man as he is, actuated by passion, absorbed in business pursuits, apathetic from constitutional sluggishness and averse to anything outside the domain of sense, though he may attain to some religious knowledge there are a thousand chances to one that he will not bestir himself at all, and there are more chances still that if he does, he will blunder in the most elementary truth. But above all that, there are

mysteries which no man can fathom and for which instruction is indispensable. We ask a policeman or a passer-by to guide us in a strange city; can we all unaided find the path that leads over the limitless universe of the unseen? If the meanest handicraft as well as the most learned profession requires an instructor who perhaps has spent years in acquiring the knowledge he possesses, surely an acquisition of the sublime truths of religion requires similar assistance. The mere motor-man, or the man with the hoe needs some one to show him how. It is in the very nature of things. We cannot or do not evolve knowledge out of our helpless ignorance. Aid must come from above, and as the beneficent sunshine beaming on the cold and lifeless earth calls up the flowers and the fruitage that delight and sustain the world, so in the realm of the intellect, the brightness of the knowledge that our fellow-men as well as the generations that have preceded us have acquired, must dispel the darkness of our mind and make it beautiful and safe with the light it imparts.

Where shall we find this teacher in religious matters? Where shall we find him especially for our children, who assuredly are not independent thinkers in any thing at all, and especially in matters of religion.

"There are two ways to solve the problem," says the *Educational Review* which voices the best non-Catholic views on this particular subject. "One is to teach religion in the churches, Sunday-schools and homes, and such is the average Protestant position; the second is to teach it in the schools as Catholics and Lutherans insist."

With regard to the first, he makes the astounding admission that "Protestants are shockingly lax in fulfilling their obligations in this respect, and still more shockingly incapable of rising to an appreciation of their responsibility." "The other," he continues,

viz.: "that of teaching religion in schools, is fraught with too many difficulties to be even thought of."

Deploring "the shocking laxity of the average Protestant in appreciating his responsibility," and animadverting that Catholics and Lutherans are not alone in insisting upon religion being taught in the schools (for Methodists and Episcopalians and Congregationalists and Friends, the *Evening Post* of August 31, 1901 assures us, are doing the same thing), let us ask what are the reasons why the project as Lutherans and Catholics view it, cannot be even thought of.

The first reason alleged is the uproar which the proposition caused when first mooted in the recent revision of the Charter of the City of New York.

To this we reply that it is a humiliating confession for men who boast so much of the strenuous life to be balked in any honest project by a little noise. After admitting that religion is an essential element in education, that attempts to substitute an independent morality are fatuous and have signally failed; that the project which the average Protestant favors holds out no hope of realization; that it is indispensable for the welfare of the nation, and that Catholics and Lutherans and others, have successfully adopted it; and then to retreat because a few noisy and obstreperous demagogues are averse to it, is to act in a manner that is not creditable to American manhood. If the course is just, necessary and feasible, if the country's salvation depends on it, why not follow it at any cost? Its opponents counted precisely on this faint-heartedness and must be greatly amused at the haste of its adherents to display the white feather.

The second reason against teaching religion in schools, though not explicitly formulated, is that it is not American. If it is not, it ought to be. But it is American and essentially so; and only recent times have brought about the pres-

ent dangerous conditions. Harvard was founded for training Calvinist ministers; Yale was intensely Calvinistic as were all the subsidiary schools which supplied both colleges with students. The old New England primary schools were thoroughly religious, and in the quaint Puritan phraseology of the day were mainly "to circumvent the devices of Satan." The *Evening Post* of September 7, 1901, says that at the present day, of the 1,957 secondary schools with their 200,000 pupils and 9,410 teachers (and of course the number is vastly larger in the primary grades), more than one-half are strictly religious. Are they un-American? To say that we are tampering with the Palladium of American Liberty by advocating religious teaching, is not to know the school history of this country, and to be blind to the fact that not only can there be no liberty without religion, but that it is a descent into paganism with its horrible and necessary tyranny of soul and body. Instead of being a Palladium of Liberty, irreligious and unreligious schools become the Wooden Horse that will destroy the city.

The enthusiasm for the schools as at present constituted, springs from a groundless assumption of their superiority to any other system that any one has hitherto conceived; and this impression is sedulously cultivated in the minds of the pupils themselves and of the public at large, and with it, of course, a corresponding contempt for what are commonly known as parochial schools. The esteem and the contempt are both without foundation.

In the first place we might animadvert that it is a peculiar grace of God to see ourselves as others see us, especially if those others are our friends. Other men's views about us are often revelations. Thus the N. Y. *Evening Post* of March 19, 1900, in a review of a book on the History of Education condemns "the unstinted praise that is given to modern school books and

modern systems of education. It is enough to enter a modern school room and see how these systems are applied, with the very minimum of genuine reflection and good sense, to understand at once why it is that *the rising generation produce upon men in the afternoon of life such an impression of feebleness.*" The President of the Schoolmaster's Association of the United States frankly declared in the annual convention that "it would be better to read a novel of Balzac than to attempt to master some of the *pedagogical stuff that is inflicted on the teachers of the present day.*" Charles Stuart, the ex-School Commissioner of Ohio, writing in the *Forum* admits that "*our popular education is superficial* and does not develop mind or character." The *Times Supplement* of March 31, 1900, informs its readers "that the great political leaders of France and England are literary men and inquires why similar cases are rare in the United States." It makes answer that "with us there is more education but less scholarship," which is an admission of poor education.

Besides, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the lamentable condition of many of our public schools as they now exist. Even in the Capital of the country they called from the Senate Investigation Committee the scathing report quoted in the N. Y. *Tribune* April 19, 1900, that "the result of a thorough and fair trial showed a deplorable want of training in the grades the young people were supposed to have mastered. In history and arithmetic the general average made was not much over fifty per cent. The penmanship was poor and the spelling miserably bad." Senator Stewart, the chairman of the committee, said: "The children seem to have had very indifferent instruction. *The teachers of to-day are victims of a bad system*; the old fashioned schools did much better work in spite of the fact that the path of learning has been made smoother and many things simplified." In Ala-

bama the State Board of Examiners have discovered "the most deplorable ignorance, even among men who had received teachers' certificates." The *Educational Review* May 1, 1900, quoting the *Courant* of St. Paul, Minn., gives what it terms "a melancholy picture of the deplorable condition of the public schools of that city." The N.Y. *Commercial Advertiser*, April 14, 1900, reports that "charges were made by the Board of Education of Chicago, that the teachers of the public schools fail to instruct the pupils in the most necessary branches of learning; one trustee asserting that half the teachers, most of whom are said to be graduates of the local high schools, could not speak or write English, or spell correctly. The superintendent admitted that many of the teachers were deficient in these points, but that *the fault was with the system* in which they were instructed and in which they were instructing others." Finally the distinguished Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, laments that even the public schools of Boston, which were supposed to be irreproachable, "are not what they were fifty years ago."

This ought to be sufficient to dispose forever of that ridiculous old fetish, before which so many have been down on their knees for years past and to which they have ascribed so many marvellous and supernatural powers. On the public school question the average American is curiously superstitious.

Such being the case, and in the face of such authority it would be silly to deny it, it is manifestly improper to look with disdain upon schools which are not of the public school system and to taunt them with inferiority. The retort is in order "Physician cure thyself." It is annoying, on the other hand, to hear such reproaches from Catholics, especially when their personal qualifications scarcely fit them for passing judgment in such matters. Moreover it is altogether unfair to pile a mountain on a

man and then reproach him with inactivity. Catholics all over the land, although crushed by school taxes for other men's children, have been compelled to burden themselves besides with heavy outlays for their own. Aided by thousands of religious men and women who have without compensation consecrated themselves to the work, they have erected schools that at times equal in their equipment some of the best built by the State; out of their hard earnings, they have disbursed millions of dollars, and without the cost of a penny to the State are educating now more than 1,000,000 children. Not only that, but they have saved the country from dishonor before the civilized world. There are thousands of children on the street to-day, for whom the public schools have no accommodations; vast numbers of others can have but a half session for the same reason. Suppose the million Catholic children of the parochial schools were added to this abandoned multitude. Catholics assumed the burden of educating them. The service is not recognized but suspected.

Nor is the education of Catholic schools below grade. We have not heard that their graduates have any difficulty in securing admission to the High and Normal schools. On the contrary, the percentage of success is remarkably large. In competitions for West Point and Annapolis, parish schools easily carry off the prize and where there has been a trial of strength with the same text-books and the same course, as in Poughkeepsie and elsewhere, Catholic schools were invariably in the lead. In fact, there is a suspicion abroad that the cancelling of school contracts in some places was due to that fact.

We have no means at our disposal to institute a comparison all along the line; but Catholics are the same the world over, and the recent Examination Results in Ireland, for example,

show the exclusively Catholic University College of Dublin, far and away beyond all the others. Similar success is noted in England, and the troubles in France emphasize the same truth. There is not a shadow of a doubt that the popularity of the Catholic schools determined their suppression and impelled the infidel government to seize the establishments and turn out the teachers as beggars in the street. The correspondent of the *Evening Post* of September 3, 1901, impliedly admits it.

Why should they not achieve such results? Religion does not make people stupid. The brightest minds that modern civilization has known have been the product of religious schools; and Catholics especially have sacrificed too much to be satisfied with an inferior education. Give us a fair field and no favor. That is all we ask.

This leads us to the third and real reason of the opposition to religious teaching in the schools viz.: the fear of Catholicity; the dread that Catholics will profit by it most. "Well what if they do profit most?" "Why, such a result would be a menace to the country." "Indeed!" "Yes, there is something about every Catholic that prevents him from being a genuine American." If not expressed in so many words there is a vague undefined feeling in men's minds that such is the case.

Strange fatality! I am a Catholic and cannot be a true American. I am thus a man without a country, and yet with greater rights perhaps than others to possess one.

In this connection there are some cherished memories almost romantic but nevertheless deeply religious which cluster around a certain obscure hill that juts out on the southern bank of the Mohawk. As we stand on its crest the eye follows the leisurely windings of the river and rests on rich meadow lands that come down to the water edge heavy with the harvest, while glimpses are caught of far off farms and homesteads

high up on the slope of the receding mountains. Out of the great marts which commerce has built all along the valley, from the Hudson to the Lakes, the rumbling trains speed with their precious freight along the iron roads, either side of the stream, on their way to the great Metropolis and the ocean beyond. The commingling of all these beauties of untouched and cultivated nature with the frequent apparitions of the great convoys of industry which traverse but do not invade this beautiful region, affords an ever varying delight to the eye, all day long, but mostly in the brightness of the early morning, or when the setting sun clothes the scene with splendor.

But the picture fades into another—a gloomy one of the long past when that country was a wilderness, two-hundred and sixty years ago. The hill on which we are standing was covered with Indian wigwams, and in the midst of the squalid camp, toiled a man to whom much of the transformation that we now see around us is to be attributed. It is mid-winter; he is almost naked and pierced to the bone by the bitter cold. Long scars on his limbs show where the savages had cut the quivering flesh to eat it before his eyes; burning coals had left their marks on him; and the livid bruises revealed the places where the ponderous clubs had struck him. His fingers had been torn off by the teeth of his captors and for a year and a half he labored among them striving to force some gleam of Christianity into their degraded natures until at last his head was cloven by the blow of the tomahawk. On a stake of the palisade that ghastly head was fixed and his mangled body flung into the waters of the river.

That man died for the civilization of this country, and it was twenty years before the English sailed into the harbor of New York. He was a Catholic, a priest and a Jesuit. Was he, therefore, an enemy of this country? Were not those characteristics the very reasons

why he gave up his life for his fellow-men and the redemption of this land of ours in whose civilization and greatness we now rejoice? Even if he were the only martyr that the Church has given to America (and there are many) his blood would have written upon this land of ours that a Catholic is not an alien here. The first pioneers of civilization in this western world were Catholics, and the Catholic cross was planted on these shores, not only by Columbus in San Salvador, but centuries before by Lief Eric in Massachusetts. The names of Catholic saints and Catholic mysteries are stamped upon our rivers and lakes and mountains, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the right of occupation was admitted long before those of other faiths entered Boston harbor or the river James; Catholics were conspicuous in the Revolutionary struggle; they fought for their country in 1812 while Puritan New England was ringing bells for English victories; they led the nation's troops in the war of Secession and died by thousands as privates in the ranks, from Bull Run to Appomatox; they fought against Catholic Mexico, and later on against Catholic Spain; they have covered the country with monuments of charity in their asylums and hospitals, giving hostages thus of loyalty to their native land; hundreds of thousands of their chosen ones have relinquished all the delights of home to succor the poor and afflicted; as a class they are remarkable for their absence from the ranks of those enemies of all government, the Socialists and Anarchists; they are honored in every walk of life for their ability, integrity and success, and yet, in spite of all this, are objects to many of suspicion and distrust. In fact, have we not been called upon in the press by one who is, apparently, a public man, and who admits the great benefits accruing to this country from Catholicity, notably, "because it trains the young in a way

to secure good morals and respect property rights and the rights of others," to demand that the Head of the Church should declare that he harbors no designs against this nation. In other words, we are saving our country and yet are suspected of destroying it. He did not mean it, of course, for his purpose is apparently benevolent, but these are the tactics of the man who seizes a purse and cries: "Stop thief," in order to distract attention from himself. Not we, but you who are refusing religious education to the rising generation, and preventing us from giving it to our own, are bringing ruin on the country. We really are true Americans and not you.

Far from conflicting with the patriotic spirit, Catholicity fosters and protects it. Is an Irishman less Irish because he is a Catholic? a Spaniard less Spanish? a Frenchman less French because he is a Catholic? On the contrary, their nationality is intensified because of their faith; for Catholicity inculcates patriotism not as a sentiment but as a sacred duty; and if an American is a Catholic, or rather because he is one, he not only does not yield to any man in love of his native land, but impelled by the teaching of his church will be more loyal, and more self-sacrificing in time of peace or stress of war than others who are not of the faith.

In this connection it may be well to quote the opinion of Senator Hoar, the venerable statesman, whose long years of noble and unselfish devotion to the country's best interests entitle him to a hearing. He was endorsing the nomination of the Governor of Massachusetts and in referring to the subject of anarchy, said: "I believe if every Protestant were to be stricken down by a lightning stroke, our brethren of the Catholic faith would still carry on the Republic in the spirit of true and liberal freedom. I believe if every man of native birth were to die this day, the men of foreign birth who have come

here to seek homes and liberty under the shadow of the Republic would carry on the Republic in God's appointed way."

The Catholic Church has no designs on the Public Schools. It is satisfied to leave them as they are for those who wish them, but it does not want and will not have for its children, in the period of their defencelessness, an education which it is convinced will ultimately make those children a curse to their country, by robbing them of those principles of morality which are indispensable in forming them into honorable and pure men and women. It has lost too much, even here in America, by contact with irreligion ; it has lived too long in the world not to know that religion is necessary to prevent the ruin of a nation, and it has too many horrible examples in the crimes of the apostate governments of to-day, to allow it to sit idly by, without attempting to prevent similar disasters here. It will not be satisfied with the odious hour after school, which in the child-mind makes religion penal, but it wants the atmosphere of its schools to be such that religion will enter as a motive and a guide of what is to be done and avoided. It wants the child to begin to be what he ought to be later on in life, honest, pure, faithful in his duty to his God and his fellowmen, as the light of his religion points out and as its sacramental helps assist him to become. It does not want the child to imagine that religion is an affair of Sunday and has nothing to do with the rest of the week. It does not comprehend the offer of a well-known President of a Protestant University to teach Catholicity by lectures. Such a pretence displays a deplorable inability to appreciate what religion really is. Faith is not truth alone but life.

But in the most positive and aggressive tones we are told : "Separate schools are absolutely out of the question. What we want is *homogeneity* of education in order to blend the diverse

nationalities of our land into one common Americanism."

It may be noted in passing that this proclamation is often made by men who have had no public school education, or who have never been inside American schools at all.

To this challenge we reply that homogeneity of education is absurd ; it is undemocratic ; it is socialistic ; it is un-American ; it is often a political scheme, and it is unchristian and irreligious.

You might as well try to have the trees of the forest with the same sized leaves ; you might as well insist upon men belonging to the same political party, or pursuing the same occupation, living in the same kind of house, eating the same food or wearing the same style of dress, or thinking the same kind of thought and arriving at the same conclusions by the same methods. You have no more right to make me homogeneous with you than I to make you homogeneous with me. A resemblance sometimes may be very undesirable. The strength and beauty of the universe and of everything in it, whether of the natural or spiritual order, is not a unity of monotony and sameness, but a unity of variety, a unity achieved by an authority and influence that holds the infinitely divergent types together and makes them all coöperate to a common end. In that the beauty of the world consists, but our apostles of homogeneity conceive it as an asphalt road over which the educational roller has passed. It might be good to remember that streets of tar, in spite of the roller, become rivers of fire in a conflagration. Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*, pointed out that "our greatest social danger lay in the production of dead levels." Besides, who are you, my friend, that you decide off hand that your type of the homogeneous is correct? And lastly, why are you continually proclaiming that the aim of the American school is to develop indi-

viduality, while in the same breath you demand homogeneity? The two qualities are contradictory.

Secondly, the scheme is violently undemocratic. If homogeneity of education is really and honestly essential for true Americanism, then abolish forthwith all your great institutions like Yale and Harvard, which are supposed to differentiate their pupils, socially at least, from all other Americans, and which are even differentiated from each other in tone and tradition. The "Yale spirit" is not Harvard's, nor Harvard's Princeton's, nor Princeton's Cornell's.

More than that. Close all your expensive private schools which are established everywhere by Americans, yet which are so many sacred and inviolable preserves for the children of the rich—for no plebeian enters there—and dismiss your private governess or be ready to let the public official knock at your door and inquire if what she teaches corresponds in time and matter with the programme of the State. Does this seem absurd? It is done in Germany now and such inspection was seriously proposed in a recent school law before the Legislature of the State of New York. If your rich man does not send his children to the public school lest they should sit side by side with the children of his servants, or of the mechanic or laborer, why should I not be allowed (not that I avoid the poor, for we are mostly poor) to withdraw mine for greater than social or sanitary reasons? Or does the scheme propose that only the children of the poor should be thus homogeneously huddled together? If so, and such is its intent, it is class legislation; it is undemocratic and unjust.

Thirdly, homogeneity is a foreign importation. It is French and not American. It is precisely what Waldeck Rousseau is imposing on France with an iron hand at the present moment. He uses the same shibboleth of homogeneity and is perpetrating this

great crime of the century by robbery and expatriation. It is the old political scheme of Napoleon Bonaparte, who carried it out so vigorously that his Minister of Education could boast that at any hour of the day he could tell what every child in France was reciting. And the project of a national university in the United States with its centre in Washington as mooted here, is nothing but a recrudescence of that discredited foreign plan of intellectual and political slavery. We object to all this homogeneity, whether in nation, state or city, because it is absolutely un-American, because it is state socialism and because, just as Bonaparte brutally declared that the fundamental purpose of his national university was to inculcate loyalty to the Napoleonic dynasty, so in the same way, homogeneity in city, state or nation will tend infallibly to perpetuate the sway of the political party that happens to be in power. In point of fact, the declaration of the National Education Association which is furthering this project bluntly avows that its purpose is "to lead public sentiment into legislation when necessary." This is novel in America, but is not American. We object to it most emphatically for educational reasons also; because just as the Napoleonic university has wrecked genuine education throughout France, as official investigations have shown, the same results are sure to follow here if this scheme is carried out. No better proof of it could be given than the very Declaration which is launched by this National Association of American Education. Its framers style themselves "educational experts," and yet are guilty in several parts of the document of an obscurity of thought, an inconsequence of reasoning and an incorrectness of language that would disgrace a dull boy in a common school.

Lastly, we object to it for patriotic reasons. And this position of ours ought to have especial force at this terrible moment of our country's history.

We find in the *Herald* of September 12, 1901, that the fourth article in the anarchist programme is "unreligious schools." Is not that reason enough to multiply our religious schools as a breakwater, and to force all men to co-operate in that federation of churches which is called for by some of the most distinguished men in New York (New York *Sun*, September 12, 1901), "in behalf of the spiritual, physical, educational and social interests of family life." We have all along seen the perils which are now striking such terror into the heart of the country.

Lastly, it is idle to say that the homogeneity intended is merely one of language or of Americanism. Can these results not be achieved just as well in denominational schools? Diversity of language among the children of the immigrants need not worry us. A walk in Mulberry street, in the Italian quarter, will convince us that the sidewalk does more than the school in that respect. The children of the second or even of the first generation do not speak the language of their parents. Nor do they want to be Americans with a prefix. They are not German or Irish or Italian Americans, but just as ardent Americans as those whose parents were immigrants a hundred years ago. That is not the result about which any sensible man should concern himself, but there is one which must inevitably follow as a consequence of this unintelligent jumbling together of the children of divergent and conflicting religious beliefs; a result which we dare not say was intended or perhaps even foreseen by the majority of our people, but which, nevertheless, as Protestant educators all over the land, as well as Protestant bishops and ministers, are pointing out, is threatening the very existence of the nation; a homogeneity, namely, not of language nor of Americanism, but a homogeneity of irreligion; the elimination and practical negation of all Christian beliefs during five con-

secutive days of every week of the child's life, with nothing to counteract it on Sunday; for these children, like their parents, are not church goers. It is the cancelling of Christianity from the life of the nation. This is homogeneity. Is it Americanism? And are we to be looked upon with suspicion because we do not send our million of children to join the throng upon whom this robbery is being committed?

Perhaps you have not intended or foreseen it here; but it looks as if you have, for you are ruthlessly at work with the same axe in the Philippines, where without diversity of sects to excuse you—for they are all Catholics there—without the plea of an ignorant population—for they are better educated than many of our own natives—in spite of promises and treaties and merely to satisfy the demands of this blind idolatry, you flood the country with teachers who cannot fail to sneer at the religion of their pupils in spite of your injunctions to the contrary, and you contemptuously sweep out of their school-rooms every symbol of Catholic faith with the necessary result of disparaging it in the eyes of the children. This is homogeneity. Is it Americanism? Be quite sure that if you make bad Catholics out of the Filipinos you will not make them good Americans.

Meantime, in those same regions, you not only do not interfere in the slightest with the subjects of the Sultan of Sulu, who are nothing but degraded Mahometans and who practise their religion, polygamy included; you do not force upon them your homogeneous education, but carefully, and by law, protect them in all they choose to do, along with their horrible institution of slavery. Is that Americanism? Is it Americanism to treat your fellow-Christians worse than idolaters and Mahometans? It is not even homogeneity.

We blush for the illiberality, bigotry and injustice of our countrymen both here and abroad, or at least for their

inability to see what they are doing and we wonder what has become of our famous American boast: "Americans love fair play." Or is it all bluster?

That we are permitting ourselves, blindly or not, to be de-christianized is clear from the Report of the National Educational Association held in Chicago February 27, 1900, where this dreadful utterance was made, apparently assented to by the Association and published subsequently in the *Educational Review* over the signature of Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia College, New York.

"Five men," it declares, "Rousseau, Hegel, Frœbel, Pestalozzi and Herbart, have given to the nineteenth century education most of its philosophical foundation and not a few of its methods. From them have come the main influences which have shaped education for a hundred years." In amazement and distress, we may well apply to the National Educational Association, which formulated this statement or permitted it, the words of Christ on the Cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Putting aside Pestalozzi and Frœbel who were personal failures as educators, we find in this list Hegel who was a frantic pantheist; Herbart who was a disciple of that other pantheist Fichte and who said of God that "He could not be known and for practical purposes it was not desirable that He should be"; and at the head of the list we find to our horror Jean Jacques Rousseau who is properly put as the chief coryphæus in this national dance of death.

Listen to what he says, if you can do so with patience. "The child who is being educated is to acknowledge no authority. If you compel him to take your word you teach him to be a dupe later on in life; he is to indulge his desires unchecked,"—gluttony is given as an example, and he says, "even if the

child harms himself, do not reprove him—which implies that of course he is to be given free rein in the other cravings of nature; self-love is the only natural quality to be recognized in the child and not only indulged but cultivated; he should hear nothing whatever about God; he is to be inspired with contempt for the ministers of religion who ought to be expelled from the community, as not only useless but pernicious to the State. 'If I had to paint a picture of *disgusting stupidity*,' he says, 'I would paint a pedant teaching catechism to his pupils; and if I wanted to make a child a fool I would oblige him to explain what he says in reciting his catechism. Getting him to accept mysteries is accustoming him early to lie.' He is not to be taught any religion, and if there is to be a common creed it must be made up of the fundamental dogmas of Judaism, Mahometanism and Christianity, and the one who shall teach anything contrary to it is to be banished from the country. The pupil must be taught that the exercise of authority is tyranny; the possession of property, robbery, and the laws of the nation fetters on his liberty."

These are Rousseau's own words who, be it remembered was a man whose life was disgustingly immoral, and who in one of his books was shameless enough to enter into the most lubricious details of what he did. His teaching, openly and professedly inculcates immorality, atheism, anarchy, and of course by an immediate deduction, assassination. And yet we are told by the National Educational Association that "his is the main influence which has shaped the education of the nineteenth century."

Do you want your children to be educated under such influences? Do you want them to be the future anarchists who will wreck the domestic and political fabric of this country, and be the frenzied assassins who will assert their

contempt for all authority by putting bullets in the bodies of your future Presidents ; and who will surely, if God does not intervene, bring about the same horrors in this country as the teachings of this very man effected in France a hundred years ago in causing that almost diabolical uprising, the French Revolution ?

If you do, we Catholics do not ; and for that reason we want religious education. That is our only reason for opposing the system which, in our opinion, if the National Educational Association's programme alone be taken as a test, although there are many others at hand to excite the same fear, is an awful menace to our country. The New York *Herald* of September 22 in a striking cartoon represents a little girl as standing before the door of a public school which is shut against her because of the inability of the State to give her an elementary education, and she is uttering the words : " I see this country's finish." No, poor child ! not because you cannot learn a little spelling or arithmetic do " you see this country's finish." It is better for you to remain out on the street, if inside the school, the principles are taught and the methods adopted of those enemies of God and humanity who revile authority, despise religion and blaspheme God. We hope that the statement of the National Educational Association is not universally true, but if that influence prevails then not merely every sensible man but even the child at the door can truly say : " I see this country's finish."

Appalled by the recent disaster that has befallen the nation in the assassination of the President, there is already talk of a common religion being taught in the public schools, and it is strongly urged by prominent Protestant clergymen and even by a bishop. This is nothing but Rousseau's idea and a furthering of his infamous project. It is the modern substitute for State Pagan-

ism. When the Cæsars were perplexed by the multitudes of beliefs in the world, they obtained uniformity of worship by commanding an universal worship of the state. That hastened the ruin of the empire. Cæsarism of any kind, especially in religious matters, is dangerous in a nation, but most of all in a free republic. Moreover any such mad scheme is absolutely unrealizable. It is a pagan idea and has been revived in modern times by one who hated both religion and the state. Because we love our country we oppose that project. It is un-American and unchristian.

It is especially, we insist, because of this feature that Catholics are antagonistic not, remember, to the public schools as such, but as they are at present conducted. Am I not perfectly within my rights ? Am I not wise and prudent, and sincerely and truly patriotic ? At the very moment that the leading Protestant educationalists throughout the land are clamoring for religion in education as a safeguard for the Republic, I find that under the pretext of homogeneity and fictitious Americanism, there is a scheme to rob my child in the hours that he is away from me, of what I regard as his best possession ; to cheat him out of what I have labored to put in his little mind, the religion, namely, for which I have paid so dearly, and on account of which I am still suffering. Meantime, I ask myself, why if I am endeavoring to bring up my child a Christian, I should be punished for it ? And why from the schools which I support should Christianity be ostracized ? Are we not being de-christianized rapidly enough without having our public servants at high salaries accelerate the work.

But I am told : " You are not compelled to send your children to the public schools." " If I cannot avoid doing so except at a considerable expense, I am. Surely that is compelling me." " Do you expect the state then to pay for your schools ?" " Certainly." " Never,

I am answered promptly and harshly ; not a penny of the public funds for sectarian purposes." "Softly, Mr. Official, if it is public money, I have a right to my share. I am of the people. You are the servant and not the proprietor, and are to distribute the public funds justly and not according to your moods and prejudices." "It is no prejudice," is the reply, "it is against the whole spirit of the country to pay for the support of any religious theory. You might as well ask us to support your churches." (New York *Sun*, Sept. 16, 1901.) "As to its being against the whole spirit of the country we may disagree, but do not worry about the churches. The 'religious theory' is taught there, and nothing else. We are not asking you to help them. But in the schools it is different. I am giving all the secular training that is given in the State Schools. Why should not that be paid for? As for teaching the religious theory, I'll pay for that." "But you must pay the public-school tax like every one else." "Every dollar of it ; only, I object to paying it twice, which no one else does. But if I teach my children the same things that are taught in the common schools and teach them better, and add, over and above, of my own volition and at my own expense, something which not only betters their characters as men and women, but is absolutely necessary to the country's salvation ; if I make them genuine Americans and base their patriotism on a more solid foundation than you can ; if while you are compelled to accept any teacher that may be foisted on you by political or other influences, whether he be a Christian or a scoffer, and about whose manner of life I have only your guarantee, whose opinion I possibly may not value, while I can select those of whose abilities and exalted character I am almost absolutely sure ; if you are guided in your system by incapable men whose whole time is taken up in commercial pursuits, or political schemes ; while I am enjoying the privilege of the learning and experience of those whose whole life is not only devoted but consecrated to the work ; if with all that, I am perfectly willing to admit government inspectors, either of the structure or of the requirements of hygiene, and even of the studies (barring of course religion, with which the state has nothing to do) why, pray, when I am conferring such inestimable advantages on the state, which even those who are not friendly to me acknowledge, should I not get the benefit of the school-tax which I pay to the state? This is what puzzles me. That I am a sectarian is none of your business ; that I am an American citizen ought to ensure me my rights. As to the 'garb' of my teachers, that is as much my privilege as it is the state's to uniform its letter-carriers, or a private corporation its officials. But more than that I am taught in American History that my country severed its connection with England because it was taxed without representation ; that is to say, it was left without the power of determining how the taxes which were levied on them should be applied ; but now I discover that you, who are presumably not an Englishman, not only do not permit me to say how they should be applied, but you give my money to somebody else. Is this a new phase of Americanism? If I were a criminal I could understand how I should be debarred, but I am an honest hardworking man for whom every dollar counts ; who never have been before the courts, who have the interests of my country at heart, who never can get away from it like my rich friends ; who have never stopped at any sacrifice to bring up my children honestly, and if I with my co-religionists have spent millions of money to give them the education which the wisest men in the land, Protestants as well as Catholics, admit now to be not merely the best but the only

safeguard of my country, because it inculcates religion, why should I not be fairly and squarely dealt with and get the benefit of what is levied on me for education?"

"It cannot be done," you say. "It is impossible to make any such division." Amazing! You had no difficulty in collecting the funds in spite of the diversity of the sources from which they are derived; and when I take up my paper in the morning I read that the Board of Apportionment regularly and without trouble assigns money to hospitals, asylums, roads, lamp-posts, schools, etc. Is there any insuperable difficulty in proceeding further with the division, or is the famous American instinct for mathematics disappearing? Can you divide by two but must you no longer be asked to divide by four? Besides you exempt these schools from taxation because of the benefits they confer on the Commonwealth. That is subsidizing them. What is to prevent you then from doing a little more and making your recognition keep pace with the good you receive. He is not a very generous man who is satisfied with not preventing me from enriching him and who takes all I give without thanks. One ought to pay for what he gets.

Moreover the distribution is very feasible. For the last few years we have been wearied to death by hearing that we are all Anglo-Saxon and that our education especially has that stamp on it.

If that be really so, why can we not do what Anglo-Saxon countries are doing in this respect; namely England and Germany which are not only intensely Protestant, but where Protestantism is the state-religion, to attack which or even to differ from which, was at one time high treason? England has its denominational schools; the various sects insist on having them; the Protestant Bishops in a recent memorial affirmed as a principle that all elementary

education should be paid for from the public purse; and the Government not only does not object but assists most liberally. It has no fear of Englishmen lacking the proper kind of homogeneity.

Even in Calvinistic Scotland which has been notoriously rancorous against Catholicity since the Reformation, a similar and even better condition obtains.

The *London Tablet* of August 3, 1901, reports Mr. Balfour as saying in Parliament: "I come from a country in which education is under popular control. It is almost universally religious; and not only that but it is dogmatic. It knows nothing of the strange compromises which are the subjects of debate in the English school boards. Frankly under proper control in Scotland are taught the Shorter Catechism in the great majority of schools, the Anglican Catechism in other schools, and Roman Catholic Theology in still others. So that we have dogmatic theology reconciled with that popular control which the right honorable gentleman desires." Could we ask more from bitter old Scotia?

What is most convincing is that in Germany, which is admittedly the greatest Protestant nation of the world and which distinguished itself by a relentless persecution of Catholicity a generation ago, the Government not only permits but fosters separate schools for the various sects of the Empire, Catholicity included.

With them education without religion is inconceivable, and the Government insists upon it even against the will of the parents; so much so that in a recent case where a Socialist protested against religious instruction, the court ruled that the child should be sent to the school of the denomination which the father had left. Laymen are trained especially for the work of teaching catechism, and in the case of Catholic schools, the priest is generally

school inspector, and the parish priest has the right to enter during school hours and teach ; which he generally does once or twice a week. In the several hundred neutral or mixed schools, religion is part of the curriculum. The same holds good for colleges or gymnasia where religious instruction is obligatory.

What is most curious about it all is that during the persecution of the Kulturkampf, while Bismarck was shutting up churches and sending bishops and priests to exile or prison, the schools were not interfered with. Had he done so, Catholicity would have been obliterated from Germany. It was God who prevented him, for in such an event Germany would not now have its staunch Catholic defenders against socialism and anarchy. The great Protestant Empire did not fear to have its ruler appoint a Catholic Chancellor who was the brother of a Roman Cardinal. We broadminded Americans are a long distance from that attitude of good sense.

What do our fellow-countrymen want? Religion is indispensable for the salvation of the nation. It is not taught to the vast majority of the people in the churches. It can be taught only in the schools. The most conspicuous men among us, clergy and laity alike, of all denominations, demand that it must be taught there, or we are lost ; and that a religion must be taught which is not a composite hodge-podge of all religions, viz. : a natural religion which has been pronounced by the most competent educational authorities to be "fatuous," and after being tried, a miserable failure. Lastly, it is beyond all question true, that the establishment of separate religious schools is feasible ; for the most intensely Protestant nations of the world insist upon them ; have no difficulty in adjusting themselves to the diversity of creeds, and have found by experience that instead of dividing the country the method of welds it together, by permitting men to

have their dogmatic differences, while at the same time inducing them to make their otherwise conflicting sects unite, each in its own way, to swell the great current of morality, which, precisely because it comes from these different and distinct sources, reaches, as nothing else can, every class and condition of society.

Are we to confess ourselves inferior to Germany, England and Scotland in practical matters? Are we, perhaps, intellectually dull, or have we grown to be unfair ; or in spite of the present alarming condition of things are we losing our senses?

We have indeed lost our senses to some extent ; but the awful crisis through which we are passing has revealed to us the precipice yawning at our feet. As for ability in practical matters, we have it to a greater degree than other people, and can more easily adjust ourselves to circumstances ; and lastly, though perhaps misinformed, we are not wilfully unfair. It can be safely admitted that if these truths are placed squarely before the American people, they will frankly acknowledge and honestly admit them. But this is to be done, not by underhand methods, not by dicker-ing with politicians who will smile and smile, and promise, and then leave us on our back as helpless as before, but by reiterating our position and compelling the people to see that our demand for religious education is not prompted by any sinister design against our fellow-countrymen or their liberties, but by an ineradicable conscientious conviction which events are proving to be well founded, that religion is necessary for the preservation of our country, that it must be implanted in the hearts and the lives of the growing generation, and that there is no other way of doing it than by resorting to the rational, feasible and the now widely admitted method of teaching it in the separate schools of the various denominations.

THE REVISION OF THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION.

By the Rev Denis Lynch, S.J.

I.—REVISION.

AMONGST our many modern changes in the old order of things one not the least significant is the reformation of Calvinism in the United States. Progressive American Presbyterians are not content to sluggishly abide by a "Reformation settlement"; but, as the Chicago *Interior*, one of the most important of the liberal Presbyterian journals, puts it, "to cut away the dead wood, the dry, unsightly branches, the decay of which carries bitterness into the sweet sap of the tree." We say advisedly *the reformation of Calvinism*; for the proposed revision deals precisely with the articles of the Confession which are characteristically Calvinistic. The system of Calvin, dogmatically considered, is distinguished from other systems of Protestantism by its theory of absolute predestination. Now the first and principal articles recommended for amendment are those referring to predestination in Chapter III and Chapter X.

To reform its Calvinism is what the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has determined to do. Naturally enough, men brought up in an ancient creed, and in face of the opposition of believers still warmly attached to it, will soften the forms of speech in which they announce their intention of correcting what is untrue. The Committee appointed by the Assembly to consider the question of revision and to consult the Church about it, after acknowledging the general desire for a new statement of doctrine, and after recommending the same themselves, state, inconsistently enough, that the revised creed "is not to be a substitute for the Confession," and that it "shall in no way impair the integrity of the

system of doctrine set forth in our Confession."

But is there not a strange moral in the proposed rejection from the Calvinistic Creed, after the lapse of three centuries and a half, of what is characteristically Calvinistic? After all the years of bitterness and calumny, all the national and international upheavals, the long relentless persecution, the wide destruction, after all the red rain that has dripped along its path, to admit that there has been a mistake in this harsh creed, and that all the excess went to sustain the erring views of men,—of men, too, perhaps not always worthy of our esteem, or nearly so pure-minded as we have been taught to imagine them—this surely furnishes matter for serious reflection.

II.—THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION.

The articles of the Westminster Confession of Faith were adopted, during a brief period of union and peace, by a synod of American Presbyterians, in 1729, "as being, in all the essential and necessary articles, good forms of sound words and systems of Christian doctrine." However, "articles not essential and necessary in doctrine, worship or government" were left to the consciences of the dissentient parties, although judgment in the matter was reserved to the Presbytery, and not to the subscriber.

The historic Confession was drawn up, after much determined opposition, by an assembly of lords, commons, and ministers of religion, which began its sessions in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster in 1643, and continued at them during the five ensuing years. This was during the fierce struggle between the English Parliament and the King, Charles I. Pym, leader of the

Commons, resolved in the darkest hour of the parliamentary cause "to throw the Scottish sword into the balance." It was a matter of political necessity, which pressed upon the Scots themselves as well as upon the English commoners. The first condition insisted upon by the Scots was that the English should accept Presbyterianism. The English Protestant bishops had espoused the cause of the King, and various religious bodies dissenting from the Church of England had grown numerous. These two causes made possible the remarkable adoption of a new creed, the motive of which was to be found in political considerations. The English Commons, "with uplifted hands," swore, in St. Margaret's Church, to uphold the Scottish Solemn League and Covenant, "to live as brethren in faith and love," and to extirpate Popery.

The assembly gathered at Westminster at the call of Parliament consisted of moderate Presbyterians, of Presbyterians of Scottish views, of Erastians, and of Independents. There were six Scottish commissioners of very intense temper. Only about half the members of the assembly attended regularly. The hostility of the Erastians and Independents increased daily the bitterness of the Scots, who, "to their joy" prevailed upon the Parliament to profane Christmas Day. "This stupid and secure people," exclaimed the Scottish minister, Baillie; "this fainting and weak-hearted people!" Hatred grew so acute that an intrigue began to unite the Moderates and the Independents in order to restore the King. As the royal cause weakened, the English Parliament grew more unbending. At the close of the Civil War dissidence had grown apace, and the fortunes of the struggle told for religious independence. Cromwell expressed his contempt for the assembly of divines, saying that they persecuted men more honest than themselves; and although Parliament re-

peatedly voted its establishment, the strict Presbyterian system was accepted only in London and Lancashire.

III.—THE PRESENT PHASE OF THE MOVEMENT.

There is no doubt that *The Independent* (June 5), referring to the change in Presbyterian convictions, expresses the state of things fairly. "The advance of scholarship," it says, "the strong protest of the moral nature, and the impracticability of the creed in the concrete have produced vast working complications. Such questions are settled by growth and life rather than speculative discussion and grammatical exegesis. The stalwarts may rage and prophesy fearsome things, but in vain. The actual working creed of the Presbyterians, as we have said, is no longer that of the Westminster divines; it will depart from their creed more and more. Whatever verbal identities in statement may remain, the real meaning has changed from the Calvinism of Calvin to the Gospel of Christ."

The Independent is not Presbyterian, but *The Interior* is; and it agrees with the former. "The history of this reform," it affirms (June 6), "beginning actively only a little more than a year ago, is a notable evidence of the common sense and catholicity of the church. She has no desire or intent to abandon anything that is doctrinally good and useful. She does not intend to put her axe into anything that is living. She only intends to cut away the dead wood, the dry, unsightly branches, the decay of which carries bitterness into the sweet sap of the tree. When this is done, she will have lost nothing of strength, grace, or fruitfulness, nothing that is not a hindrance because it is useless."

It has been reported that, while the clerical speakers in the Presbyterian Assembly which was considering the question of revision avowed their adhesion to the old creed, some of the

lay commissioners said they did not know what Calvinism was. And some of the leading secular newspapers asserted that the great majority of Presbyterians by no means believed the ancient Confession. One very prominent and conservative daily affirmed, if we remember aright, that nine-tenths of the American Presbyterians did not admit the objectionable articles of the creed, nor were those articles ever preached to them.

A determined effort was made to extensively amend the Westminster Confession in 1891 and 1892. This was in response to the overtures of thirty-seven presbyteries for a new and consensus creed. The special committee appointed by the Assembly proposed the matter to all the presbyteries; but these were not yet ready, and the required two-thirds failed to approve of the movement. The one-hundred and thirteenth General Assembly, however, convened in Philadelphia on May 16th, and took action "with practical unanimity" on the all-important matter. A committee, appointed by the preceding Assembly to consult the Presbyterian body, presented its report as follows:

"I. That the returns indicate that the Church desires some change in its credal statement.

"II. That the returns indicate that no change is desired which would in any way impair the integrity of the system of doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith.

"III. These returns indicate that it is the mind of the Church that the Confession shall be interpreted throughout in harmony with the teaching of Scripture that God is not willing that anyone should perish, nor is it the decree of God, but the wickedness of their own hearts, which shuts some men out from the salvation freely and lovingly offered in Christ Jesus to all sinners.

"IV. These returns indicate that a plurality of the Presbyteries desire that

changes should be made by some new statement of present doctrines.

"V. The returns also indicate a desire on the part of many Presbyteries for some revision of the present Confession, especially in Chapter III; Chapter X, Section iii; Chapter XVI, Section vii; Chapter XXII, Section iii; Chapter XXV, Section vi; with additional statements concerning the love of God for all men, Missions and the Holy Spirit.

"(a) In view of these facts, we recommend that a committee as provided for by the form of Government, Chapter XXIII, Section iii, be appointed by this Assembly.

"(b) We recommend that this committee be instructed to prepare a brief summary of the Reformed Faith, bearing the same relation to the Confession which the Shorter Catechism bears to the Larger Catechism, and formed on the general model of the Consensus Creed prepared by the Assembly of 1892, or the Articles of Faith of the Presbyterian Church of England, both of which documents are appended to the committee's Report and submitted to the Assembly, to be referred to the committee that may be appointed.

"This summary is not to be a substitute for the Confession, and it is not to affect the terms of subscription, but to vindicate and clear the doctrine of the Church from all false aspersions and misconceptions, to give a better understanding of what is most surely believed among us, and is in no sense to impair, but rather to manifest and maintain the integrity of the Reformed Faith.

"(c) We further recommend that this committee be instructed to prepare amendments to Chapter III; Chapter X; Section iii; Chapter XVI, Section vii; Chapter XXII, Section iii; and Chapter XXV, Section vi, of our Confession of Faith, either by modification of the text or by Declaratory Statement, so as to more clearly express the mind of the Church, with additional statements

concerning the love of God for all men, missions and the Holy Spirit. It being understood that this revision shall in no way impair the integrity of the system of doctrine set forth in our Confession, and taught in the Holy Scripture."

The inconsistency of the Report is noticed by the Presbyterian *Interior*. "In regard to the work of revision," it remarks, "it is provided that it shall in no wise impair the confessional system. And yet section C proposes to dispose of no less than four confessional propositions, one of which lies at the foundation of the system."

The views set forth in the Report were those of ex-President Harrison and Judge Harlan, of the Supreme Court, both members of the committee. A minority report signed by two members objected to the proposed introduction of a new standard of orthodoxy; and in the subsequent discussion in the Assembly, two days were spent in deliberation as to the dismissing of the whole question. An overwhelming majority, however, opposed dismissal; and, with some amendments, the Assembly agreed to the question of revision. After preliminary discussion and arrangements at Saratoga, the committee charged with the reformation of the Westminster Confession adjourned to Washington, for the first week in December. It will present its report to the Presbyterian General Assembly, which will meet in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York during the coming year.

IV.—FOR AND AGAINST.

Although a very large majority of the Assembly, and apparently a very large majority of the whole Church approve of a re-statement of the creed, there is, naturally, a conservative element amongst Presbyterians, whom the old tradition keeps steadfast against change. Some stand by the historic Confession pure and simple. They wish, with the

Philadelphia *Presbyterian*, to preserve "intact and of binding force the Westminster document," believing that they "have too grand and precious a deposit of truth to ignore or give up, too magnificent a Church to have disturbed and marred by division and strife, and too great a work to have hindered and weakened in any way."

Dr. Warfield, Professor of Theology in Princeton Seminary, gives his reasons for retaining the Confession unaltered.

Writing in the *Independent* of July 11, he says that "harmony with present Christian thought and scholarship is not with them (Conservative Presbyterians) the test of religious truth," that such thought and scholarship are now "caught in a powerful backward eddy" amidst the confounding whirl of which "all the hope of progress in Christian thought lies to-day, as it has often lain before, in the hands of the Augustinian hosts," the Westminster Confession being a rock on which Presbyterians, who "feel the burden of the world upon their shoulders and have settled it with themselves that they will not sink beneath the waves, will bear that burden safely through and carry it up the slopes beyond." To all which *The Independent* itself responds by quietly asking Dr. Warfield whether he seriously believes that angels and men are preordained to everlasting damnation without any regard being had to their own sins; or that human nature is so totally corrupt and "utterly opposed to all good and wholly inclined to do evil," that nothing but transgression can proceed from it, or finally, that the Pope of Rome is Antichrist.

The progressive Presbyterian *Interior* of Chicago, makes short work of the Conservatives. As quoted in the New York *Evening Post* (Aug 17), it expresses itself thus: "The committee is seen to be struggling over some articles of theological paleontology which were the properties of a past age, and which, however well they may have

fitted into the dramatic spectacle of that age, have long since lost all value, fitness, or practicability. They were a part of the age in which they originated and to which they belonged, and with which they should have been permitted to pass away."

V.—WHAT IT IS PROPOSED TO REVISE.

The portions of the Westminster Confession proposed for revision are : Chapter III, dealing with predestination; sec. iii of Chapter X, referring to the salvation of infants ; sec. vii of Chapter XVI, regarding the total depravity of human nature; sec. iii of Chapter XXII, concerning oaths ; and sec. vi. of Chapter XXV, conferring upon His Holiness the Pope, the style and title of Antichrist.

All of Chapter III is to be reconsidered. It asserts that the decree of God, unchangeably determining from all eternity the number to be saved or lost, is absolutely regardless of the wills and actions of his creatures ; that God "has not decreed anything because He foresaw it as future, or as that which would come to pass upon certain conditions." It is further said that Christ did not die for all but only for the elect. To make these statements more awful it is affirmed that those decrees of God are "for the manifestation of His glory," and "according to the good pleasure of His will," and "to the praise of his glorious justice," it being added, moreover, that this statement is the revealed Word of God.

Chapter III, Section iii.—"By the decree of God for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others, foreordained to everlasting death."

Section iv.—"These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed ; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

It is superfluous to state that such belief is absolutely opposed to all Christian teaching and is anathematized by the Catholic Church. If God has absolutely foreordained those that are to be saved and those to be condemned, how can there be any free-will in the matter? Or how could the Creator be defended from the most fearful injustice conceivable? Calvin, with a flagrant lack of that logic for which he is proclaimed to have been famous, answers that God is not, nevertheless, the author of sin, and that no violence is done to the will of the creature. Then, proclaiming the praise of His "high mystery of predestination," he says that thereby "men may, from the certainty of their effectual vocation, be assured of their eternal election." Who is to assure them? And if once assured, what motive would there be for avoiding sin, especially as the elect "can nether totally nor finally fall away from grace"? (Chapter XVII, Sec. ii.) As for the poor unregenerate fellows, they would naturally give themselves a loose rein.

The same atrocious contradiction of good sense as well as of theology is met in Section vii of Chapter XVI, which is proposed for amendment—"Works done by unregenerate men, although, for the matter of them, they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others : yet, because they proceed not from a heart not purified by faith ; nor are done in a right manner, according to the Word ; nor to a right end, the glory of God ; they are therefore sinful, and cannot please God, or make a man meet to receive grace from God. *And yet their neglect of them is more sinful, and displeasing unto God.*" Calvin's system abounds in logic of this kind.

Section III, which is to be revised in Chapter X, runs as follows. "Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the

Spirit, who worketh when and where and how He pleaseth. So, also, are all other elect persons, who are incapable of being outwardly called by the Ministry of the Word." Here, as we see, there is no question of Baptism, which almost all Christian bodies, by a singular consent, in all ages, believed to be the means of remitting original sin and receiving Divine adoption. This section is illustrated by the one immediately following, which even for a greater reason, ought to be amended likewise:

"Others, not elected, although they may be called by the Ministry of the Word, and may have some common operations of the spirit, yet they never truly come to Christ, and therefore cannot be saved: much less can men not professing the Christian religion be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature, and the law of that religion they do profess; and to assert and maintain that they may is very pernicious, and to be detested."

Verily and indeed, one is tempted sorely, upon reading all this, to agree with Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's opinion (in his *Memoirs*) of the gentlemen who sat in the Jerusalem Chamber, "the place in which the Westminster divines had set forth in elaborate propositions the curious form of nonsense which was Christianity to them."

VI.—THE CREED HISTORICALLY AND SOCIALLY CONSIDERED.

The historical and social reasons for retaining the Confession are not much stronger than the theological. It is a grim creed, and it has had a harsh history. This system of belief and its fruits have been as much misunderstood as they have been overlauded. A writer in the *New York Sun* (Dec. 4, 1900) presumably not a Presbyterian, has certainly not grasped the logic of Calvinism. "Granting," he writes, "its

(the Confession's) premises, the sovereignty of God and retribution, its conclusions are irresistible. The only escape from them is in denial of the personality of God and of everlasting rewards and punishments. . . . Undoubtedly that standard of faith has been of great intellectual value no less than religious value in building up vigorous minds and characters. It has been one of the great educating forces in this country from our earliest days. It has made logicians, metaphysicians and theologians of farmers, men of business and multitudes of people who received their intellectual training from no other source, and it has given to the clergy preaching its doctrines a superior intellectual quality."

We are quite prepared to give our Presbyterian fellow-Christians all the credit they deserve. We are well aware, moreover, that modern American, as well as modern Scottish, Presbyterianism is, in practice anyhow, a very different thing from the fanatical creed the followers of which in days gone by were distinguished by so relentless a spirit of persecution. The race brought up in Presbyterianism was a strong and energetic one. It had been formed, and educated, too, in the old Catholic days; for it is quite untrue that there was no system of schools in Scotland before the days of John Knox. The destructive reformer did something the same as did Edward VI. of England, or his ministers, in the establishment of grammar schools: a part of what had been plundered was given to re-establish some of the institutions which had been destroyed. There were schools attached to the religious houses all over Scotland long before Knox and his "rascal multitude," as he called them, levelled with the sod the superb religious edifices of his native land. The Westminster Confession was not the cause of educational progress, which, without it, would have gone on much more prosperously. Of course a stern creed, pro-

fessing itself to be Christian, if sternly adhered to, would give, as it did in this case, an intolerant, and, at first at least, a repulsive vigor. But it was a creed that could not last; and for which it is not hard to find a better substitute. The Scots, like their kin, the Irish, take naturally to theology and metaphysics. The American Presbyterians, descended from these, had money and social position. Those two facts had more to do with Presbyterian formation than the Westminster Confession had.

Of the historical character of early Scottish Presbyterianism there is no doubt amongst impartial historians. But it is not always so amongst those who have succeeded to its spiritual inheritance. They, probably with great sincerity, take their ideals and aspirations for facts; and what they would wish, or what they believe, their system to be, for what it actually is and has been. There is no prejudice in saying that Mr. Andrew Lang's judgment as to Reformation history is quite correct. He says of it in his *History of Scotland* "This is not a topic on which it is easy to be impartial. Protestant historians have seldom handled it with impartiality; and their suppressions, glosses, and want of historical balance naturally turn into opposition the judgment of a modern reader."

One of the latest acknowledgements in this matter is that of the *Athenæum*, (April 27) in its review and condemnation of Mr. MacPherson's *History of the Church in Scotland*. It says: "If the modern reader does not know what a persecuting Kirk his own was, how violently opposed to freedom of conscience, he cannot understand what slender reason she had to complain when her own turn of being persecuted came around, and how little in spirit she was improved by experience." "The general reader cannot, we think, understand the Kirk's idea of its relation to the magistrate; its power of inflicting civil ruin by excommunication;

its theory of the interpretation of Scripture; its ability to persecute and its pleasure in persecution; its dealings with witchcraft; its espionage on private life; and the singular and unhesitating pretensions of the preachers (or some of them) to inspiration, to prophecy, to the healing of diseases, and other supernormal gifts. Without a distinct understanding of all this, and of the sufferings of the Catholics under all this, the modern Presbyterian knows nothing of the Kirk, when she was terrible as an army with banners."

Few modern Presbyterians know how utterly untrue it is to say that Scotland accepted the so-called Reformation willingly, or the utterly discreditable and savage story of its imposition on the people. Knox's whole preaching was a violent incitement to insurrection; he goaded, directed, or followed his "rascal multitude;" he openly gloried in the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and advocated habitually the slaughter of those who opposed his gospel. His insolence and brutality, even to his sovereign, are denied by no one acquainted with his history. Yet he was insolent and brutal only when he was safe in being so. When there was lack of support, he retired out of danger. Inflamed by his declamations against idolatry, the rabble—not the people—sacked and demolished the superb monasteries and churches of Scotland. It was a regular crusade, the savage procession, after hearing a prayer from Knox, going from one county into another; until, finally, "every church in the Kingdom became the scene of devastation and sacrilege."

Yet Knox would have been utterly incapable of succeeding without the knot of conscienceless nobles who used him as a tool, and who thought as little, or less, of him and his ministers—mostly apostate priests or men of very low degree—as they did of the Catholic clergy. And not even the reforming part of the nobles could have succeeded

without the aid of the English sovereigns, in whose pay they were and to whom they were quite ready to betray their country. The English Protestant rulers were determined to force Protestantism on Scotland, and for this they sent military expeditions repeatedly into that unhappy country, anything more melancholy than the state of which in those days it is difficult to conceive.

The Scots were staunchly and confidently Catholic up to the very eve of their so-called Reformation. Their king, James V, much evil as he had done by intruding his illegitimate sons as bishops and abbots into the principal Sees and Monasteries of Scotland, resisted all solicitations to abandon the ancient faith. After violence, treason, and foreign intrigue had wrought a change in religion, the people long retained traces of Catholicity, and the rule of the Kirk was anything but peaceful. The unprejudiced historians will readily accept the following judgment of a late writer, as to how the Scottish Reformation came about: "The change from Catholicity to Protestantism was not immediately effected, for it was the work of years; but the Reformers and their supporters by their high-handed measures made sure of the ultimate success of their cause. When the rites of religion had been proscribed by law, monasteries cast down and their property confiscated and heretical teachers thrust into the places of the orthodox clergy, the nation was rendered powerless to resist the total overthrow of the Church."

The social character of early Scottish Calvinism was gloomy and grim. Dr. Johnson's impression during his *Journey in the Western Islands of Scotland*, in 1773, was that "the malignant influence of Calvinism has blasted ceremony and decency together; and if the remembrance of Papal superstition is obliterated, the monuments of Papal piety are likewise effaced." While a writer under the name of Fiona Macleod,

in the *Nineteenth Century*, (Nov. 1900), has this to say even about our own times: "I do not think that any one who has not lived intimately in the Highlands, can realize the extent to which the blight of Calvinism has fallen upon the people, clouding the spirit, stultifying the mind, taking away all joyousness and light-hearted gaiety, laying a ban upon music even, making laughter as rare as a clansman's lord, causing a sad gloom as common as a ruined croft."

VII.—THE EXPECTED REVISION.

It is the general expectation, and apparently of Presbyterians also, that the next General Assembly will modify the official creed as expressed in the Westminster Confession. How definite the modification will be, or how extensive, it is as yet impossible to say.

One great difficulty in the way of any positive statement of Protestant belief just now is pointed out by the *New York Sun* (Sept. 3). Protestant symbols of belief are ostensibly based on the authenticity of the Bible, now "denied," the *Sun* adds, "by Presbyterian theologians themselves; and the distrust of the Bible, which even theological seminaries established to teach and defend the confessional faith spread abroad, is a disease that will not yield to any merely superficial treatment." How can Protestants be any longer sure of the Bible? How can they, in any case, be sure of their translation of it, and still less of the meaning they take out of it, even if sure of what books go to make up its canon? How can they in any case make an act of supernatural *faith* in any statement of the Bible, if they have no *infallible* authority to assure them that the book in their hands is substantially the Word of God? Will it not grow more apparent day by day—appallingly apparent amongst the rank and file of Protestant people—that their religious views are merely matters of *opinion*?

Whether there shall be an official revision of the Westminster Confession in the next Presbyterian General Assembly or not, there is already a popular one. It has been officially decided that there should be an amended creed, and this decision has followed the conviction and consent of the majority of Presbyterian believers. The people have outgrown the harsh formulary of a bygone age. As a recent writer expresses it "their lines and bounds of spiritual affinity have become less distinct through greater freedom of intercourse and exchange with other Christians. They are still by force of heredity more interested in doctrinal questions than their fellow-Protestants, but in a different way from their fathers; the thoughts of À Kempis and Pascal, Keble and Newman, Robertson and Kingsley lie side by side with the tenets of their vernacular Calvinism."

Why should they not revise their formularies of belief, if these contain what is untrue and unjust, not only to other Christian organizations, but even to the Creator himself? This is precisely what is recognized by their best men—men not at all indifferent in matters of religion, but who have changed "from the Calvinism of Calvin to the Gospel of Christ."

It is entirely idle to say that the Presbyterian Church needs "the strong food of the Westminster Confession," or that "the reason for its further existence will be lost." It cannot need what is untrue and long since practically unbelieved. The church will continue to exist for quite as good reasons as any other Protestant organization can show; and for immensely better reasons than many of them can show. It has maintained a high standard of education and produced many clergymen of altogether

superior culture. Its teachers have been leaders in philosophical, theological and scriptural research, and have done excellent work on the safe, conservative side of religious investigation. The revision of the Westminster Confession cannot have any other effect than to increase the usefulness of the Presbyterian body.

Not only should there be revision, but there should be more of it. We have already referred to section iv of Chapter X, in which it is affirmed that the non-elect, "although called by the Ministry of the Word . . . cannot be saved," and, "much less can men not professing the Christian religion be saved in any other way whatsoever." Let us take Chapter XVI, on good works. There we are told that there are no good works but such as are *commanded* by God in Scripture; and that our best works, even so commanded, cannot merit pardon from God, nor eternal life; that in fact they cannot profit us, nor satisfy for our sins, but that "as they are wrought by us, are defiled . . . and cannot endure the severity of God's judgment."

After the more palpable mistakes of the Confession are amended, Presbyterians will still have to ask themselves whether they are, or can be, quite sure of the remainder; for instance, of the strange doctrine of the Sacraments, so utterly contradictory of all traditional Christian belief; or of the theory that the Redeemer of men made no Church at all to testify to His true doctrine and hand down His true Sacraments; but that varying forms of Christianity constitute the visible Church, *the purest of them under heaven being subject both to mixture and error*. Is it possible that the founder of the Church provided so badly for its continuance and efficiency?

MARIA-LAACH.

By Ellis Schreiber.

THE *Laacher See*, and the venerable buildings on its banks, are unquestionably one of the principal points of interest in the beautiful Rhineland. It is a lake situated not far from the old, picturesque town of Andernach, distant about eight miles in a westerly direction from the Rhine itself, and approached through the valley of Brohl, by a rough and winding road, leading between huge rocks of basalt and lava, which tell of volcanic disturbances in bygone times, but are now to a great extent clothed with luxuriant foliage. The ascent is gradual; at length the traveller passes through a thick wood skirting the west side of the lake, from which when he emerges a scene of singular and striking beauty opens upon his astonished view. Before him in a natural basin, the crater of an extinct volcano, lies a vast lake surrounded by thickly wooded hills; its calm, clear waters impress the beholder with a strange sense of mystery; a solemn but not oppressive silence pervades this romantic and enchanted spot. On the southwest side of the lake stands the ancient Abbey of Maria-Laach, a Benedictine monastery of no slight importance in olden times, renowned for the learning and piety of its inmates. Devastated by the invading army at the period of the French Revolution, and long left empty and desolate, this once illustrious Abbey has been again brought into prominence through the favor and gracious protection extended to it of late by the German Emperor, who in 1893 permitted the Sons of St. Benedict to return to their former home. The recent events connected with Maria-Laach, the visits paid to the Abbey by the Emperor William, the kind words he addressed to the Abbot and the gifts he presented

to him, have already been chronicled in the pages of the MESSENGER; perhaps a glance at the early history of the foundation and a brief account of the vicissitudes through which it has passed, may not be unwelcome to the reader.

On a commanding eminence on the south shore of the lake stood in former times a castle belonging to the Count Palatine Henry II, who also owned a large portion of the adjacent territory and added to his other titles that of *dominus de lacu*, lord of the lake. There, in the latter half of the eleventh century, he resided with Adelaide his wife, a lady of high lineage. God did not vouchsafe to bless the union of this pious couple with children; they therefore resolved to execute what had been with both a long cherished wish, and devote a considerable part of their wealth to the erection of a monastic house to the glory of God and for their own eternal salvation, besides a church that should be dedicated to Our Blessed Lady and St. Nicholas. The choice of a suitable site for this purpose was long a matter of difficulty; at length in the year 1093, the spot to be selected was pointed out to them by superhuman agency. One night when the Count and Countess stood together on one of the castle towers, gazing out upon the tranquil waters of the lake and the dark forest-clad heights beyond, discussing the vexed question, they beheld the whole landscape suddenly lighted up with a strange, unearthly radiance proceeding from an extensive and comparatively level space on the west side of the lake. This sign which they accepted as an indication of the divine will, put an end to all hesitation; preparations were immediately made for the erection of the projected buildings, the foundation stone being laid on the

precise spot where the supernatural light had appeared. The Count gave lands in the neighboring country as an endowment to the Convent, and he himself drew up the charter and title-deeds. The secular jurisdiction he retained in his own hands for his lifetime; after his death the monks were at liberty to choose whom they listed to fill the office of guardian or lay-superior, provided the regulations of the Founder were strictly adhered to.

Two years later Count Henry II departed this life, and was laid to rest, according to his wish, within the precincts of the cloister, whose walls were just rising from the ground; later on, when the church was built, his remains were transferred to the sacred structure itself. He bequeathed his estates to his adopted son, Siegfried, the offspring of his noble spouse by a former marriage, on the condition that as his heir, he should continue and carry to completion the work he had commenced. But the new lord, young and heedless, neglected this duty and the building was at a standstill, until while returning from the Holy Land, he was overtaken by a storm at sea, and in a moment of extreme peril made a vow that if he reached land in safety, he would redeem the past, and duly fulfil the obligation resting on him. This he did, and yet more, for he caused the old castle of the Count Palatine by the lake to be razed to the ground, less through its proximity to the monastery, the clash of arms, the hunter's horn, or the echo of boisterous mirth might disturb the peace and quiet of the monks. The work was carried on vigorously but Siegfried did not live to see the completion or the peopling of the Abbey by Benedictine monks from the monastery of Affligem in Belgium, of the Clunial reformed observance. So excellent was the spirit that prevailed at Affligem, so high the standard of sanctity, so perfect the discipline maintained within its walls, that St. Bernard, after visiting it,

declared that he had found angels there, not men. *Ubique invenis homines, hic vero angelos.* It was on his visit to that house that a miraculous incident recorded in the life of the Saint took place. He is said to have paused before a stone statue of Our Lady, addressing to her the reverent salutation: *Ave Maria*; thereupon the image was seen to return his greeting; bowing her head whilst in the hearing of all who were present, she uttered the words: *Salve Bernarde.*

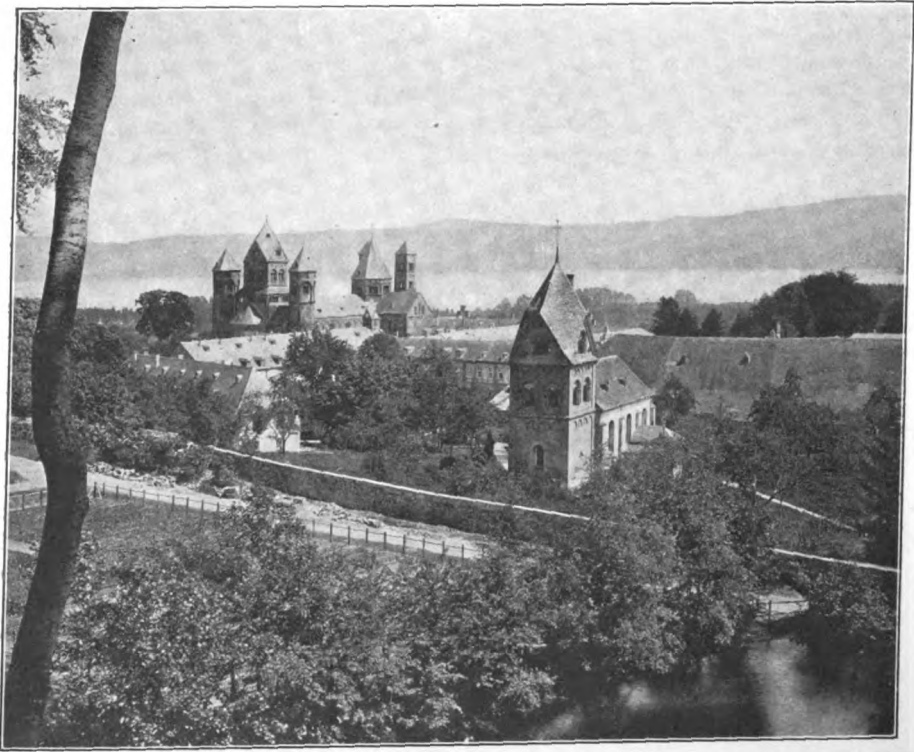
Thus the body of monks who came to Laach were well trained in the monastic rule, and they sustained the reputation enjoyed by the mother-house. At the outset they were subject to the abbot of Affligem, who ruled both houses, being represented at Laach by a prior; but in 1127 the community was rendered independent, the right of choosing their own abbot having been granted to the monks.

On the death of the abbot, who styled himself Abbot of Laach and Lord of Kruft, Bendorf and Ebernach, a successor had to be appointed within the space of six weeks and three days. The name of the individual elected was submitted to the Bishop of Cologne for his episcopal confirmation, previous to the abbot-elect being presented to the Bishop of Treves, to receive consecration at his hands. To the abbot alone belonged the right of inflicting punishment on his subjects; the greatest punishment was lesser excommunication, the next in degree, interdict or suspension; even minor penances such as sitting on the floor during meals, fasting or abstaining from wine, etc., could be imposed by no inferior authority. The other office-bearers were the prior, the novice-master, the cellarius, that is minister or procurator, who superintended the commissariat and kept the books; the sacristan, who to the duty of providing all that was required for divine worship added that of almoner; and the hospitalarius or guest-

master. The Abbey of Laach was famed for the hospitality extended to strangers ; every traveller whoever he might be, met with a kind reception and was well cared for ; no slight boon in the days when inns and hostelries were few and far between. Cæsar of Heirterbach devotes a whole chapter of his annals to descanting on the hospitality of the monks of Laach ; he tells how the welcome given to a stranger

order prevailed and the precept of charity was well observed.

At first the number of monks was not to exceed thirty, later on four more were added to the number on account of the advanced age of some of the community precluding them from taking their part in the choir. No monk was allowed to go out alone, or to leave the precincts of the abbey without having obtained the permission of the abbot or prior.



MARIA-LAACH.

was once—and perhaps more than once—the means of bringing a large property into their possession. A Saxon gentleman, who had been entertained for several days at Laach, on being, shortly after his return home, asked by a wealthy friend to what religious house he should bequeath his money for the benefit of his soul, answered that it could not be better bestowed than on the community at the Laacher See, where, he knew by experience, that good

In the refectory the abbot was served apart, but covers were frequently laid at his table for some of the older monks whom he invited to dine with him, or for guests who happened to be there. Meat was allowed on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays ; for the other days the lake afforded an abundant supply of excellent fish. The menu arranged for each day in the week has been preserved in the archives ; judging by it, the fare was plentiful and appetizing.

On Sundays and holidays cakes and fruit were added. Portions were allowed to each monk. The quantity of wine given by the rule was a quart to each man, but this regulation was departed from as time went on ; every monk had two silver cups, a larger one at dinner, a smaller one at collation, and these were filled at the discretion of the individual.

In the Middle Ages the monks of Laach upheld the ancient tradition of their Order, and rendered good service in the cause of learning, of science and art. Diligent and careful scribes copied valuable MSS. whilst others adorned their pages with illuminations of elaborate design and perfect execution ; some pursued the study of theology, of philosophy, of astronomy, while the less erudite carried on manual labor, such as wood-carving and metal-work. But prayer formed the chief occupation of the monks ; seven times a day they assembled in the choir to recite the canonical hours, beginning at midnight. Nor was the contemplative life preserved by them to the neglect of the active life ; the pastoral care of all the surrounding districts was entrusted to them, and the duties it involved were performed with unsparing ardor and zeal. Pilgrims from far and near flocked to the abbey, especially at the great festivals, to assist at the solemn ceremonies and approach the holy sacraments. The names of several preachers, eloquent and persuasive orators, who were trained at Laach, are recorded in the ecclesiastical annals of the diocese. Provision was also made for the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of the people, the sick as well as the sinful were sought out and assisted ; from the first the monks had a hospital, in which not only the sick, but the aged and infirm poor also were tended with compassionate charity and no slight medical skill.

Few monasteries can boast such a succession of excellent and able rulers

as the Abbey of Laach. With scarcely any exceptions the abbots were men of learning and virtue, capable administrators distinguished for their piety, wisdom and firmness. The latter quality was by no means unneeded, for the abbot was frequently brought into collision with the secular superior, and had to struggle hard to defend the interests and privileges of the abbey, to maintain its independence, to resist encroachments on its rights, to prevent the alienation of its property. Troubles also arose within requiring prudence and firmness on the part of the ruler. In the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries discipline had become relaxed in most of the older monasteries ; the pristine fervor and exact observance of the rule had died out, the true monastic spirit, the spirit of asceticism, the spirit of devotion seemed at a low ebb. This was due in a great measure to the increased wealth of the conventual institutions ; gifts of money from pious benefactors, bequests of land served to fill their coffers, and with riches, laxity and love of ease, their invariable accompaniment, crept in, fatal as they are to religious simplicity and piety, fatal to high aspirations and to sanctity of life. The community at Laach, which had begun in poverty and thrift shared the same fate ; the augmentation of their revenues brought with it relaxation of discipline and general deterioration ensued. The sandals worn at first, were, we are told, superseded by shoes and stockings, a certain elegance of attire was even introduced, and the monks when walking out, carried a fashionable cane with a silver knob. The hair, too, was worn thick and long, the shaven crown, which left only a narrow fringe of hair round the head, having gradually dwindled to the size of the tonsure distinguishing the ordinary ecclesiastic. And when an attempt at reform was made rebellion broke out ; some monks quitted the convent, others offered a determined

resistance to the restoration of the former discipline. In vain did the Archbishop of Treves exert his authority, which was seconded by that of the abbot to introduce a better state of things; at length eight monks from Cologne were sent to Laach to restore the strict observance. They only met with obstinate opposition on the part of the anti-reform party, and after six months were actually driven out of the abbey. The fugitives appealed to the Holy See, and Pope Sixtus IV issued a mandate commanding the contumacious monks to submit. But not until armed force was employed to expel them from the monastery could order be restored within its walls, and the Benedictine rule in its pristine perfection be kept as heretofore.

Although impoverished by the exactions of the civil powers at the period of the thirty years' war, yet towards the close of the eighteenth century Maria-Laach was reckoned among the richest monasteries in Germany, and wealth, the bane of the religious life, was again producing its evil effects. Moreover, the spirit of insubordination and craving for liberty then rife in Europe penetrated to some extent even into the sacred seclusion of the cloister. In 1794 the French army overran the Rhineland, and the last abbot but one had to submit to grievous exactions and acts of oppression on the part of the invaders. He died in 1802, his last hours being embittered by the ruin which he foresaw was about to overtake the venerable abbey. Before his successor could enter upon the duties of his office, a decree was issued by the national convention in Paris to the effect that in all the lands conquered by the French the religious houses were to be secularized and their property confiscated. Consequently the abbey of Laach was suppressed, the monks scattered, their treasures carried away and the House which had been their home for seven centuries left standing desolate

and deserted. It speaks well for the state of the community at the time of their dispersion that the fathers were appointed to benefices and canonries in the dioceses of Treves and Cologne or to the charge of parishes where they exercised their ministerial functions with zeal and success. It is a singular circumstance that the tablet on which the names of the abbots were in turn inscribed was exactly large enough to contain the names, forty in all, of those who had filled that dignity up to the time of the expulsion of the monks.

The special protection which our Blessed Lady doubtless extended over the abbey raised in her honor, and in addition its lovely and sequestered situation, preserved the monastic buildings and the Church from total destruction. On peace being restored the whole domain passed into the possession of the Prussian government, and when, at a subsequent period, it was purchased by the Count von Schaesberg, the church and the surrounding woods were retained as the property of the state. The church, which was erected somewhat later than the monastery, is considered to be one of the finest specimens of early Norman architecture in Germany, many and magnificent as they are. Detached on all sides except the south, where it joins the convent, it stands in simple grandeur on the shores of the lake, the long nave and six stately towers owing perhaps something of their impressive dignity to the natural majesty of the surrounding scenery, to the romance and poetry wafted on every breeze that ruffles the still surface of the lake or whispers among the spreading oaks of the primeval forest. The ground plan is that of a Roman basilica; the structure is perfect in every detail; the pillared porch in front of the principal entrance, resembling miniature cloisters, forms a remarkable feature of the building—it encloses a small garden. The interior of the church was originally

richly decorated ; the windows were filled in with stained glass, and traces of encaustic tiles and fresco paintings executed by celebrated masters, representing various saints, are still to be seen on its walls. All this ornamentation disappeared when the revolutionary storm burst over the Rhineland. The whole interior of the building was covered with a thick coating of whitewash ; the numerous altars in choir and nave, the side chapels, one of which was set apart for the pilgrims, were swept away, the statues of saints, the venerable monuments of departed benefactors, the sculptured effigies of noble knights and pious ladies were mutilated and overthrown. The tomb of the founder alone escaped destruction ; it yet stands in its original place, sole relic of past glory. The recumbent figure of Henry II, painted and gilded, arrayed in a long mantle and princely biretta, reposes beneath a canopy of openwork twenty-one feet high, supported by six slender columns. One hand holds the model of a church (not, however, that of the abbey), the other rests upon his breast. The feet are supported one by a lion the other by a falcon. Laach formerly boasted life-sized figures of the twelve apostles, carved in marble ; the high-altar, a fine work of art, as well as the pulpit, were removed ; they are now in the church of Andernach. The bells, twenty-five in number, were melted down to be recast as cannon for Napoleon's army.

Maria-Laach, purchased by the Graf von Schaesberg in 1820, passed in 1863 from his possession into that of the Jesuits, who established a novitiate there and a House of writers. A second period of literary activity then commenced for the ancient abbey ; not one as in former times of slow and steady development, but one of brilliant achievements in the cause of the Catholic faith. Scholastics, philosophers and theologians of high repute made their home there ; students who were to distinguish

themselves as orators or writers, to make their mark in the domain of science, sacred or profane, were trained there ; while zealous Fathers went forth in all directions to preach missions, or lighten the labors of the secular clergy. The periodical, *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* took its rise there, and as the work of the best writers, the organ of the Society of Jesus, did good work in promoting the cause of faith and morals. These "voices" (*Stimmen*) were not silenced when in 1873 the Jesuits were banished from Germany. Maria-Laach was again left desolate, yet the Society of Jesus did not relinquish the ownership of the property ; it was held for them in the name of a benefactor, in the hope that better times might enable them to return and resume possession of the deserted abbey. However, as the years went on, there seemed little prospect that this hope would be fulfilled, and in 1892 the Benedictine monks of the Beuron Congregation acquired by purchase proprietorship of the domain and the conventual buildings. In the following year the beautiful church, which during ninety years of disuse was kept in good repair by the Prussian government, whereof it still remains the inalienable property, was again opened for divine worship, permission to make use of it having been graciously granted to the monks by his Imperial Majesty William II.

On Easterday of that same year a solemn festival was held, and in the presence of distinguished ecclesiastics and a large gathering of the laity, the Holy Sacrifice was once more offered in the venerable sanctuary, and our divine Lord once more took up His abode in the shrine from which He had been so long banished. Now the monastic chant again resounds within the time-honored walls, incense ascends to the vaulted roof, and a peal of bells awakens the echoes of the surroundings hills.

On the fifteenth of August, 1893, the Feast of the Assumption, the eighth

centenary of the foundation of the abbey was celebrated with a grand ceremony, and the community was given an independent existence, no longer subject to the Abbot of Beuron. It numbered at that time from one hundred to one hundred and twenty members, including novices, lay-brothers and a few

church is being carried forward zealously, a committee having been formed of clergy and laymen with the object of collecting funds to redecorate it in a manner worthy of Catholic worship, and corresponding at least in some measure to the simple grandeur of the exterior, in the style of olden times. It



THE CHURCH.

servants, in itself a little colony in which the monastic life is revived in its ancient spirit. Where, indeed, could so fitting a spot be chosen for the abode of those whose motto is *Pax*, than that tranquil and secluded solitude, far removed from the turmoil of the busy world and the frivolities of modern life.

The restoration of the interior of the

will be remembered that the Emperor himself has been the munificent donor of a splendid high altar, and has several times visited the Abbey of Maria-Laach, and assured the monks that his imperial favor will always be extended over their ancient and illustrious Order,

Ut in omnibus glorificetur Deus.



COAST VIEW.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION IN BARBADOS.

By the Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.

FROM 1605 Barbados has always belonged to England. Before this both Spaniards and Portuguese had touched at it, but its name, Las Barbadas, is the only trace they left of their visits.

The first settlers were privateers. It was not till 1628 that it was occupied under royal charter, Charles the First granting it in that year to the Earl of Carlisle.

During the Civil War many cavaliers are said to have sought refuge in Barbados from the turmoil at home, and this perhaps accounts in part for the island being so thoroughly royalist in sentiment. It was forced, however, to submit to the Protectorate; but at the Restoration the King's authority was once more gladly acknowledged.

All through the French wars it continued remarkable for loyalty and fitted out several expeditions at its own cost.

Lying within the hurricane limits, Barbados has from time to time suffered

severely. In 1675 a terrible hurricane destroyed the town of St. Michael's, now Bridgetown, which was then only just recovering from the calamitous fire of 1666, and in these two visitations nearly all the early records were lost. Another bad hurricane swept over the island in 1831.

The year 1812 is memorable for a strange visitation locally known as "the Dust." For twelve hours the island was in darkness, while a steady down-pour of fine ashes covered the ground to a depth of an inch and a half. It afterwards appeared that this was due to an eruption of Mount Souffrière in the neighboring island of St. Vincent. At the time, of course, it inspired great terrors, the panic-stricken people expecting every moment to hear the blast of the Last Trumpet; and for three generations afterwards the old folk, when asked their age, would reckon from "the Dust."

Barbados is the chief health resort of

the West Indies. Its soil, being mainly of coral formation, is remarkably dry ; consequently there is no malaria, and for seven months of the year centring round Christmas the climate is one of the best in the world. A gentleman of my acquaintance from the United States, who cannot stand a northern winter, after going all over the world in search of a good climate, has fixed upon this as the best and has come here regularly for the last fourteen years. If not

As to religion, it is, as it always has been, Protestant to the very core.

A law was passed in 1650 prohibiting any form of worship but that established in England by Queen Elizabeth.

From its first settlement it was divided into parishes and substantial stone churches were built in each after the model of the country churches in the motherland ; and, as the rough coral stone soon gathers moss, these now look quite venerable.



CATHOLIC CHURCH, BARBADOS, DRAPED FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

notably healthy, how could an island of one hundred and sixty-six square miles support a population of nigh 200,000, a good deal more than a thousand to the square mile ?

In general appearance it is not unlike the Isle of Wight—hills of moderate height, sugar fields looking from a distance as if they were wheat, a coast in many parts rocky and picturesque and a lovely sea of everlasting blue.

Anglicans are fond of talking of their "dear old Church of England," as though it stood grey and solemn in the hallowed light of a dim antiquity. Here, in Barbados, you see it at its best, with buildings actually two hundred years old ! Froude was quite overawed at the hoary age of these venerable shrines of Protestantism.

"There were the old-fashioned seats, the old unadorned communion table, the old pulpit and reading-desk and

The Catholic Mission in Barbados.

1010



GRAND BEACH.

the clerk's desk below, with the lion and the unicorn conspicuous above the chancel arch. . . .

"These Barbadian churches, old as they might seem, had always belonged to the Anglican Communion. No Mass had ever been said at that altar." ("The English in the West Indies," p. 114.)

It must not be supposed, however, that the movement towards the Church

of our Fathers which is so marked a feature of the age we live in has not been felt in Barbados. High Church ideas and practices are busy amongst us, turning, we may hope, "the hearts of the fathers unto the children and the incredulous to the wisdom of the just, to prepare unto the Lord a perfect people."

Yet it is sadly true that no Mass had ever been said in Barbados till 1839, when the Rev. W. Rogers

was sent by the Bishop of Trinidad to minister to the small body of Catholic residents.

In 1840 the foundation stone of St. Patrick's Church was laid, but the church was not completed till 1849. In the following year the Mission was attached to the Vicariate of British Guiana and when, in 1858, that Vicariate was entrusted to the English Province of the Society of Jesus, Father Seagrave was appointed to Barbados.

Barbados is a military station and vessels of the Royal Navy are often in port, giving the priest employment and adding, though somewhat spasmodically, to the funds of his church.

On Trinity Sunday, 1897, in the middle of the night, the Church of St. Patrick was destroyed by fire. There is no doubt that this fire was not an accidental one. A petty sect, which shall be nameless, was credited with the act at the time. A large hole was found burnt in the floor of the sacristy, at the opposite end to the presbytery, and of this there was only one possible explanation.

Previous to this a convent had been built alongside of the church. The first nuns to inhabit it were Sisters of Mercy; but they were soon afterwards invited to found a convent of their order in Georgetown, British Guiana, and their places were taken by Ursuline Sisters



ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

from the old established house in that city.

The convent schools are now in a very flourishing condition, the pressing need of the Mission being a high school for boys, which it is hoped may soon be started.

The interior of the old church was very pretty and its loss was a great grief to the Catholics; but out of evil has come a great good, for the calamity evoked so much sympathy on all sides that the church was rebuilt in two years and on a much grander scale than before.

The insurance recovered was very small; but immediately after the fire presents of vestments and other church ornaments began to pour in from Martinique and other places in the West Indies, and money followed in a continuous stream. Two hundred pounds were granted by the government, two brothers, who many years ago had been connected with Barbados, sent £200 each, the richer resident Catholics contributed handsomely and nearly every one English clergymen and even Jews, gave their contribution.

The result of all this is a beautiful Gothic church with massive stone columns and walls two feet thick which can laugh at a hurricane, has nothing combustible in it but roof, flooring and benches, and will soon be protected by lightning conductors against the tropical storms which are often severe enough.



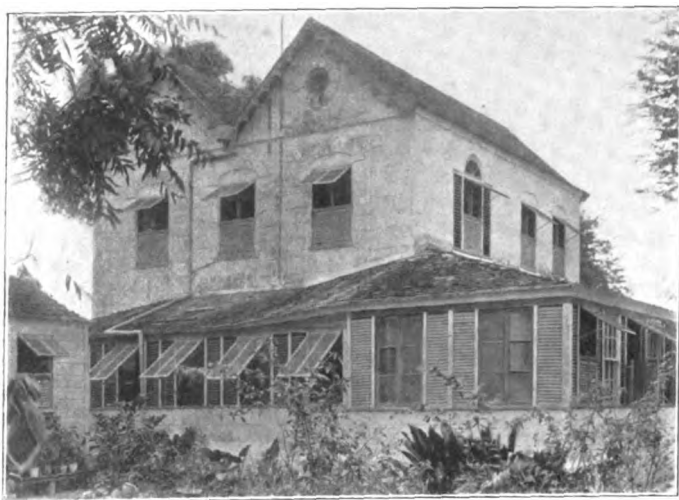
QUAMMINS.

One thing which makes Barbados specially interesting to Catholics is the fact that a large number of the inhabitants — “red-legs” or “poor white people” as they are called—are descended from Catholic ancestors deported from Ireland under the benign rule of Oliver Cromwell, or from Scotland after the risings of 1715 and 1745; but most of them bear not Scotch but Irish names; Gills and Murphies being specially numerous.

They are very poor and ignorant and have entirely lost the faith; yet one would think it should not be very difficult to bring them back to it if they could be made to understand how they came to lose it. Thousands—perhaps



ST. PATRICK'S BOYS' SCHOOL.



URSULINE CONVENT, BARBADOS.

hundreds of thousands of Irish were shipped as slaves to the West Indies, and among them hundreds of priests.

There is an old bridge spanning the small river that runs into the sea at Bridgetown which has always gone by the name of the "Priests' Bridge," the story being that these Irish priests were employed to build it, and when it was finished were thrown over the parapet into the water. Special orders were

and I think elsewhere, they have kept the old clannish spirit and do not intermarry with other races.

Father Denis Murphy, S.J., has written some very interesting articles on these Irish exiles, if I mistake not, in the *Irish Monthly*; but I have not yet been able to get them. As soon as another Father comes to assist me in Barbados I intend to make an excursion into Scot-

land, as that part of the island is called where these "poor white people" live; meantime I am exploring the records in the hope of throwing some further light on this dark page of history.

I am sure the many Irish who read these lines will join in praying that something may be done for these poor victims of Puritan tyranny.



CHAPEL, URSULINE CONVENT.

DISOWNED.

By the Rev. A. Belanger, S.J.

VII.

USEFULNESS OF RELIGIOUS.—APOSTOLIC MINISTRY AND TEACHING.

WHAT are religious good for? This is a question often put to themselves by people who are unfamiliar with Church matters and the needs of the Christian life.

The inquiry has been answered many times in the course of this work. Taine, in his skilful way, has ably sketched a composite picture, incomplete, to be sure, yet powerful and true, which Mgr. Bourret with his great authority and unexceptionable experience has most deftly worked up; while even Protestants have imparted to it beautifying touches by expressing their admiration and envy. Nevertheless, we must now give a more detailed account of the numberless services rendered to the country by religious, and we will divide the vast subject into three parts: charitable works; missions and their patriotic influence; teaching and the apostolic ministry in France. Let us begin with the last heading.

However, once again, allow me to observe that I am not addressing sectarians whose minds are so saturated with materialism as to be incapable of understanding why others should require an ideal to which they are so insensible. I am speaking to honest men, true adherents of liberty, men who, if they have unfortunately but a few extremely vague religious aspirations, nevertheless admit that others have more positive convictions and willingly allow them the means of conforming thereunto their lives and the education of their children. That such men may tolerate religious, it suffices to tell them that the latter render inestimable services to those of their fellow-citizens who practise the Catholic religion.

Can the secular clergy alone accomplish everything? No. First of all, in some cities their duties are simply overwhelming. Take, for instance, a certain Parisian parish consisting of 70 or 80,000 souls, with ten or eleven priests to attend to their spiritual wants. They must hear the confessions of those who present themselves, baptize children, bury the dead, perform marriage ceremonies, give catechism instructions, preach, visit the sick and administer the last sacraments. Were only a quarter of the population fervent and practical, it would be impossible to satisfy their demands. Hence, the first way in which a religious priest makes himself useful is by relieving the secular clergy.

And here is another. While carrying such a burden, the seculars have but little time to devote to preaching, which demands long preparation, a life of study and days of uninterrupted quiet.

There must, therefore, be professional preachers and these are furnished in large numbers by Religious Orders. Their rule of life provides time for the long preparation required, and the absence of such obstacles as are inseparable from regular parish ministry, insures leisure favorable to the development of oratorical talent.

The sermons given during Lent and Advent and on certain feasts, are not sufficient to keep the faithful in the fullness of spiritual health. Just as the body needs an occasional change as, for instance, a stay at the seaside, a sojourn in the mountains or an excursion into the country, so it is with the soul. It sometimes languishes in the too terrestrial atmosphere of material interests:

routine nauseates it; it needs to contemplate the broad expanse of eternal truth and inhale the vivifying air that comes straight from heaven. Hence the reason for having retreats and missions which have the effect of toning up and invigorating the Christian and causing the blood of the supernatural life to circulate more freely through his heart. And, to direct these retreats and missions, men are required who have been trained by long preparation for this sublime but difficult work. To be sure, the saints have traced great luminous paths from the abyss of vice to the radiant summits of sanctity, but experienced guides are needed to conduct thither Christian souls. Without this experience the divine therapeutics of the mission would languish in vagueness or lose itself in the impossible. This special work requires special workmen who are nearly always religious. The Sons of St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Ignatius, St. Alphonsus, all have their own distinct method of which they have become the masters and which in their hands produces most astonishing results. Parish clergy are not, in general, thus experienced.

Besides, they are not organized. When conducting a retreat one should give a whole week to the cause, preach four or five times daily, hear confessions and devote the intervening hours to the directing of souls. Could this be reasonably expected of a priest already heavily burdened with work? Moreover, when there is question of a mission in a city, it is quite another thing. There must be twenty or thirty preachers accustomed to the trying ordeal, working uniformly and unhindered by any other occupation; their instructions, catechism lessons and ceremonies they must have long since prepared; briefly, the special effort upon which they are engaged requires a special corps of workers.

Lastly, there is another advantage in summoning these unfamiliar missionar-

ies, who come, uplift fallen souls by relieving them of the oppressive secret of their faults, and then depart leaving their penitents comforted with the thought of having remained unknown to them. How many necessary accusations, withheld till then through shame, are poured, on such an occasion, into the ear of an unknown priest whom the sinner may never meet again. Sometimes pride deters a man from addressing himself to his parish priest; we frequently fail to appreciate even the highest virtues because of living too long in their midst, and routine often blunts the fine edge of the wisest counsels. However at time of a mission, all this disappears and, without the slightest repugnance, the penitent kneels at the feet of a venerable, grey-haired old monk, whose advice, clothed in novel form, excites his attention and, because of its intensity, operates a change within his lethargic soul. This man of God levels all barriers whether they be made up of more or less justifiable grievances, of unjust resentment, spiteful self-love or perhaps wounded interests. . . . Yes, this messenger of peace, of mercy, thanks to his exceptional position, smoothes over all roughnesses and comforts sick and aching hearts.

Such then, are the services that religious can render in the apostolic ministry. But there is another, less direct perhaps, though just as useful; the development of ecclesiastical sciences.

The Church is not stagnant, intellectually wallowing in the mire of unwholesome ignorance. The Heavenly Father's field is always watered by a double stream, that of sanctity and that, almost as necessary, of science, and a constantly flowing tide of Fathers, Doctors, Apologists, Theologians, Philosophers and Christian scholars is ever ready to irrigate all souls and intellects and to cause the truth to germinate in them.

For many centuries past, some of

which are now lost to view in the mist of ages, this beneficent stream has been mostly made up of religious.

But this is not surprising. It requires long and tedious painstaking to make scholars; it takes firm monastic discipline to compel men in full maturity and aflame with apostolic zeal, to bend over musty tomes. Well-stocked libraries, the result and marvel of the economy of centuries; traditions that will serve as a bridle to the temerity of the ardent and spiritual generations of professors and pupils, the disciple in turn becoming master and transmitting intact to his hearers the same treasures that he himself has received . . . all these are likewise necessities. Stroll about in a theological library and on the backs of the volumes you will see scarcely any but the names of religious. St. Bernard, St. Anselm, Albertus Magnus, the incomparable St. Thomas and his Dominican commentators; St. Bonaventure, Duns Scotus, the Theologians of Salamanca, Suarez, Bellarmine, Petau and St. Alphonsus Liguori, these are the great masters and they all wrote in the cloister. Then examine treatises of less archaic aspect. There are Billuart, Zigliara, Monsabré and all the Dominican school; and here, Perrone, Franzelin, Liberatore and the Jesuit school. Behold, these moral theologues are the work of Redemptorists, Jesuits and Franciscans, while these immense courses of lectures on the Sacred Scripture bear the signature of religious of every garb.

In asceticism it is the same thing and, without forgetting the teaching of Gerson or of St. Francis de Sales, we may say that monastic or regular writers have accomplished far more than others and are so numerous and well-known that, to name them, would be superfluous.

We certainly do not mean to say that the secular clergy have not produced some very admirable works. It would be a mistake to maintain such an opin-

ion in the native land of Bossuet, Frayssinous, Rohrbacher, Gorini, and Mgr. Freppel, not to mention others. In this our day, particularly, a studious ardor has taken possession of the young clergy and impelled them onward in the path of science. Excellent masters have given them the encouragement of good example and there are few more precious monuments than the words of men like Vigouroux, Lehir and Bacuez. However, you may depend upon it, in the development of ecclesiastical sciences there is reserved to religious the largest share of the work. I do not say this in praise of them. It is simply the result of a combination of facts which places them in an atmosphere especially favorable to intellectual labor. Priests who would qualify themselves for this line of work must almost absolutely abandon parish duties and practically adopt the life of regulars.

But, how many of them can do this?

Allow us to base what precedes upon the high authority of Mgr. Bourret, who says:

“The scarcity of apostolic workers is to-day greatly deplored and, though complaints are sometimes exaggerated, they nevertheless correspond to a sad reality in certain countries. The secular clergy are not sufficiently numerous to fulfil their mission and attend to the different exigencies of the ministry. Then, wherefore deprive them of useful auxiliaries who would aid them when they are overworked, confronted with obstacles or enfeebled by old age or illness? During Lent, at Easter time, on the occasion of First Communion or a Jubilee, do not these devoted supplementary workers and dispensers of God's word give opportune assistance in evangelizing souls, and is this charitable accession to the ministry to be repulsed or repudiated? Those who carry the burden of parish work do not think so, and when they find that they cannot fulfil their duties in the manner

prompted by their zeal and to the satisfaction of their conscience, they solicit the aid and pious coöperation of their charitable *confrères*."

The prelate also points out the necessity of so-called extraordinary ministrations: missions, retreats, hearing confessions and preaching, showing how much help the secular clergy derive from religious in accomplishing these eminently apostolic works.

"Therefore," he adds, "under pain of reducing the ministry of the Church to insufficiency and of depriving souls of most valuable assistance, Religious Orders must be allowed to exist and be granted a certain liberty which will be turned only to the advantage of those who give it and know how to respect it.

"Alas! we express ourselves too mildly when we affirm that religious are useful and necessary in the spiritual ministrations of the Church; rather should we say that they are indispensable. No matter how valiant the secular clergy may be, how capable some among them, nor how sincere the prevailing devotedness, there are some of their spiritual charges, who, because of weakened faith, behold in them the creature where should only be found the saint. Therefore it is that a stranger, some one from a distance, is required. A man who would never bend the knee before his parish priest would readily present himself to a monk and, without coercion, make an avowal that could not otherwise have been drawn from him. And another, whom pride and human respect would deter from appearing before a public whom he could not dare to face, would cheerfully fulfil his duty in a secluded chapel where the good God would forgive him his weakness."

And now let us come to another kind of assistance: secondary education and instruction. Later we will speak of primary instruction. There are many Catholic parents who, for some reason

or other, are obliged to confide to strangers the formation of their children's characters, but who are determined, above all things, to have them thoroughly imbued with Catholic principles and sentiments. Now, in the eyes of such parents religious are perfectly qualified to perform this task.

In order to educate a child it is necessary to have been *educated* one's self, and in the true sense of the word, that is to say, to have risen, by dint of will, above the egotism that warps and the languor that enfeebles the mind. Before preaching sacrifice it is well to have practiced it to a certain extent. But, especially, one must have learned to conquer one's self, else how control the mischievous little mimic who is ever alert to see if his master practices the lessons which he preaches.

This first element of the educative function shines forth in the religious state in which everything speaks of sacrifice: an austere, isolated life, unpretentious or undesirable clothing and an existence irrevocably consecrated to work.

There is also a second indispensable quality, one which generally emanates from the first, and it is a calm firmness—entirely devoid of capriciousness and violent impetuosity—that must be opposed to the petty, stubborn, vacillating characters which are sometimes presented for transformation.

Now, the religious life annihilates capriciousness, that implacable enemy of patience. Changes of method or direction, inequality of humor and passionate outbursts so prejudicial to education, are being constantly combatted by the religious through the obligations of his rule and the habit of self-denial acquired in the novitiate. That is why his authority is so often characterized by a firmness, moderation and gravity which influences a child without wounding him and which, at length, wins his love or, at least, his respect.

And let us add another factor: the affection, not designing and sentimental

but virile and Christian, entertained by religious for the souls of their pupils. They have renounced family ties that their hearts may be free to attach themselves with a holy ardor to those confided to their care.

Finally, what parents are sure of finding in religious is the devotedness inspired by divine love which alone can give to a teaching body the courage and constancy necessary to *efficaciously* guard and guide its children, and which alone bears with their faults, their sometimes intolerable faults, in order to correct them. Moreover, it alone waits patiently for the wings of the butterfly to emerge from the uncomely chrysalis and labors most assiduously to bring about this moral metamorphosis which is the object and ideal of all education.

"Very good," you may say, "these reflections are serious and show the utility of religious establishments. We understand perfectly why Christian parents should wish to confide their daughters to the care of religious; but, why not place their sons in colleges under the direction of secular priests?"

Once again, are the secular and regular clergy brought together to our notice. Both one and the other have shown themselves admirable in the work of teaching, but *one and the other* continue to be a necessity in their respective callings.

The number of children seeking an essentially Christian education is, in truth, immense and, unfortunately, the number of secular priests who can devote themselves to this useful mission is small. Very often their career in teaching is but transitory. Their vocation calls them to administer directly to souls, and, therefore, after a few years of professorship or surveillance, they generally ask to be assigned to parish work. On the contrary, religious regard teaching as a form of their apostolate, and many spend their lives at it though, it must be admitted, not always

for the pleasure it affords them. Obedience has the right to gently impose silence upon the religious who manifests a too great eagerness to preach, and to retain in the chair of rhetoric, or of advanced mathematics, professors who therefore come to excel in branches which, at first, were distasteful to them. Finally, perhaps regular discipline imparts to establishments conducted by religious a greater fixity of method and of purpose than is found elsewhere and is certainly not to be scorned, and which may lead some parents to prefer these institutions. At any rate, why endeavor to explain different tastes in matters of education? The fact still remains that some wish to give their children into the care of secular priests, while others choose to confide them to religious. It is all very well, provided the honest man, the true friend of liberty for all, leaves at the disposition of his Catholic fellow-citizens, these two kinds of colleges. They are rivals only for good, and the field is so vast that people can therein freely exercise their zeal, provided certain precautions be taken.

Such then is a glance at the services rendered by religious in spiritual works as well as in educational matters. We have now to contemplate, I shall not say a grander spectacle—because nothing can be more divine than the sanctification of souls—but one more touching in the eyes of a great many. We will look upon the religious as the servant of the poor man, the angel of peace beside his bed of suffering, the educator of his children and the solace and blessing of his old age.

VIII.

CONGREGANISTS THE BENEFACTORS OF THE SICK AND POOR.

Among these men and women, it is not self-love that governs the love of others, but the love of others that governs the love of self."

"Compassion was conspicuous in the

origin of the work and has since remained inseparable from it. Upon beholding misconduct, brutality and misery a few tender hearts were moved : at sight of souls or bodies in distress and threatened with shipwreck, three or four rescuers came forward."

It is thus that Taine speaks, continuing the passage before quoted and, to justify this magnificent eulogy, it would be necessary to here enumerate the thousands of forms of perpetual devotedness instituted to relieve the various kinds and degrees of suffering, and inspired by the love of God, which is the only efficacious incentive to a *persevering* love of one's neighbor. But, how make such an enumeration, much less describe, in a few lines, the thousands of charitable works each of which is worthy of a poem?

Yes ; and the poem would tell of mercy, self-abnegation and wonderful sacrifice, and its portrayal of the fearful misery in which mankind is writhing—often alas, through the fault of the victims themselves, though frequently through that of others—would call forth a sob from the reader. Children would therein be depicted as forsaken and plunged into ignorance and immorality; and the sick, both rich and poor, as sighing more through despair than because of their physical ills. Therein would also be shown poor, fallen creatures, covered with shame and whose uplifting from the abyss of contempt and scorn would seem beyond all human power. Therein, too, would be pictured abandoned old age, deprived of support, compassion and encouragement, and a prey to cheerless misery, like a faded leaf tossed about in a chill November blast. And next, gentle, sublime charity would be described as soothing the pangs of suffering, and the great voice of Christ as saying : " I have pity on the multitude."—" What you do unto the least of My little ones you do unto Me ;" precious words which have travelled down the centuries. Generous souls

have heard them and, transfigured by the love of God, made man, have entered the battlefield of life with the heroic determination of relieving the sick and wounded. They have witnessed physical and moral disasters of all kinds and have striven either to arrest or temper them. And the poem of sorrow, instead of closing with wails of despair or cries of blasphemy, would develop into a hymn of resignation and radiant hope showing that poverty, sickness, old age, and even faults, when ennobled by repentance, under the guidance of Christian charity, can become valuable aids in climbing the mount of happiness.

First of all take youth.

Not wealthy youth, petted and admired and in a position to procure refined instruction, but the immense tribe of poor children, unattractive in their tatters, unaffected in their manners, ignorant, and very often, only moderately intelligent.

Of course, in our day, establishments of primary instruction have been largely multiplied and yet, there are not enough for all. Besides, many families seek another kind of education than that given in these schools from which God and religion have been systematically banished. And, notwithstanding, when were these great truths more necessary—not only to check society in its headlong rush toward the anarchical and socialistic abyss—but to make men happy? Poverty and inequality of social condition are inevitable ; there will always be humble employees, workmen and unfortunates, who will, with great difficulty, be able to appease their hunger or at least be obliged to live parsimoniously, whilst the upper classes will enjoy, without labor or at the cost of less arduous and more remunerative work, many of life's pleasures. Therefore, if in the hearts of these poor creatures there be no religion to show them the heaven where equality will be re-established; if a knowledge of the future

life, with its threats and hopes, sustain them not in the perilous temptations besetting their path and gild not the issue with the prospect of eternal reward; if, above all, the contemplation of their God as a workman, lowly and despised, does not elevate them in their own eyes, their baser nature will assert itself and, sooner or later, the beast, dormant within every man, will pounce upon the pets of fortune. And, while awaiting this impending crisis, which is the dread of to-morrow, the hard-worked laborer is unhappy, for he cannot be otherwise, when unresigned and with the poisoned arrow of jealousy, hatred and revolt imbedded in his heart.

And how many other bitter fruits are produced by this godless education! Behold immorality, the logical consequence of atheism; the eradication of filial respect; appalling criminality and suicides growing in number alike among young and old.

It can therefore be easily understood why many parents should be apprehensive of the fearful danger of *neutral* education and eager that their children be imbued with religious principles. Who will help them? The various orders of Brothers and Sisters who, like a legion of guardian angels appear upon the scene and are consecrated to the instruction of the humble. They well know how to make men honest Christians, proudly resigned to a life of labor and as far removed from revolt as from flattery. In a word, they teach the lowly to behold in themselves privileged servants of God, imitators of the carpenter of Nazareth and heirs of heaven.

But what trouble in order to accomplish all this! Visit an establishment conducted by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and you will find it an asylum and an industrial and grammar school combined. The good Sisters in charge arise at four in the morning, hasten to perform their devotions and attend Mass, and then are in readiness for their

day's work, which is devoted to God in the person of His needy little ones, and is largely made up of teaching spelling and rudimentary grammar. Picture to yourself many who have been reared in opulence and luxury thus occupied. Such then are some of the benefits rendered by one noble battalion in the service of the poor; but on all sides the number of congregations is constantly increasing, their members devoting themselves to this useful but trying ministry. In France there are 2,000,000 children who owe their instruction to Congreganists, and an immense proportion of this vast number is made up of needy pupils, or at least of those in straitened circumstances.

To instruct these little ones who are beloved of Christ, and make them Christian men and women is, of course, admirable; but there is a still less inviting task—though consequently one appealing more directly to charity—and that is caring for orphans and foundlings. Surely you are familiar with that touching little story told of St. Vincent de Paul who gathered to his heart the poor little waifs found in the snow. Well, that pathetic incident is wonderfully symbolic of one of the chosen works of Congregations.

It is estimated that they collect 60,000 orphans whom they save from misery and vice. And most of their institutions have been founded amid poverty and obstacles. A few poor young women without either bread or means are moved by the fate of these children and gather them into a room, perhaps into a loft, clean them, care for them and instruct them. At the cost of hard labor they procure food and, when it is missing or is not sufficiently abundant to fill the hungry little mouths the good women go about begging and at the same time importuning Providence. And oftentimes Providence is disposed to work a miracle, for money is forthcoming, they know not whence, provisions are multiplied, and it is all

the reward of confidence in God. Little by little the work inspired by charity, though founded in misery, becomes established; buildings are erected and the number of orphans increases. Such is, in brief, the history of some among these institutions. Formerly it was well established Orders that were devoted to this unpleasant occupation which is still far from attractive. However, note the results. Take a stroll through the asylum for the infirm conducted by the Brothers of St. John of God. The poor little inmates disfigured by sickness are happy in the warm atmosphere of charity surrounding them, and they lack nothing, not even tenderness of heart on the part of the infirmarians, in consequence of which their little souls blossom forth as flowers beneath the sun. Maxime du Camp speaks of them as clinging to the Brother's robe, "as if there emanated from it something maternal which they miss and need." (1) The Brothers of St. John are veritable mothers to their adopted children, mothers supernaturalized by grace. It is impossible to imagine, I will not say the abnegation, but the benevolence, the tender charity which these infirmarians, these incomparable educators lavish upon their disinherited protégés. (2) And at the price of what efforts.

"The following remark will bear repetition: 'No layman would, either for gold or silver, consent to follow such a trade.' (3) In order to care for these poor creatures, keep them clean, put up with their caprices, calm their outbursts of innocent anger, amuse them, put them to bed, take them up and feed them, in order not to slight the task that would disgust many a mother, one must have faith and believe the word of Him who said: 'What

you do to the least of my little ones you do unto Me.' " (4)

But though the devotedness of the Brothers cannot entirely suppress suffering nor eliminate death, it transforms both. The afflicted ones bear their infirmities with a calm resignation which dulls all pain and merits reward. "Those whom death elects depart this life with gladdened hearts and eyes fixed upon the splendor which the Brothers hospitaliers have indicated to them. 'Heaven is for those who think of it,' says Joubert, and they certainly think of it in the Rue Lacourbe." (5)

An orator (6) did not hesitate to call this asylum "The Paradise of Suffering," and his words were well chosen and true, for they indicate the part played by the religious toward the unfortunate. When we behold peace and happiness thus triumphing over moral putrefaction and misfortune we can form some idea of what men sealed with the "triple vow" could accomplish if, instead of being persecuted, they were assisted in befriending the poor.

And now let us consider other kinds of refuges for needy children, taking, for instance, those of Don Bosco which have always seemed to me most admirable. In these institutions I have seen gay, beautiful boys with a free, open-hearted air frolicking about during recreation as though glad to be alive; however, at the first sound of the bell they would repair to the workshop and, in perfect silence, labor most assiduously but with a good-natured smile and a frank, pleasing manner, showing that they were happy at their work as well as at play. I went through the different rooms and was surprised at the boys' almost recollected air which, however, bespoke neither effort nor restraint. The tailors squatting tailor-fashion, diligently plied their needles: the compositors were busy at their

(1) Maxime du Camp in *Charité prise à Paris*, p. 143.

(2) Léonce de la Rallage in *France Illustrée*, August 28, 1880.

(3) Maxime du Camp, p. 122.

(4) Maxime du Camp, p. 143.

(5) Idem, p. 134.

(6) The Abbé Perrault, Canon of Autun.

cases; the shoemakers drew out their waxed thread, all under the eye of young religious who were also studying, or else under the supervision of a master workman of paternal mien. Then when I compared these children with those whom I had met in the street, brawling, ill-bred, coarse little brats, now and then playing the blackguard, I could not believe that they were of the same race. Thanks to sacerdotal and religious devotion, many of these vagabonds have been taken by the hand or rather by the heart, and, with a little good will on their own part, been transformed into promising youths destined to become later peaceable workmen, useful citizens and edifying heads of Christian families.

Besides, there are the houses of the Good Shepherd where are gathered together children who are still more exposed to degradation and vice in its most deplorable forms. They especially stand in need of a mother's care, the helps of religion and, what is not found elsewhere, an elevation and toning up of the soul, far more essential than bodily comfort. I know that certain rumors have been afloat concerning the pretended harsh treatment they receive, and the exquisite sensibility of people who admire the assassins of the Commune, yet who are wound up to indignation upon hearing of certain imaginary reproofs which, *if they had been administered*, would only have had for object the positive welfare of the so-called victims.

However, it has all been proven untrue, though he who falsely accused the benefactors of the poor penitents had not the courage to accept the challenge of the Abbé Lemire and the incriminated superior. Note what Mgr. Rumeau, Bishop of Angers, wrote to the superior of a House of the Good Shepherd in that city. "One of the most touching proofs of the maternal régime of you Religious of the Good Shepherd, is that you dismiss no one except for very

grave reasons; that you admit them for an indefinite time and without their taking any religious vows; that while with you, they are the object of the most tender care when ill; that they are never transferred to the hospital, even though afflicted with a lingering disease which may demand the constant attention of several persons, as was the case last year at Angers when the entire household was edified at the care bestowed. Therefore, I am not at all surprised that so many of your penitents solicit the favor of remaining with you, and the most effective reply that could be made to the pharisees who denounce your 'odious treatment,' would be to show them the statistics of those who, having attained their majority, remain in your refuges of their own free will. *It is certain that at Angers more than half the inmates constitute this class.*" (1)

It has also been maintained that children were made use of in order to increase the income of the institution, that excessive labor was required of them and that, through the money thus saved, the communities secured for themselves scandalously large benefices. Now, if this were true, in order to establish the injustice of the measure, it would first be necessary to demonstrate that it were better for these children to run in the gutters and perhaps die of hunger than to work a little longer than the regulation time; to prove that, after being gratuitously educated and taught a trade it would be unjust for the older ones to assist an absolutely poor house in maintaining their younger companions as yet incapable of helping themselves.

However, these calumnies were refuted by Mgr. Rumeau who gave an account of the daily regulation, and by the Abbé Lemire in his beautiful discourse of November 30, 1899. He

(1) Mgr. Rumeau in his *Lettre à la supérieure d'Angers*, see the *Univers* of December 2, 1889.

proved that the working hours are but normal and the benefices so very moderate as to be short of the amount required which, as always, is made up by charity. But this is not surprising when it is known that the best of these young workers earn only seventy-five centimes a day. Surely the community that lodges, feeds and clothes them at this figure, does not make tools of them ! (1)

But I do not wish to dismiss this subject without making a remark of great importance. Without mentioning the gross calumnies which it grieves us to recall, there is a cruel course too frequently pursued against the charitable works of Congregations. The good they do is almost lost sight of, but the little abuses that sometimes creep in are magnified, given to the four winds and made a subject of scandal. Now, this is unjust. Facts must be taken *in bulk* and not be singled out for a useless microscopic examination. Well *in bulk*, the fact is that thousands of children of both sexes are picked up in the streets, fed, morally reformed and taught a trade, all of which is accomplished with tact and affection; that, to further this noble cause, hundreds of religious sacrifice their lives and lead a miserable existence; that all is done *gratis*, without government aid and by dint of marvellous labor and astonishing economy. (2) Such then, is this

(1) The Religious of the Good Shepherd are established all over the world and help 47,000 children or young girls, whom they uplift from degradation and save from vice by giving these forsaken and sorely tempted creatures a Christian education and teaching them a trade.

(2) The Government has outlined a bill which might be entitled "against charity." It deals with the question of putting all charitable establishments at the mercy of the Administration, which may inspect them at will and close them, if they suit it not. Moreover, it would impose the formation of a helping fund and order the money thus saved to be distributed among children leaving the institution—a charge so heavy that many establishments would find its adoption an utter impossibility. "It would seem but natural,"

stupendous, admirable work of charity, and if in it there are a few flaws, let them be pointed out to the superiors and an effort be made to remedy them. But to make a great ado about the matter and conclude to suppress these works and the Congregations accomplishing them, or at least make thankless use of them, is to act like the master who would dismiss his most competent servant because he squinted or had

says the *Journal des Débats* of July 9, 1900, "that those doing a work of charity should be free to conduct it in the manner they deem advisable. They gather in poor children, feed and shelter them and even teach them a trade—all through pure goodness of heart. Surely it would be well to thank them and then allow them to use their own discretion in regard to establishing a reserve fund from which to give a pittance to the protégés about to leave their service. But no, such independence would be scandalous in this, our day. The State has to intervene and whomsoever is inclined to be charitable must be so conformably to an official system." Now this is purely and simply the tyranny of the State carried to an absurd extreme. Let it be judged by its motive. Maintaining that the institutions should limit the number of admissions, the bill says: "Is it not better to admit a smaller number of children, than to make those already admitted miserable?" "The formula is absolutely absurd!" exclaims the *Débats*. "The children already collected are miserable, and everything that is done for them ameliorates their lot and tends to improve their future condition." It is certainly difficult to imagine that the little waif picked up in the street, where he seeks food among heaps of rubbish, (and the Abbé Roussel's first boarder was of this type) is made miserable when, at the vigorous age of eighteen, he or she is returned to society equipped with a trade.

It were useless to further investigate the reasons for this barbarous law. The *Débats* gives the true one: "A goodly number of establishments being in the hands of Religious Congregations, it is well understood that the present government wishes to be able to close them at will; and this explanation though plausible, does not constitute an excuse."

It is ever the same cry: "War upon Christianity! Of course, the poor will suffer by it, but what do we care for the poor? Let us quaff champagne and say fine things about our devotion to the people."

some slight facial blemish. Either indiscretion or insincerity is to blame.

The transition from the orphanage to the hospital is a natural one ; poor human nature is always struggling with suffering and eager for care and sympathy, and to give the one and the other, is within the proper sphere of the noble creatures who have turned aside from the world and its allurements, the better to serve God and His afflicted children.

Herein lies the secret ; this is what renders them peerless at the bedside of the sick. Let the unfortunate be what he may, let him be covered with wounds, reeking with contagion, repulsive to look upon, in the eyes of faith he is a brother and the brother of the God Who died for all men. And the hospitalier does not consider whether or not the patient pays his way, whether he is grateful or otherwise, for the voice that says to love this poor creature is none other than the voice of Christ, and obedience to it is certain of ample reward. Therefore, is all thought of human interests set aside, as also all fear of contagion and of death. But, why not, when death is the cherished ambition of these heroes of charity, of whom it makes martyrs !

Some years ago at Tonkin (1), the troops were drawn up into line and the flag floated proudly on the breeze. A hero was about to be decorated and this hero was a simple, unpretentious woman gowned in serge, with a chaplet suspended at her side, and she was known as Sister Theresa of the *Filles de la Charité*.

"Sister Mary Theresa," said the governor addressing her, "though scarcely twenty-five years of age, you were wounded while caring for the injured at Balaklava ; you also received a wound while in the foremost ranks at Magenta and, since then, you have nursed our soldiers in Syria, China and

Mexico. You were carried seriously injured from the battlefield of Reischoffen where you lay among the corpses of our cuirassiers, and later, a shell having fallen near the ambulance under your care, you picked it up, and when you had carried it a distance of eighty metres it exploded in falling and cruelly wounded you. Then you had hardly recovered, when you responded to a call to Tonkin !

"Therefore, in the name of the French People and of the French Army, I present you with this cross ; no one has a more glorious claim upon this recompense, for never has a life been more truly and entirely devoted to the service of its country !"

Do not imagine the case of this heroine to be an isolated one. During the siege of Paris, small-pox patients were brought to the hospital at Bicêtre, conducted by the Sisters of Charity and, at the end of a week, eleven devoted Sisters had become victims of the dread disease. Then the Superior-General called her children to the Mother House.

"Our sisters are dead," said she, "and they must be replaced. Let those among you who are ready to die, advance, for to this duty, I shall assign none but volunteers."

Thirty-two of them stepped forward, and, at the close of the siege, forty-seven Sisters of Charity had perished in caring for the sick.

At Metz, October 20, 1870, twenty-two fell on the same field of honor.

At Neuvy, a Sister of Charity from Nevers remained day and night in the pestilential atmosphere breathed by small-pox patients whom the military infirmarians all but refused to care for, and whom the surgeon could not visit without going frequently outside to inhale fresh air. She was mentioned in the "order of the day" of the army.

"The General," so this order read, "does not pretend to recompense Sister Léocadie Labatut, whose conduct is

(1) Père Rouvier in *Devant l'Ennemi*.

above reward ; he merely wishes, in the name of the army he commands, to thank the woman who, for a month, has exposed her life in order to care for our sick and wounded." (1)

4 And these are but a few instances. In the *Année Terrible* they were innumerable, because then Congreganists had more occasion to display their virtue. At that time humble women were seen going about through showers of shot and shell, bringing water to the wounded and defending them against a sometimes brutal enemy, suffering all kinds of privation and often falling on the field of battle. "After seeing the convents," said one of the injured soldiers, "I do not understand how any one can harm them."

And the same heroism flourished among the *Frères de la Doctrine chrétienne*, those legendary infirmarians, who, by their intrepidity under fire, astounded the old grumblers in the African army. "Brothers," a general called out to them, "humanity and charity do not demand that you go to such extremes !" And another, dismounting from his horse and embracing one of them, exclaimed : "You are admirable, you and yours !" And in the field hospitals their devotion assumed another form but did not flag. "It is the Brothers who have made our fortune ;" said Dr. Ricord, "I would never have believed that such devotion could have been found in men." Besides, the French Academy being charged with awarding a prize to the most noble act of patriotic devotion, gave it to the *Institut des Frères de la Doctrine chrétienne*, "that body of men known and admired by all and, in these unfortunate times, winning veritable glory by its devotion." These are a reporter's words.

Indeed, the same must be said of Regulars in every garb. Dominicans, Barnabites, Eudistes, Benedictines, Jes-

uits, all multiplied themselves in order to care for the sick and wounded. At Mans, those suffering with small-pox were confided to the Jesuits, four of whom became victims of the malady. Many religious were in the different armies and, among others, several Dominicans were decorated. This dark period of our history shows what wonderful nurses, infirmarians and chaplains the religious life develops.

To truly care for the afflicted one must have the self-sacrificing spirit of a mother combined with the devotedness of souls who have given themselves unreservedly to God. We all remember how ardently Dr. Desprès opposed the municipal sectarian council of Paris that wished to banish the Sisters from the hospitals. In vain he insisted, and not without proof, that these angels of charity could not be replaced ; that hatred of God was decreeing the misfortune of the indigent. But these supposedly liberal men were possessed of a wild, uncontrollable mania for persecution and used, to the detriment of the poor, the power acquired through political manœuvring. The Sisters were obliged to go, and the following is a letter received by them from the doctors in one of their hospitals : (2)

(2) In *La Charité privée à Paris*, Maxime du Camp, whose impartiality will not be questioned, has drawn several eloquent parallels between lay nurses and Sisters. "The religious," he says, "is all the more a mother in her hospital functions, because real maternity is not hers ; but this has not been understood by those good freethinkers who wish to introduce what they call the *laicization* of hospitals. What barbarism ! I know these lay nurses ; I have seen them at work and I am aware that their pockets are large enough to hold Bologna sausages and phials of absinthe." (p. 44).

Further on he writes : "The devotion born of religious charity is now being replaced by professional services and though, in the name of the salvation of the sick and of gratuitous hospital service, medical science has protested, its voice has been lost amid the self-applause of atheism and intolerance. But, so far, the result of these changes does not

(1) Père Rouvier, in *Devant l'Ennemi*.

To the Lady Superior of the Augustinian Sisters :

JANUARY 15, 1888.

MADAME.—Before the unjustly ban-

appear to have been very happy. The new nurses sometimes administer a dose from the wrong bottle ; put a troublesome newly-born infant into an overheated incubator ; do not carefully distinguish one white powder from another ; therefore the patient ceases to suffer earlier than he would have wished, and the newly-born escapes life's struggles, but the few weeks of imprisonment imposed for this criminal negligence do not restore the human lives sacrificed." (See *Gazette des Tribunaux*, August 11, 1883, March 21, 1884, and April 28, 1884 ;—also the *Moniteur Universel*, December 16, 1883.)

"Such accidents do not occur in the charitable institutions to which I have conducted the reader, because there the attendants are bent upon seeing aright and their hearts are touched at sight of suffering. When a poor, half paralyzed creature wishes to be put back to bed, he does not need to give drink-money to a Little Sister of the Poor ; the Sister Pharmacist at Villepinte does not confound phosphate of lime with chlorate of potash and the Brothers of St. John of God do not put abortive children into red-hot incubators. These devoted nurses look upon the sick, the aged and infirm as a sort of collective property and, for them, each one does his best. They do not drug their charges in order to steal their wine ; instead they pray for them and I believe the patients are therefore none the worse." (p. 545 op. cit.) "Never," declares the same writer "can a salaried woman, no matter what her wages, do what a religious does naturally, a religious who receives no pay, who eats after all others have been served, goes to bed after all others have retired and rises in the morning before any one else is astir." (p. 454.) "With due apologies to *laïcization*—the only nurses are those in black veil and white guimpe." (p. 519.) Nevertheless, the anti-religious passion continues to push the "barbarous" work of *laïcization*. "The people who have introduced it do not believe in the soul, but those who, after a life of misery, die upon a bed of sickness, believe in it and need to, and to deprive them of this consolation is to be inhuman. Is it not a great comfort to die persuaded that one is entering a realm of light and happiness? O free thinkers, if you tear hope from men's hearts, what remains to them? Even the man condemned to death is not thus cruelly treated, for the priest accompanies him to the foot of the scaffold and gives him the kiss of peace." (p. 544.)

ished Augustinian Sisters leave the Charity Hospital and as long as *l'Administration d'Assistance publique* which they have served so long and loyally does not believe in addressing them a word of thanks, deign to accept herewith the homage of our gratitude to the worthy religious whom our patients are about to lose.

All our endeavors to keep the Augustinians with us have been futile ; nevertheless, they must carry away with them the assurance that the physicians and surgeons of our hospitals have not abandoned those who have always most ably seconded them, and the just testimony which we render will sweeten the bitterness of our inability to retain them.

There is nothing further to be said, for the life of a hospital religious is beyond praise. The Sisters hospitaliers will remain, for many years to come, in all parts of the world, the purest exponents of devotion and sacrifice.

Very respectfully yours,

POTAIN ; DESNOS ; FÉRÉOL ; LUYS ;
LABOULÈNE and BLACHEZ,

Physicians in the Charity Hospital.

TRÉLAT and DESPRÈS,

Surgeons in the Charity Hospital.

Since Maxime du Camp wrote these severe words things do not seem to have changed, as the sad revelations made by the newspaper *le Matin* during the last two weeks of July, 1900, will testify.

This testimonial dates back twelve years, but here is a very late one which is in no wise tinctured with clericalism. Dr. Gailleton, when Mayor of Lyons, was violently attacked by a band of sectarians because he had brought Sisters to a new hospital. He answered as follows : "I hereby reply to partisans of *laïcization* that they do not know what they say. The organization of our Sisters hospitaliers is altogether remarkable and I render profound homage to their accomplishment of the work in which, for the past fifty years I have

seen them engaged, to their devotion and intelligent zeal in caring for the sick. I affirm that liberty of conscience has always been so respected in our hospitals that it is difficult indeed to find the exceptions proving the rule.

"We have here in Lyons, a most distinguished hospital staff perfectly competent to care for the sick and, to me a physician, it seems impossible to organize a staff of lay nurses capable of rivalling our Sisters in point of intelligence and devotion. *Nothing can gain-say facts.*

"Behold what is going on in Protestant countries, in Germany, for instance. There they have deaconesses for hospital service. *But this vocation to devotedness requires other than mercenary beings.*"

This remark furnishes the clew. Money will find male and female nurses who, under strict surveillance, will attend the sick. But to care for them with love and tenderness and be happy to dress their wounds; to find words with which to fortify and console them; to perform even the most repulsive duties with scrupulous care and to calmly confront death, even when it presents itself in a hideous guise, it is necessary to have either the instinct of a mother or the almost infinite strength of Christian charity when at its height. Therefore, those who banish the Sisters from the hospitals are monsters. At the hour of death they will have—or at least they hope to have—the affectionate care of their wives and daughters, and yet, to the poor creatures obliged to die in the hospital, they refuse the only nurses who, in the opinion of physicians, know how to replace wives and mothers. Such a state of affairs begets just indignation, and with anguish of spirit we ask ourselves what malediction these criminals will draw down upon their own bier, when they wilfully deprive the unfortunate of material care and eternal hope. And now let us return to the true friends of the poor, for the

list of their services is not yet complete.

Just a word in regard to houses of refuge and works for prisoners. Crime, especially in its baser forms, provokes severity and this is but reasonable and just; however the severity that is not tempered by mercy and compassion, is cruelty. It is, of course, necessary that the guilty be punished but they must afterwards be lifted up and their moral wounds healed and then thoroughly reformed, they should be restored to society, being almost as good in their repentance as they had been in their innocence. But alas! the contrary is the case, for the prison, far from morally improving them, drags them into new abysses of degradation. It is in order to obviate this social evil that several Congregations have devoted themselves to prisoners and the fallen whose moral ailments they cure as, in the long ago, Jesus healed the lepers. Firm and gentle they have converted these poor creatures by dint of patience, tact and piety, for piety is necessary to these souls diseased by vice. You may quote from all the ablest philosophical works and conferences ever written and you may even enforce solitary confinement, but while you make no appeal to religion you will never succeed in accomplishing anything toward the transformation of these sick hearts. On the contrary the admirable results obtained by the Sisters of Marie-Joseph, have shown that to-day, just as nineteen hundred years ago, the hem of the divine garment heals all who touch it.

Alas! why is it that a mischief-making and indifferent administration does not have more recourse to this powerful means? Fifty years ago the Jesuits were allowed to give missions in the celebrated prisons of Toulon, Brest and Rochefort and the effect was prodigious. Convicts were seen crowding about the confessionals, assisting at mass and, if necessary, making their First Communion. At Toulon, 1,200 out of

4,000 convicts received Confirmation and 2,500 Holy Communion. This conversion was not in all cases permanent, but what a solace to these poor souls, what an oasis in the awful desert of contempt and indifference in which they lay buried! Letters addressed by these unfortunates to their families or to the missionaries would bring tears to the eyes, so redolent were they of resignation and moral transformation.

And when, in 1852, the penal colony of Cayenne was founded, the Jesuits were its first chaplains and martyrs. Martyrs is not too strong a word when we consider how the deadly climate mercilessly decimated them. It was their lot to be parched with fever, suffer and die alone in damp hovels. But, what difference! They were well paid as was Père Bigot who, upon entering a hospital where the fever raged, was welcomed with such acclamations as:

"Now, we'll no longer die like dogs! You will not leave us, will you, Father? Here's some one who loves us." And the Father did not leave them till he was carried to his grave

Another missionary, though sick, was at his own request borne on his pallet to some poor galley-slaves stricken with yellow fever. Heroes such as he, died in large numbers, but through them the convicts were consoled and many were brought back to the practice of their religion and the reception of the sacraments and died the death of saints.

But why is it that we allude to ancient history which the brothers of these good religious are only too eager to aid in repeating? It is in order to show what Congreganists can do with even the most depraved souls and amid dangers most repugnant to nature.

And now let us pass on to other refuges where sadness would surely reign were it not for the incredible gayety which continual sacrifice causes to abide there. I refer to asylums for the aged.

The most popular, though not the

only ones, are those conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, who alone cheer the declining days of 29,000 old people. Have you ever visited one of these institutions? If not, pray do so, provided you would know to what pitch the daily, cheerful heroism of religious may be carried.

You will find little old men and women ranging from sixty to eighty years of age or even beyond that. Whence come they? From misery. Where would they be only for this asylum? In wretchedness; dependent upon the slender help of the *Assistance publique* and huddled into infectious lodgings such as all cities have—regular caverns where even the air is measured out—where they would be without comfort, care or affection. Instead, here they have immaculately clean dormitories lighted and ventilated by large windows and furnished with good beds which prove a soft resting place for those feeble bodies wearied by cruel contact with life's rough and stony places. Besides, there are spacious rooms wherein they can amuse themselves and smoke their pipes; there is a garden, which if not beautiful and picturesque, is at least clean and well kept, wherein they may exercise their stiffened limbs and breathe the clear, fresh air. Their food is procured by two Little Sisters who start out every morning in a donkey-wagon driven by an old man. They go to the markets asking the merchants to give them a portion of what remains unsold; they stop at restaurants and cafés and cheerfully accept left-overs. Thrift and industry can turn to very practical account the coffee grounds set aside as refuse, and extract therefrom a beverage which the old folks find very palatable. The Sisters appeal to the charitable, they beg. Of course, they are often well received but many a time a long face and chilling manner greet them. However, in their spirit of resignation they accept everything as

being for the best. Graciously bestowed gifts are for the poor; insults are for the Sisters; hence, a double gain. Nevertheless, more than one of these worthy ladies who goes about soliciting, was reared in luxury and could drive around in her carriage at will, but has voluntarily abandoned it all that she may travel in a donkey-wagon, be humiliated by insolent rebuffs and devote herself to the care of the poor in their second childhood.

And when she returns to the house, is it to rest? No, indeed, but to make beds, busy herself in the kitchen, scrub, clean and work in the garden. To be sure, the old folks lend some assistance but it amounts to very little, and, poor indeed, is the work of their trembling, palsied hands.

At length, dinner is served. The Sisters' dinner? Not at all, that will be thought of later—if there be anything left—for their rule says that they may eat only the leavings of the poor. I once knew a Little Sister who came of a wealthy family all of whom were sorely distressed to learn that she was subject to such privations, and were determined that she would eat newly-bought meat. But, of course, none of the Sisters would consent to thus violate their rule. However, the family devised a scheme. They purchased a large quantity of meat, enough for the old people and the Sisters, even more. They then sent it to the institution with the request that it be all eaten that day and, to prevent the old folks from having indigestion, the Sisters for once partook of a suitable meal. And the same privations are practised in regard to other matters. If, for instance, an inmate has no mattress, one of the Sisters gives up hers.

But it is above all at time of foundations that the spirit of charity and privation is most noteworthy. Set before you Mère Marie-Thérèse, one of the foundresses, setting out to establish a house at Nantes with only twenty francs

in her pocket! At Tours there were but two mattresses for every three Sisters and if, for charity's sake, they were about to part with their last sheet, they would probably be presented with a new one. When, upon first coming to Paris, Mère Marie Louise did not find a house, she devoted her leisure hours to the cholera victims and was stricken with the plague. At Saint-Servan the Sisters themselves are erecting a new building, carrying the stones and mixing the mortar. Of course, such heroic misery as this is somewhat mitigated after the foundations are made, but the life of a Little Sister nevertheless remains one of the wonders of the century. Indeed, if you could but see the peacefulness of their days, their cheerfulness, nay gayety, you would imagine that you had come upon a bevy of bright angels escaped from Paradise in order to minister to Christ's suffering children.

And despite the whims and peevishness peculiar to their advanced years, as also a marked lack of education, the old men and women entertain a very strong affection for the good Sisters who so tenderly care for them. When the soldiers of the Commune invaded the *Quartier Picpus*, they were greeted with a shout of invectives: "What do you want to do to our good Little Sisters?—It is shameful, infamous! You are cowards!—My good sir, what will become of us if you take them from us?" The day was won. The officer in command was not inhuman and, seized with pity, he exclaimed: "I did not know what the Little Sisters were. Sisters, what you do is beautiful indeed—devoting your lives to all these poor old people."

"I did not know. . . ." such indeed would be the admission of many a silent persecutor of religious works, I mean of those who tolerate the persecution, who name deputies or municipal councillors bent upon banishing the army of benefactors, simply to prevent

them from doing good. But the excuse : "I did not know" is not valid. *One must know.* The struggle is to-day too violent and too universal for any one to remain ignorant of its purport. All should be enlightened for, if religious are what we have represented them to be, *and they are*, it would be high treason against the nation and against humanity to prevent their beneficent achievements.

Of their far-reaching work we have sketched but a few characteristics and the picture is far from complete. For instance, we have made no allusion to those Congreganists who nurse the sick in their homes and to those who devote themselves to the care of the insane—occupations at which nature shudders and which demand a peculiar sort of courage.

There are also some who conduct schools of industry and their sweet influence often transforms poor little girls, branded as victims of vice, into valiant Christians who sanctify their work, help their parents and later found Christian homes which alone are capable of stemming the tide of socialism that is threatening to submerge society.

But allow me to repeat that I make no pretention to setting forth even a tolerably complete enumeration. Nevertheless, it may be safely said that there is no need, no misery which does not directly appeal to these open-handed generous-hearted messengers of charity whose power of loving has been increased by Divine Love which can remain indifferent to no human misfortune. For in connection with the principal line of work peculiar to each religious order, there appear small side issues which, in a more or less restricted way, help to scatter the seeds of good. The wonderful achievements of Sister Rosalie in the Faubourg Saint-Marcel were widely known. She visited the poor in their homes and begged for them from the rich ; and, from the little parlor which she had made her head-

quarters, she directed her assistants in charitable works, went to the aid of all and became the blessing and guiding spirit of this kingdom of poverty. Sisters and religious are almost everywhere the mainstay of the poor, of families in trouble and of workmen out of employment. Numberless are the unfortunate whom they relieve and large indeed are the alms distributed at the convent gate, unknown to the world but admired by legions of angels, and yet, society persecutes rather than encourages and blesses the work.

Indeed, this established contact between the faint, suffering heart of the people and the only compassionating heart which alas, they can be sure of finding, is charity's bond of union, the mission of true solace, the lesson of perfect fraternity, the example of voluntary and ennobled poverty.

Such then is the rôle of Congreganists among the poor, or rather, such would it be were not criminal lies set afloat to arrest the progress of their great work of peace and love.

Now, we do not mean to say that all of whom we speak are fully equal to their sublime mission ; or that those men and women devoted even to excess are themselves faultless. Far from it, for, aside from certain lofty souls whom sanctity has purged of all nature's baser alloy, the religious remains subject to the ordinary failings and imperfections of humanity. To expect the contrary would be to look for a miracle of miracles. But the slag sometimes visible on the surface does not detract from the value of the underlying gold, and to be scandalized at the imperfections of Congreganists and therefore ready to deny the estimable services they render, would be positively dishonest or inconceivably and unpardonably stupid. You see a religious lacking in fervor or, on the contrary, over zealous ; you hear that such a one is too venturesome and such an other indiscreet in his demands for the poor ; you are told that this one is

sometimes impatient with the children ; that that one talks too much and that a third is perhaps ill-natured. Then, completely hypnotized by these faults—disagreeable ones I admit, but not malicious and ones which you yourself may have—you shrug your shoulders, exclaiming: “After all, these Sisters are not so perfect; these Brothers are not so devoted !” Now, candidly, is this just? Should you allow these minor faults which, rest assured are fought against and wept over, to eclipse the great virtues that form the bulk of services rendered ?

✦ Once more, do not let us put the microscope on a picture of bold reliefs and powerful effects; rather let us consider the effect of the whole. Is it not true that 160,000 beings bid adieu to family, fortune, sweet independence, dreams of legitimate glory, affection and happiness through pure love for God and in order to enter the service of the poor?

Is it not true that, at the cost of immense sacrifices, over 2,000,000 chil-

dren are instructed according to the desire of their parents ; that more than 200,000 old people, orphans and sick are comforted, clothed, fed, morally bettered and, when necessary, given hospital care and that numberless poor are helped ?

Then, why pause to detect flaws, to dissect the insignificant faults which weak human nature is struggling to overcome, when, *taken as a whole*, the work is magnificent, peerless ! Respect it, admire it, but do not take cruel pleasure in destroying it, thus affording amusement to certain sectarians who must needs have something with which to satiate their unbridled passions.

Such then, it seems, is the irrefutable conclusion to be drawn from this too brief and limited exposé of the services rendered society by Congregations in the order of charity.

And now let us advance still further and consider those religious who are the incomparable servants of civilization and the glory of France.

CHRISTIAN MERCY¹

WE all remember the parable of Our Lord about the merciless servant who had his fellow prisoner thrown into prison for a debt of an hundred pence, just after his master had forgiven him a debt of ten thousand talents. It describes very exactly our own lack of mercy to our fellow men, much as we throw ourselves on the mercy of God.

Mercy moves the heart to pity and to compassion over another's misery so effectually that we do all in our power to relieve it. When Christ was moved at the sight of the hungry multitudes following Him into the desert, He at once performed a miracle to feed them. When He took pity on the sick and the leprous He straightway healed and cleansed them. Besides the external act by which He came to their assistance, there was also the internal act on His part, by which He felt their misery to some extent as if it were His own.

It is not enough to give the material or spiritual relief the needy may require : to be truly merciful one must feel their need as if it were one's own. "When thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not thine own flesh," is the advice of Isaías. "My son shed tears over the dead, and begin to lament as if thou hadst suffered some great harm," we are bidden in Ecclesiasticus, as the death of a fellow man should make us feel our own liability to the same penalty. Perhaps this is why it is asserted without question in the book of Proverbs : "A needy man is merciful," though unfortunately it is not always true ; nay, the parable about the merciless servant is too often verified in the dealings of sinner with sinner, of the one in misery of any kind with his fellow in the same condition.

How comes it that we seem to ap-

(1) Christian Mercy : the intention recommended to our prayers during the month of November.

preciate the mercy of God to ourselves, and pray for it, and rejoice in it, and yet deny mercy to others ? Would it not appear that in spite of our praise of God's Mercy, we do not appreciate it as we should ? We are too familiar nowadays with the blasphemy that pronounces God severe and even unjust because He punishes sin, cruel because He lets us suffer the evil consequences of the sin of our first parents and our own even after they have been forgiven. We may not repeat or entertain it for a moment in our hearts but we may, nevertheless by heeding it at all, lose sight of the real nature of God's mercy. Now without a clear and firm conception of God's mercy, we shall necessarily question His justice. Unless we have some idea of the greatness of His kind mercies, as they are termed so often in Holy Scripture, of their multitude, their eternity, their preëminence above all His other works, we shall not know how to defend His justice, or understand why He requires in us a spirit of mercy towards our fellow men.

"Be ye merciful as your heavenly Father is merciful," is the special lesson to which the counsel "Be ye perfect" is reduced. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy" is the promise held out to the merciful. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us" is the measure in which we are taught to pray for mercy. "Come ye blessed of my Father" is all for those who have performed corporal works of mercy, feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, harboring the homeless, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, even to one of His least brethren.

The way of the world is by no means merciful. Men crowd one another to the wall, and take more complacency in the shrewdness or dishonesty by which they out-wit or defraud their fellow men

than in the pity or sympathy they show to the needy or afflicted. The cruel phrases "survival of the fittest," "enlightened selfishness," "every man for himself," are adopted as maxims, or rather as pretexts for the heartless treatment of men and women whose condition or circumstances compel them to submit to every form of oppression, and "man's inhumanity to man" is a by-word as well among those who persecute as among those who suffer.

It is true that certain forms of pity and philanthropy are well practised and advertised in our day, and we boast of them as if the world had never known them before. But pity and philanthropy are not mercy, nay, as we know them they are but too commonly a subterfuge from the practice of mercy. It is not mercy that builds poorhouses and hospitals just because it is painful to have the poor with us always and annoying to meet their importunities, or to witness the sufferings of the sick and run the risk of contagion from their presence. It is very consoling to see the number of asylums for the poor, the aged, the infirm, the waif, the outcast, multiplied and improved in every way for the comfort of those who must seek refuge in them, and it is well to remember that, whatever the motive be which inspires such charity, it is the result of the Christian civilization which supplanted a paganism in which any system of relief for those in misery was unknown. Far from depreciating, therefore, the merit of modern philanthropy we should bless God for what is good in it, and try by our example as well as by our prayers to infuse anew into it the Christian spirit of mercy from which it took its origin ; but we should not be content with it as a substitute for this spirit.

There is a true spirit of mercy in the world, and it is admirably described in the chapters of "Disowned" printed in this number of the MESSENGER. The poor are housed and fed, the aged and

infirm are tenderly cared for, the sick are visited and nursed back to health, the dead are mourned and buried with Christian rites. There is no form of bodily suffering for which this mercy fails to provide, with a sympathy which shows that those who relieve the suffering often feel it more keenly than those who are afflicted. The very excess to which this spirit of mercy prompts its possessors is just now provoking in some countries, in France, Spain and Italy, manifestations of man's inhumanity to man, which would rather throw the countless thousands of human beings on the cold charity of salaried attendants than permit communities founded for the exclusive purpose of exercising works of mercy relieve their wants purely for the love of God. The religious, it is true, multiply and build vast asylums for every form of human misery, and succeed so well in succoring it that they excite the jealousy of men who would traffic in it. And yet they can be merciful even toward those who persecute them and see in them unjust judges more pitiable objects of mercy, souls bereft of a sense of right and wrong, than they behold daily with their eyes in the poor creatures whom they serve and comfort. For mercy is much more concerned about spiritual than corporal misery, and is truly Christian only when it pities and pardons and strives to redeem the sinner whom Christ came to save.

We need this spirit sadly. We need to learn not to judge so that we may not be judged, not to despise the poor that we may be kept from want ; not to be impatient with the sinner, lest we commit more evil than he. We need mercy for the living and mercy for the dead, and what time could be more opportune to practice it than now when the hardships of the winter season begin to increase the miseries of poverty, when the month consecrated to the souls in purgatory makes us more attentive to their cry : Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least ye O my friends !

EDITORIAL.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

"Going away by thousands," and to Protestant countries, too—England, Holland, Switzerland, is the news of the Religious Orders from France. One hundred and twenty convents of Carmelite nuns are to be deserted by their peaceful inmates. With them are going the Dominican and Visitation nuns, the Poor Clares, and the nuns of St. Benedict. Those last are led away by Mother Adelaide, Duchess of Braganza, assisted by her two daughters, the Archduchess of Austria, and the Duchess of Parma. The Carthusian monks with the exception of those of Grande Chartreuse (Isère), are going, some to Spain and some to Belgium. The Benedictines have gone to England. The missionaries of La Salette are transferring their Apostolic College to Tournai in Belgium. Some Jesuits have left France, and their chapels have been closed. A strange thing surely to see those religious men and women driven from their country, where revolutionists of every class are undisturbed, or rather control legislation, and where at any moment they may actually begin their work of destruction.

L'Avenir of Puy-de-Dôme, thus describes one of those scenes of departure—that of the Carmelite nuns from Riom: "They left the town by the evening express to find a home in Belgium. They went on foot to the station accompanied by a large number of persons. The relatives of the nuns, who are all from Auvergne, had come to bid them adieu, and many others had followed their example. Most of the ladies wept, while the men expressed freely their opinion of the legislators who were so cowardly and sectarian as to drive from their native land humble women who sought only to pray and do good. The nuns seemed full of

courage; one would not have thought an infamous law deprived them of home and country. The crowd was so compact that many persons could not come near. As soon as the religious took their seats in the train, there arose on all sides cries of "Vivent les Carmélites," mingled with farewells. Just at this moment, the Superioress, Madame Coiffier, ninety-two years of age and fifty-three in religion, fainted. She quickly recovered, however, and as the train moved away the cheers and farewells of the people were renewed, while the crowd dispersed with the most painful impressions."

The four Jesuit Provincials have published a joint statement of the reasons for which they will not apply for authorization to an infidel and persecuting ministry. (The new Associations Law violates, they say, their essential rights as freemen, Catholics, and Religious, and strikes at the imprescriptible rights of the Church herself, as Pope Leo has declared.) After the passing of the Bill in the Chambers, two new declarations *have been added* to it by the Ministers, aiming more directly at the rights of the Holy See. There is clearly no question of correcting any abuse amongst the Religious Orders, but an intention of enchaining them; and this by a law passed in a spirit of hostility, and to be administered in the same spirit. The Jesuit Provincials are unwillingly to surrender to the adversaries of the Church, works long blessed by her and laboriously carried on in her name and for her sake. There is no insubordination, but a clear matter of duty; and the exiled Religious depart with a prayer on their lips for their unhappy country.

What a striking object lesson. In the present temper of France, with popular sentiment against this irreligious measure, with strong political

parties opposed to the present Government, nothing would be easier than to set the country aflame. But Catholic Religious, no matter how bitterly outraged, will have no share in revolution.

That the Provincials are perfectly right with regard to the spirit of the law and the ministry, there is no doubt whatsoever. Every new act of the Government shows it. The officials have been warned by the Minister of Justice, Monis, to get ready for the "liquidation" of the property of the unauthorized Religious immediately after October 4. The Jesuit College of Sarlat, taught by the Order for fifty years, has been closed by Waldeck-Rousseau, notwithstanding all efforts to keep it open under lay professorship; and Catholic Colleges placed under the direction of laymen after July 1st, must be *authorized*. Does that mean suppressed? The last pronunciamento is that no lay owners of what was supposed to be property of Religious will be recognized, and no transfer made by Religious after July 20—even before the Religious were condemned—will be considered valid in law! "Become Anarchists!" says the *Journal* of Colmar to the Religious—"then you will be safe." And the *Univers* adds that "the blind governments of Europe deserve the bitter irony."

The hurry of the French Government is considered illegal by several high authorities. It is considered that to proceed against the Religious before the re-opening of Parliament—to which the Religious are allowed to appeal for authorization—is a violation of law. All the ominous apparatus—law, decrees, orders, etc., will apply to France and Algeria, but not to the colonies! The Religious Orders are extremely useful there.

Father Du Lac has publicly contradicted the statement made by the London *Times*, that the Jesuits urged all the other Religious Associations to

join with them in not demanding authorization. The reason for not demanding authorization is much stronger than men of the stamp of the *Times* correspondent would have us believe. Some of the eminent jurists of France, amongst them MM. Beaune, Jacquier, Perrin, and Rivet, of Lyons, having been consulted by the Religious, gave it as their opinion that the Associations Law, or the Law Waldeck, as it has come to be nicknamed, besides being a measure of bitter persecution and intended to break up the organization of Religious Orders by making them diocesan, is moreover a dangerous trap, and that the leave it might give to Religious men and women to live would be extremely precarious.

This it is not hard to prove. Other associations need only to give the names of their directors, but the Religious Orders must give the exact list of their members, with minute personal details of each one. Of course, the Ministry could object to anyone on the list, and so a Religious Community could accept as novices only those approved by a Ministry composed of infidels. The list of members, too, could be turned to dangerous uses in days of persecution. Even when authorized, a Religious Association cannot open a new village school without a decree of the Council of State. Then there must be ready for the official inspection even of an anticlerical Prefect or his clerk an exact account of receipts and expenditures, a financial statement of the preceding year, an exact inventory of all goods movable and immovable. If the lists or accounts be inaccurate, the Religious may be taxed as a "*Communauté mensongère*—a lying Community."—Art. 15. No member of a Religious Association is capable of acquiring property, or even of accepting a gift; everything received in this way by a Community must be declared at once. After a Religious Order has submitted to all the details required by

this abominable measure of the French Parliament, it may see any one of its houses closed by a simple ministerial decree; and if not suppressed as an Order, it may thus be dissolved piecemeal, itself having supplied the requisite details.

In consequence, some of the Religious Orders have refused to allow a band of infidel Freemasons to succeed in their project. They will not recognize the right of the State to interfere with freedom. Of the great Religious Orders, only the Dominicans, Trappists, Capuchin Franciscans, and Oblates of Mary, have asked for authorization. But very many of the Religious Associations more local or national in character are demanding leave to live and labor in their native land. Thus before the 20th of September, 156 Associations had asked to be authorized—10 of men and 146 of women, representing 680 establishments. Later came the Marist Brothers, with, it is said, 700 establishments great or small.

But before the last day assigned, October 4, there were, it is said, 535 demands for authorization, from 53 associations of men and 482 of women. These represented 6,366 establishments. The *Temps* states, apparently from official sources, that there are 1,663 Religious Associations in France—152 of men, 1,151 of women. Of those, 910 are authorized—5 of men and 905 of women; leaving 753 unauthorized—147 of men and 606 of women. The 753 unauthorized Associations have 4,292 establishments; that is, 2,010 for men; and 2,282 for women.

Where is the *milliard*? asks the *Républicain*—the thousand million francs which the infidel Government and the Socialists were anxious to confiscate from the Religious Orders! There is a milliard of a loss, it answers—loss to merchants, manufacturers, working people, and the poor. All these have protested vigorously, many of them most sorrowfully, over the abomination

of Waldeck-Rousseau, "Guardian of Ecclesiastical Property."

In sharp contrast with the flagrant violation of liberty in the case of the unoffending and charitable Religious stands the license of the anarchist and the socialist. There was apparently no restraint put upon their savage insults and threats to the Czar of Russia when he was the guest of polished France, where he dared not visit the capital city, and was safe only when surrounded by "a circle of steel." At Marseilles and St. Etienne, discharged soldiers of the reserve joined with revolutionary bands in heaping outrage on their country's flag and attacking the soldiers in the ranks. St. Etienne was for some time absolutely under the control of those furious men. The indignation aroused nearly everywhere by the murder of President McKinley seems to have called forth no response from the French Cabinet. It is reported from France that in the revolutionary papers there were direct provocations to assassinate the Czar during his visit, and we have not heard that such inflammatory sheets were suppressed. One agitator, indeed, M. Laurent Tailhade, editor of the anarchist *Libertaire*, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of \$200 for inciting his readers to murder the Czar, the President and the Ministers. But he received an ovation in court midst cries of "Long live anarchy!" M. Emile Zola pleaded for him as being "harmless, because unintelligible to the ordinary public." Yet the public understood Tailhade's praise for the anarchist Vaillant when the latter threw his bomb into the Chamber of Deputies.

Still, through France there are the most marked signs of religious reaction—60,000 men at Lourdes, 30,000 at Paray, thousands of men in other great sanctuaries; protests, prayers, tears, withering denunciations from the press, from the theatre even, where the Ministry has to suppress the comedy that makes fun of it—all this shows how the

popular affections go. The difficulty in the way is the secret and conscienceless organization of infidels and socialists who have seized upon the government, who manipulate the elections, and sentinel France with a myriad of officials all of their own stamp and choosing. The skill, too, with which the nefarious Ministry strikes only at the Religious Orders, and not yet at the secular clergy, tends to deceive, or at least render relatively indifferent a great many people.

Side by side with the cut-throat tactics at home we have what must seem the ludicrously hypocritical praise of the representative of the French Government at Constantinople, M. Constans. In the East the French Religious Orders are increasing rapidly and developing their magnificent work of civilization, to the great delight of the French Government; which, when the Turkish Sultan followed its example, and imposed a tax of five per cent. on the property of the Religious Orders in his dominions, opposed the unjust treatment of its citizens. "We have dangerous rivals," said M. Constans to the Religious at a public reception—"rivals who aim at undermining our influence. The Protestants spend much money, but without great profit, for their worship is cold and is not agreeable to the people of those countries. The Russian schismatics are our greatest enemies here; they make use of our alliance to ruin our prestige. Fortunately we have 36,000 children in schools taught by *French Religious*; these are *disinterested and courageous even to heroism*, but their resources are restricted. With a few hundred francs received each year they do wonders. They erect schools, dispensaries, asylums. Every day, and in every manner they sacrifice themselves without reckoning; and their absolute devotedness wins for them the esteem and the confidence of the Orientals"—but not, he might have added, of the government of their native country.

It is precisely the success of the schools taught by Religious that has provoked the hostility of the free-thinkers. We are told by the *Correspondant* that not one of the 107 State lyceums supports itself. One, the Lycée Condorcet, receives an annual government subsidy of 250,000 francs; the Michelet, 274,000; the Charlemagne, 324,000; and so on with others. The lyceums cannot compete with the Catholic schools. One of the latest proofs of superiority is from Rheims, where 19 of the 20 candidates presented by the Catholic schools obtained their baccalaureate degrees.

The Republic manages its finances only a little less badly than its religion: there is a deficit in the budget—growing every month—of 101,000,000 francs. Add 80 millions for the expedition to China, and we shall have nearly 200,000,000 at the end of this year.

What a mockery of a republic after all! Where liberty as conceived by the Cabinet and Legislative Assembly of the nation is synonymous with the eradication of religion, and where the Government never in any official document or utterance expresses the name of God! Lately the schismatic Czar of Russia reverently visited the historic Cathedral of Rheims. With him, just for the occasion, went President Loubet—the first President of the French Republic since MacMahon to set his foot in a church! All this with the Minister of War, André, *dechristianizing* the army, and its best and most faithful officers forced into actual or equivalent retirement. Surely, if France's enemies should make up their minds to strike her, they would not do so without some probability of success.

THE CONVENTION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Convention of the Episcopal Church began at San Francisco on October 2 and closed its sessions on October 17. Its program was an am-

bitious one—the adoption of a distinctive name, the reformation of legislation and practice in regard to divorce, the affiliation of non-Episcopal bodies, and the promotion of foreign missions. Much has been said of the importance of the Convention and much hope seemed to be entertained as to the measures it would adopt. It was certainly a representative body, containing many men of social and intellectual prominence. The sittings of the Convention were marked by order, dignity and freedom of speech. For the Episcopal Church itself the question of name was clearly an important one. So were the questions of affiliation and missions. But the main point was divorce. The evil is appalling and it concerns the great mass of our people. Yet with regard to divorce, nothing whatsoever was done. Nothing was done with regard to the name of the Church; nothing concerning the ambitious project of affiliation of non-Episcopalians; and little, apparently, with regard to missions, although there are bishops-elect of the Philippines and Porto Rico and church buildings are to be erected in Manila and Havana.

It was reported that the sum of \$998,904 had been raised for missions at home and abroad; but there was a deficit of \$102,719, which had to be made up from a reserve fund. The appropriations of the fiscal year amounted to \$150,000; but there were only \$7,000 to meet them. It was said that “women and children are thoroughly aroused for mission work,” but not men; there might be “hundreds of thousands from mite boxes,” but not “millions from banks.” In fact the apathy of the Episcopal Church in regard to missions was repeatedly alluded to. “The outlook is dark,” said Secretary Lloyd, “when we regard the apathy of Churchmen.” “The Church as a body lacked,” he said, “faith in its missions.” Yet there had been 15,000,000 pages of missionary pam-

phlets published in a year. The mission of Hawaii was described as a ruin, and the Episcopal Church in Mexico which, a few months ago, had been admitted to be a failure, was described by Bishop Doane as “a small body, but purified between Roman and sectarian fires and standing for Christian patriotism, morality and catholicity.” Porto Rico, which “had fallen a prey to civilization in Spanish days,” now offered a bright prospect, according to Bishop Peterkin; and Bishop Potter promised that his “missionaries would co-operate effectively in inculcating the eternal verities of social righteousness” in the Philippines, which had now “found a consecrated leader in Mr. Brent,” the Episcopal bishop-elect, and where the church-going population have not yet acquired the American Protestant habit of going to no church at all. Special praise was given in the Convention to the Episcopalian United States army chaplains *for their missionary work*; yet people generally imagine that these chaplains are paid by public taxation, not as missionaries, but solely for their ministrations amongst the soldiers of Uncle Sam.

It will appear extraordinarily strange to many people that a Church which claims to be Apostolic and not “mummy-swathed like the Roman Church,” nor “fossilised like the Easter,” (the *Churchman*, October 12, p. 470) should not have yet found a name.

The question of divorce was, however, the crucial one before the Convention, and it was treated in a characteristic manner. The bishops recommended the absolute prohibition of divorce and re-marriage, except the re-marriage of the innocent party when there had been a civil divorce for cause existing before marriage. Their position was sufficiently illogical. If they allowed re-marriage in any case, they must have admitted the disruption of the marriage bond. And if the marriage were entirely dissolved, how could

they forbid the guilty partner to marry again? And if through sin there be acquired such liberty, is there not offered a temptation to sin? But whatever restriction the bishops recommended, the house of deputies rejected it. With extraordinary frankness it was admitted in the Convention, as for instance, by Dr. Fiske of Rhode Island, that there was no question of morals or theology (!), but one of expediency. The fact of the matter was that the Episcopal Church did not dare forbid divorce. No Protestant Church has ever dared do it. No Church has ever done it but the Catholic; for only a Church with a divine commission can succeed in hindering divorce. Divorce is frequent amongst prominent Episcopalians, and it was truly a question of expediency, nay, of existence, for the Episcopal Church not to alienate its members. Sincere and able men like Dr. Greer condemned divorce as the beginning of anarchy, because it saps the very foundation of social conditions—marriage. Dr. Hall of Delaware, spoke of the "awful crimes by which families are kept small," adding "that unless the Church of the living God takes action and does its best to stop this tide of sin, Anglo-Saxon civilization is doomed." Mr. Lewis of Pennsylvania, summing up, said that he would willingly admit re-marriage of the innocent if it did not bring a far greater evil: a private loss must yield to public necessity. A Dr. Nevins, missionary to the Capital of Christendom, referred to the immorality of married Catholics in Italy and of celibate priests. But to the credit of Dean Stuck, of Dallas, Texas, be it said that "he felt indignation" "at the attribution of Italian immorality to canonical legislation, and "thought Italy and Ireland conspicuous for excellence in this regard."

There were some amusing sidelights of the Convention. A telegram came from "The Windy City," from the bishop of the Old Catholics, asserting that they had completed their organiza-

tion, and would undoubtedly ask the Episcopalians to recognize their orders. Bishop Neilson of Georgia asked the Board of Missions to employ travelling agents: it was a business method, he said, successful with railroads, publishing houses, and insurance companies. Bishop Huntingdon desired to persuade the Convention that the question which towered "over all others in the Church was to unify the religious forces of their Country." In pursuance of this sublime vocation he joyously believed that the Latin races "were about to throw off the yoke of Rome"; yet he bestowed "great praise" on the Church of Rome, which, he said "had done great things in this country." His benevolent proposal to affiliate other Christians with his own Communion, although reported at first as "voted by a large majority," was next day announced as lost "owing to the faulty acoustic property of Trinity Church or other causes."

There was a Woman's Auxiliary Convention of the Episcopal Church held in San Francisco at the same time as the principal one. "While the offerings were being gathered the great Congregation (of the Auxiliary) rose, says *The Churchman*, and sang the hymn *Holy Offerings, Rich and Rare*. The very atmosphere seemed charged with the spirit of reverent and loyal service to the King. . . . It was a gathering that bore forcible witness to the uniting power of the Missionary enterprise. Time and space were annihilated by a common purpose. . . . here were women who knew the damage to womanhood wrought by a corrupt Romanism in South America, and women who were on their way to face the like condition in the Philippines." The United Offering of those women was \$104,295.53. "*One-hundred and four*—was as far as he (the gentleman who collected it) got (in announcing) when the great gathering rose and sang *Praise God from whom all blessings flow*."

THE PHILIPPINES.

General Smith, lately returned after a three-years' residence in the Philippines, where he was Justice of the Supreme Court established there, thus gives in an interview published in the *California Call*, his impressions of the work done there by the Catholic Church:

"A fair way to look at any work is by results. The natives of the Philippines are the most civilized and advanced race of savages in the Orient. The Chinese have been pouring into the islands for hundreds of years, yet the Filipino race has still been preserved. The Catholic Church first took a foothold in the islands about three hundred years ago. Since that time she has slowly but surely educated the Filipino race. Her work may appear slow, but then, on the other hand, it has been sure.

"Under the Spanish régime, the Catholic Church was the sole educator of the islands. Priests were distributed in different parts of the islands. Where there was no priest there was a native who taught the children how to read and write. Of course, where the priests were the children received a better education. In the larger towns, where there were colleges, the young men received splendid educations—in medicine, law, chemistry and all other useful arts and sciences.

"That certain orders of the Catholic Church have lost the affection of the natives is true, but I will give you the cause. Under the Spanish régime, in many districts the friars or priests were placed in office as magistrates as well as spiritual advisers. These priests were held responsible to the Spanish Government for the good order of the district they lived in. The feeblest mind understands that when a priest had to act as disciplinarian and administer justice and sometimes punish, it would naturally follow that the affection that should be held for him by the natives would be obliterated."

SPANISH COLONIZATION.

A review of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's book, "The Children of the Nations," in the *Spectator* of September 28, will be a revelation to many. Of England, the wise mother of colonies, as she is, and as she is supposed to have been always, the *Spectator* says that "there has never been so complete a right-about-turn as in English opinion on the colonies during the past fifty years." As late as in 1864, the permanent Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office, wrote to Sir H. Taylor, another prominent official of the department, "I go very far with you in the desire to shake off all responsibly governed colonies." And Sir H. Taylor assures us that he had "long held and often expressed" the conviction that England's American possessions were "a sort of *damnosa hereditas*." The only colonial minister of the middle of the last century to foresee and foster the Imperialism of to-day, was "the fantastic (political) meteor," the first Lord Lytton. The *Spectator* admits, with Mr. Bigelow, that "our (English) Colonial Empire has been a success in spite of ourselves;" nay, in the words of Mr. Bigelow, England "has committed more blunders than any other nation could have repaired and still survive." Stranger yet, "the very obstacles and blunders, insurrections and colonial wars, seem to have kept the Empire alive!"

And what of Spain with her unutterably corrupt misgovernment? "Spain," answers Mr. Bigelow, "has enjoyed comparative quiet in her colonies for nearly three centuries." Her failure, such as it was, was due, we are told, to her suspicious policy, her inquisition methods in political quite as much as in theological heresy, her desire of gold and silver and nothing else from her colonies, her failure to develop them, and allow them intercolonial commerce, her contempt for trade, her overmuch meddling, etc., the colonies grew richer and more intelligent than herself, and

learned from England and America the doctrine of independence and broader commercial and legislative action.

But why did the rule of Spain last so long? Answers the *Spectator* with Mr. Bigelow: "That the rule of Spain lasted so long in spite of its abuses—and it has lasted over three or four centuries over vast countries—is due to the splendid organization of the Roman Church. The Catholic priest in the colonies makes a study of the art of government and it is the study of a lifetime. He does not come home when he has 'made his pile'; he makes no pile and, as a rule, he dies at his post. What good was done in South America under Spanish rule was done by the Jesuits; and since this meant good for the natives rather than the planters and the Court, the Jesuits were expelled. In the Philippines the governing power has been the Church, and to its skill and patience and knowledge of the people is due the long permanence of a corrupt system."

Of Mr. Bigelow, the *Spectator* says that "he writes of what he knows," having seen the various colonies of which he speaks—Cuba, the Philippines, German, Danish, English colonies," etc. "Always honest . . . and enlightened by study and reflection, . . . he is admirably detached in his views," admiring what is good in all, and "never waving the Stars and Stripes of his own country in an offensive manner."

Quite the contrary; for "it is of prime importance," he says, "that we impress the Filipinos with the superiority of our civilization to that of Spain"—a thing which so far does not seem to have been done.

Mr. Bigelow severely blames our Administration for not having employed in Philippine affairs men familiar with them. It is not too late to do so in

school matters. "The Filipino," he adds, "is a highly intelligent creature," who, "of all the natives of the Far East, has a character which endears him to me."

But upon the all-vital point of treatment of the native races, neither England, nor any Protestant country, can at all stand comparison with Spain. Spain did not destroy the native races of the countries which she subjugated. On the contrary, she Christianized them, trained them, educated them. Spaniards intermarried with the natives. The most touching piety and faith were very generally characteristics of those native races in Spain's better days and are still to a very great extent.

STATISTICS CONCERNING THE CONDITION OF THE PROTESTANT STATE CHURCH IN BERLIN.

We cull the following items from the statistics for the year 1900, just published by the Protestant Church authorities: In the year 1900, there were 547 "conversions" in Berlin, namely 160 from Judaism, 329 from the Catholic Church, 58 from other religious bodies; 221 persons abandoned the State-Church, of whom 16 became Jews, 21 Catholics, 184 embraced other sects. On this the *Germania* comments as follows: "We are unfortunately not able to say whether the number of apostasies from the Catholic Church is correctly given; the number of conversions from Protestantism to the Catholic Church *is certainly false*. The Catholic Church authorities of Berlin in their statistics for 1900, which we published early this year, give the number of conversions from Protestantism as 143!" This is another example of the untrustworthiness of the Protestant Church statistics on which we had occasion to comment in an editorial in the May MESSENGER, "Fast and loose with figures."

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

This month we have a number of significant Catholic conventions or congresses to chronicle. The twenty-Seventh Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union began with Pontifical High Mass at Philadelphia on September 25. There were excellent addresses by both clergy and laymen. Resolutions were passed deploring the President's death, advocating Catholic education, federation and temperance, and insisting upon the need of more Catholic army chaplains.

A convention of Polish Catholics opened at Syracuse on October 1, at which about 100 priests assisted. Archbishop Corrigan sent his greeting.

The convention expressed its abhorrence of the horrible assassination of the Nation's Chief, and re-asserted the well-proved loyalty of the Polish-Americans as citizens of the United States. The assassin of the President, if a Pole at all, was declared not to have been born of a Polish mother. There was an imposing parade at the close of this convention, which represents, it is said, a union of 11,000 members.

On the same day as the Polish, the French-American Congress began at Springfield, Mass. Bishop Beaven celebrated High Mass and the parade of the many societies present was reviewed by the mayor of the city. The congress, to which 750 delegates had been sent from New York and New England, had for object the consideration of the best means of preserving the faith and language of the French-Canadian people in the States. The addresses dealt with mutual benefit societies, education, and naturalization. In his sermon Father Caisse declared that "Franco-Americans, who had always been Catholic, would not be false to their traditions." He had warm words of praise for Irish-American loyalty to the Cath-

olic Church. The session of the Congress began with prayer, all the delegates kneeling. The first resolution affirmed "their unalterable devotion to the American Republic and their filial submission to the Catholic Church." The federation of French-American mutual benefit societies was strongly urged, as well as the naturalization of all French-Americans. The delegates asserted that "Catholic teaching must hold the foremost place in the education of our children" and asked "with the greatest respect" that more priests of their own race be given them, not as a mere question of nationality, but as "a means of salvation for the French-speaking people." It was announced at the Congress that there are 1,000,000 of their race in New York and New England.

* * *

Some late reports of Catholic charitable work reveal how much is being done for the needy and the sinful. St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, in charge of the Xaverian Brothers, has trained 4,806 boys since it was established in 1866. It shelters at present 542 boys. These have been committed to the institution or sent by relatives. The State Trustees say that "the institution is doing a splendid work, and deserves hearty encouragement."

Miss Helen O'Keefe gave her life-savings to found St. Zita's Home, (123 East 52nd street, New York), for discharged female prisoners. Here every year a very large number of absolutely destitute and erring women receive shelter and assistance. The Home is under Catholic management but unsectarian in its charity. A society of young ladies has lately been organized to aid it.

During the past year, Father Henry, pastor of Our Lady of the Rosary for the Protection of Irish Immigrant Girls,

reports that 2,120 have received hospitality, and over 5,000 secured employment through the institution. Father Henry believes that very many leave home without any need at all; that many young people would be better physically and morally in their own country; and hence he is making efforts to stay the flowing tide.

* * *

Some very prominent and very saintly persons have lately fallen in the Catholic ranks. The Abbé Hogan, the friend and teacher of priests, died at St. Sulpice, Paris, on September 30. He was the first rector of Brighton Seminary and for five years was connected with the Catholic University. He was much honored in life, and in death is deeply regretted.

Sister Beatrice, of the Sisters of Charity, died at the Leper's Home, Judan Camp, La., September 17. She went with five sisters to take charge of the Home when it was established for the care of lepers five years ago by the Louisiana Legislature.

* * *

Father Vattman and Father Hodnett were amongst the 600 specially invited to be present at the funeral oration over the dead President at Canton. During his stay in the city, Father Vattman was appointed chaplain of the staff by Major-General Dick. At the invitation of the family, Father Vattman, on account of his personal friendship with the President, recited the last prayer.

* * *

The Eucharist Congress met at St. Louis in the church of St. Francis Xavier on Monday evening, October 14 and closed on the evening of Thursday, October 17. Archbishop Kain welcomed the members of the Congress, Archbishop Elder sang High Mass on Tuesday and Bishop Maes, of Covington, presided over the meetings.

Besides the two Archbishops there

were present nine Bishops, five Abbots, four Monsignors, seven Superiors of Religious Orders and 500 clergymen. On Tuesday evening, at Benediction, an ostensorium used by missionaries two hundred years ago contained the Blessed Sacrament. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings devotions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament were held in all the churches in St. Louis. The papers and sermons, all of a very high order, dealt with the importance of the Eucharistic movement and the best manner of organizing it. It was pointed out that the Apostleship of Prayer or League of the Sacred Heart was one of the special associations for honoring the Blessed Sacrament recommended to the laity. The Holy Father sent his blessing to this imposing assembly, whose object was to emphasize and honor the great source of Catholic power, the Blessed Eucharist.

During the Congress there was an extremely interesting art exhibition relating to the Blessed Sacrament. It was held in St. Louis University and prepared by various Catholic establishments and by the Ursuline and Benedictine Sisters, with the Sisters of the Precious Blood.

ROME.

The 20th September, the national holiday commemorative of the taking of Rome in '70, seems to pall on the hearts of the Italian patriots. They seem to have had enough of it. The Methodist "foreigners," however, have taken it up. Only \$200 could be gathered by the committee for the celebration from Rome's half a million of people. Prizes—missionary money, probably—were offered for the best decorated houses and stores. The procession hissed and yelled like demons before each church door they passed. In the Protestant church near the bridge of Santangelo a meeting was held to urge sterner action against

Catholics, and in particular against the expected French Religious. (1)

The "evangelisers," unite with members of the five republican (!) circles of Rome, in voting (1) for the abolition of the first article of the Constitution making Catholicity the religion of the state, (2) for the abolition of the Law of Guarantees — which is supposed to protect the Pope, and (3) for the abolition of Religious Orders. They also propose a great anti-clerical congress.

Much has been said in English papers and in some American, over the expulsion of a community of Benedictine nuns from a house which they failed to buy from the Irish Augustinians. Bishop Brownlow of Clifton (England) throws light on the subject. Miss Pynsent, the Abbess, assured him in May, 1900, that she was not a Christian but an Agnostic. This she at first did not allow him to declare, but now she says she cares not who knows. Her community of nuns was, it seems, viewed askance in Rome for their laxity.

The affair of San Girolamo, the proposed Croatian College, seems to have become an international one. Montenegro claims a right to send her Catholic students there, and Austria has a say in the matter. The Leonine College is the new name, given with the Holy Father's consent, to an apostolic school in Rome, which will be a sort of normal school for professors in both preparatory and higher seminaries in Italy.

The reply of our American Foreign Secretary to the Pope's condolence on the occasion of the murder of the President affirms that His Holiness' message has deeply touched the whole American people.

ITALY.

The National Congress at Taranto was attended by two Cardinals, forty Arch-

(1) The Venti Settembre—20th of September—has fallen flat over the whole peninsula. In Palermo, because the people would not respond, all demonstration was abandoned.

bishops and Bishops, and an extremely large number of members. The Congress gives further unity, purpose, and intelligence to Catholic action in the immense number of organizations now existing in Italy and developing nearly every phase of individual and social benefit. The Archbishop of Leghorn's address on the Temporal Power gave great offence to the usurpers of Rome. The public procession at the close of the Congress was forbidden as likely to "endanger in a serious manner the peace of the town;" and a Government commissioner was sent to examine into the unpatriotic conduct of this Catholic gathering. The anti-clericals and Freemasons received the Archbishop with marked signs of disfavor on his return to Leghorn. The *Tribuna* publishes an official note ordering that places of religious worship be used for no other purpose—therefore not for Catholic congresses.

Professor Cesare Lombroso, anthropologist, psychologist, sociologist, but, especially criminalist, tells us in the *Nuova Antologia* that the Religious Orders have insensibly gained control of the French nation, which is apparently governed by President Loubet and Waldeck-Rousseau, but really by "Bailly and Du Lac, chief of the Assumptionists and Jesuits, and by the sanguinary mystic, Drumont, the Marat of the Vatican reaction." All this is owing to the three milliards seventy millions and more francs, which the nefarious Religious Orders have amassed. Lombroso has imagined many "stupidities," says the *Univers*; "and he will imagine many more."

There is evidently what Renan called "a bond of intellectual brotherhood," between Professor Lombroso and a literary brother of his, Professor D'Alfonso. The latter delivered lectures in the Royal Lyceum Umberto I in Rome, and had them printed a short time ago, under the name of *Normal Psychology*, which is, or is to be, a hand

book in the science. The *Osservatore Romano* assures us that the lectures "overturn the entire religious and moral ideas of our time," and must "produce a generation of irresponsible atheists, the forerunners of universal anarchy."

The bubonic plague is at Naples, which city is at present administered by a Royal Commissioner, the whole municipal board having been turned out of office owing to scandals, frauds, peculations and other offences.

SPAIN.

The Spanish Ministry has obtained, or forced, from the Queen—who, as a constitutional monarch, we suppose, could not refuse—a royal decree, which has been denounced by the Catholic Press as the beginning of persecution, and as illegal because it violates the Concordat and natural right. The ostensible object of the decree, which is signed by Gonzalez, Minister of the Interior, is "fiscalisation"—the defence of the King's civil rights, as it seems, in the way of taxation. It appeals to a law of '87 and proposes an amendment or, as the Minister says, a reform, in order to put "the faculty of inspection in harmony with the character of Associations." He proposes another reform for regulating Associations of foreigners and those in which foreigners are a majority. He pretends that Article 13 of the Constitution gives a legal right of association only to Spaniards. Therefore, within six months all Associations must be registered under the provincial governments and fulfil all other formalities required by law. Foreigners must be registered at their respective consulates, and then in provincial registers. Meanwhile the Carlists are threatening to rise in insurrection.

While little can be said for the character of the Minister, Mgr. Rinaldini, Nuncio at Madrid, bears witness to the truly Catholic character of the Royal

Family. While passing lately at San Sebastiano, he was invited by the Queen to say Mass in the royal castle where; to his surprise, he found the young King waiting to serve it.

The people, too, are loyal, notwithstanding the noise of the revolutionists. Great efforts are made to promote a monster pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar at Saragossa, where the atrocious insults to religion were lately offered. A list of sixty-nine Catholic periodicals, urging on this manifestation of popular faith and loyalty is published by the *Siglo Futuro* of Madrid. A committee has been chosen consisting of the two Archbishops of Seville and Granada, with the Bishops of Tortosa, Plasencia and Malaga, and several of the leading laymen. The *Correspondencia* and other papers say that 42,000 are already enrolled as pilgrims to Saragossa.

According to the last newspaper reports, martial law has been proclaimed in Seville. During a general strike religious houses and the University have been attacked, the custom houses set on fire and all kinds of violence indulged in.

ENGLAND.

Cardinal Vaughan, for having offered a place of refuge to the famous Assumptionist missionaries, lately exiled from France, was blamed by the *Times*, in its usual anti-Catholic way, on account of some anti-English views of the Assumptionist paper, the very popular *La Croix*. His Eminence replied that he was sorry for such sentiments in the writers of *La Croix*; but he saw, "with pain and regret, high-class papers" in his own country devoted through dark prejudice to "the perversion of the truth," and refusing to retract when their error was pointed out. This, His Eminence said, was "as grievous a sin against religion as the coarser methods of the gutter press."

The Fifteenth Annual Conference of

the Catholic Truth Society was held at Newcastle in September. The Cardinal was present and was most enthusiastically received by over 4,000 persons gathered to meet him. One of the public conferences of the Society was attended by 6,000 persons; and at a Garden Party held during the season of the sessions there were 13,000 persons present—all having paid for their entrance tickets. Amongst the principal questions discussed were Catholic higher education, the part of laymen in mission and parish work, and the interest and part that Catholics should take in the work of the press.

A question proposed in Parliament brought out the information that there are forty-six workhouses and twenty-four workhouse infirmaries in London. Catholic instructors are appointed to twenty-five workhouses and sixteen infirmaries, with salaries varying from 20 to 125 pounds sterling a year.

CANADA.

Of the vigorous Catholicity of Canada we have a further proof in the manner in which the agitation against the anti-Catholic character of the Coronation Oath is kept up. The London *Tablet* prints a number of French-Canadian protests forwarded to the Secretary for the Colonies. Although not of Anglo-Saxon blood, the French-Canadians are entirely loyal to the English throne. This is the handsome way that the Duke of York acknowledges it on the occasion of his visit to the Catholic University of Laval, in Quebec, where he received the degree of LL.D.:

"If the Crown has faithfully and honorably fulfilled its engagement to protect and respect your faith, the Catholic Church has amply fulfilled its obligation, not only to teach reverence for law and order, but to instil sentiments of loyalty and devotion into the minds of those to whom it ministers. I am deeply sensible of the honor which I have received at your hands, and I

shall value it all the more that it is one which I shall share with my father. You may rest assured that I shall ever watch with the keenest interest and sympathy the work of Laval University."

"I am glad," he said, "to acknowledge the noble part which the Catholic Church in Canada has played throughout its history. The hallowed memories of the martyred missionaries are a priceless heritage, and in the great and beneficent work of education and in implanting and fostering a spirit of patriotism and loyalty it has rendered signal service to Canada and the empire."

GERMANY.

A short time ago, the German emperor, with much pomp and circumstance presented a precious crozier to the "Abbess" of the monastery of Heiligengrabe, situated in the Province of Brandenburg. This former Catholic monastery has been since reformation times a very comfortable home for Protestant ladies of the nobility who are living rather luxuriously on the revenues of the old Catholic abbey. There exist also in Prussia, we may mention by the way, a number of secularized Cathedral chapters, the members of which are recruited from retired Protestant generals of the army and ministers of state, whose duty it is not to chant the office in their canons' stalls, but simply to draw the fat income of the confiscated Cathedral lands.

The history of the "conversion" to Protestantism of the Catholic nuns is quite interesting, throws a curious light on the methods of the reformers and shows with what eagerness the people of Brandenburg accepted "the pure gospel." A Protestant writer (1) will tell us the story. It was the elector Joachim II who in 1539 introduced the

(1) Herr von Bardeleben in the periodical *Der Deutsche Herold*.

"reformation" into Brandenburg, notwithstanding that he had promised his dying father under oath that he would remain faithful to the church of his fathers. The inhabitants who would have nothing to do with the new doctrines were simply forced into Protestantism. The "conversion" of the monastery of Heiligengrabe proceeded as follows: In the year 1543, Joachim II began operations by sending official visitors to the monastery. The superiress being of the opinion that secular officials had nothing to do and nothing to visit in her monastery, and the whole Community being utterly opposed to the reformation, the elector's visitors were refused admittance. He next sent Captain von Rohr, a nobleman, well known to the nuns who sought to win them by the promise that their privileges and revenues should be safeguarded. The nuns withstood this temptation also so well that the emissary reported to his master that the nuns had treated him opprobriously. Then the elector appointed an administrator who was to take charge of all the estate. But these valiant nuns met force with force and, as the would-be administrator reported, drove him away, pursuing him with sticks and stones. A second administrator was sent, but he too was baffled by the nuns and told the elector that these virgins had spoken to him with scornful defiance, declaring that they would rather die than accept an administrator from His Grace. He now resorted to extreme measures and tried the method of starvation to "convert" the nuns. He sent two captains at the head of a band of lansquenets who settled on the estates and, while carousing, besieged the monastery so closely that all provisions were cut off from the nuns. Many of these now fled to their families, and the few that remained lived scantily on what little food they could stealthily obtain. This barbarous treatment of helpless women angered the Branden-

burg nobility, who, though for selfish reasons they favored the reformation, yet protested against the persecution of the poor nuns. The elector remained obdurate and after a struggle that lasted for years, Joachim II, deaf to the claims of justice and humanity, at last succeeded by brutal force in protestantizing the monastery of Heiligengrabe. By such methods "the glorious reformation" and "the pure gospel" was introduced into many parts of Germany.

* * *

The Protestant papers of Germany were thrown into hysterics a few weeks ago by the startling news printed in a non-Catholic paper that Her Royal Highness the Landgravine Anna of Hesse had been received into the Catholic church. This venerable lady—she is nearly sixty-five years old—is a Prussian princess, niece of the late Emperor William; one of her sons is the husband of a sister of the present emperor. No sooner had the report been published than the Protestant papers began hurling denunciations at those Catholics whom they suspected of having by their influence brought about the conversion. First they made a despicable attack on the princess' Major-domo, Herr von Bothmer, who found it necessary, in a published statement, to disavow any connection with the reported conversion. Next it was said that the Professors of the Seminary of Fulda had instructed her in the Catholic doctrine. They replied that they did not even know the princess. Then the public was informed that the Franciscan Fathers of Fulda were assiduous visitors at her castle. They explained that Her Royal Highness had once honored their Convent with a visit, and that two weeks later, as courtesy demanded, they had returned the visit. Finally they laid the blame at the door of the Princess of Isenburg, an Austrian Archduchess, who quite properly disdained to take notice of the charge. What will

strike Americans on reading these attacks and denials is the brutal intolerance of Protestant opinion in Germany and the humiliating position of Catholics who find it necessary to deny having had anything to do with the conversion of a Protestant just as if it were a crime ! For a Protestant to abjure Protestantism and embrace the Greek schism—not from conviction but for reasons of state—as the present emperor's sister did on marrying the crown-prince of Greece, or his cousin, a princess of Hesse on marrying the Czar of Russia—that may pass; but for a venerable lady tried in the furnace of tribulation and to whom the world has nothing more to offer, for such a one to embrace the hated Catholic religion from conscientious conviction, is a thing not to be tolerated. The conversion, however, had not yet taken place, and the premature announcement of it was made, as the *Germania* suspects in order to raise a storm of indignation in the Protestant camp and thereby, if possible, prevent the consummation of the dreaded event. In the meantime the leading organ of the Protestant Ministers of Berlin, which took for granted that the conversion would soon take place, naming even the 8th of September as the date, demanded that the family counsels of both the Houses of Hohenzollern and of Hesse should forbid it ! Such a disgrace to the House of Hohenzollern as well as to the descendants of Philip of Hesse, the friend of Luther, must be warded off by all means. The paper, in its blind fury forgets that there is a branch of the Hohenzollern which has always remained Catholic; and its evoking the memory of Philip of Hesse is particularly unfortunate by reason of the awkward historical fact of the dispensation he obtained from his friend Luther to have two wives at the same time. The prophecy of the gospels has once more been verified : Out of many hearts thoughts have been revealed. What a

fresh illustration have we here of the boasted toleration of Protestantism, of the practical application of the principles of liberty of conscience and private interpretation ! The German papers of September 19, state that the reception of the Landgravine into the Catholic Church is now an accomplished fact.

* * *

The Los-von-Rom agitation in Austria is confessedly, as the valiant Berlin *Germania* has shown over and over again, a treasonable, anti-dynastic movement, having for its object the breaking up of the empire. Archduke Franz Ferdinand, in a public speech, has stigmatized it as such ; the Protestant Consistory of Vienna for that very reason will have nothing to do with it ; the originators of the movement, Schönerer, Wolf, Eisenkolb and Co. have boasted of it ; all the Catholic papers in Austria as well as in the German empire are as one in characterizing it as treasonable ; and many non-Catholic as well as anti-Catholic papers in both empires have condemned it as such. Nay more, the movement is not only anti-dynastic but anti-Christian. For the chief agitator, Schönerer has declared that the Christian religion is un-German and anti-German, and that Germans must return to the worship of Woden. Periodicals have been started to revive and propagate the ancient heathen worship and have already introduced among their followers some of the heathen feasts. Even Protestant ministers who went down from Germany to Austria to take part in the agitation have returned and admitted that the movement is anti-Austrian and that owing to religious indifference the progress of "the pure gospel" is very slow. In spite of these facts, Protestant fanatics in Germany are keeping up their shameful work, and, what is almost beyond belief, yet perfectly true, the government of Mecklenburg and of the Kingdom of Saxony have granted permission for a house-to-

house collection on behalf of the agitation. Indeed, a great deal of money is needed to keep the movement alive. Daily appeals come from Austria for more money, and streams of gold have been poured into the districts where the agitation is going on. For with the leaders and their tools the whole affair, as a liberal paper very well puts it, is business, and the Protestant Ministers of Germany have made it a paying business. The *Germania* indignantly calls the attention of the Foreign Office to this action of two of the confederated governments: "Can the Chancellor," it asks, "stand by in silence while German governments officially countenance a revolutionary and treasonable movement in the neighboring empire which is bound to us by a close alliance?" And these outrageous things are done openly in those German States that refuse to their own Catholics the most elementary rights of freedom of conscience.

* * *

At Thorn, in the Province of East Prussia, there was concluded on September 12, the trial of sixty students of three gymnasia in that province accused of being members of secret political societies. They were all Catholics, some of them sons of the Polish aristocracy of the province and sons of men holding high positions in the government. It was proved that on admission to the society they took an oath on the crucifix to keep the existence of the society secret even from their families, but they all declared that the only object of the society was the study of Polish history and literature. The court found that it was a secret society with political tendencies and consequently unlawful. Fifteen of the youths were acquitted, ten dismissed with a reprimand, thirty-five sentenced to imprisonment ranging from one day to three months. The impression made upon the reader of the trial is that the government lifted the affair to the importance of a *cause célèbre* in order to

intimidate and exasperate still further its much suffering Polish subjects. The grinding tyranny which withholds from these youths in the schools all knowledge of their national literature no doubt drove them into secrecy. Who can blame them, on the other hand, that the study of the history of the once great and powerful kingdom of Poland should arouse patriotic sentiments in their breasts?

* * *

One of the fruits of the late Catholic Congress at Osnabrück will be the establishment of a new society, a society for the defence of the Church. The conviction is growing upon the German Catholics that notwithstanding their splendid organization and the able and devoted press they possess, their equipment will be incomplete, in view of the circumstances of the times, until they have set on foot this new society. An additional organization is needed that devotes itself exclusively to the work of fighting the new Kulturkampf and has the material and intellectual means to carry on the struggle victoriously, by writing books and pamphlets, engaging able and eloquent speakers to be sent promptly to the threatened points, tracking anti-Catholic fables and calumnies to their dark lairs, refuting them promptly and accurately as soon as they appear in hostile papers or are uttered by hostile speakers. The answer to a misrepresentation or calumny must come quick as a flash. Our devoted editors are overburdened with other work, nor are they in possession of the requisite agencies and other means to do this work thoroughly and promptly; they are often obliged to engage in long and wearisome correspondence with Catholics of foreign countries and several papers are at the same time engaged in working up the same case with consequent loss of time, money and energy. The new society will therefore supply a real want.

A monument has just been raised at Montabaur, in Nassau, to the memory of Dr. Joseph Kehrein, a distinguished Germanist and educator. Born in 1808, he devoted himself to the study of philology, and early in his career conceived a passion for the study of the grammar and history of the German language. The great Germanist Grimm himself requested him to undertake the study of the German grammar from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century. A long series of solid works were the fruits of his indefatigable labors. We can mention only a few : History of the German translation of the Bible before Martin Luther ; German hymns and religious songs from the twelfth to the fifteenth century ; History of Sacred Oratory in Germany. It was a sweet reward for the noble scholar that Grimm was able to declare in the preface to his monumental German dictionary that as a result of Kehrein's twelve years' research the beginning of modern high German must be dated not from Luther, but from the year 1450, that is to say, nearly eighty years before the reformer's time. Much less, thanks to Kehrein's labors, would any scholar now repeat the old fable that Luther was the father of the German church hymns. The last twenty-one years of his life Dr. Kehrein held the position of Director of the Catholic Teachers' Seminary at Montabaur.

* * *

Dr. Martin Spahn has been appointed by the government of Alsace-Lorraine ordinary Professor of modern history at the University of Strasburg. Dr. Spahn is only twenty-six years old, took his Doctor's degree at the University of Berlin at the age of twenty-one, continued his historical studies for two more years, then entered the Berlin University as Privat-Docent and only a year ago was called to Bonn as extraordinary Professor of History. The rapidity of his career is almost unheard of in Germany. It re-

minds one, by contrast, of the twenty-five semesters during which the distinguished von Hertling was kept as Privat-Docent in Bonn. The liberal papers with their usual "liberality" are trying to make a sensation of the appointment. For Dr. Spahn is a Catholic and the son of one of the most distinguished members of the Centre-party in the Reichstag. Though the youthful Professor has already published several learned historical works, these papers will not draw the natural influence that he must be a man of extraordinary fitness for the position, but are looking for other reasons. The *Germania* sarcastically tells them : " Oh, it is only another case of Catholic inferiority ! " The University of Strasburg established for Alsace Lorraine, the vast majority of whose inhabitants are Catholics, counts just five per cent. of Catholic Professors ! The predecessor of Dr. Spahn, admittedly an inferior man, was, of course, a Protestant. It is significant that at the same time that Dr. Spahn was appointed to this chair, a new chair for modern history was established for a Protestant Professor. It now leaks out that when Dr. Spahn first applied for the position of Privat-Docent in Berlin, he had to appear before the University " Inquisition " to be questioned as to how the dogma of Papal infallibility would affect his teaching of history ! Another illustration of the " absolute liberty of teaching " existing in the German Universities. According to the New York *Herald* of October 19, the German Emperor said, on the occasion of Dr. Spahn's appointment, " I rejoice to show my Catholic subjects that recognized scientific ability, based upon patriotism and fidelity to the Empire, will be utilized by me for the welfare of the Fatherland." And the *Vossische Zeitung* adds : " Never before had the Crown made such a public demonstration when confirming the nomination of a Professor, however eminent."

THE READER

Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine. Edited by the Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Green Bay, Wis. Benziger Bros., New York. \$1.50.

The name of the distinguished editor of this work is a voucher for its utility, especially as catechetical instruction is recognized to be now more than ever of vital importance in preserving the faith of our children. The book is not a catechism, but a pedagogical treatise on the manner of teaching it; and deals with the Church Legislation on the subject; the quality of the Catechist; the Programmes of Sunday Schools; the Modes of Teaching and the Aids to be employed, such as wall maps, black-boards, pictures, libraries, etc., as well as the pious practices connected with the instructions. It ends with a historical sketch from the Messianic days down to the nineteenth century inclusive.

The book is not all Spirago's, for the hand of the learned bishop is revealed on every page. It does not seem to favor the method of learning by heart, though sometimes, as in the case of St. Francis Xavier, it admits its necessity. One is astonished at the number of great men in the Church who have devoted themselves to the task of making the truths of the Church intelligible to little children. But it only goes to emphasize the necessity of bringing vast learning and absolutely sure doctrine to this most difficult work of condensing dogmas without obscuring or distorting them. Only profound scholars who at the same time possess what profound scholarship does not always ensure, viz.: the gift of im-

parting knowledge, should attempt the work.

The mention of the Confraternities of Christian Doctrine, which did such apostolic work in Germany, suggests that the teaching of catechism would be an excellent outlet for the zeal of many of our Sodalities. Most of those associations languish because they are concerned with nothing but their own sanctification, and seldom if ever engage in external works, in which case they miss one of the fundamental objects of Sodalities which were devised to further spiritual progress by taking up some of the spiritual or corporal works of mercy. Such was their origin, and because that is lost sight of, they have not the influence which they formerly possessed.

The information about Robert Raikes which is given in the Preface, will be of value for those who hear so often of the glory that Raikes is credited with, as the originator of the Sunday-schools. He is their Protestant patron saint. The Council of Trent, as the bishop notes, preceded Raikes. It might also be of interest to a recent writer in the *Educational Review* who, to help the non-religious public schools, advocated Sunday-schools with a great deal of profane teaching in addition to that of Christian Doctrine. It would be a revelation for him to hear that the Christian Brothers did that a couple of centuries ago. It is practised at the present day in France and Belgium in what are commonly known as *Les Patronages*, which are managed in this fashion: the rich men and women of the various parishes take the working boys and girls to the country on Sunday, give them plenty of sport and an excellent

dinner; teach them reading, writing, etc. and catechism, and then bring them home at night tired, happy and improved by their day's outing. If our educated and wealthy American Catholics do not want to go as far as that, they might at least afford help in Sunday-schools, and not leave it to young girls who, although most willing and devoted, are often quite incompetent to teach. All Sunday-school workers and all priests ought to have Spirago.

* * *

Le Catholicisme aux Etats Unis durant le XIX Siècle. Par Mgr. Gabriels. Evêque d'Ogdensburg.

In a thirty-five page article of *Le Correspondant* of October 10, 1901, Mgr. Gabriels, the Bishop of Ogdensburg, gives Frenchmen an excellent opportunity to understand the condition of Catholicity in the United States at the present day. Its plain, succinct, but comprehensive statements will be studied with interest not only in France, but in the rest of Europe; and while dissipating some exaggerated notions which persist there, in certain quarters, will furnish reliable information of the gigantic work that has been performed in spite of opposition and difficulties of every description, much of which has still to be encountered. Because of the distinguished and official sanction with which the communication is invested, it will be invaluable in the future as a historical document; and although the older ones among us are familiar with nearly all the subjects treated it might be serviceable for reference as well as for information to have it translated into English. It is divided into fourteen short chapters, under such titles as "Civil Laws in 1800;" "Trusteeism;" "Spanish Acquisitions;" "Baltimore Councils;" "Schools;" "Conversions;" "Knownothings and A. P. As;" "Leakage;" "Indians;" "Negroes;" etc., ending with a Synoptical Table of the result achieved.

The French printers have made sad

havoc with some of the proper names, it is true, but our typos take similar liberties when they have to wrestle with French subjects. The errors will not be recognized on the other side of the water; while the matter which the distinguished writer has furnished the readers of the Review will be most welcome not only for being so complete and trustworthy, but for the facility with which, because of the arrangement, one can put his finger on any required topic. Here at home we also are under obligations to the Bishop for the article and we are delighted to see his name occupy the first place in that very influential Review.

* * *

The Life of St. George, Patron of England. By Dean Fleming, M.R. Benziger Bros., 30 cts.

This is a tiny booklet bound in red out of consideration, doubtless, for the late English passion for that color. Once green was the favorite. The little treatise deals with the various historians of St. George from Metaphrastes down, all of whom agree that he was a Cappadocian soldier, martyred under Diocletian. The author deplores the amount of labor required to collate these chronicles and yet the book is only 5x3 inches with 100 diminutive pages. What would he do were he to deliver himself of a folio? As Patron of England the Saxons did not seem to take to St. George, even if St. Gregory constituted him such, which the writer thinks "is not at all improbable." Perhaps they built one church in his honor. Richard I, Edward III and Henry V were conspicuous among the Normans for their devotion to him. The story of St. George and the Dragon was made up by Jacobus de Voragine in 1280. De Voragine means "whirlpool," which swallows everything. It is nothing but Ovid's myth about Theseus and Andromeda in *Metamorphoses* B. IV. It is all there: "The writhing monster who first bounds on high; then, sinking low again, while the wing'd hero now

descends, now soars, and at his pleasure the vast monster gores." This admission is like an attack on the British Constitution and England will have to change her seal. Of course the Church never had anything to do with this fancy; though, on the other hand, it might be said that every saint who dies a heroic death slays the mighty dragon, especially when the saint is a soldier.

* * *

In the Beginning. By J. Guibert, S.S. Benziger Bros. \$2.00.

This is a translation from the work in French under the title *Les Origines*. The learned author intended it primarily for ecclesiastical students, but divested it of much of the didactic form which a treatise with such an object would naturally possess. The purpose of the change was to make it more acceptable to the general public. As its title partially indicates, it deals with the Origin of the Universe in general, and then of Life, Species, and Man; and in its concluding chapters it discusses the Unity of the Human Species, the Antiquity of Man, and his Primitive Condition. "The aim of the book," as the author tells us, "is to prevent science from being made to serve the ends of materialism and atheism, and to compel it to add its testimony to the glories of the Author of Nature." He proposes first to honestly explain the various systems, even those which he opposes; secondly, to assert with firmness what is well established, and thirdly to leave the questions open which have not yet received a solution. The orthodoxy of the work is guaranteed by the imprimatur of Cardinal Vaughan. As the subjects discussed

are of such wide interest at the present day the book will no doubt be widely read.

* * *

The Feast of Thalarcus. By Condé Benoist Pallen. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

In this little volume of seventy pages Mr. Pallen has given us a poem that is very bold and unusual in its conception, very artful and elaborate in its structure and very interesting in the singular story it relates. Thalarcus holds "a feast on whose gorgeous riot e'en the gods might look with jealous eye from their high seats for all its splendid prodigality." In the midst of the revels a vision of Simeon Stylites doing penance and praying on his lofty pillar is flashed upon his soul. Simeon likewise beholds the sinner; and here enters the chorus of the demons who assail the Saint in every possible way, to prevent his from rescuing the degraded Thalarcus. In this there is a strong resemblance to Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*, which subconsciously may have suggested the device. It ends with Simeon's triumph. Thalarcus abandons his life of luxury and begins to atone for the past by prayer and austerity. Of course, more than the mere story is intended, for it illustrates the influence exercised in the world by Saints who are remote from it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Forgive Us Our Trespases; or, Talks Before Confession." By Mother M. Loyola. Benziger Bros.

"Meditation for Monthly Retreats." Translated from the Dutch of Rt. Rev. J. Zwüsen, Archbishop of Utrecht. Benziger Bros. (\$1.00).

"Practical Preaching for Priests and People. Fr Clement Holland. Baker, London.

"But Thy Love and Thy Grace." By Francis J. Finn, S.J. Benziger Bros. (\$1.00).

THE SUPPLEMENT

OF THE

Messenger of the Sacred Heart

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No. 11

CHRISTIAN MERCY.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER 1901.

WE all remember the parable of Our Lord about the merciless servant who had his fellow prisoner thrown into prison for a debt of an hundred pence, just after his master had forgiven him a debt of ten thousand talents. It describes very exactly our own lack of mercy to our fellow men, much as we throw ourselves on the mercy of God.

Mercy moves the heart to pity and to compassion over another's misery so effectually that we do all in our power to relieve it. When Christ was moved at the sight of the hungry multitudes following Him into the desert, He at once performed a miracle to feed them. When He took pity on the sick and the leprous He straightway healed and cleansed them. Besides the external act by which He came to their assistance, there was also the internal act on His part, by which He felt their misery to some extent as if it were His own.

It is not enough to give the material or spiritual relief the needy may require: to be truly merciful one must feel their need as if it were one's own. "When thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not thine own flesh," is the advice of Isaias. "My son shed tears over the dead, and begin to lament as if thou hadst suffered some great harm," we are bidden in Ecclesiasticus, as the death of a fellow man should make us feel our own liability to the same penalty. Perhaps this is why it is asserted without question in the book of Proverbs: "A needy man is merciful," though unfortunately it is not always true; nay the parable about the merciless servant is too often verified

in the dealings of sinner with sinner, of the one in misery of any kind with his fellow in the same condition.

How comes it that we seem to appreciate the mercy of God to ourselves, and pray for it, and rejoice in it, and yet deny mercy to others? Would it not appear that in spite of our praise of God's mercy, we do not appreciate it as we should? We are too familiar nowadays with the blasphemy that pronounces God severe and even unjust because He punishes sin, cruel because He lets us suffer the evil consequences of the sin of our first parents and our own even after they have been forgiven. We may not repeat or entertain it for a moment in our hearts but we may, nevertheless by heeding it at all, lose sight of the real nature of God's mercy. Now without a clear and firm conception of God's mercy, we shall necessarily question His justice. Unless we have some idea of the greatness of His kind mercies, as they are termed so often in Holy Scripture, of their multitude, their eternity, their preëminence above all His other works, we shall not know how to defend His justice, or understand why He requires in us a spirit of mercy towards our fellow men.

"Be ye merciful as your heavenly Father is merciful," is the special lesson to which the counsel "Be ye perfect" is reduced. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy" is the promise held out to the merciful. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us" is the measure in which we are taught to pray for mercy. "Come ye blessed of my Father" is all for those who have performed corporal works of mercy, feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, harboring the homeless, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, even to one of His least brethren.

We need this spirit sadly. We need to learn not to judge so that we may not be judged, not to despise the poor that we may be kept from want; not to be impatient with the sinner, lest we commit more evil than he. We need mercy for the living and mercy for the dead, and what time could be more opportune to practise it than now when the hardships of the winter season begin to increase the miseries of poverty, when the month consecrated to the souls in purgatory makes us more attentive to their cry: Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least ye O my friends!

LEO XIII

TO ALL THE FAITHFUL WHO SHALL READ THESE LETTERS, GREETING
AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

DEEPLY graven in our hearts are the everlasting benefits obtained for us by Our Redeemer Jesus Christ. Of them the undying memory is not only cherished in the Church, but is recalled daily to our thoughts, linked as those blessings are with the sweet religious duty which affection imposes on us to the Virgin Mother of God.

As for Ourselves, if We cast Our eyes back over the long lapse of Our Supreme Pontificate, a grateful and pleasurable sense of consolation diffuses itself within Our soul, in the recollection of whatever, through the promptings and assistance of God, from whom all wise counsels flow, We have either instituted Ourselves, or have been solicitous to have Catholics undertake and promote for the greater honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

But there is a special delight afforded Us in the fact that by Our care and Our exhortations the holy practise of her Rosary, is more generally known and more universally adopted in the Church ; that Rosary Societies have been multiplied and are constantly increasing in the number and piety of the associates ; that many notable works have been written by learned men and disseminated far and wide ; and finally that the month of October which We have commanded to be consecrated altogether to the Rosary, is now celebrated with great and unusual splendor. But at the present moment, in the year which ushers in the twentieth century, We should almost regard Ourselves as lacking in Our duty, if We permitted the occasion to pass by, which Our Venerable Brother, the Bishop of Tarbes, and the clergy and people of Lourdes have of their own accord afforded us, by erecting in the august temple which they have consecrated to God, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Holy Rosary, fifteen altars, as many as there are mysteries of the devotion, each altar dedicated to a different mystery. We avail ourselves of the opportunity all the more willingly, because it brings Us into relation with the land of France, which is illustrious by so many and such great graces bestowed upon it by the Blessed Virgin ; a land which was in former times ennobled by the presence of

Dominic, the Patriarch and Law-giver, and in which the devotion of the Holy Rosary took its birth. For as all men know, the Patriarch Dominic, going from Spain into Gaul, withstood and overthrew the Albigensian heresy which at that time had spread like a deadly pestilence around the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, and through almost all of the Province of Aquitaine.

By preaching and expounding the wonderful and sacred mysteries of God's graces to man, he flashed the light of truth through all those regions on which the darkness of error had descended. For the separate divisions of the mysteries which make the Rosary so admirable are calculated each in its own special way to bring about the result that little by little, by dint of frequent recollection and meditation, the Christian soul imbibes the power that is inherent there ; little by little and imperceptibly it is led to lead all the work of life into a state of active repose ; to bear adversity with equanimity and courage ; to cultivate the hope of the good that will never cease in the better land, and finally to strengthen and augment the spirit of faith, without which it is vain to seek remedy or relief from the evils which overwhelm, or defence against the perils that threaten us. The method of prayer to the Blessed Mary, which, by the inspiration and assistance of God, Dominic first thought of, and in its special arrangement blended with the mysteries of Our Redemption, has been fittingly called the Rosary ; for as often as, in the words of the Angel, we hail Mary as full of grace, so often do we, by the reiteration of that glory of hers, bring her roses, so to speak, which exhale the most delightful and sweetest perfume ; as often as there arise in our mind, both the exalted dignity of Mary and the grace which God then inaugurated through the blessed fruit of her womb, so often do we recall those other singular merits by which she was associated with Jesus her Son in the redemption of mankind. Oh ! how sweet, therefore, and how grateful to the Blessed Virgin first sounded that angelical salutation ! For when Gabriel addressed her, she knew that of the Holy Ghost she had conceived the Word of God.

Moreover, in our own days, the old Albigensian heresy has been revived. Its designation is different and it is fathered by new sects who preach it ; under its new guise, and with the bait of impious errors and lies, it has had a marvellous renewal ; and is again working its way serpent-like through those lands, and now to a wider extent is

affecting with the foulness of its contagion those Christian peoples who are hurried to misery and destruction by its touch. For do we not see and do we not deplore, from the depths of our heart, the terrific storm which has been evoked in France at the present moment, against the Religious Congregations, whose works of piety and benevolence have merited so much from the Church and the people. But while we lament these ills and feel sick at heart, because of the woes they have brought upon the Church, yet as we look abroad, an assurance of salvation has come to us from these very misfortunes. Let us regard as a good and a favorable omen, and may the august Queen of Heaven confirm it, that in the month of October, as many altars as there are mysteries in the Rosary are to be dedicated in the sacred shrine of Lourdes.

Surely nothing can better avail to merit and win Mary's most salutary aid than to honor, as far as in us lies, the mysteries of our Redemption, at which she was not only present, but of which she formed a part; and to place the interwoven series of these events before our eyes which are thus proposed in order to bring them to our mind. And therefore we do not doubt but that the Virgin Mother of God, who is our most loving Mother, will hearken to the wishes and supplications which the countless throngs of Christians who flock thither from afar, will pour forth to her with due religious rite; that she will mingle her prayers with theirs; that these supplications, joined, as it were, in league with each other, will besiege heaven; and God, who is rich in mercy, will grant us what we ask. Thus the most powerful Virgin Mother, *who wrought that the faithful, by charity, should be born into the Church*, (1) will be again the means, as well as the mediatrix of our salvation; that she will crush, yea sever the multiplied heads of the hydra of iniquity which extends its length over the whole of Europe, and thus restore the tranquillity of peace to troubled minds. Finally, let us trust that both for men and nations there may be a speedy return to Jesus Christ, "who is able to save forever those who come to God by Him." (2).

Meantime, while professing Our most benevolent wishes for Our Venerable Brother, the Bishop of Tarbes, and our cherished sons of the clergy and laity of Lourdes, as well as for each and every desire which they have been solicitous to make known to Us, We have decreed to

(1) *St. Aug. De Sancta Virginitate C. VI.*

(2) Heb. vii, 25.

further such desires by these Apostolic Letters, an authentic copy of which We have ordered to be sent to all of Our Venerable Brothers exercising the office of Pastor, the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops and other Prelates in the sacred ministry throughout the Catholic world, in order that they, also, may share with Us in the same holy joy and pleasure. Wherefore, that all this may be happily and properly advanced, that it may increase the glory of God and tend to the benefit of the whole Catholic Church, We of Our Apostolic authority grant by these presents that Our beloved Son Benedict Maria Cardinal Langénieux, S.R.E., may lawfully, in Our name and by Our authority, dedicate the new temple erected in the town of Lourdes which is consecrated to God in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Holy Rosary ; that the same beloved Son may make use of the pallium in the solemn celebration of Mass as if he were in his own diocese ; and after the solemn Mass he may in Our name and by Our authority bless the people who assist, and impart to them the usual indulgences. This We grant, all former precepts to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome, under the ring of the fisherman, on the 7th day of September, 1901, the year of Our Pontificate the twenty-fourth.

A. CARD. MACCHI.

NOTED CATHOLIC WOMEN.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

VII.

MÈRE MARIE DE LA PROVIDENCE.

In the year 1856 there was founded in Paris a community which took the name of "Helpers of the Holy Souls in Purgatory," and which might well have had as a second title, the "Order of Holy Suffering." Far beyond that of any other order ever established in the Church, it makes the relief and care of suffering and pain, the object of all its prayers, works and desires. Although one of the youngest religious societies in point of time, it fills a distinctive and unique place and has been abundantly blessed and enabled to multiply. At the

present day the Helpers are firmly established in Paris, Nantes, China, Brussels, London, Cannes, Orléans, Tourcoing, Montmartre, Blancheland, Island of Jersey, Liège, Rheims, Turin, Florence, Lourdes, Versailles, Vienna and New York.

This is a wonderful record for an order not yet fifty years old. Eugénie Marie Joseph Truet, foundress of the Helpers of Holy Souls, was born at Lille, in France on the 25th of March, 1825. Her father, M. Henri Truet filled a position of great esteem and trust in his native town, while her mother, Pauline de Mont d'Hiver came of an ancient and noble family of Picardy.

Both parents were true Catholics, and brought up their large family in the happiest manner. There is something very apt in Eugénie having been born on the feast of the Annunciation, a day associated in our minds with the mystery of a great vocation.

From her childhood the future foundress of the Helpers of Holy Souls had a wonderful love for the Suffering Souls. In all the natural, careless gaiety of her early days and later girlhood the thought seemed to be constantly with her. It is related of her that on a certain summer's day when she and her young companions were having a merry time in the fields, under a cloudless sky, that something seemed to stay Eugénie's dancing feet and happy laughter and, as her young companions gathered around her, she said to them with sweet seriousness,

"Do you know what is passing through my mind? If one of our companions were in a prison of fire, and it were possible for us to get her out by saying one word, O how quickly we would do it, would we not?"

"Well then," she continued, as her little friends remained silent, that is what Purgatory is, the souls there are in a prison of fire; but our kind God who keeps them shut up there only asks from us one prayer that we may open the door—and this prayer we do not say."

After this little homily, with the natural transition from grave to gay that distinguishes a child, she was dancing among the flowers again. This incident, however, serves as a key to her whole future life and character—her deep faith, strong imagination, ardent love and resolute spirit. A spirit born to assume great responsibilities.

Eugénie was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Lille, under Madame Desmarquets, and returned to her parents' country home

at Loos-lez-Lille after her school days were over. She at once entered on innumerable works of charity and benevolence, ably seconded by her father and mother. Her home life was a singularly happy one, and her own naturally sweet and cheerful disposition added to the happiness of her surroundings. Why, then, may we ask did she not rest contented with the pious works carried on as an inmate of her father's house—why seek to go out in the world and undertake all the difficulties, responsibilities and the uncertainty of founding a religious order? The answer is and only can be that she had received the divine call that first came to the rude fishermen at the Lake of Genesareth, to leave all, and follow their Lord. We cannot trace step by step every detail of the way that led up to the consummation of Eugénie's vocation. Little by little, now in one way, now in another, the light shone on her path, and the conviction grew and deepened that she was called upon to found an order devoted exclusively to the suffering souls of the Church Expectant as well as for the suffering poor of the Church Militant. It was only in the face of much opposition from all her family and friends, as well as a lack of belief in her vocation on the part of priests and religious, that Eugénie persevered in her unwavering faith in her call. In answer to her prayers she was shown so clearly several times that God's approval and blessing rested on her and her work, that when finally the way was opened for her to consult the saintly Curé d'Ars and she found he most cordially approved of and blessed the proposed foundation, Eugénie no longer hesitated as to her vocation. For some time she kept up a regular correspondence with the Curé d'Ars through his secretary the Abbé Toccanier, thus receiving the benefit of the wise and holy counsel of one of the most saintly priests of Catholic France.

In 1855 when Eugénie was thirty years old she indirectly heard of a priest in Paris, the Vicaire of St. Merry, who had in mind the establishment of a religious order similar to what she had in view. A meeting between them was brought about and Eugénie found their ideas and wishes were identical save in one respect. The Vicaire thought that the Community should teach as a means of support, whereas Eugénie rightly judged it should nurse the sick and suffering and seek to gather in the forlorn and outcast ones, and wanderers from the fold. She foresaw that the whole spirit of the order would be diverted from its proper channel if this idea was abandoned, and education alone

was its chief work. She therefore held to her own view firmly, but consented to go to Paris and make a beginning with some other ladies who were gathered together in the Rue St. Martin where a few rooms had been placed at their disposal by a charitable friend of the Vicaire. Now when she was so near the realization of her wish Eugénie experienced that nameless terror which comes to nearly all noble souls in the face of a great sacrifice, and the assuming of great cares.

Her deep and passionate love for her family—her natural and overpowering dislike for responsibility, all combined to make her shrink from the step. But not for nothing had she for years said the little prayer:

“O God the Holy Ghost, Thou hast at different times inspired the foundation of a number of Religious Orders to supply the various needs of the Church Militant. O Father of Lights, we implore Thee out of zeal and compassion for the dead, to raise, in behalf of the suffering portion of the Church, an order devoted to the relief and deliverance of the Souls in Purgatory. Thou Alone Creating Spirit, canst inspire the foundation of such a congregation—one so conducive to the greater glory of God, and for the establishment of which we shall never cease to pray.”

Joined to her belief in her vocation Eugénie had then, and throughout her whole future life, a marvellous trust in Divine Providence. Her faith in this respect was supernatural. As a little child she had prayed for a wished for good, and had promised Our Divine Lord that she would trust Him in *all* things “from a pin to Heaven”—this ardent and unwavering faith never left her. Over and again her prayers were answered as by a miracle of nature and of grace.

She lived to the full the spirit and letter of the command that we must ask *in faith, nothing wavering*. This belief sustained her in all the poverty and trials of her foundation, and in all the physical suffering of her later life. As M. Desgenettes, the Curé of Notre Dame des Victoires said, “She was possessed of the holy folly of the Cross.”

The commencement of the life of the Order on the fourth floor of the house in the Rue St. Martin, Paris, is a record of heroic patience and faith, joined to constant poverty and self denial. The religious often had not a franc in the house wherewith to buy food. There were not even enough chairs to seat them all, and in going to Mass they had to take turns, as enough outdoor wraps were not owned by

the little Community for all to go together. Nevertheless, they persevered, gathering around them the little children and poor women of the neighborhood for instruction, and visiting the sick wherever they were called. They were aided and directed by the Abbé Gabriel, Curé of St. Merry, who remained as long as he lived a faithful and loyal friend to the Order. He it was who gave them each a name in religion, and henceforth Eugénie was known as Mère Marie de la Providence.

Besides the ordinary vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, the members of the Order took a fourth, "to pray, suffer and labor for the souls in Purgatory, and to offer up in their favor all the satisfactory part of their works of mercy, their vows and prayers, and also the indulgences applicable to themselves, both during their life and after death."

On waking in the morning the religious were required to say, "My Jesus, Mercy!" so as to begin the day by gaining an indulgence for the departed souls. This ejaculation was repeated whenever they knelt or passed the Blessed Sacrament, and sometimes interiorly when they met each other. After Mass they always sang the *De Profundis*, and they ended all their prayers with the invocation—"Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them." Prayers and litanies were also frequently offered during the day for the Holy Souls. The same rules and customs are still followed.

Their work soon grew beyond the accommodations in the Rue St. Martin, and it became absolutely imperative to have a larger house—but how? Hitherto all their means of support had come through the generosity of a few friends, and their own labors in making fancy work.

They had no fixed income or certain means of support, but here again Mère Marie's faith triumphed.

She was led in an almost supernatural manner to select a house in the Rue Baronillère, whose owner wished to sell. At first, he refused to rent on any terms. The good nuns had recourse to fervent prayer and intercession, and in the end Monsieur d'A. agreed to rent the house to them. From that time the work of the Society constantly grew and expanded. The Archbishop of Paris granted them exposition and daily Mass. A regular director was appointed to minister to them, and finally Mère Marie and two of her children were allowed to take

the perpetual vow. Their rule was taken from St. Ignatius, that most wonderful organizer, spiritual rule-maker, and master in discipline.

All these different steps in their lives occupied the first three years of their foundation. It was in 1858, when she was thirty-three years old that Mère Marie took the perpetual vows. Years before, when still a young girl at Lille, she had an inward conviction that her full consecration to religion would be made when she was the same age as Our Blessed Lord was at the time of His death, a presentiment that was fulfilled.

Next to their special devotion to the souls in purgatory the Order engaged in nursing the sick poor, in their homes, and in holding both Sunday and week day classes for women and children, instructing them in religion, in sewing and in other useful arts, and in making a happy time for them by means of books and innocent recreations.

The helpers wore no regular religious habit, but were simply clothed in black, wearing an ordinary bonnet, and almost the only distinctive mark of their calling consisted of a cross, worn suspended from the neck.

This simple habit was wisely decided upon so that they might, if possible, reach souls who refused to see a priest or anyone known by them to be a nun. By means of their dress they over and again gained access to the most stubbornly irreligious and blasphemous souls, winning them in the end to God and the Church. No idea can be formed of the noble and self-sacrificing work of these holy women. They took care of and washed and dressed and tended the most miserable, sick, and repulsive of the poor; often and often spending days and weeks by the bed side of the most loathsome diseases. They worked with unwearied patience to win souls to the Church, to instruct neglected children, and bring back wandering Catholics to the performance of their duty. And all these works were offered for the deliverance of the Holy Souls, that they might the sooner satisfy God's justice, and attain to the full light of the Beatific Vision. Their life was, indeed, a daily martyrdom; to pray, suffer, labor; *labor, suffer, pray*.

They believed with Bourdaloue, "It is not enough to pray for the dead, we must above all things sanctify ourselves for their sakes."

The first branch of the Order was established in Nantes, the second

in China, and from that time new foundations were multiplied. A third Order was also established called "Lady Associates." Their motto is the same as that of the Helpers. They live in the world, but are bound to lead a serious Christian life, to visit the sick in coöperation with the Religious, and, as far as their means allow, to contribute to the support of the Community. In addition to this there is a third class of honorary members who recite every day the acts of faith, hope and charity for the Holy Souls, and who make a yearly offering to the Society.

Both associates and honorary members share in the good works and prayers of the Order, and also in the Masses of Associated Priests, and in the communions of associated Religious during life and death. All these privileges are applicable to deceased relatives.

It was in 1856 when making her first vows that Mère Marie de la Providence realized to the full that the work she had undertaken, committed her to more than ordinary suffering. She says that she trusts "God would have mercy upon her according to His great mercy, in the sense which many holy persons have attached to these words, believing that the greatest of His mercies is to be given to drink of His chalice, and to be baptized with His baptism."

And indeed this prayer was granted—the royal road of the holy cross was opening before her, and like Newman's "pale pilgrim," who was led on year by year until he found himself "with Paul's sad girdle bound," Mère Marie was finding that *her* girdle was the discipline of pain.

One of the most terrible and dreadful diseases made the last years of her life a living martyrdom. Her strong resolute spirit bore it with splendid courage. It was a marvel to all around her how she kept up and did all her appointed tasks almost to the last. She had prayed years ago: "Give me, O Lord that rest which absorbs my soul in Thee, so that it may do nothing, when in prayer, but listen to Thy voice, and at other times fulfil Thy will in the present moment without disquietude about the past or the future."

This time of calm and quiet was past, and henceforth it was a sharp and goading conflict in which she was engaged, like a soldier in battle, where all the powers of the soul were arrayed against the weakness of the flesh. Speaking at this time of the goodness of God, she exclaimed in her ardent impulsive way: "I have no time to lose. O let

us make haste to love our Lord Jesus Christ." The more her spiritual nature triumphed so much the more she seemed to think she did not *love* enough.

At times, when her suffering was intense, she would ask for her "spiritual chloroform," as she called a Rosary given her by the Curé d'Ars. With her eyes fixed on the crucifix she would repeat over and over on the beads, *Fiat, Jesus*. At times when her agony was greatest this was her sole prayer. For years before her death, Mère Marie's devoted friend and director had been Père Olivaint of the Society of Jesus. These two holy souls fully understood each other, and it was Père Olivaint who guided and upheld her as she drew near to the valley of the shadow of death. He gave her Extreme Unction and her last Communion. His usual habit was to make his afternoon visit about five o'clock, but on the 7th of February, 1891, the feast of our Blessed Lord's Agony, by one of those spiritual communications of thought that exist between some souls, he was impelled to come to her at three o'clock. Mère Marie herself seemed to *know* he would come at that time, though no word had passed between them about it. Had he come at his usual hour he would have been too late, for at five o'clock this valiant and holy woman was released from her suffering. One of her last words was: "O if I had a little love, how sweet my sufferings would seem! O Jesus, be my strength, be my life! My God, I trust myself to Thee; I give up all solicitude; I have only strength to say, 'My God, I love Thee!'"

Love, indeed, was the ruling passion of her life. Love for God, the Saints, the Holy Souls; for her family and spiritual children and all suffering humanity.

Speaking to Père Olivaint, who was himself martyred during the Paris Commune in 1871, of her wish that through the Cross she might love God more, and that it had been her daily prayer for twenty years, he said: "My Child, Our Lord gave you His Cross eighteen months ago, and during the last six months it has become sharper. O let that Cross be to you a token of His love. Love even unto death; suffer unto death; take heart. Love the folly of the Cross! You say that you feel yourself to be God's property—a thing belonging to Him. That is right. Cling to the thought and prize it."

Since the death of Mère Marie de la Providence the Order of Helpers has grown and expanded ten fold, aided no doubt by the prayers of its

very pleasant—not so brilliant that it burned you up, or so powerful that it knocked you down, but characterized by a gentlemanly enthusiasm upon a variety of subjects which you felt yourself encouraged to discuss with him.”

These not rigidly consecutive remarks had a chance at first of being called “A Talk about Talk ;” but their scope got narrowed down to one sort of talk. I will end with a paragraph on the wider theme, which helps our special subject to this extent that good talk bars the way to bad talk.

Sir Joshua Reynolds asked Dr. Johnson how he had attained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. He said he had made it a rule to do his best on every occasion and in every company ; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language in which he could put it ; and that by constant practice and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him. Quintilian (X, 7) says something similar about Cicero. “*Ne id quidem tacendum est quod eidem Ciceroni placuit, nullum nostrum usquam negligentem esse sermonem: quicquid loquimur, ubicumque, sit pro sua scilicet portione perfectum.*” It might be well to make some attempt, within due limits, to copy this practice and follow this advice of Cicero, Quintilian, and Samuel Johnson. Some people are so slovenly in their ordinary talk—and this not through shyness or modesty; quite the contrary ; they consider that their most careless, slipshod nonsense is good enough for those they are talking with, that the listeners are not worth taking pains for. On the other hand we recall with edification the thoroughness, the painstaking earnestness, with which certain men of great learning, whom all that knew revered, discussed questions with their younger brethren as if on perfectly equal terms. The man who is chiefly before my mind as I write these last words(1) gave it as his opinion that in no matter are persons who try to lead virtuous lives so liable to commit serious faults as they are in this matter of uncharitable talk. I hope this final remark concerns the present reader ; for then it will follow that he is trying to lead a virtuous life, and that “*est déjà quelque chose.*”

(1) Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., at one time Professor of Theology at Maynooth author of “The Relations of the Church to Society,”

THE DIRECTOR'S REVIEW.

The Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana, has granted our Association a share in their good works and prayers. Their communities have missions in twenty dioceses.

The list of recent aggregations is quite large this month. Over twenty new Centres have been established, and applications are coming daily for diplomas of aggregation. The Receptions of Promoters are also growing to be more numerous.

The bureau of administration of the League will still remain in Toulouse, France, the residence of the Deputy Director General. The law of associations will not affect this, though it aims at suppressing the body of religious, some of whose members are in charge of this bureau. They may not live together as members of a community, but there is nothing to prevent most of them from continuing their labors in the sacred ministry.

Our readers will naturally ask for some result of all the prayers we have been offering in behalf of the Religious Congregations in France. These prayers have had some remarkable results. They have not obtained the defeat of all the measures contained in the law of associations; but by prayer as well as by the mighty efforts of the

staunch Catholics who supported the Religious, some of its odious clauses have been stricken out, for example, the clause reflecting on the religious vows, and the one which would have left the property of the congregation subject to immediate confiscation. Prayer has sustained the Religious and their champions in the long struggle, which is not yet over, but which has already developed the fact that the government falsified the figures representing the value of the property owned by Religious, and concealed its real motive for wishing to suppress them, viz., to get control of the education of the youth of France, and to impair the authority of the Holy See, by recognizing only such communities as would submit in all points to episcopal jurisdiction. The Religious are leaving France in great numbers, opening colleges and assuming new works in countries more wisely governed than their own. Their action, approved by the Holy See, is embarrassing the French government, and revealing to the people of France the motives which have animated the politicians in power, and the parties, hitherto unsuspected who have aided or encouraged them to pass this iniquitous law.

The usual suggestion has been made to Directors and Promoters

for offering the good works on the Treasury list during November for the souls in Purgatory. Associates should assist them in this, each promising a fair share and recording and reporting it to the Promoter in due time.

The month now passing, October, offers an excellent opportunity for Associates to practise the second degree of the apostleship and cultivate the habit of saying the one *Our Father* and ten *Hail Marys* daily with the view ultimately of saying the entire beads occasionally, if not daily. It is chiefly because

one practice helps the other that the Holy Father insists on our keeping the second degree and offering this decade for his intention.

Whether Directors can have triduum in honor of Blessed Margaret Mary or not this month, Associates should not let her feast pass without reading something from her life and learning thus the spirit of true devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. She was its first and chief apostle, she is its most perfect model, and she is likewise patron for all who try to promote or practise it properly.

INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

Promoters procure retreats for Workingmen in Belgium.—Retreats for Workingmen began to be given at Mechlin in Belgium in 1896. Annual subscriptions of clergy and people defrayed the expenses; and during the three years following about two hundred workingmen went in little parties to the residence of the Jesuit Fathers at Ghent, or to the house of Our Lady of Labor at Fayt-lez-Manage. In 1899 another house of retreats, containing fifty small rooms, was opened at Lierre, some leagues from Mechlin. The League of Christian Workingmen at Malines contained none but those that made the retreat, and the Lady Promoters determined to

help them. The Promoters began to collect money, and in a few days they were able to provide a place of retreat for forty-six men. All of these became members of the Apostleship of Prayer. The Cardinal Archbishop received the Promoters in a special audience; influential people assisted them; and soon three bands of forty or fifty workingmen went to make a retreat at Lierre. There are about 370 now in the Workingmen's League at Mechlin, who assemble once a month in the Jesuit chapel. From sixty to one hundred receive Holy Communion each time they assemble. The monthly leaflet is distributed to them, and an address on some

practical subject delivered. The retreats and monthly meetings have a remarkable effect on these workingmen. They join in public processions, in which, as in the services at church, their behavior edifies everybody.

In a Brief addressed, on February 8, 1900, to the Father-General of the Society of Jesus, Pope Leo said that he had learned with "peculiar joy" of the Fathers' retreats to workingmen, the men "most exposed to the snares of the wicked."

Devotion to the Sacred Heart in Mexico.—Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord reached Mexico at an early date, and towards the middle of the eighteenth century the celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart had become usual. The expulsion of the Jesuits retarded somewhat the spreading of the devotion. They were made aware of the decree of exile just on the eve of the feast of the Sacred Heart, as they were making great preparations for the following day. Mass had to be celebrated with closed doors, and the great number of particles consecrated for the people on the preceding morning had to be consumed by the priests. Since, then, in Mexico, as elsewhere, this favorite devotion has penetrated everywhere. In some places, as in Morelia, it is practised with great solemnity. Nearly all the fourteen churches of Morelia celebrate the First Friday with pomp.

In many of them the Blessed Sacrament is exposed all day. Of the 35,000 people of the city, about 9,000 go to Holy Communion. In some of the churches there is a procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the evening of the First Friday. In many places the feast of the Sacred Heart is preceded by a novena, and in some there is an octave following, during which the people attend the devotions. The Holy Hour is practised in most of the centres. So also the Month of the Sacred Heart is in special favor. In Dolores Hidalgo (Leon) the people are divided into classes; and each day of the month, some religious association, school, commercial association, bands of poor people and workingmen, come in pilgrimage, and present at the altar an offering to promote the devotion. In some places are made, and particularly by wealthy gentlemen, offerings of altar vessels, vestments, wax, etc. During the recitation of the Rosary, little children, appropriately clad, come to lay at each mystery, their gifts on the altar of the Sacred Heart.

In Orizaba the clients of the Sacred Heart began the practice of circulating images of the Heart of our Lord through the houses, in each of which they were honored for three days, and then passed on to others. Sometimes the pictures, decorated with ex-voto offerings, are carried in procession with

hymns, or are set in public places with lamps lighted before them. There are eighteen votive churches of the Sacred Heart erected within the past few years, while there are innumerable chapels and altars. In twenty-three of the twenty-eight dioceses of Mexico there is a Diocesan Director of the Apostleship. The Associates number about 250,000 in 500 centres, with 10,287 Promoters. The interesting, pretty, and pious *Mexican Messenger* has a large circulation amongst the members.

Central America.—Amongst the republics of Central America, San Salvador holds a prominent place in devotion to the Sacred Heart. There are already a hundred Confraternities of the Sacred Heart, and seventy-four flourishing Centres of the Apostleship. A new *Messenger* was issued last year. In the capital city a vast temple of the Sacred Heart is to be erected by the members of the Apostleship. The corner stone has lately been blessed by Mgr. Perez y Aguilar. In British Honduras, the *Angelus* publishes the monthly intention in Spanish and English. Here as in Guatemala, there is a Diocesan Director.

Indulged Prayer to the Sacred Heart.—By a brief of March 13, 1901, the Holy Father has granted one hundred days indulgence, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, to all who recite once a day the following prayer :

O Divine Heart of Jesus, grant, I beseech Thee, to the souls in Purgatory eternal rest, to the agonizing a happy death, to sinners true repentance, to unbelievers the light of faith, to me and mine Thy blessing. To Thee O most merciful Heart of Jesus, I commend all those souls ; and I offer to Thee for them all Thy merits, together with the merits of Thy most Blessed Mother, and of all the Angels and Saints, and with all the Masses, Holy Communions, prayers and good works that are offered throughout the whole Christian world on this day.

“ WAKEFIELD, Mass.,

“ Aug 4, 1901.

“ *Dear Father.*—I am glad to notice an increase of interest in the intentions among the members of the League both here and at our mission. The many favors recorded in the SUPPLEMENT last month prompted me to bring the fact to the attention of my members ; and as a result we have many appeals to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for this month. Trusting the present fervor of my association will continue, I am

Sincerely in Christ,

“ J. F. McNIFF.”

“ STOCKTON, Cal.

“ A few days after the Feast of the Most Sacred Heart, twenty-two new Promoters were honored with diplomas and crosses.

Rev. Father Lacey, our spiritual director, conducted the reception.

After delivering an impressive sermon he earnestly exhorted the new Promoters to work well in the holy, noble cause they were enlisted in. The altar was beautifully decorated by the Sisters and the music well rendered by the regular choir. We number in our centre about fifty-five Promoters, with a membership of nine hundred persons. Our devotions on the First Friday are beautifully impressive and a great number offer monthly to the Sacred Heart their communions of reparation. Through the efforts of our ever zealous director, Father Lacey, and the kindly assistance of our dear Sisters, the congregations of the First Friday are stirred to profound piety by the singing of appropriate hymns by a choir of convent young ladies selected and trained by the Sisters. The number of our Promoters and members is steadily increasing and we hope, through the love of the Loving Sacred Heart, it will continue to so increase that we will number the greater part, if not all, in our parish."

"*Dear Father.*—We take pleasure in submitting to the friends and patrons of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul the following short statement regarding the progress of the Special works of the Society for the six months ending September 1, 1901 :

"The Children's Fresh Air Mission, at Baychester, was opened

June 21 and will close September 27. The total number of children who received a two weeks' free outing was 707. The Sisters of St. Francis, from Mount Loretto, Staten Island, were in charge this year and gave complete satisfaction. The Society hopes to be able to increase the capacity of the Mission before next summer, as it has proved inadequate. The time was extended two weeks this year rather than disappoint many of the little folks who had been promised a vacation, but could not be accommodated earlier.

"Three new Catholic Boys' Clubs have been opened since our last semi-annual report, making eight now under the control and management of the Society in the Borough of Manhattan. These clubs aim to keep the boys off the streets by giving them a pleasanter place to spend their evenings. The clubs have books, periodicals, games, a gymnasium, cadet corps, fife-and-drum corps, private theatricals and other attractions. The boys are instructed in their religious duties and prepared for the reception of the Sacraments, and are also assisted in obtaining employment.

"The Catholic Home Bureau, at 105 East Twenty-second street, after careful investigation, has placed eighty-one dependent orphan children in good homes and has investigated and approved twenty-eight other homes to which children will be sent later. The

regular half-yearly visitation of the 182 children previously placed out has also been made. This Bureau, though receiving no city or state aid, is doing a real service to the taxpayers by taking hundreds of children out of institutions where they are a public charge and placing them in proper homes.

"The Free Employment Bureau, at 2 Lafayette Place, has obtained employment for 339 men and boys. Among the boys placed were many from the Trade Schools of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin and the Catholic Protectory, who were able to obtain much better wages than would be otherwise possible, thus proving the great benefit of such instruction.

"The regular weekly visitation

of the prisons, hospitals and other public institutions by committees of the Society has been continued without interruption.

"The collections for the Special Works Fund during the six months were \$6,275.50.

"We hope this report will meet with your approval and we take this occasion again to thank you very heartily for your kind and helpful interest in these Special Works of the Society and for your very generous contributions to the fund for their support.

"Sincerely yours in St. V. de P.,

"THOMAS M. MULRY,
"President.

"JOHN CRANE,
"Chairman Finance Committee."

OBITUARY.

Sister Elizabeth of St. Celestine, Marysville, Cal.

Mrs. M. Ryan, Holy Family, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. Madden, Blue Mountain Lake.

Miss Norah Desmond, San José, Cal.

Miss Mary G. Walsh, St. Columbkille's, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Mary Drew.

Miss Elizabeth and Miss Margaret McCarthy, St. Columbkille's, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. John McCormick, St. Ann's, Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. O'Neill, South Boston, Mass.

Eleanor MacHugh, Immaculate Conception Centre, Boston, Mass.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 732,628.

A THANKSGIVING TO BE REMEMBERED.

I should like to return thanks for recovery from nervous prostration, than which, in certain forms, there is nothing more terrible. I had always felt sympathy for persons suffering from "nerves" in any way, and it always excited my indignation to hear such suffering slightly mentioned as "nothing, merely nervous." Nothing to feel yourself at the mercy of a wild mob which you can neither pacify nor subdue, before which your self-control, your consideration for others disappear, leaving you humbled to the dust. Nevertheless, I had no conception of the agony, physical and mental, which sick nerves could produce. In my case my physical suffering was soon relieved, but a form of scruples and melancholy remained which brought me to the verge of despair, I may say filled me with a sort of dumb despair, for in the first part of my illness I could speak to no one of my fears and terrors. I remember my predominant feelings were wonder and terror at the thought that God, to whom my devotion had been that of a child, could let me suffer so cruelly, not that I did not deserve far greater, but my life had been filled with tenderest mercies, and I had been blessed with

filial, unbounded confidence in God's care and love for me. So convinced was I always that all that God willed for me was best, that no matter how earnestly or passionately I desired a thing, when I knelt to ask for it my heart involuntarily framed its petition in the words of dear Faber's favorite aspiration: "Sweet will of God, I worship Thee." But now I thought that owing, not to any wilful, deliberate transgression or negligence in the past, but to spiritual blindness which I could not account for, my past life in which I had tried to serve God, had been a mistake. Terrible, apparently terrible omissions multiplied before me and convinced me that I was doomed to an eternity of suffering, of which I was having a foretaste in this world, for everything beautiful in nature, in art, in life with which my devoted family, or my friends sought to divert my melancholy only increased the agony of my despair by bringing to mind inconceivable beauties, harmonies, happiness which I was doomed to behold and yearn for for all eternity. I remember my sister said to me one day: "Is there nothing that can give you pleasure?" "Nothing in the world," was my

cruel answer. I tried in vain to pray; favorite psalms which came from force of habit to my lips at my awakening and which I had been fond of repeating when I was dressing in the morning, only increased my feelings of terror and despair as did everything that spoke of God's mercy and love. I had the ministration of devoted friends among the clergy, priests for whom I had the highest esteem and affection, whose guidance I had accepted with absolute confidence, but nothing they could say, their most solemn asseverations could not convince me that I was not to be a victim of God's justice for all eternity, that I had any claim to His mercy, and this, too, though I was always better in an indescribable way for the touch of anointed hands. At the end of seven months I was so much better physically that my family consented to let my trained nurse go. My mental suffering continued and I think it was about this time that my physician told a member of the family that he could not say I should ever be well, others shared his opinion: "She cannot pull through." An intimate friend told another member of the family: "She is so frail and has so little to go on." I had begun to be able to say: "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me, but not my will but Thine be done," for my morning and evening prayers, and I slept with my crucifix tightly clasped in my hand as a tacit prayer

for mercy and with the hope that if I were called to the judgment seat of God before morning the image of His divine Son might move Him to take pity on me. Then one day when I was feeling unutterably depressed and despairing I threw myself on my knees and begged and implored to be restored to health, promising that on my recovery I would give \$100 to be expended in promoting devotion to the Sacred Heart, and that were my prayer heard I would publish the favor in the MESSENGER. Heretofore whenever I asked for anything I always did or gave whatever I promised at once without waiting for the answer to my prayer, feeling sure that I always received the answer that was best for me, that I myself would choose were I divinely enlightened. So I gave the sum at once to one who used the offering to defray the expense of printing and mailing the Holy Father's Encyclical on "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," to every parish priest and religious superior in the country. But to conclude, from this time on I improved steadily and I am now better, brighter, happier than I have ever been. My recovery is so complete that a Protestant friend told me recently that she thought it was miraculous and she was sure it was due to prayer.

With a desire to encourage fellow sufferers, wrecked nerves are so common now, I have dwelt on the worst and most discouraging fea-

tures of my illness at some length, but if I have trespassed unduly on space I hope the Reverend Editor will use his blue pencil freely.

PHILADELPHIA.—“Early in August, I suffered from an ailment which I feared would necessitate a surgical operation. I appealed for aid to St. Ignatius and St. Benedict, using at the same time the St. Ignatius’ Water with the medicine, and within ten days I was entirely relieved.”

KANSAS CITY.—“I was left almost alone in the world with very little means of support. I asked the Sacred Heart, my Blessed Mother and St. Joseph to help me invest the little money I had in some way that would give me an income to live on, and promised if my request was granted to publish the same in the *Messenger*. I also promised to make a donation to the Sacred Heart, and have a Mass offered in honor of the Sacred Heart for the benefit of the poor suffering souls in Purgatory. A few days after the Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady my request was granted. According to promise I have made the donation and have had the Mass offered up.”

VISITATION CONVENT, EVANSTON, ILL.—“In the month of July the son-in-law of the superintendent of our new Academy fell down a long flight of stairs at the Water Works in St. Louis. His sister-in-law was here at the time and

seemed very much worried as they gave little hopes of life and pronounced him a cripple for life, if he did recover. I am very much interested in the cause of the Venerable Father de la Colombière and at once gave her a small particle of linen ‘sent me by our Sisters at Paray’ that had touched the remains of the good Father, asking her to have them place it on the spine. It seems they placed him in a plaster cast and it was impossible but the devoted wife succeeded in getting it very near. The Doctor that morning had given orders to keep everyone out of the room as his symptoms were worse, and admitted no one but the young man who was attending him. The relic arrived after that and at twelve he turned to his attendant and said I am better, very much better. In less than a week before the novena ended he was at work and has continued to improve steadily. One of our Sisters had injured her knee, and by applying the relic and making a novena she has entirely recovered. A lady friend who was attacked with appendicitis and expected to have an operation, by taking water in which a piece of linen had been placed, improved so much during the night that the Doctors pronounced the operation needless.”

SAN FRANCISCO.—“My brother, was very intemperate and negligent in regard to his religious duties. I had him enrolled in the

Guard of Honor and said the requisite prayers for him. I am glad to say he has reformed and has a fine position with the prospect of a promotion."

SACRED HEART CONVENT, LOUISIANA.—"For six years I have been praying for the conversion of two persons I dearly love; one a Catholic who had neglected his religious duties for six years, the other a Protestant. Finally, I thought of making a promise to the Sacred Heart to have the account of these conversions published in the *Messenger* if I obtained them. A week later I heard that the latter was studying the Catholic religion and would shortly be received into the Church, and that her husband, the unpractical Catholic, would accompany her to the Holy Table."

CHICAGO, ILL.—"My brother suddenly lost his mind at the age of three and was reduced to a condition of idiocy. He was confined in a children's asylum for eleven years with no prospect of getting better in mind, though strong physically. Suddenly I thought of praying for him. I prayed for a restoration of mind or that God would call him to a happier life than this. My prayer was answered. God called him to the better life after only a day's illness."

POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—"Some two or three months ago I asked the prayers of the League for my little girl seven years old, who had

a lump growing on her neck. Several doctors told us it would have to be cut out. We prayed fervently to the Sacred Heart, and I cannot express my thanks for the great favor obtained."

ST. ANDREW'S CENTRE, NEW YORK.—"A Promoter of this Centre has received a signal temporal favor through the Sacred Heart. For five years she was troubled with a painful, ugly-looking swelling on the neck. Many doctors gave her advice but no relief. Last February, she began applying the Badge and Cross, at the same time asking the Sacred Heart to cure her. Her prayer is answered. All the objectionable features of the swelling have disappeared, only a slight mark remains. A Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart has been offered."

"My brother-in-law was very sick; he had lost all his strength and his mind was completely gone. The doctors said that there was little, if any hope for him, that there would be no change for five months, and that he would not be able to work for more than a year. He was placed in a hospital and we made novenas for him and prayed to the Sacred Heart. The result was that in less than four months he was well and able to go to work."

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH, ST. LOUIS.—"A position was asked from the Sacred Heart within two weeks, and three Masses were promised the poor souls if obtained.

Just at the end of the two weeks and on the First Friday of September, the position was given the party—of course there was a novena before the First Friday."

GALVESTON, TEX. — "Recently my brother was afflicted with contracted muscles of both legs between the knees and ankles. While making a novena to St. Anthony for his recovery, it seemed to me that the good saint said 'Why not apply the Badge of the Sacred Heart?' I did so, and thanks be to the Most Sacred Heart within two weeks he could walk as usual."

SANTA FE, N. M. — "On the morning of July 3, last year, my mother was struck by paralysis of the left side. She could not even speak. I said nothing to anybody but I took a Badge of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and placed it on several parts of the paralyzed limbs. I entrusted her to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and promised to publish in the *Messenger* the fact, if she would live. She is now sixty-seven years old. A few weeks later, she commenced to speak, and since last February she has been up and around to the great admiration of all who saw how sick she was."

DAWSON, N. D. — "Two years ago last November, my mother, aged about fifty-six, fell and broke her hip about an inch below the joint. On account of her age the doctors, and everyone else thought she would not get well. I sent to the Apostleship of Prayer and of-

ferred prayers to the Sacred Heart for her recovery, promising that if she got well I would have it published in the *Messenger of Sacred Heart*; in four months she could go all around the house on her crutches and in a year she could go all around the house without a crutch; everyone said it was a marvel."

New York.—Employment immediately on promise of publication. A position for a brother, Mass being promised for the Holy Souls. *St. Columba's Centre*.—Relief in great pain. A great temporal favor. *Chicago*.—A father of five children recovered from typhoid fever. Relief in stomach attack. *St. Paul's Academy, Philadelphia*.—A pupil's health restored. A cure after a novena to the Sacred Heart. A great temporal favor. *Providence R. I.*—A brother obtained work, Mass having been promised. A special favor. "A very great favor." *St. Louis*.—Employment obtained. A needle was extracted from the foot after two months. A brother returns to the Sacraments, neglected from childhood. *St. Paul's Centre, Jersey City*.—Two children cured on application of Promoter's Cross. *Milwaukee*.—Relief in intense suffering. *New Orleans*.—News of a brother, and employment for him. *Livingston, Mont.*—A husband improved. *S. Lake Linden, Mich.*—Unhoped for recovery of a mother. *Ivy Mills, Pa.*—Unexpected recovery from danger of death; other

favors. *Belleville, N. Y.*—Cure of a sore on application of the Badge. *St. Patrick's School, Lead, So. Dak.*—Success in five certificate examinations. *Pa.*—A permanent certificate obtained. A brother received the Sacraments, a Mass having been promised to the Sacred Heart and the Rosary for six months. *Pittsburg.*—A special favor. *McKeesport, Pa.*—A conversion after twenty years. *Saginaw, Mich.*—A person returned to the Church after ten years, and is now a weekly communicant. *London, Ohio.*—Relief in difficulties: "not the first favor." *Tivoli, N. Y.*—Cure of neuralgia and earache, with other favors. *Quincy, Ill.*—Cancer cured. *Manitowoc, Wis.*—A father's conversion. *Manchester, N. H.*—Special favors. *Boston.*—Many favors. *Southern States, Convent of Mercy.*—Spiritual and temporal favors. *Holyoke, Mass.*—A temporal favor. Recovery of health. *Darlington, Wis.*—Rain and other favors. *Columbus, Ga.*—A great temporal favor; an offering has been made to an Apostolic School. *Hannibal, Mo.*—Rain and recovery from fever. *Baltimore.*—Relief from pain on three occasions. Conversion of a father and brother. Death of a brother in early youth. A cure of the eyes. *Buffalo, N. Y.*—Several cures. *Streator, Ill.*—Recovery and preservation from fever, with other favors. *Belleville, Ont.*—A husband improved and employment obtained. *San Francisco.*—A student regains strength through Father de la Colombière. *Courtland.*—A little daughter better. *Convent of Mercy, Pass Christian, Miss.*—A great temporal favor after a novena to the Sacred Heart and promise of Mass. *Defiance, Ohio.*—After promise of five Masses a mother recovered. *Annunciation Academy, Pine Bluff, Ark.*—Cure of appendicitis on wearing the Badge. *Los Angeles, Cal.*—Return of a brother after forty years. *Indian Creek, Mo.*—Unhoped for recovery of a young girl. *Leavenworth, Kan.*—Several spiritual and temporal favors, some being very important. *From places not named.*—A child relieved in croup by use of the Badge. A mother's thanks for her son's conversion. Relief in vertigo. A parent's conversion and other favors. A spiritual and a temporal favor, three Masses being promised. A successful examination, entrance into religion, recovery from accident and peace of mind. A suitable business location. Favors received by a young man. Tickets found. Money secured and a sick person improved. Two recoveries, preservation in storm and illness, a permanent position obtained and a brother partially reformed. Cure of the eyes. Reception of the Sacraments after long neglect. "For a particularly heavy Cross." A religious vocation followed. Two positions and other favors obtained; Mass was said in thanksgiving. Sale of property. A mother's and a baby's health restored. A special favor.

BOOK REVIEW.

ECHOES OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

This pamphlet is a collection of the several speeches made during the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Santa Clara College, California, June 4, 1901.

The opening discourse is by the Archbishop of San Francisco, who makes the point which should be kept clearly in view by all of us, that "a system of education, which rejects religious instruction, virtually inculcates agnosticism or atheism, and is, therefore, as much sectarian in its character as one that insists on dogma."

The Hon. D. M. Delmas restricted himself to reminiscences of the old professors, while Mr. Barrett, in the third discourse, dwelt upon the fact that St. Ignatius, foreseeing the rise of rationalistic philosophy in the near future, conceived an education which from beginning to end would be "a graded, related, and systematic unit, directed not to the mere accumulation of learning, but to the developing of the faculties and the training of character, leaving specialization to follow when all that was completed."

At the banquet in the evening Mr. McClatchey, editor of the *Sacramento Bee*, took occasion to eulogize: "The ever, always, and eternally Honorable Stephen B. White, former U. S. Senator, who was one of the most distinguished alumni of Santa Clara and who, had his life been spared, would have honored the Nation by a President from California."

The discourse of the Very Rev. John P. Frieien, S.J., which comes last in the collection, is characterized throughout by vigorous, terse and shapely sentences, conveying deep and pregnant thought. One is tempted to make a more modern application of his well conceived eulogy of the past, viz: "The society has not sent mediocrity to California." It was a graceful tribute to former Superiors for the present one to say: "I bow my head when I pronounce the names, Nobili, Congiato, Varsi."

MESSAGES FROM THE IRISH MESSENGER. M. & S. Eaton, Dublin, 12c.

This is an exquisite little pamphlet of sixteen pages with rich marginal illuminations on each page and containing some devotional verses contributed, at various times, to the *Irish Messenger*. The writer says that "if they prove a stimulus to devotion her dearest object in publishing them will have been abundantly obtained."

FIRST CONFESSION. By Mother M. Loyola. Benziger Bros., 40c.

Mother Loyola is a wise woman, and a theologian, within bounds of course. This new booklet of hers which is agreeably cheap will substantiate both claims. Every teacher, as every one knows, has a way of his or her own, in imparting knowledge. It is a trick or a talent which comes naturally, as many a one who has tried to teach and failed, is painfully

aware. Mother Loyola has the trick, and in this book shows us how it is done.

The illustrations of sin, the occasions, temptations, the damage done, etc., are cases in point. There is, for instance, Jeff's adventure with the supposedly gentle black horse which proved the reverse and kicked the disobedient youngster; (the bad horse is properly black in color); there is the small-pox example; the snakes, etc. They are all pen pictures in high coloring that will deeply and efficaciously impress and startle the small boy. The examination of conscience by means of concrete examples, of Annie, who sulks, of Johnnie, who fights, and Jimmie, who lies, etc., rolls before us like a vitascope; while the fanciful but legitimate conceit of the little children making their confession to Our Lord when He embraced them in Galilee is an excellent device for dispelling the terror felt when for the first time the darkness and isolation of the confessional frightens the young penitent and makes him lose his head and his voice. The good advice given about the sixth commandment ought to be remembered by confessors as well as teachers. Both are prone to be morbid on that score. There is a good theological admonition, also, which is always opportune, viz.: that a thing is not sinful because we are ashamed of it. Even people who are not children or laymen often lose sight of that distinction. The book is fittingly dedicated "to the Holy Angels, the Keepers of the Little Ones."

KINKEAD'S BALTIMORE SERIES OF CATECHISMS. Meany Printing Co.,
110 W. 11th Street, New York City.

Father Kinkead's *Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism*, has been so long and favorably known to the public that it would be superfluous to praise it here. It may suffice to say that a selection from the *Explanation* "has been added to No. 2 of this present catechetical series, but with such distinction of type that all are forced to see that they are not a part of the Catechism but only a development of its meaning." The present publication is a graded series for the different sections of Catechism Classes. They are arranged on a progressive plan. No. 00 gives the Prayers and Acts to be learned before the study of the Catechism begins; No. 0 contains one-half the questions of No. 1; No. 1 half the questions of No. 2; No. 2 one-third the questions of No. 3, and No. 4 (an *Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism*) furnishes much additional information with copious explanations and examples.

The same questions bear the same numbers throughout the series, and their wording is identical. The different sizes of type make the Catechisms more suitable to their respective grades; smaller children usually requiring larger print.

Apart from its educational advantages, the progressive plan aims at lessening the expense in providing children with Catechisms, by furnishing just what is necessary for each grade; it aims also at encouraging the children to learn by affording opportunity for promotion from book to book.

These Catechisms are intended to furnish a complete course of religious instruction, when used as follows :

No. 00 for very young Children.

No. 0 for Confession classes and certain adults.

No. 1 for First Communion classes.

No. 2 for Confirmation classes.

No. 3 for Two years' course for Post-Confirmation classes.

No. 4 for Teachers and Teachers' Training Classes.

The whole series is remarkably well printed, with larger type in the first grades to help young eyes ; the questions especially standing out clearly. The books naturally grow in bulk as they proceed in the development of matter. No. 00 being a small thing of only nine pages, while No. 3 runs up to three hundred and thirty-five ; but even the latter sells at the reachable price of \$9.50 a hundred.

With so many good points in its favor, there are, however, a few inaccuracies which may have escaped the distinguished and painstaking author. For instance, is it altogether correct to say, as on p. 197, that "the Holy Eucharist is a Sacrament when we receive it in Holy Communion, and when it remains in the Tabernacle of the Altar." Is it not still a Sacrament when it is on the floor for example, or when the priest is carrying it through the street ? We call attention to this, not in any spirit of captiousness, but merely as a reminder of the difficulty inherent to catechetical brevity. Again, on p. 200, is it true, that "His body in the Eucharist is in the *glorified* state ? " And will it not engender scruples to insist that "the fast for Holy Communion is broken if *only a drop* be taken ? " Would not *only a drop* go off *per modum salivæ* ? " In the same paragraph we are told that "anything that enters our body and is there changed breaks the fast." Is it not only when it enters the body *per os, et per modum usus vel potus* ? " Finally on p. 272, it is said, "all persons from the beginning were obliged to keep the Commandments, even before they were given by Moses." Were they obliged to keep the Third ? Is not that positive law ?

These, however, are minor blemishes on an otherwise excellent contribution to catechetical studies.

MAGISTER ADEST; OR, WHO IS LIKE UNTO GOD. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London.

This book dazzles one who opens it for the first time. There is almost too much light. From cover to cover it glows with beautiful pictures, mostly half-tone and photogravure copies of the great paintings which at various epochs have represented scenes in Our Lord's life. Almost every page gives a different effect of color because of the deep linear margins and the heavy underscoring of sentences. We are met everywhere by green and crimson and purple and black in all the shades, and the pictures also change constantly in tint and tone. It is an unusual book and must have cost the printer no end of trouble, but success rewarded him.

The double title bewilders one somewhat, for the English is not a translation of the Latin. Of course, it was not intended to be. The book itself is an example of the limitlessness of matter available for pious meditation, as well as the ingenuity of devoted souls in finding it out. For each scene of Our Lord's life the author goes back to the Old Testament and, to use the theological term, *accommodates* the text to the subject under consideration; judging, and rightly so, that in the Old Covenant the New was foreshadowed. The multitudinous array of pictures is not intended merely, or, in fact, at all, for decorative purposes, but to serve as a sort of *composition of place* to fix the imagination of the one who is meditating; the deep lines under certain passages serve as memory helps; and the marginal notes take the place of what would be, in another book, the headings of the Points of Meditation. The entire work suggests what ascetic writers would call a holy industry to supply new helps to souls who, perhaps, are wearied by the monotony of old methods. The novelty however is only in the manner; the matter is the same safe and easy one as of old, namely, the Life of Our Lord. It is the loving work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in London, and we heartily wish it all success; for besides the good results it will effect on souls striving for perfection we know to what a noble and apostolic purpose the proceeds are to be devoted.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD. Part XI. By the Bishop of Clifton.

This short and popular history of the early Church recommends itself. The adversaries of the Church, not the learned alone, but also those we meet in our daily work, are constantly appealing to history for arguments. If we would meet them fairly we must read history. Facts can only be answered by facts.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS FOR RELIGIOUS, from the French. St. Mary's Convent, Enfield, Ill.

EXERCICES DE PIÉTÉ à l'usage des Confréries du Sacré Cœur, par le Père De Franciosi, S. J., Imprimerie N. D. des Près Montreuil-sur-mer, France.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE AT ROXBURY CROSSING by Kathryn Wallace. Albey Press, 114 Fifth ave., New York.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY. Second Annual Report, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHRIST'S POOR. Monthly Report of St. Rose's Free Home for Incurables, 426 Cherry St., New York City.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH; the Refuge, Home and School for Passionate Souls. By Jarrett T. Richards. The Tidings Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

PROGRESS IN EDUCATION by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Notre Dame, Indiana.

WHAT OUR READERS SAY OF THE MESSENGER.

“ Enclosed please find \$2.00 for my subscription for another year to *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, your interesting and instructive periodical.”

“ I avail myself of this opportunity to thank you for the enlightenment and spirit of justice with which you speak of the religious question in Catholic countries and especially in France, putting as you do the shame on those to whom it belongs for the evil which is being done in those countries, and distinguishing between the government and the people, to the contrary of what is done—to what purpose, I fail to see—by so many Catholics both of the clergy and the laity who, either from the pulpit or in the class-room or in the Sunday-school room, or in the Catholic periodicals represent Catholic nations—or France at least—as infidel and immoral and Godless in the whole, showing thus that they speak of what they know not, to say the least.”

“ I have received the copy of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* you sent me. Though my name is not on the list of the subscribers, I am a regular one. Not only I read the *Messenger* every month, but also every six months I bind it, and the next volume takes its place with its predecessor in my library. I consider myself as an old member of the Apostleship of Prayer, as I was received forty-two years ago, Father Ramière being at that time a professor of philosophy at Vals. I met also Father Gautrelet when he was Provincial of Lyons; I was at that time at Clermont, Auvergne. Probably I read the first number of the *Messenger*, and I have kept on a regular reader of it.”

“ As I intend to return to America at the end of this month I would ask you to kindly send all further numbers of the *Messenger*, beginning with the July number, to the address given below, until otherwise notified. I know of no better publication of its kind, and would not be without it.”

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of September, 1901, from the 1st to the 30th (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Baltimore	Oakland, Md.	St. Peter's Church	1
Belleville	Carlyle, Ill.	St. Mary's	3
Brownsville	Blanca, Tex.	Our Lady of the Rosary	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ills.	St. Ann's	1
		Our Lady of Sorrows	4
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	St. Boniface	5
Columbus	Nelsonville, O.	St. Andrew's	1
Denver	Trinidad, Col.	Holy Trinity	6
Detroit	Chelsea, Mich.	St. Mary's	14
Dubuque	Dubuque, Iowa	St. Patrick's	4
Fort Wayne	Rensselaer, Ind.	St. Joseph's	4
Harrisburg	Carlisle, Pa.	St. Patrick's	8
Indianapolis	Terre Haute, Ind.	St. Joseph's	1
Kansas City	Kansas City, Mo.	St. Aloysius'	5
Leavenworth	Dentonville, Kans.	St. Benedict's	13
"	Emporia, "	Sacred Heart	6
"	Rosedale, "	Holy Name of Jesus	3
Louisville	Cloverport, Ky.	St. Rose's	3
Milwaukee	Watertown, Wis.	St. Bernard's	1
Natchez	Greenville, Miss.	St. Rose of Lima's	2
Newark	Paterson, N. J.	St. John's	2
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	Our Lady of Good Counsel	1
New York	New Brighton, N. Y.	St. Peter's	8
"	New York, N. Y.	Catholic Protectory	3
"		Sacred Heart	5
"	Rosebank, S. I., N. Y.	St. Mary's	20
"	Spring Valley, N. Y.	St. Joseph's	1
Ogdensburg	Carthage, N. Y.	St. James'	6
Pittsburg	Allegheny, Pa.	St. Ambrose's	1
"		St. Mary's	13
"	Pittsburg, "	Holy Trinity	11
"	"	St. Philomena's	5
St. Louis	Kirkwood, Mo.	St. Joseph's	10
"	Poplar Bluff, Mo.	Sacred Heart	10
"	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Patrick's	2
"	"	Visitation	1
Salt Lake	Ogden, Utah,	St. Joseph's	10
Scranton	Stowell, Pa.	St. Anthony's	6
Syracuse	Utica, N. Y.	St. Patrick's	7

Total number of Receptions, 39.

Total number of Diplomas issued, 208.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, September 1 to 30, 1901.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Cincinnati	Sidney, O.	Holy Angels' Church	Sept. 21
* "	Cincinnati, O.	Divine Will Chapel	Sept. 3
Cleveland	Lima, O.	St. John's Church	Sept. 16
*Covington	Erlanger, Ky.	St. Henry's	Sept. 3
Columbus	Barnesville, O.	Assumption	Sept. 24
"	Cambridge, O.	St. Benedict's	Sept. 24
"	Temperanceville, O.	St. Mary's	Sept. 24
Detroit	Adrian, Mich.	Immaculate Conception	Sept. 6
Harrisburg	Fairfield, Pa.	"	Sept. 13
"	Waynesboro, Pa.	St. Andrew's	Aug. 23
Kansas City	Conway, Mo.	Sacred Heart	Sept. 30
New York	Tuxedo, N. Y.	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel	Sept. 25
Ogdensburg	Potsdam, "	St. Mary's	Sept. 25
"	Burke, "	St. George's	Sept. 30
"	Mineville, "	St. Peter and Paul's	Sept. 24
"	Constable, "	St. Francis'	Sept. 30
Peoria	St. Augustine, Ill.	St. Augustine's	Sept. 27
Providence	Cranston, R. I.	Reform School	Sept. 6
Savannah	Albany, Ga.	St. Teresa's Church	Sept. 25
Syracuse	Lestershire N. Y.	St. James'	Sept. 13
Trenton	Bridgeton, N. J.	Immaculate Conception	Sept. 13
Wichita	Chanute, Kansas	St. Lawrence Cong.	Sept. 16
Winona	St. Claire, Minn.	Immaculate Conception	Sept. 6

* German speaking Centres.

Aggregations, 23; Churches, 21; Chapel, 1; Institution, 1.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	1,502,715	11. Masses heard	254,825
2. Beads	313,466	12. Mortifications	131,645
3. Way of the Cross	59,550	13. Works of Mercy	143,392
4. Holy Communion	108,760	14. Works of Zeal	143,442
5. Spiritual Communion	306,789	15. Prayers	1,692,015
6. Examen of Conscience	129,201	16. Kindly Conversation	72,686
7. Hours of Labor	551,899	17. Suffering, afflictions	53,192
8. Hours of Silence	266,566	18. Self-conquest	63,559
9. Pious Reading	120,787	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	221,847
10. Masses read	7,405	20. Various Good Works	364,460
Total, 6,509,051.			

Intentions or Good Works put in the box or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar MESSANGER*, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse and Lourdes.

CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, NOVEMBER, 1901.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **The Spirit of Mercy.**

DAYS.	FEASTS AND PATRONS.	VIRTUES.	PETITIONS.
1 <i>F.</i>	First Friday. —All Saints.—(Of Precept).—A.I.	Honoring the Saints.	732,628 for thanksgivings.
2 <i>S.</i>	All Souls.	Prayer for the dead	164,265 for those in affliction.
3 <i>S.</i>	Twenty-third after Pentecost. —St. Hubert, Bp.C. (727).	Obedience to grace.	84,555 for the sick, infirm.
4 <i>M.</i>	St. Charles Borromeo, Bp.C. (1584).	Reform of life.	146,121 for dead Associates.
5 <i>T.</i>	Ss. Zachary and Elizabeth.	Fidelity to the Commandments.	58,863 for Local Centres.
6 <i>W.</i>	St. Leonard, Hermit. C. (575).	Love of Solitude.	32,627 for Directors.
7 <i>Th.</i>	St. Florence, Bp.C. (793) H. H.	Zeal.	229,322 for Promoters.
8 <i>F.</i>	Octave of all Saints.—St. Godfrey, Bp.C. (1118).	Constancy.	338,800 for the departed.
9 <i>S.</i>	Dedication of the Lateran Basilica, (324).—St. Theodore, M. (304).	Respect for Churches.	976,018 for perseverance.
10 <i>S.</i>	Twenty-fourth after Pentecost. —Patronage B. V. M. — St. Andrew Avellino, C. (1608).	Preparation for death.	186,691 for the young.
11 <i>M.</i>	St. Martin, Bp.C. (400). Pr.	Love of the Poor.	76,080 for 1st Communions.
12 <i>T.</i>	St. Martin, P.M.	Love for the Faith.	81,015 for parents.
13 <i>W.</i>	St. Didacus, C. (1463). [H. H.	Spirit of Prayer.	188,868 for families.
14 <i>Th.</i>	St. Stanislaus Kostka, C. (S. J. 1580)	Love of Purity.	53,487 for reconciliations.
15 <i>F.</i>	St. Gertrude, Ab.V. (O.S.B. 1301).	Good Reading.	304,680 for work, means.
16 <i>S.</i>	St. Josaphat, Bp. M. (1623). — St. Edmund, Bp.C. (1246).	Mortification.	93,106 for the clergy.
17 <i>S.</i>	Twenty-fifth after Pentecost. —St. Gregory, Wonder-Worker, Bp. C. (270).	Preaching.	159,851 for religious.
18 <i>M.</i>	Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.	Divine praise.	39,027 for seminarians, novices.
19 <i>T.</i>	St. Elizabeth, W.Q. (Hungary 1234). —Pr.	Humility.	42,618 for vocations.
20 <i>W.</i>	St. Felix de Valois, C.F. (Trinitarians 1212).	Freedom from sin. [God.	33,923 for parishes.
21 <i>Th.</i>	Presentation B.V.M. H. H.	Consecration to	36,803 for schools.
22 <i>F.</i>	St. Cecilia, V.M. (230).	Trust in God.	30,231 for superiors.
23 <i>S.</i>	St. Clement I., P.M. (100).	Moral Courage.	23,363 for missions, retreats.
24 <i>S.</i>	Twenty-sixth after Pentecost. —St. John of the Cross.	Perseverance.	29,929 for societies, works.
25 <i>M.</i>	St. Catharine, V.M. (310).	Religious Instruction.	278,507 for conversions.
26 <i>T.</i>	St. Sylvester, Ab.C. (1267).	Desire of perfection.	237,625 for sinners.
27 <i>W.</i>	St. James Intercisus, M. (421).	True family affection.	75,051 for the intemperate.
28 <i>Th.</i>	St. Stephen the Younger and Companions, M.M. (764) H. H.	Respect for Holy Images.	152,284 for spiritual favors.
29 <i>F.</i>	Vigil.—St. Saturninus, Bp. (650).	Courage in Temptation.	109,229 for temporal favors.
30 <i>S.</i>	St. Andrew, Ap. (62).—A.I.	Activity as Promoter.	197,047 for special, various.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap—Apostleship (D.=Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C. R.—Communion of Reparation, H. H.—Holy Hour); A. I.—Apostolic Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.



SAINT BARBARA.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXVI.

DECEMBER, 1901.

NO. 12.

MILAN AND THE LAKES.

By E. McAuliffe.

WHEN summer was over in Lucerne, we crossed the Alps by the lovely St. Gothard Pass, and entered the enchanted land of Italy. Every sight-seer should leave Italy for the last ; after her all else is tame ; she alone is endowed with the gift of perennial beauty : "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety."

Milan was our first stopping place ; from the balcony of our hotel we could see the wonderful cathedral, unique in its architectural beauty, comparable to nothing in art ; its light aërial form and delicate tracery making it appear like frost-work that the first sunbeam would dissolve.

After years of travel we returned to Milan, and saw, with renewed rapture, the unexcelled beauty of its cathedral.

During our stay we visited many splendid churches, but always finished the day in the cathedral, and brought from its sacred precincts subject for meditation on the many saintly lives inseparably connected with its history. Foremost among them the two saints of the Borromeo family : St. Charles, and his nephew, Cardinal Frederick Borromeo (not yet canonized), whose holy life is portrayed in Manzoni's beautiful tale : "*I Promessi Sposi*."

The very air of Milan seems still impregnated with the sweet fragrance of their virtues.

The cradle of this truly heroic race is the magnificent chateau of Arona, on Lake Maggiore ; all that region belonged to the family ; for centuries they ruled there under the title of Counts of Arona. Here, in A. D. 1538, St. Charles was born ; his father, Count Gilbert, was a man of great piety ; his mother of the illustrious house of the *Medici*, was imbued with the same spirit of devotion.

From his earliest infancy the child of predilection showed the extraordinary graces bestowed on him. At the age of twelve he was so filled with commiseration for the poor that he bestowed large sums in charity ; and in this was guided by a wisdom and clear-sightedness so far beyond his years, that his father recognized the hand of the Lord, and made no attempt to restrain him.

He was admitted to the priesthood at an early age, and appointed by the Pope to the Archbishopric of Milan when only twenty-three. The dignity of cardinal was conferred on him at the same time. Far from being elated at such distinctions, he humbled himself to become the servant of servants ; and the awful responsibility of his position

as bishop was ever present to his conscience.

All the revenues of his benefices he devoted with scrupulous exactitude to the poor ; and lived with extreme simplicity in order to apply the greater portion of his hereditary fortune to works of charity.

He labored incessantly at the reformation of the religious houses in his Archdiocese, and had the happiness of seeing the blessed results of his ceaseless exertions. He realized his idea that convents should be as "walled gardens, sealed fountains," where the doves of the sanctuary should be guarded from the slightest contamination from the outer world.

St. Charles directed his efforts against every form of vice, and although loved and venerated by the good, he made many enemies amongst those whose pleasures he interfered with.

It happened on one occasion that a hired assassin entered his private chapel, while he was engaged in evening prayers with his household, and going up

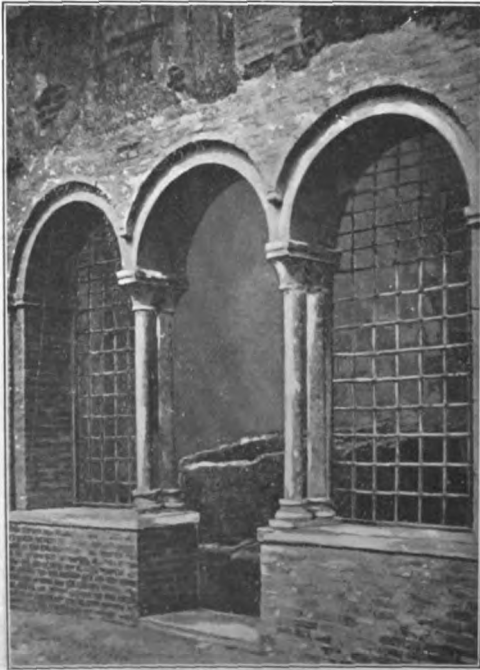
close to him before any one had suspected his murderous intention, fired on the saint. One of the balls struck his back with great violence, but did not penetrate the flesh, and having slightly burned his rochet, fell to the ground. Another ball slightly wounded him, but he went on with his devotions as though nothing had taken place, thus giving the sacrilegious wretch time to escape the just wrath of his servants.

After his miraculous deliverance from this truly diabolical plot, our saint redoubled his exertions for the repression of vice, and the reformation of manners. The good work that he accomplished lives still ; one cannot be long in Milan without observing the piety of her people. The daily masses are well attended by all classes, from the noble lady wearing the Spanish mantilla, and followed by a man-servant in livery, carrying her book of hours, to the poor market-woman whose wooden shoes make a little clatter as she walks on the marble pavement.

The body of St. Charles lies in a subterranean chapel, beneath the steps of the high altar. He desired to be buried there, so that he would be under the feet of every one who ascended or descended the steps. The body can be seen under a covering of crystal. The imperishable gems which many generations of the faithful have scattered in profusion over his sacred relics, are fitting emblems of his imperishable virtues.

In the churches and museums are many treasures of art ; in the refectory of a suppressed monastery we find the great canvas of Leonardo da Vinci. It is much injured, not by time, but by the ravages of the invader. Napoleon stabled his horses there, and the marks of their hoofs are plainly to be seen on the picture.

Alas, what a dreadful evil is war ! ♀ How it deadens in the breast



TOMB OF GIULETTA.



LAGO MAGGIORE.

of man all refinement, all religion. To the rude soldier the finest work of art is no more than the daub of a mechanic; and how often do we find, in the track of the conqueror, religious houses turned into barracks or taverns. The fine mind of Longfellow was deeply impressed by this desecration, the following reflections are from his pen :

"There have been souls dedicated to Heaven from childhood, and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes ; wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint ; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become soiled and sinful. They resemble those convents on the river Rhine, which have been changed to taverns ; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and in whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have effaced the images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and the names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices." (Hyperion.)

At the time of our visit to Milan the

English Protestant chaplain was a man of advanced Anglican views ; we hoped, tending Romeward. His sister had already entered the Church ; during our residence in Italy we met her everywhere, hovering about the churches. The near presence of the Blessed Sacrament, the sweet order of incense, the melody of praise, seemed necessary to existence.

Wherever we attended a grand function, whether down in the bowels of the earth, in the catacombs, or on the summits of hills whose pilgrimage shrines attracted adorers, or in the great Basilicas on days of Festa, she was always there, breathing the air of the sanctuary. She reminded me of the sister of the Bishop of D., described in *Les Misérables* : "She was a tall, pale, thin, gentle person . . . she had never been pretty, but her whole life, which had been but a succession of pious works, had eventually cast over her a species of whiteness and brightness, and in growing older she had acquired what may be called the beauty of goodness. What had been thinness in her youth, had become in her maturity transparency, and through this transparency the angel could be seen. She

seemed to be a shadow—a little quantity of matter containing a light, an excuse for a soul to remain upon earth."

Some years later while spending a summer in the Austrian Tyrol, we met a Milanese lady, the wife of the hereditary Grand Duke of Milan (now a simple Count). Being in the same hotel, we met them daily at dinner, and were very much edified on seeing the manner in which the Countess was training her children. She was the happy mother of four little boys, and though she kept an efficient staff of nurses, the children were always under her own supervision. She accompanied them in their walks, and had them at table with her, finding her whole happiness in the

delightful task of guiding their infant minds, watching the gradual unfolding of the sweet flowers. She was the perfect model of a Christian mother.

"Early and late at her soul's gate

Sits chastity in warderwise,

No thoughts unchallenged small or great,

Go thence into her eyes."

(Lowell).

Many times in the church I have noticed her, surrounded by her boys; the maids would bring them in and place them on either side of their mother, retiring to seats behind. She had no thoughts for anything but her immense responsibility in guiding the little tender souls Heavenward. Before commencing her own devotions, she would see each make the sign of the cross, and open the tiny prayer book at the right place; surely we thought when the harvest time comes, the seed so carefully sown, must bring forth good fruit.

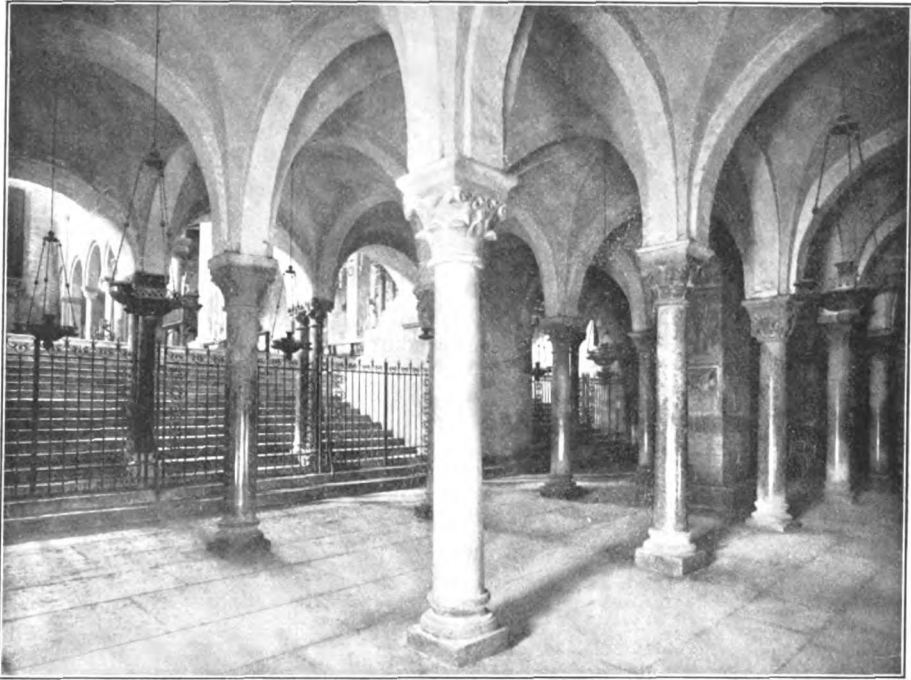
From Milan we took a little trip to Verona, and of course, visited the "tomb of the Capulets." We were astonished to see a perfect mountain of visiting cards piled up on the unpretending little tomb, which (it is by no means certain) contains the ashes of Shakespeare's heroine. We did not leave ours.

Of course we inspected the Palazzo, and the balcony so well known to opera goers; it is now the centre of a busy street, with houses and shops on both sides; in its present surroundings the lovers could not find an hour in the twenty-four in which to exchange their tender sentiments.

Apart from all poetic and historic interest Verona is beautiful. The large number of great artists born here have left the impress of their genius. Even the outer walls of the houses have fine frescoes whose brilliant tints are softened, not dimmed, by the sun and wind of centuries.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.



CRYPT IN S. ZENO MAGGIORE.

In Verona we saw no modern innovations, no big apartment houses, such as offend the eye in the larger cities. The streets are filled with monuments; there are public squares as beautiful as the inner courts of castles, adorned with sculpture and paved with marble. The tombs of the *Scaligeri* alone are worth crossing the ocean to see!

These latter are of marble, pure Gothic, most elaborately designed; they stand in the open street, in front of the church of *Santa Maria Antica*. No city of Italy is richer in churches and palaces than Verona; the eye is constantly delighted with marvels of art, statues and fountains of rare beauty in the most unexpected places, the whole city is as it were a museum.

Our next excursion was to the lakes, of which we had had had enchanting glimpses on our way from Lucerne, seeing just enough to make us long for more.

On arriving in Como we visited the cathedral first; but no adjectives are

strong enough to describe the beauty of Italian churches: this particular one is entirely of marble, even the interior walls coated with polished marble, from floor to roof. The windows are beautiful in form and coloring, and you see on every side masterpieces of painting from such artists as Paul Veronese, Guido Reni, Luino, and their pupils. On either side of the principal door (outside the church) are statues of the elder and the younger Pliny.

At nine in the morning we boarded the lake steamer, and commenced a long day's sailing; a day of such perfect, unalloyed pleasure, that only to recall it is a delight. The banks at both sides of the lake are a succession of exquisite pictures; to enter into any description of scenes so often painted by the pen of genius would be futile.

On and on we sailed over the sparkling waters, wishing we could hold the minutes so swiftly gliding away; and like a dream the day was over. "Song of birds, and sound of evening bells,

and fragrance of sweet blossoms, filled the air ; and silent and slow sank the broad red sun, half hidden amid folding clouds."

We passed Bellagio and Cadenabbia, wishing to remain on the lake as long as day lasted, and disembarked at Menaggio. It was quite dark as we walked to the hotel, but "Above were the cloistered stars, that, nun-like, walk the holy aisles of Heaven."

From Como to Lugano is a very short railway journey. At the time of our visit there was some trouble between the Swiss Republic and the Italian government ; the town was full of military, drilling and exercising, and the inhabitants in hourly expectation of war.

Lugano is a Swiss town in the canton of Ticino, although the lake is Italian. In a tour of the lakes one is constantly popping in and out of Switzerland, which necessitates constant examination of baggage. It is done, however, with great courtesy, by very polite officials.

Our first experience of the *octroi* was in Milan, it being the first Italian city we entered : it was night, and we took a cab at the station ; when suddenly, as we were driving through the gate, the cab was stopped, and the glare of a lantern thrown on us ; it was held by a very handsome man in uniform, who said something, which of course we did not understand. I shook my head, not knowing what was going to happen ; then, with a sweeping bow, and a "*Scusi, Signore,*" he shut the carriage door, and vanished. This is a digression.

Lugano is beautifully situated, fronting on the blue lake, and backed by wooded hills ; above which are occasional mountain peaks. The churches are thoroughly Italian in appearance, with many fine paintings. The language spoken here is Italian, and the religion Catholic. There is a suburb of the town called "*Paradiso,*" and a

more appropriate name could not have been found. This whole region is as beautiful as our imagination could paint the garden of Eden.

From Lugano to Stresa on *Lago Maggiore*, another delicious little trip. Here we remained several days, there is so much to be seen, and the Borromean islands to be visited. *Isola Bella* (beautiful isle) was originally a barren rock, but what cannot the skill of man effect ? It is now a fairy land ; a succession of gardens, rising on ten terraces, planted with rare trees from all parts of the globe, and flowers in profusion. Here we find the camphor-tree, the cork-tree, the cedar, the laurel, the eucalyptus, besides the familiar oleander and magnolia. Fountains, grottoes, statues, lend their additional charms to the sylvan scene.

Isola Madre is laid out in the same exquisite taste, with terraced walks ascending to a *chateau* on the summit. The views from all the islands are incomparable ; at your feet the soft luxuriance of the south, roses blooming, and oranges ripening on the banks of the crystal lake ; above the snowy circle of the Swiss Alps. We could take no note of time in such a dreamland, and lingered on, lotus eating, but the rain came—one morning we looked in vain for *Isola Bella* (which was directly opposite our windows) but it was so wrapped in mist that we could not distinguish even an outline. For three days we waited in Stresa, and then left, disconsolate, the rain continuing to fall in torrents.

There are two smaller islands not included in the Borromean group : *Isola Pescatori*, and *Isola San Giovanni*. These latter simply add their natural beauties to the picture, having a wild grandeur quite in contrast to the elaborate cultivation of the others. Here flourish the vine, the olive, the fig with its wide-spreading foliage ; also the orange and lemon. Undimmed by cloud or mist memory recalls those

ool of enchantment, resting in the
 gathering shade of orange groves, and
 weaving the fragrant blossoms to
 scarlet flower of the pomegranate, and
 bunches of the tender green olives, to
 place on some wayside shrine :

“ And over us unrolls on high
 The splendid scenery of the sky,

Temptation.

Where through a sapphire sea the
 sun
 Sails like a golden galleon.
 Towards yonder cloud-land in the
 West,

Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
 Whose steep sierra far uplifts
 Its craggy summits white with
 drifts.”

(Longfellow.)

TEMPTATION.

By Mary T. Waggaman.

ONCE more the primal fire-fraught argument
 Against eternity—while demon powers
 In glittering raiment, plumed with flowers,
 Plead honied sophistries and cry: “ Consent ! ”
 Faint fades the infinite—the soul o’erspent
 With doubt’s dim madness, swooning cowers:—
 Loud comes the call to quaff delirious hours,
 Alluring nature stands, her eyes all eloquent.

Beware, the glowing bowl is brimmed with brine !
 Who drinks shall know the thirst of Hell,
 And night shall overwhelm him—sorely shall he pine
 To rend the tangles of that sin-spun spell:—
 Blind to the Real and deaf to the Divine,
 In thickening chaos shall his spirit dwell.

THE MILLENNIUM AT COFFINVILLE.

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

THE priest at Holy Family was feeling "that low in his mind," as his housekeeper expressed it, "that he couldn't eat, sleep nor read his breviary in peace." The good woman watched over his Lares and Penates in the firm and comforting belief that whatever might be the sanctity of his spirit, the temporal welfare of the Rev. Edward Jones would be null and void without her.

She was very much distressed about him. Years ago when she had been left a widow with a little girl to care for, Father Jones had been her pastor, and he had installed her in the position of his housekeeper, educating her daughter out of his slender stipend, until the brown-eyed girl had taken her sweet face to bloom in the garden of the Sacred Heart, in which order she had been educated. Mrs. Hansey stayed on with Father Jones, "He couldn't get along without her, she was sure, and even when he went on a mission, she felt a call to go also, her Martha-like nature expending itself in faithful service for the servant of God.

Father Jones was a kindly, jovial soul; a man about sixty, with a pleasant face, somewhat reddened and roughened with wind and weather, for to be a "missioner" priest in southwest Missouri means to be at the beck and call of every one from Dan to Beersheba, and Father Jones was no exception to the rule. He had a church at Coffinville, and two missions to look after on alternate Sundays, so the day was to him scarcely the traditional "day of rest" which the early Puritans demanded for their "Sawbuth." Every Sunday he said Mass at Coffinville at six, then rode to Ozark, ten miles away over the worst of Missouri roads, to say another at nine, reaching home again at twelve for Catechism and Benediction,

only to start out at three o'clock to give Benediction at Sparta. The next Sunday was like unto the first, save that he said Mass at Sparta and gave Benediction at Ozark. During the week he was occupied with parish work and sick calls without number; hurried calls into the mountains 'neath the summer's blazing sun, or through the winter's frigid blasts, when snow whirled over the carriage and the wind blew a requiem for a departed soul.

Through all his trials Father Jones' good nature was proverbial, and yet a physiognomist would have declared it a freak of nature. Fat people are accustomed to arrogate to themselves all the good nature in the world, while thin people are supposed to be unamiable. But Father Jones' spare form had not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon it and he was amiability itself, except upon occasions of flagrant dereliction of duty on the part of those under his charge. His face was so thin the cheek bones protruded like an Indian's, and there were those among the Campbellites, which sect abounded in Coffinville, who said they knew that he didn't get enough to eat. It is difficult to be sleek and well fed when you are poor and troubled with that unpleasant guest, a conscience, and you have eyes to see that plenty of people are poorer than you are, and Father Jones' character and his life in Coffinville filled these conditions admirably. When people complained of "ha'd times" and that the "crops was jes' spiled with the dry drought" the priest gathered his threadbare cassock about him with a haughty indifference to its scandalous appearance and Mrs. Hansey's "Sure, its fringed like the old Shanghai rooster's legs all 'round the bottom!" To this he only answered blandly, "I am surprised that such an elegant woman

as you are, Mrs. Hansey, shouldn't know that fringe is all the style now. It said so in the last 'Catholic Advance.' "

To this Mrs. Hansey gave an indignant sniff, coupled with a smothered laugh as she wended her way to the kitchen, murmuring softly, "Him notice the styles, indeed; he'll laugh at his own funeral, bless him."

As a rule the inhabitants of Coffinville did not trouble themselves much about the Catholic priest. He attended to his own business and never interfered with anyone. Moreover, he was very handy to have around in case of a fight between his parishoners, which performance was not an infrequent occurrence. This was not because his people were any more given to fighting than other dwellers in the Ozarks, but because in that highly civilized region the motto "Shoot fust, talk afte'wa'as, him who kin," has been handed down from father to son as carefully as the old rifle and the carved powder horn of bygone days. But when Father Jones dashed into the flood at Millers Creek when the "crick had riz" and saved from drowning Dan Casey's little girl and Jim Jones, the Methodist minister's very objectionable young son, adding to this exploit by riding Mustang Bill, the worst horse in the section, ten miles to Ozark for a doctor, the people thought it was time to notice his existence.

"He's a Jim-dandy," said Jim Betts a bright and shining light in the Campbellite Church on Sundays and a blacksmith, somewhat given to potations, during the week. "He's the best priest they've ever had at Holy Family."

"Holy Family!" sniffed Joe Smith, a drummer over from Springfield. "His family is good and holy, judging from some of his parishioners."

"You needn't talk," retorted Dan Casey. "You're a swell Episcopopolitan, but it strikes me that some of the people at your Holy Innocents' Church

haven't enough holiness or innocence either, to hurt 'em."

"Father Jones is not as bad as most Romanists," remarked the Rev. Ephraim Jones, guardedly. The Rev. Ephraim was the pastor of the Methodist Church, and was at the time in the midst of a church discussion, called by outsiders, more pertinently than elegantly, a "church row." Grateful as he was for the saving of his boy, he was, perforce, careful about evincing any partiality for one who might later show signs of the cloven hoof, and who was certainly *persona non grata* to many of his faithful flock.

"I say he's a peach," declared Dan Casey, the storekeeper, "a real Missouri peach, red-cheeked and sound all through. They say he's got the penumony, too."

"Let's give him a donation party," suggested Jim Betts.

A group of young men, lounging about the village store, looked mildly interested at this novel idea, and one of them drawled:

"Say, Jim, you all can't donate to a priest. What does he want with things other folks ain't no use foah? That's what folks give at donation pahties, leastwise, things as they don't want. An' s'pose you all gave Fatheh Jones a lot of things to eat, do you know what he'd do with 'em? He'd call up all the squattehs in the outskuhts and stop every freighteh's team goin' pas' and fill 'em full, even to the clothes hoss and the yallah dawg unde' the wagon. That's the kind he is."

"Well, let's give him things he does want," persisted Mr. Betts, and discussion waxed hot as to what particular treasures should be laid at the shrine of the new saint, for there is nothing like practical piety to appeal to the unlearned, and Father Jones had delighted these rough men by his pluck, his grit, and his genuine kindliness.

"I'll give him a six-shooter," began Jim Betts, when his words were met

with derisive shouts of laughter from the group.

"His Riverence with a six-shooter, a-makin' a hump in his hassock," shouted Dan Casey, gleefully. "Sure, you might as well give him a hammer and anvil for all he'd use it."

"I'd just as lief use it on you," growled the blacksmith, significantly, and a little difficulty easily settled with a gun seemed about to disturb the meeting, when the Rev. Ephraim spoke up:

"I move we give him a vote of thanks."

"A vote of nawthin'!" cried Dan, now thoroughly aroused, his big Irish blue eyes flashing fire. "Will a vote of thanks buy him a hassock, or whatever you call it? Will it buy him wine and the best Robinson County? Will it get him kickshaws to eat and warm blankets and coal and all the things this God-forsaken place doesn't hold for a white man to live decent with? And I tell you he'll die if he don't have 'em. He saved my girl and your boy—darn the brat—" (big, rough Dan choked) "and now he's lyin' up there with peneumony fever, an' the doctor says he orter be having good nursin' an' luxuries. Good Lord! Luxuries in Coffinville!"

And then a strange thing happened. The Rev. Ephraim Jones suddenly felt throbbing against his side in a very unpleasant manner an organ of which he had really forgotten the use, lo! these many years. He had a heart, but poverty and hard work and the continued strain of dealing always with the worst side of life had so encrusted it that he was seldom conscious of its existence. Now, however, he felt it throbbing painfully and urging him to a speech to which he scarcely felt himself equal. But the good in the little man was only encrusted with doctrine and dormant, not dead, and it rose to the surface in a great wave.

"I tell you what I'll do, boys," he

began, "I'll write to the Board to send him my box."

"Good for you, Parson," cried Dan, clapping him on the back with an uncomfortable friendliness which made the Rev. Ephraim Jones wince from the great ham-like hand. "Bully for you! That's the very thing! Will they do it?"

"They send me one every year, and if they won't send two the priest can have mine." And with this he strode away.

None of the men who applauded him so loudly had even an inkling of what the sacrifice meant.

The Rev. Ephraim Jones had been blessed under his vine and fig tree with a wife and eleven olive branches. There had been a baker's dozen, but two had succumbed to malaria, and he had tucked their little yellow faces away in the ground with mingled pain and relief; relief that they were out of their misery, and pain, the wringing anguish of the parent's heart at parting with its second self.

Eleven children to feed and clothe, educate and generally equip for the hard tussle of life means care and anxiety untold. The Rev. Ephraim looked each winter for clothing for the rest of the season to the large and abundant missionary box sent out by the generous ladies of a rich Eastern church.

Had Mrs. Jones been at home, perhaps he would have stifled his generous impulse, for she was a wise little soul who kept her husband in excellent order, but the worthy woman was away for a two days' visit to a missionary meeting in Greene County, and Mr. Jones flourished alone like the proverbial green bay tree. Nine little bays—ranging from fifteen to six—held high carnival at the parsonage, the two youngest children having gone with their mother; so, the cat being away, the mouse was playing with all his might.

The glow of the minister's enthusiasm never dimmed ; indeed his troublesome heart gave him no rest until he had written his letter. He meant to write to the " Board," that far away refuge of troubled missionaries, but a notice of its pecuniary difficulties met his eye in the church paper, so he decided to take the matter into his own hands and write

please not send me a box this year? It isn't that I don't want it, and my wife will want it worse, but I think it is needed elsewhere. There is a man here who is going to die unless he is looked after. I will try to tell you about him." Then followed a stirring account of Father Jones' life and character, his good work in Coffinville, his poverty



"GOOD FOR YOU, PARSON," CRIED DAN, CLAPPING HIM ON THE BACK.

directly to the church which had always supplied him.

"Dear Ladies of the Queen Street Church," he began, "I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you, but I am now wearing your clothes—I mean those you sent me—and I have had so much kindness from you that I venture to ask a favor. Will you

and his brave rescue of the two children. The Rev. Ephraim finished his astonishing epistle after this fashion: "He has given away everything he has ; he has saved life to lose his own. Though not one in doctrine, he is a better man than I am, and I earnestly ask you to relieve his difficulties rather than give any thought to me. Hoping

to hear from you, and that you will not think me ungrateful for all your kindness to me and mine, I am,

"Your servant in Christ,

"EPHRAIM JONES."

"P. S.—Send the box to Rev. Edward Jones, Coffinville, Mo. I did not mention that the one mentioned is a Catholic priest. He is not any relation of mine, for there are Joneses who are not. E. J."

This was the letter which fell like a bombshell into the midst of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Queen Street M. E. Church, which edifice, in stone, exquisite with Gothic carvings, graced the largest street of an important Eastern city.

An anarchistic souvenir could not have more effectually excited the good ladies. All were talking at once—this was not an uncommon proceeding, and at the tops of their voices—but at last the president restored order.

"The simplicity of this letter goes to my heart," said Mrs. Leader, a tall, handsome woman. "The spirit of the man is perfectly beautiful. We cannot deprive him of his box."

"Of course not. It's half done, and all the children's clothes are ready. And we can't let that poor soul starve out there if he is a Catholic," said Mrs. Bonham, the vice-president, a millionaire in her own right several times over.

"Christmas is coming, and I suppose Catholics have as much right to celebrate Christmas as we have," said sweet little crippled Miss Gray.

"Christ died for the ungodly," said Mrs. Fitz-Simmons Blake tentatively.

"I always thought it must be as hard for Catholics to starve as for the elect," said brisk little Miss Bland, a wicked twinkle in her great gray eyes. "But you wouldn't think it right to do anything for a *Catholic priest*, would you, Mrs. Leader?"

The president looked uncomfortable, then a bright thought came.

"Not as a priest, of course; nor as

coming from a church, but from individuals, as a token of our respect for a man who is fine and manly and virtuous. I will head a subscription with one hundred dollars, ladies. Who will follow?"

Where Mrs. Leader proposed, all were glad enough to concur. Those who were her social equals so honestly loved her that they thought everything she did correct, and those who were below her in the social scale so wished to be associated with her, even in charities, that they gladly followed her example. Tact will turn a wind-mill, and in a few moments the astonished secretary was empowered to send the box, a finer one than ever, to the Rev. Ephraim Jones, and a check for five hundred dollars to the Rev. Edward Jones.

"Make it plain how well we think of Mr. Jones' work as a missionary, Miss Tracey," said the president, "and show the other, in a tactful manner, that the gift is to a brave, good man."

"I will try to couch it properly, Mrs. Leader," said the secretary, and the meeting broke up, the ladies going on their way rejoicing, with a proud consciousness of virtue.

Christmas was at hand, the blessed season of kind thoughts and gentle deeds to warm the hearts of giver and receiver and prove as balm to the wounded Sacred Heart which gave Itself for men, and giving—broke.

Christmas with its joys, its merriment, its sorrow, too, as memory gives a backward glance to those faces long gone, that once graced the Yule tide board with the bloom of their sweet radiance. Christmas—in happy homes season of jollity and even in humble ones a time of blessing, since their self-denial often waits as handmaid upon giving and

"Who gives himself with his gift feeds three,

Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me."

In Coffinville the snow lay white upon

the ground and the rough branches of the scrub oaks and sturdy hickory trees were powdered with its feathery flakes. It had been a bitterly cold winter and snow lay heavy upon many hearts.

Father Jones sat in his old arm chair beside the big box stove in which crackled the fire of hickory logs. It was his one luxury, this roaring fire, and it was his only because of the zeal of a devoted parishioner who brought him a load from his wood-lot whenever his watchful eye saw that the priest's wood pile was diminishing.

The father had changed terribly in the weeks following his illness. Pneumonia is not an easy foe to fight but he had battled with it manfully, finding the convalescence almost harder to bear than the sickness itself. He needed tonics and delicacies, and soft warm clothes, and none of these were to be obtained in Coffinville, or for miles around, even had the wherewithal to obtain them been forthcoming. He felt ill, tired and discouraged. He leaned his head wearily on his hand, pondering how he could provide some Christmas treat for the poor of a parish where all, priest and people alike, were poor together. As he sat quietly, a stir was heard on the gallery which ran around the house, and a sound of voices. There was a knock at his study door and Mrs. Hansey entered excitedly.

"A box for you, Father," she said, as two men carried in a huge wooden box and set it down with a flourish.

"That can't be for me," said Father Jones.

"Rev. Edward Jones, Coffinville, Christian Co., Missouri. It's yours all right," said Dan Casey, grinning broadly. "Merry Christmas to you, Father. Guess your friends didn't all forget you. Lemme open it for you."

Father Jones looked on bewildered as the box was opened. Within it was warm clothing of every size and description; blankets, underwear and hose, all of which by strange good for-

tune, considering that the men's apparel was selected by feminine hands with a view to filling masculine wants, would fit the priest, and these he could keep with a clear conscience since the wants of so many of his flock could be provided for out of the rest of the contents of the box. There were oranges, lemons, dates, figs, dried apricots, prunes, luxuries indeed, and several bottles of fine wine, and all these Mrs. Hansey promptly seized and bore away to hiding lest the rector give them away and lose the benefit of them himself. There were candies and toys and at the very bottom of the box a letter.

Father Jones adjusted his spectacles with trembling fingers. This would explain all. He read eagerly—but such a letter! He could scarce believe his eyes. It contained the warmest expressions of interest in his welfare and admiration for his character and—strangest of all—it closed with asking him "to accept the accompanying as a testimonial of the appreciation felt for his excellent work in spreading the gospel in Coffinville and bringing the people to the faith of Christ," and the letter was signed "Louise Tracey, Secretary, Woman's Home Missionary Society, Queen St. Methodist Episcopal Church."

Father Jones could not understand it, but with the simple, sturdy faith that marked him, he laid it all to the special goodness of God and thanked the sweet Christ Child for the Christmas blessing.

If Father Jones was astonished with his box, not less so was the Rev. Ephraim Jones with the cheque which fluttered from a letter received the day before Christmas.

He had been dreading to tell his wife they were to have no box that year. In fact he had been afflicted with that deadly and devouring terror, known only to the fond husband when concealing something that has eventually to be told to the wife of his bosom. Armed with the mighty cheque and the ex-

ceedingly graceful letter of the secretary, he sought the partner of his joys and sorrows, principally the latter, with a more sprightly step and a less hang-dog air than that which he had of late disported.

As her husband came into the sitting room, little Mrs. Jones raised a pair of fine, dark eyes, window-lights of a soul as strong and brave as only a woman's can be from the twenty-third sock she had darned that morning.

"Any mail, dear?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "There is this, but I guess I'd better not tell you that we'll get no box this year."

"No box!" then her eye glanced from the latter to the cheque in her husband's hand "Ephraim Jones, they have sent us five hundred dollars instead of the box!" Her voice raised to a shrill staccato in excitement.

"Yes, dear, but you can buy what you want, you needn't mind—" He stopped short, for his wife had interrupted him with an ecstatic.

"Mind! Well I guess not!" And to his horror she first flung her arms around his neck, squeezing him till he gasped for breath and then performed a *pas seul* in the middle of the floor, a wild dance of joy, which ended in a fit of hysterics in which she alternately laughed and cried and said:

"I can go to mother! I can go to mother!" until poor Mr. Jones thought she had gone crazy and sat and looked at her helplessly.

At last she calmed down, and seeing his dazed face, said:

"Oh, you old goose, don't you see what this money means? We can go to St. Louis—to mother—I haven't seen mother for ten years and she's never seen half the children. You can go to Ministers' Meeting and Conference and buy some new books, and I can choose a dress for myself. I've tried to be grateful for the boxes and things, but I'm so tired of wearing other people's clothes if they are good as new, and I'm

tired, tired of making over frocks for my children, and I'm just tiredest of all of never having a cent to buy the babies a stick of candy with—don't you dare say a word about the heathen, Ephraim Jones, I'm going to have ten dollars of that blessed money just to *frivol* with, so there!" and little Mrs. Jones looked radiant with delight.

"But how did it all happen?" she asked, "What do the ladies say?"

And her husband read:

REV. EPHRAIM JONES,

Zion Church, Coffinville, Mo.

MY DEAR SIR.—The ladies of the Queen St. M. E. Church beg you to accept the accompanying, hoping you may find it sufficient to fill all your needs. We much appreciate your generous spirit and desire to express thus our admiration of your character, rich in all those qualities that go to make the man.

Very truly yours,

LOUISE TRACEY,

Secretary, Woman's Home Missionary Society, Queen St. M. E. Church.

"It's a nice letter, but a strange one," said Mrs. Jones, looking puzzled, "I should have thought they would have sent it to you because you are a minister of the Gospel."

Mr. Jones looked thoughtful.

"Perhaps," he said, "They think it's more important to be a man than even a minister. Well, I'm glad I am one."

"Which?" demanded his wife.

"Both," said the minister kissing the cheek to which excitement had brought a fair, unwonted color.

Great was the stir in the Ladies' Missionary Society of the Queen St. Methodist-Episcopal Church at the January meeting when the letters of thanks from the two clergymen were received. Blank stares met the words with which the Rev. Ephraim Jones described the happiness conferred by

the receipt of the money, but when Mrs. Leader read the priest's courteously worded expressions of thanks for his box there was a horrified silence. This was speedily broken by a rapturous giggle from naughty Kitty Bland, a sprightly witch with a tongue of fire, but a heart of gold.

"You mixed those babies up," she quoted wickedly, "Louise Tracey, you are a secretary after my own heart! The priest got the clothes and the parson got the cash—Oh, what fun! I wish I had seen His Reverence when he unpacked the long-haired doll and the rattle!"

"It is a disgraceful mistake and a just judgment upon us. We should never have encouraged this follower of the Scarlet Woman," said Mrs. Fitz-Simmons Blake, majestically.

Kitty's eyes flashed fire, and her mouth opened—then closed with a click like a mouse trap as Mrs. Leader laid a warming hand upon her arm.

"It is a mistake, but I am sure you will feel that it is a blessed one when you listen to the closing words of this letter," she said.

"Everything in the box has been put to immediate use. The articles intended for myself are all warmly appreciated; the garments have all been distributed among the poor of my poor

parish, the toys and candies have made happy the hearts of those to whose homes the warmth of Christmas joys seldom extend their fires of glowing love, little children of whom the great Christmas Guest said 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' More than all I thank you for the kind words which accompanied your generous gifts; words which went to my heart and gave me abundant Christmas joy; since they show me that your generous deeds spring from hearts as generous, and that we are one in the love of our God and the Blessed Christ Child whom we serve.

"Gratefully yours,

"EDWARD JONES."

There was a hush over the assembly as she read the gentle words, and there was not a dissenting voice to the vote to let the mistake go uncorrected.

"It's as broad as its long, anyhow," said Kitty Bland, to her chosen crony, Miss Gray. "Both priest and parson are satisfied and why shouldn't we be? Mrs. Fitz-Simmons Blake hates a Catholic worse than she does His Satanic majesty, but she didn't dare object when Mrs. Leader said we should all feel proud to have aided such a man. But isn't it a joke? I suppose Father Jones thinks it's the Millennium in Coffinville."

ST. BARBARA.

By Georgina Pell Curtis.

ABOUT the name of St. Barbara, legend, poetry and romance have weaved a beautiful tale. History records very little with absolute certainty.

Usuardus and Ado make her a martyr of Tuscany.

Metaphrastes says she gave up her life at Heliopolis, while Baronius, in the Roman martyrology sets her down as having suffered for the faith at Nicomedia, a city of Asia-Minor ; this latter seems the most probable opinion.

She was born about the year 285, and is classed as a Greek Saint, her early life having been spent in Greece, although later her father moved to Rome, and seems to have been regarded as a Roman citizen. How St. Barbara became a Christian we do not know. She was her parents only child, and her mother died early, leaving her to the care of her father, a pagan, a man of the world, and a character as relentless and cruel as could well be found. Throughout the whole period of St. Barbara's life as a Christian, up to the date of her death, her father, Dioscorus, seems to have been absolutely void of even natural love for his daughter. The childhood of the little Barbara was doubtless happy. We can picture her—a sunny, fair-haired child, playing about the beautiful courts and near the graceful marble fountains of her father's house at Athens. Tended by devoted slaves—her every wish anticipated, all her desires indulged, the wonder is how so great and pure a saint was evolved from such a training. Dioscorus was endowed with great wealth, vast estates and a noble name, and he had set his heart on a brilliant worldly career for his child, and above all, an advantageous matrimonial alliance. Her education was most care-

fully attended to, and her beauty of person is described as being very great. Ancient writers say she was gifted with a modest as well as a noble mind. At this period her father took great pride in her; and it was not until his wishes for her future were all thwarted that his love seemed to turn to scorn and hate. In those days a Roman father had absolute control over his children, even to the extent of taking their lives if he saw fit, without, by so doing, coming under the law. No matter how cruel and despotic a father might be, no one could interfere. Dioscorus, therefore, formed and carried out a plan to shut his daughter up in a tower. He placed a guard in charge and gave orders that the young Barbara should not pass beyond its walls. It seems to be the common opinion that he took this step so as to separate his daughter from the world, and from any possible unwelcome suitors, until such time as he should call her forth himself to marry a man of his own choice.

But a higher love, divine and eternal, had laid hold of the young girl. Shut up for many solitary days in the tower, her one song was "I have found Him whom my soul loveth." Day and night she communed with the Heavenly Bridegroom, to whom she had given her whole heart. Kneeling at her window at night when the firmament was studded with stars, or in the day time when soft, fleecy clouds sailed across the deep blue of the sky, St. Barbara gathered strength and fortitude for the conflict that was to come. She seemed in spirit to hear the words, "Put me as a seal upon thy heart, and as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench it, nor the floods of time drown it." The day came when Dioscorus called his

daughter forth from the tower, and told her to prepare for her coming marriage. The Saint's answer was "I have already pledged my troth to One whom I cannot forsake. I will cleave to Him whom I love. He shall be mine beyond all time into the length of Eternity." The haughty noble gazed in surprise and anger at the young girl standing before him, strong in her great love ; firm in her God-given courage. Some instinct made him recognize the futility of immediately trying to break her will, so, restraining his anger and irritation he arose and telling Barbara he had to hurry away on a journey and would not continue the subject until his return, he left her, placing her in charge of his steward, and giving orders that during his absence a magnificent bath-house should be built for her use. Barbara returned to her solitary life in the tower, and at first took no notice of the new building in course of erection ; but happening to go past it one day, she stopped and inquired of the workmen what it was. On finding that the bath was intended for her own use and pleasure, she examined it in detail, and shuddered at the sight of the marble statues of Heathen gods and goddesses that adorned the niches and pillars, then noticing the readiness with which the workmen lent themselves to her wishes, she determined to have some symbolism of God in the building. Directly above the bath were two windows, and between these Barbara now ordered a third to be cut in the stone to typify the Blessed Trinity. On one of the marble pillars she drew with her forefinger a Cross. Tradition says that the stone yielded like wax to the imprint of her finger. Years after, when St. Barbara had suffered martyrdom, this spot became holy and sacred. Many miracles were wrought, and what had once been a heathen bath was turned into a beautiful Christian temple. The sick were healed at this shrine, and misery of all kind was relieved, and all this was

wrought through St. Barbara's intercession, so dear had this sweet Saint become to Our Divine Lord.

It was not long before Dioscorus returned home and his first act was to visit the new bath ; he found it as he had expected, perfect and beautiful in every part, but as he was passing through the building he caught sight of the Cross cut in the marble pillar. At once all his latent passions awoke and questioning the servants, who were almost too frightened to reply, he speedily found out that his daughter was the offender. Summoning her to his presence he fiercely demanded the reason of the hated decoration ; whereupon, standing up before him, St. Barbara spoke with such power and sweetness of her faith, sketching in outline the Fall of Man, the Incarnation and Redemption, that almost anyone but a man like Dioscorus would have been touched and silenced. The proud noble, however, listened with horror to his daughter's tale. That the hated religion of the Nazarene should have crept into his house and have been embraced by his own child, seemed to him intolerable. Rage and fury consumed him and at last, starting from his chair, he drew his sword to slay her, when St. Barbara, divining his intention and wishing, no doubt, to spare her father the sin of murder, turned and fled. In an instant Dioscorus was after her with drawn sword, calling on all the gods to aid him in his vengeance.

Barbara flew through the hall until she reached a retired passage, Dioscorus gaining on her at every step. This passage opened into a grove at the back of the house and hither the angry father followed his daughter. He continued to gain rapidly upon her and just as he got within reach and his sword was raised high in the air to strike, lo ! a miracle occurred ; for the shining blade descended not upon the young girl's tender limbs, but upon a

hard and solid rock which had suddenly sprung up in his path. In the lives of the saints this was not an uncommon occurrence. St. Thecla was sheltered by a rock when pursued, so also was the mother of Rabbi Jehuda, the Pious, at Worms. The cleft in the rock at Worms is shown to this day.

This display of divine power had no effect on Dioscorus. He skirted the rock and examined it carefully and finally abandoning his investigations he pressed onward and meeting some shepherds inquired of them if they had seen Barbara. These men, suspecting no evil, replied that they had just passed a maiden who seemed fleeing as if for her life. Dioscorus waited to hear no more, but hurrying onward, was not long in overtaking the Saint and this time God permitted her capture. The wretched noble wreaked his anger and vengeance by blows on her delicate limbs until she fell fainting to the ground. Then he picked her up and when she was sufficiently recovered, conducted her homeward, his soul full of dark and gloomy thoughts as to how he could break her will. After much thought he decided to bring her before the Roman tribunal, feeling sure it would be a last and powerful means of gaining his end. At once he set about putting his plan into execution and from the tower where she had been locked up Barbara was led before Marcian, prefect of the city. Marcian was not naturally cruel, but his first interest was to serve the Emperor Maximinus, so as the young girl had been brought before him, he had no choice but to torture her until she yielded. He gazed on her youth and beauty, marveling at her surpassing loveliness, and then with all the eloquence at his command he tried to persuade her to offer sacrifice to the gods.

Barbara seemed not even to hear him, a fact that Marcian was not slow to perceive. Annoyed and irritated at her indifference he handed her over to some

soldiers with orders to apply the torture; and now indeed the sweet Saint had need of all the courage at her command. She was scourged until the blood poured from her wounds, and then the raw and bleeding flesh was rubbed with coarse haircloth, causing pain almost like electric shocks to every part of her body.

When night came she was thrown on the floor of her cell, and as she lay there only half-conscious—surrounded by darkness, and in the intervals when her mind came back to earth, offering up fervent prayer—lo! the narrow space in her dark prison was illuminated by dazzling splendor, and before her, so radiant that she scarcely dared look at Him, stood her Divine Lord. He laid His hand on her torn and bleeding limbs, and spoke to her words of sweet comfort, bidding her be steadfast, and assuring her that very soon her sufferings would be over, and He would take her to Himself. Then the vision faded, and Barbara found that her whole body was restored to health and beauty. She spent the rest of the night in prayer and praise until the morning light broke, and the tramp of the approaching soldiers was heard near her door. Again the Saint was led forth before the Roman Prefect, whose amazement when he saw her well and sound was unbounded. After the first surprise Marcian announced that no doubt the gods had healed all her wounds as a token that they wanted to win her devotion, a statement which Barbara gently but firmly combated. To describe the tortures that followed is almost too painful to undertake.

Her sides were torn with iron combs, her head was bruised with blows, and her breasts were cut off. In the midst of her agony she cried to Our Lord in short ejaculatory sentences.

"O Good Jesus," she said, "Thou seest the secrets of my heart, that in Thee I have put my trust."

"Do not turn Thy face away from

me O Lord," she entreated, "nor take Thy Holy Spirit from me."

Finding that all this torture was not sufficient to move her, Marcian be-thought him that perhaps he could best wound and break her spirit by shocking her modesty. So he ordered her to be led naked through the city while the soldiers lashed her on with blows from heavy whips. She was led forth, and now again a Divine miracle occurred; the holy Barbara prayed, "My Lord, my King, who dost shroud the heavens with clouds and the earth with night, oh, shroud me now, I beseech Thee, lest pagan eyes should look on me, and then blaspheme Thy Holy Name."

Scarcely was her prayer uttered when a dazzling and radiant light seemed to envelop her whole figure, so that no eye could penetrate it. Thus shrouded from view she made the circuit of the city and returned to the prefect.

So angry was Marcian at what had occurred that he immediately ordered her execution. They led her to a hill outside the city where the gentle girl knelt down and lifting her eyes and hands to Heaven prayed: "Dear Lord, I thank Thee for having made me steadfast till the end." Her head was stretched on a stone near by, and oh! marvel of cruelty, Dioscorus is the one who advances to give the fatal blow. Throughout all the long-drawn agony of her torture, this man had stood by unmoved, often urging the soldiers to greater cruelty; and now his last and crowning act of wickedness was to take the life of his own child. Thus this great Saint died, winning her martyrs' crown on the fourth of December 306.

Vengeance swift and terrible overtook both Dioscorus and Marcian. The former was killed by lightning on his way home from Barbara's execution, and the prefect perished not long after in the same manner.

The relics of St. Barbara were taken from the scene of her martyrdom by Valentinian, and buried with honor at a place called Gelasius, where many miracles were subsequently wrought.

Tradition says that a noble lady named Juliana, who had witnessed Barbara's sufferings was converted; and declaring herself a Christian, was beheaded the same day as the Saint she had so ardently imitated.

To St. Barbara belongs the great privilege of being invoked for a happy death, as well as for protection against lightning. She has always obtained for her devoted clients the grace of not dying until they have received the Holy Viaticum. The life of St. Stanislas Kostka, the young Saint of the Society of Jesus, records that during a severe illness it seemed as if he was to die without the Sacrament, as the people in whose house he was were all Lutherans, and would not summon a priest. The feast of St. Barbara was drawing near, a fact that St. Stanislas remembered. One night a friend who was watching by his sick bed noticed a look of unearthly reverence, joy and awe on the boy's face. Stanislas turned to him and whispered "Kneel and adore, the Blessed Sacrament is here. Two angels of the Lord and the Virgin Martyr St. Barbara are bringing it to me."

He appeared for several moments as if communing with the Unseen so that his friend, Protestant though he was, was deeply impressed.

Many other miracles too numerous to quote, are on record of the power of this great Saint's invocation, and of her tender love for souls, who seek her, weary and worn with their earthly conflict, longing for that peace that she won at so great a cost, and for the blessed company of the Saints—the hundred and forty and four thousand who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

DISOWNED.

By the Rev. A. Belanger, S.J.

IX.

(Concluded.)

RELIGIOUS ARE INSTRUMENTAL IN MAKING FRANCE LOVED. (1)

HOW? In two ways: by applying themselves to the education of youth at home and by devoting themselves to missionary work abroad.

But alas! those who so zealously and generously consecrate themselves to the training of young hearts and intellects here in France, are periodically subjected to attacks, the injustice of which is equalled only by their violence, attacks made by the very men who sacrifice their poor, dear country to their own ambition or rejoice at the dawn of internationalism. Now, for the benefit of those who cry: "Down with our country! Away with the army!" let us give a rapid sketch of the services rendered to France by Congreganist masters and their pupils.

I well remember how comforting was the impression I received when, for the first time, I crossed the threshold of the celebrated "Rue des Postes."

Inside the little court, and directly to the left of its entrance, large marble slabs were erected, on which, in letters of gold, shone the names of eighty-four pupils recently slain by the enemy; but more eloquent still were the blank pages of the stone martyrology which would one day include the names of others who, within these same walls, would learn to die for France. . . . and indeed our colonial wars have gloriously lengthened the list. To one side was the white statue of a martyr, Père Ducoudray, the master of these heroes who, like them, fell amid a shower of

bullets. . . but alas! not those of the Prussians. Further on were marble medallions bearing clearly cut silhouettes of two other victims: Père Clerc, a former polytechnician, sailor and chaplain, and Père de Bengy, who also had been an apostle of our soldiers in the Crimea and with the army at Châlons. In the parlor too were everywhere to be seen portraits of our elders who had perished on the field of honor. The long corridors decorated with military pictures, told the same proud tale, and on great feast days, when Père Ducoudray's strong, clear voice rang out, it was to exhort us to love, serve and defend France even to the shedding of our blood.

Yes, such were the patriotic principles inculcated. Let those who would pursue the subject more leisurely, take up Père Chauveau's admirable book on the alumni of the Rue des Postes. (1) It is nothing but a long epic on love for France, a love not content to express itself in hollow words but that proved itself staunch and noble by withstanding the test of sacrifice, bloodshed and death. M. Albert Duruy therefore showed just appreciation when he said: "I was not aware that the young men who studied history from Père Gazeau's books, had been miserably weak in presence of the enemy, or that many of their number had figured as ringleaders in the disturbance. However, this

(1) We speak particularly of the latter because they are most frequently attacked; but, in all ecclesiastical and religious colleges, we find the same trophies of glory and patriotism, all speaking eloquently of past sacrifices and future hope.

(1) A part of this chapter appeared in *Études*, November 5, 1899.

needed to be proved, and since it has not been, since it still remains to be demonstrated that the ninety pupils of the Rue des Postes who died on the field of honor in 1870 were *bad* citizens, it is impossible for us to take M. Jules Ferry's statements too seriously. In point of argument, Coulmiers and Patay are valuable and the bull *Unam Sanctam* and the *Syllabus* are eminently so. (1)

Is still more competent judgment required? If there be any liberally instructed pupils especially odious to the Jacobins, they are the Papal Zouaves, nearly all educated by ecclesiastical masters, and who, because of being in the Papal army, were threatened with being denied the title of Frenchmen. Nevertheless, scarcely are they released by the victors of the Porta Pia, when we behold them at the disposition of the Government that holds the country's flag.

Around them rally young heroes brought up Christians, like themselves, and this troop of chosen ones believe in God, go to confession, approach Holy Communion and, before going to battle, kneel to receive Heaven's pardon. Then they arise, advance with commendable *furia francese*, never flinching, but fighting, falling and dying, and mourning France is consoled by the valor displayed at Auvours, Cercottes, Bellême and especially at Patay, where, of 300 zouaves, 218 were left on the field. The following are unquestionable testimonies of their bravery.

"The Papal Volunteers show themselves heroes," writes Chanzy. (2) "On the 12th of January," says General Gougeard, "the Zouaves, whose battalion consisted of only a few remaining heroes, retreated, and never did braver troops carry aloft the flag of France. This is a tribute of justice proudly rendered them by one who saw

them fight and who will ever consider it an honor to have been in command of such men." (3)

The same officer states that only two out of nine captains and 350 out of 1,000 privates returned. "They did not yield the Prussians one prisoner, their losses being all among the dead and wounded." (4)

Finally, General Cissey, Minister of War, thus magnificently eulogizes the battalion: "When France was invaded and overwhelmed with a weight of woe, you did not hesitate to come and offer her your muscle, your heart and your life's best blood. . . . Wherever your beautiful legion fought, it distinguished itself most eminently by its courage, its devotedness and its enthusiasm before the enemy. . . . For all this the army thanks you through me." (5).

But the bloody year did not close the golden record of patriotic exploits. That of the Rue des Postes, in particular, was gloriously continued by the colonial wars, and Ton-Kin alone contributed twenty-nine new names to the illustrious annals. Among the heroes whose achievements have rejoiced the heart of France during the past thirty years have been many—and they were not the least noteworthy—who learned patriotism in the school of Church and Religion, thus proving that love of God and respect for His law in no wise thwart generous impulses and virile execution.

We have seen these pupils in the fray, now let us observe how they are reared; let us study their masters and see what they have done and are still doing daily for their country. Everywhere, on the battlefield, in the colonies, in the missions, we behold them showing their love for France in a most substantial manner and thus causing

(3) *Deuxième Armée de la Loire*, p. 54.

(4) Statement of General Gougeard (*le Camp de Conlie*, p. 83).

(5) "Order of the day" at the time of disbanding.

(1) *Revue des Deux Mondes*, January 1, 1880.

(2) *Deuxième Armée de la Loire*, p. 315.

others to love it ; therefore, we are no longer astonished that they should have similarly inspired those with whose education they were intrusted.

We have already spoken of the immense assistance rendered by religious in the ambulances in 1870. It is estimated that in Paris alone they cared for 15,000 wounded. But the battlefield had even a stronger attraction for them. Sixty Jesuits marched eagerly and joyfully to the front with their battalion and several of them were wounded ; two Dominicans were decorated and the charity of Father Joseph, a Barnabite, towards our soldiers while prisoners in Germany, has become legendary. We have already shown that the Sisters were no less brave and, in those gloomy days, the words of Mgr. Freppel, a great patriot, were once more verified : "To serve God and France are one and the same."

But these glorious souvenirs are of the past and human ingratitude readily forgets past services ! There is, however, a permanent battlefield where the patriotic devotion of religious blossoms forth most marvellously. . . . I allude to the missions.

But first of all, for the sake of sincerity and clearness, let us settle a case in point by affirming that the Catholic missionary, be he ever so beloved, is neither the commercial nor diplomatic agent of his country. In countries regularly subject to other European or indigenous powers, whether Christian or not, he never seeks to instigate revolt or plan conquests. Any assertion to the contrary would be only a lie, a vain endeavor to excuse the acts of odious barbarity now being perpetrated in China. The first teaching of an apostle is submission to established power, even though that power be infidel. It has, therefore, naught to fear from its Christian subjects, provided it treat them humanely and respect the rights of their consciences. And Christian

neophytes do not, because of their conversion, become the agents of foreigners ; they still belong to their own country, they are neither traitors nor rebels and will in no way try to bring about foreign intervention. The latter is caused by bloody persecutions, massacres, perfidy, in short, by all that constitutes an affront to humanity, for, in this, our day, civilized nations seem to consider it part of their duty to protect the rights of humanity and hesitating, capricious, weak and cowardly as such protection may be, it is nevertheless a benefit and, henceforth, the policy of closed doors will be an impossibility, for they are being everywhere broken in, not by religion alone, but by commerce, industry, science and even by curiosity.

And since it is becoming less and less practicable to prevent the civilizing effects produced by the preaching of the Gospel ; since even infidel governments have nothing to fear from the teaching of Catholic doctrine ; since it is only the policy of blood and persecution that courts foreign intervention, the conclusion is obvious : it is to the best interest of nations to leave free and untrammelled the apostles who, far from exposing them to the encroachments of foreign power, increase domestic prosperity by rendering citizens more honest and submissive.

This fact has been well proved, but there are a thousand other ways of serving France. Think of the immense territory wherein her civilizing influence is felt through the instrumentality of her missionaries whose duty it is to inspire a love of their native land. Through his own charity and self-denial the missionary earns for his country a reputation for kindness which wins it the affection of all and, sooner or later, opens the way to amicable and sometimes even to commercial relations, and thus the French name becomes surrounded by an aureola of virtue, intrepidity and benevolence, a thousand

times more precious than warlike conquests. This is indeed true glory, and whosoever procures it for his country contributes to its true greatness.

But in order to contemplate priests and nuns engaged in their christianizing, civilizing, patriotic work, it would be necessary to sit beneath the Arab's tent and in the miserable huts in the Congo ; to paddle about in the waters of Anam and frequent the thatched cottages of Libanus ; in fact, to travel around the world. (1)

We are given a vivid picture of the admirable scenes enacted in these missionary lands, in a beautiful book which I wish I might present to all our newly-elected deputies, as a gift well worth the having. *Loin du Pays* (2) is the title of the work and, in it, Père Rouvier has given touching statistics in most charming literary style. And indeed these figures, which delight our exacting minds, tell an accurate and uniquely eloquent tale of the noble human lives sacrificed, inch by inch, in

(1) It is difficult to give the exact number of French missionaries, but it is certain that it surpasses that of all other nations combined and, according to Cardinal Vaughan, it comprises two-thirds of the whole. In his *Histoire des Missions*, M. Louvet accepts this figure for priests, but about four-fifths of the total number of missionary Brothers and Sisters are our compatriots. In any case, what a glorious thing for France to be in the advance guard of the Christianizing army !

As to the absolute number, we will give that of the documentary Report of the French Catholic Missions, published by Père Piolet on the occasion of the Exposition.

There would be about 4,500 French missionary priests ; 4,000 French missionary Brothers, and 10,500 French female missionary religious.

We are waiting for the Free Masons to give similar evidence of patriotic service.

(2) *Loin du Pays*, by Père Rouvier, Edition illustrated from drawings by the author. (Victor Retaux, Paris, p. 390.) It is from this documentary treasure that we borrow the following quotations.

deadly climates, for the combined love of Christ and France. (3)

First of all, there were the Trappists of Staoueli who, being considered model colonizers, were asked to establish themselves in infant Algeria which had seemed to defy all efforts. They accordingly appeared on their new scene of labor and began to build a monastery in a field strewn with French canon balls, relics of a former struggle, and indeed, upon the same site, these valiant newcomers were to encounter an enemy more terrible even than the dreaded Arabs. It was fever ; and ten months after their arrival it had consigned ten of these pioneer heroes to a sandy grave. Had the survivors then withdrawn, colonization might have received what Colonel Marengo feared would be an awful blow, but whatever may have been their temptation to leave it, they nevertheless remained bravely at their post and their leader, that soldier monk immortalized by Horace Vernet in his *Messe en Kabylie*, traversed France, seeking among his Brothers voluntary recruits for death. He found them and, at the end of a year, eleven more victims had paid for their patriotism with their lives, and during the twelve months following, ten others succumbed. However, the remaining combatants fought dauntlessly on till, at length, they won a hard earned victory for France. And yet, from a purely human point of view, to what extent had these champions benefited themselves ? Their allowance was still short and their beds were so hard as to astonish even the rough old warrior Bugeaud.

Indeed, the old soldier grew to love the monks because he loved the new France which they had so ably helped

(3) It were useless to remark that this rapid enumeration is far from complete. A résumé of the work on French Missions accompanied by numerous statistics, will be found in Père Piolet's report. (Chez Téquin. 1900).

him to found. "What!" he exclaimed upon hearing the dismal information that Père Brumauld was a Jesuit. Then, after a pause: "Well, were he the devil himself, he's doing good in Algeria and he'll always be my friend!" This missionary collected the orphans of Algiers and Paris who, because of their complete abandonment, were destined to become perfect rascals, housed them in two commodious orphanages, converted them into honest Christians and gave them back to society transformed into useful colonists.

Père Brumauld's achievement was a forerunner of the patriotic Cardinal Lavigerie's great works, of which a good judge like Admiral de Gueydon could say: "It was the only serious thing done for the assimilation of the natives."

French assimilation too, such as was begun in Kabylia by the Jesuits, one of whom, a simple lay brother, became on account of his medical services "the most popular of Frenchmen." (1) The White Fathers, like worthy sons of the "Great Lion of Africa," continued this work in the Soudan, while the White Sisters, no less devoted, solved the difficult problem of educating and transforming the Arab woman without however so changing her tastes as to make her a pseudo-Parisian whom the natives would refuse to marry. (2)

At Tunis also, a whole army of peaceful Brothers and nuns were engaged, says M. V. Guérin, "in making France esteemed and loved." (3)

And now, let us descend to the west of Africa, to the Senegal in Guinea. Here, for the first time, English hostility confronts us. Everywhere on the Gold Coast, "the blacks emerging from

English schools are our worst enemies . . . and they neglect no opportunity of prejudicing the people against us." (4) Who opposed their clandestine dealings? Who opened French schools in which the natives could acquire a knowledge of our language and a love of their new country? Who went beneath a broiling sun, at the risk of contracting fever, to instruct the unattractive negroes? Religious, always religious: the *Pères des Missions africaines de Lyon*, the *Pères du Saint-Esprit*, the *Frères de Lammenais* the *Sœurs de Saint-Joseph de Cluny*. And now, permit us a word as to the history of these heroines. It is beautiful, it is French: they were veritable Joans of Arc on the Dark Continent.

When scarcely twelve years founded, the young Congregation was called by the Minister to the Senegal. The superioress was that extraordinary woman of whom the naturally unenthusiastic Louis-Philippe said: "Madame Jahouvey is a great man!" She hurried from France that she herself might initiate her daughters into missionary life; she opened classes at Saint Louis and at Gorée; accepted the management of hospitals and sent her Sisters in Europe messages such as these: "Encourage the young Sisters to come to the Colonies. . . . Animate them all with a holy zeal for the colonies. . . . Our novices must not be weaklings who look upon themselves as of great consequence; they must have courage and good will: with these dispositions the most simple girls can do great things." Her directions were understood and followed. In 1867, after the cholera had abated, the Minister conferred upon the surviving religious twenty-nine gold medals of the first order, but a still more glorious reward was in store for the nine who, carried off by the plague, were to be recompensed in Heaven. In 1878 the

(1) *A travers la Kabylie et les questions kabyles*, by François Chavériat, Professor of the Law Faculty of Algiers, p. 161.

(2) *Ibid.*, pages 151, 155, 164.

(3) *La France catholique en Tunisie*, by V. Guérin, Fellow of the University, p. 56.

(4) *L'Alliance Française*, by P. Foncin p. 28.

harvest was still richer, for fourteen of them fell for God and France. I do not know whether medals were then distributed, but, through revenge, the Free Masons prepared their law; and thenceforth the *droit d'accroissement* was to be enforced every time that one of these heroines of charity would die in the country's service!

But let us return to Mère Jahouvey, who was to accomplish a patriotic work, unique in its way. The colony of Mana, in Guiana, was dwindling away and the Government turned for help to this poor religious who was then eighty years of age, and debilitated by oft recurring attacks of fever. Nevertheless she started out with a company of her Sisters, rallied the courage of the few survivors, civilized the Indians, assisted the lepers, transformed into colonists the liberated slaves who were a terror to the whites, and succeeded in rendering Mana as prosperous as Cayenne, if indeed not more so. Is it then any wonder that the *Revue française de l'Etranger et des Colonies* should thus express itself: "Mère Jahouvey is incontestably the most remarkable figure in the history of French colonization in the nineteenth century. . . . France, despite her vexations, which were due to proceeding and not to principle, realizes that to live she must be colonial, and she would be doing an act of justice by erecting a statue to the memory of the great religious whose life and work were devoted to the French colonies." (1)

And now let us direct our attention to Ton-kin, where any lack of patriotism on the part of a missionary would be most likely to show itself. When the persecution was renewed, the men at the head of the colony were the very ones most elaborately crowned with anti-clerical laurels. And yet, scarcely had Paul Bert disembarked when he became charmed with the work

of the missionaries, and he says that we should not forget the debt of gratitude we owe them. Moreover, he defended them against the scheming mandarin Hoang-ke-viem, who, very logically, asked the persecutor of Congreganists in France to allow him to expel them from Ton-kin.

M. Constans is no less cordial with Catholics, especially with Mgr. Puginier and the Bishop of Saïgon and before the Senate he spoke thus openly of the Jesuits of China whom he had met at Shanghai: "I welcomed them as I have welcomed abroad all Frenchmen, *all good patriots*. I never held that they were not good patriots and voluntarily, I proclaim them such with you." (2) In the same discourse the orator gave his opinion of religious women: "I maintain that the good Sisters in the far East are doing us an immense service."

M. Aymonier who, after spending eighteen years in the East, became director of the Colonial School, is a witness whose testimony is above suspicion and who declares that "no one could be more eclectic in the matter of religious dogmas" than he and yet, he renders full homage to the patriotic work of our missionaries in Anam. He says: "They direct 600,000 Christians who, on this account, whether they wish it or not, are regarded as Frenchmen by the hostile party." Besides, he asks that from fifty to one hundred missionaries be sent out yearly, requesting for them a subsidy of two millions, and he considers it amazing that France should oppose their recruitment. (3)

And we should be mindful of the fact that the very origin of this colony was due to the Society of Foreign Missions. It was this society that established the first relations between France and

(2) Senate, April 4, 1895.

(3) *La Langue française et l'Enseignement en Indo-Chine*, by E. Aymonier, pages 40-41.

(1) August 15, 1890.

Anam in the seventeenth century, and it was Mgr. de Béhaine who, in 1787, negotiated the treaty whereby we were ceded an island and a port in Cochin China. In our own time Mgr. Sohier and Mgr. Puginier have been constantly at the disposition of our governors and it was to Mgr. Puginier that the hero of Hanoi wrote as follows: "Monseigneur, Ton-kin is better known to you than to any one else, and you love France. Will you therefore help me to consolidate our conquest by indicating those among the natives best qualified to govern under me?" This showed a knowledge of the intrepid bishop whose life, being one of faith and patriotism, is faithfully reflected in these words addressed by him to his fellow laborers: "Missionaries, we are working for God, for our native land and for the country we are evangelizing."

It is but a step from Ton-kin to China, and there also we find abundant testimony of the patriotic part played by our priests who triumphantly worked their way through the inert mass of an insipid, dormant civilization, rousing and christianizing it as effectively as, in the long ago, the handful of leaven leavened the measure of meal. "Let no one tell me," said Admiral Humann, "that this benign influence does not advance the general interests of the country. Wherever missionaries reside, the name of France is made known and its prestige established and increased." Admiral Jurien de la Gravière is even more explicit. He says: "In China all the Catholic priests have French hearts and all the missionaries teach their neophytes to bless the name of France." (1)

Foreigners do not think otherwise

(1) *Voyage de "la Bayonnaise" dans les mers de Chine*, by Jurien de la Gravière. Vol I, p. 910. Archibald Colquhoun, author of *Autour du Tonkin*, also speaks of the "truly French sentiments of the missionaries." Vol. II, p. 210.

and if they tincture their praise with bitterness, it is not in order to weaken their statements. "In the ideal world," says the Baron de Hübner, "the French are the expansive people. By doing much good and much evil, they have communicated to the civilized world their ideas, tastes and fashions. However, no nation is less given to emigration. French emigrants are less numerous than any other and, barring a few honorable exceptions, they do not always belong to the élite of the land. . . . But, side by side with those emigrants who do not keep in close touch with one another and with their country, are others who, though living and acting at a disadvantage, surround *themselves and their native land* with an aureola of imperishable glory. In China, wherever the French flag is seen floating above a consulate, there will be found in the neighborhood a church and close by a convent, a school, a hospital." (2) That is why ninety-five out of every hundred Chinamen who speak our language have learned it from the missionaries.

And now let us continue our somewhat irregular tour of the world, following in the trail of our indefatigable pioneers. Behold their great conquest—that of Madagascar, which territory they have held for France as it were, in spite of herself. And how valiantly have not the French Jesuits struggled against the encroachments of English Protestants? Thanks to almost a million a year, the English preachers had about 7,000 native assistants and 92,000 children were registered in their schools, whereas, the Catholic missionaries received a subsidy of only 20,000 francs and had to procure, as best they could, the 180,000 necessary to meet their meagre living expenses; and yet, at the beginning of the second war they

(2) *Promenade autour du monde* by Baron de Hübner, p. 474.

had collected 112,000 Catholics, opened two colleges and 59 schools which were frequented by 16,000 pupils. Through their assiduity a fine observatory glorified French science in the eyes of the Hovas, and a map of Imerina and a rough draught of the Betsiléo country were made at the cost of great trouble and countless perils. As soon as war was declared the missionaries offered themselves as military chaplains and the graves of several mark the points of departure and return of our army. But the mortal remains of a French priest are well in place amid those of soldiers who died for France, for they all perished in the same cause and let us hope that they all received a like reward.

The Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, an Englishman, has rendered those valiant souls the following tribute: "The radical press still pursues these devoted laborers with its calumnies but our Admiral Jones has dealt more justly by them. After his celebrated visit made to Antananarivo in 1881, in the name of the Government, he declared in his report to the British Parliament in 1883, "those men who worked in silence, have planted in that soil a tree superior to all others! And yet, radicals continue to accuse French missionaries of a lack of patriotism. Really, such a ridiculous charge evokes a smile of pity! As for me, I have seen these priests at work and *I declare that they are more French than many Frenchmen in France.*" (1)

Now let us pass on to Syria, that classic land of the Protectorate, where, since the time of the Crusades, the names of Catholic and *frangi* have been held in affectionate remembrance. "We have omitted nothing that could ruin our prestige in the region of the Mediterranean," says M. Gabriel Charmes. "Their our diplomacy has been guilty of the most serious mis-

takes, our commerce has allowed itself to be outdone, and yet we are thereabouts regarded as the great European nation. And why is this so, if not because monks and Congregations continue to take children of a tender age and teach them to lisp the name of France and of God." (2)

Our inexhaustible charity after the massacres of 1860 was a prime factor in establishing our influence. On all sides Catholic organizations have built hospitals and orphanages wherein large numbers of priests and religious have placed themselves at the service of misery. The second factor is teaching. "If every one in Egypt speaks French, it is owing to the efforts of the *Frères de la Doctrine chrétienne*; if it is spoken still better in Syria, the credit is due to the Jesuits, the Lazarists, the Greek-Catholic and Maronite schools." (3) Apropos of this, M. Gabriel Charmes tells a suggestive anecdote. Out in the desert near the shore of the Dead Sea he met a Bedouin woman who spoke French fluently.

"Where did you learn French?" he asked.

"From the *Sœurs de Saint-Joseph*," she replied.

"The increase of French influence due to these modest *Sœurs de Saint-Joseph* is immeasurable;" he says. "They have made our nation everywhere loved and at the same time have taught its language. *The natives judge us according to some religious who spend their lives doing good among them.*" (4)

At Beyrout there is a magnificent university founded and directed by the Jesuits and containing a French medi-

(2) *Revue des Deux Mondes: La France et le Protectorat catholique en Orient*, by G. Charmes, February 15, 1883.

(3) *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1883, vol. LV, p. 779.

(4) *Voyage en Palestine* by G. Charmes, 1891, p. 103.

(1) *Tablet*, August 27, 1892.

cal school and printing establishment, a college and a seminary. Such is this work, "the creation of which redounds as much to French patriotism as to the Catholic Church. Is it not therefore symbolical of the two greatest forces in the world, religion and science?" (1) To this tribute of Admiral Aube let us join the more recent one of M. Larroumet, a member of the *Institut*, who paid a visit to the same establishment. Having praised scientific progress he adds: "These Jesuits are Frenchmen and work for France. *If they belong to a cosmopolitan order it does not prevent them from loving their country*, for it is loved at a distance with a more intelligent, less tranquil, more active love. I can still hear the tone in which they said to me: 'We are French and our work is French.' In abandoning them France would be abandoning herself." (2)

M. Constans is of the same opinion for, in an interview he frankly declares our religious to be "disinterested and courageous to the point of heroism;" and admits that with only a few hundred francs a year they work wonders. "In the East," he adds, "they render great services and France owes it to herself to help and protect them, for, on the day that she forsakes them, her prestige will cease in all parts of the Orient."

Mgr. Charmetant, director of *Schools in the East*, introduces additional testimony into his beautiful memorial to the Deputies on the dangers with which the new bills threaten our missions and French influence. Besides, with excellent authority he furnishes the following eloquent statistics:

"Our communities of different orders of religious own, in the Levant, about 500 houses, to which are attached 1,500 *groupes*, having altogether

(1) *A terre et à bord*, by Admiral Aube, p. 45.

(2) *Vers Athènes et Jérusalem* by G. Larroumet.

over 5,000 schools in which the French language is taught to 80,000 children of all nationalities, races and religions. Moreover, connected with these establishments are hospitals in which 100,000 sick or infirm poor are yearly housed and cared for."

Now, perhaps the significant remark made by Fuad-Pasha to a French consul in 1860 can be better understood: "I am not afraid of your 40,000 bayonets at Damascus," said he, "but I do fear those sixty black-robed men;" and he indicated the Franciscans, Lazarists and Jesuits.

"Why?" inquired the consul.

"Why?" Because they are causing a new France to germinate in our country." (3)

And the declaration of M. de Douville-Maillefeu, a radical, will also be better comprehended. He said:

"I speak to the French tribune; I have but one interest at heart, that of France, my country, of the propagation of the French language. . . .

"Now, I wish to assert that everywhere in the East, no matter to what order the religious of both sexes belong, nor what robe they wear, all show—I have had proof of it—absolute devotion

(3) It was a mistake for Fuad-Pasha to have been uneasy, for, we repeat, the French influence of missionaries has no tendency to engender revolt among the Syrians. But what would excite revolt and call up intervention would be iniquitous conduct on the part of the Mussulmans or abominable massacres, such as that of 1860 and those of more recent date in Armenia. If the Sublime Porte would enjoy its Maronite and Armenian possessions in perfect peace, let it treat Maronite and Armenian with humanity and justice. Thenceforth will it gratuitously profit by the civilizing work of France and have nothing to fear from its armies. Besides, Syria would be wrenched from our peaceful influence only to become the prey of the covetousness and brutality of schismatic and Protestant nations. Here again would it be to Turkey's interest to allow Catholicity and France to do good by alleviating misfortune and dissipating ignorance. Such is their aim and it is certainly a beneficent one.

to the French name. I should tell not only the truth but the whole truth. I render homage to the French rôle enacted by Catholic Congregations in Syria and Palestine." (1)

Then there is the touching tribute of Jules Simon, who said :

"They were down there serving the cause of France, dying for God and for us !" (2)

And behold, M. Gabriel Charmes, already so often quoted, gives a finishing touch to the picture which imparts to it that inexpressible completeness added to great virtues by the gratitude of those who have been obliged. "I beg leave, I who am not animated by religious passion of any description, to give due tribute to the patriotism displayed by the missionaries abroad, it having been in no wise weakened by the persecution which they have endured at home." (3)

Would that I could speak these words, as well as others which I have quoted, into a phonograph so that, during the debate about to open in the Chamber each time that the lying declaration : "Religious are not patriotic ; religious are not French ; religious are weakening France ;" would be heard, the indefatigable voice of the machine might be made to repeat :

"I proclaim them all patriots." (Constans.)

"All of them have French hearts." (Jurien de la Gravière.)

"They are more French than any Frenchmen in France." (Vaughan.)

"These Jesuits are Frenchmen and work for France." (Larroumet.)

"They all show absolute devotion to the French name." (Douville-Maillefeu.)

"Even terrible persecution has not shaken their patriotism." (Charmes.)

(1) Speech in the Chamber, November 6, 1890.

(2) Speech at Caen, May 27, 1892.

(3) *Revue des Deux Mondes*, loc. cit.

And the oft-repeated truth would make the accusers blush and would keep in evidence before men of sincerity, irrefutable proofs of the real spirit reigning among religious.

But it must also be borne in mind that all new persecutions, whether open or hypocritical, conducted in France, must have the inevitable result of notably diminishing the work accomplished by religious for its benefit. Heretofore, such persecutions have been disastrous indeed in their effects upon French influence abroad.

"It must have been seen," says M. Gabriel Charmes "that the outburst of hatred and fury which provoked the decrees of 1880, occasioned a flood of odious accusations to overwhelm our foreign missions. In Syria, for instance, all our adversaries who sought to break loose from our secular protectorate, rushed wildly upon our French Orders. The foreign and domestic dailies translated the worst articles published by the radical newspapers of Paris and hurled them at the heads of French religious, saying : "Now you see that it is your fellow-countrymen themselves who denounce you as disturbers and bad citizens."

Such is the little anti-French game about to be recommenced, but in vain will defense of the Republic be alleged as an excuse—for here there is question only of the sectarian, Free Masons' Republic. However, gentlemen, back of this abominable counterfeit stands the true Republic, and back of all stands France !

Therefore, in immolating religious, you are aiming a blow at France. We have proved it.

Now do not say that you can protect Congregations abroad while persecuting them at home, or you will only delude yourselves for, with the modern means of transmitting information, any attack made at home to-day is known to-morrow in Constantinople, Shanghai and Congo, and if you prevent the recruit-

ment of Congregations in France, think of what would happen !

The tree, deprived of its life-giving sap would die, and with it the powerful branches now over-spreading the world; that is to say, the missionaries being recruited only with great difficulty, their work of civilization would suffer.

Or, Congregations would transport themselves, find recruits among foreigners, thus acquiring new members who would propagate their own language and the love of their country.

In either case it would mean a decrease of French influence. We may reasonably repeat with M. Gheusi : "Any nation that does not understand the imbecility of anti-clericalism is destined to meet naught but defeat." (1)

Before concluding this chapter, dealing so largely with the patriotism of religious, we must touch upon the terror with which the *foreign Superiors* of some Orders have inspired certain people.

Now may I ask if the most hated of these Orders, the one supposed to be most dreaded, and which is certainly the most upbraided for having a foreign superior, in a word, if the Society of Jesus is lacking in patriotism? To the contrary, our travellers, deputies and governors have given it the highest praise.

It is the Jesuits of China whom M. Constans proclaims great patriots and on those of Beyrout and the East he bestows similar compliments, while his sentiments are shared by Admiral Aube and M. Larroumet.

It is the Jesuits who hold Madagascar for France, and who, though abandoned by their home government, keep English influence at bay.

It is they who uphold and impart advanced French instruction in Egypt, who, amid great difficulties, are endeavoring to civilize Kabylia.

And yet, wherefore should these men

who have been treated with incredible hatred in their own country, struggle to make its fortune in foreign lands !

Thus you see that neither a superior residing in Rome, nor the cosmopolitanism of the Order prevents its French subjects from being patriotic. In fact this is all the easier since France, despite the dire consequences of her governing, is still the appointed protectress of missions and that the Sovereign Pontiff in ordaining that all should have recourse to her, exhorts all to love her.

Now that we have seen the traduced Congreganists at work and have followed them into the most distant countries, unhealthy climes and remote deserts, what have we found?

Men in the flower of youth, aged men who had earned a legitimate rest, and delicate women both young and old, all buoyed up by the strength of their religious convictions, capable of all kinds of sacrifices and consumed by the most sincere devotedness.

We have beheld them braving fever and misery, learning the harsh language of savages and dauntlessly confronting persecution, nay, even death itself.

We have seen them civilizing, instructing and christianizing barbarous tribes and treating them with untold charity.

And, in countries where children are thrown out with refuse, thanks to Congreganists, there is now some one at hand to rescue them.

Where the sick and aged were at one time neglected and abandoned, thanks to Congreganists, they now have some one to care for them and dress their wounds.

Moreover, where slavery, savagery and cannibalism once held sway, thanks to the heroic efforts of Congreganists, the divine law of mutual love now exists.

And necessarily, all this produces the love of France and the diffusion of the French language.

"Everywhere," says Gabriel Char-
mes, "the natives judge us according

(1) *Nouvelle Revue*, October 15, 1899.



to those religious who spend their lives doing good among them."

Hence : religious are the powerful servants of civilization and of France, and to suppress or harrass them or to prevent their recruitment is a crime of treason against humanity and against France.

And, in face of all this, will you honest, fair-minded people for whom I write, allow the perpetration of this crime?

CONCLUSION.

We feel that we have solved the sad enigma propounded by the Sphinx at the beginning of this work.

It is not at all astonishing that, though constantly pursued by the insatiable hatred of the enemies of religion, Congreganists should remain unflinchingly loyal to its holy cause. But, if they are abandoned by good, honest people, by true liberals, it is because a shroud of bitter calumny has been wrapped about these ever inoffensive, beneficent and oft-times heroic creatures, transforming them into grotesque, hideous, malevolent phantoms.

Now we have boldly assailed these phantoms and examined their triple vow. And what have we learned?

That this vow ennobles human nature instead of debasing it :

That, far from shrivelling the heart, it expands it, causing it to embrace in an ecstasy of devotedness, all the victims of suffering ;

That it leaves the conscience full liberty to defend itself against perverse commandments.

It was said : " Religious are an annoyance to the secular clergy ;" but the latter replied : " This is untrue ! They are our valued assistants."

Congreganists were accused of being " scandalously rich " ; but a rigid mathematical process, based upon the statements of their enemies, proved the *poverty* of the accused.

It was objected that they had " privi-

leges " ; but a close investigation of the crushing, iniquitous taxation to which they are subjected, showed that they are privileged only to the extent of being made to pay *more* than others !

They were declared enemies of the Republic, whereas it has been proven that they are victims of *false republicans*, sectarians and Free Masons.

Then, when the phantoms had been divested of the vile shroud with which they had been enveloped in order to make them hideous, we asked them : " What do ye ?" and, by way of reply, they indicated how the poor had been helped, the ignorant instructed, the sick attended, the forsaken aged fed and cared for, barbarians civilized and raised to the proper dignity of human beings : *all* at the price of unheard-of hardship and sacrifices entailing even death itself. And when, at the end of the questioning, we asked : " Do you love France ?" it was only necessary to listen to the voices of their enemies, one and all of whom declared :

" It is impossible for us to deny it, they are all Frenchmen and patriots and they labor for France."

Therefore, my friends, draw your own conclusions. . . .

It seems impossible that they could be other than favorable to full liberty being granted Congregations, a liberty unhampered by distrust or odious precautions.

If, however, through any possibility, your honest hearts cannot demand this liberty for us ;

If you should allow the hypocritical and sectarian projects now threatening us to be carried out ;

Then, on the day of our agony beneath the cross of our Master—that cross ever glorious and triumphant, and resplendent even amid the shades of martyrdom and death—let the French flag be put at half mast, for on that day will France lose children who had passionately loved and ably served her.

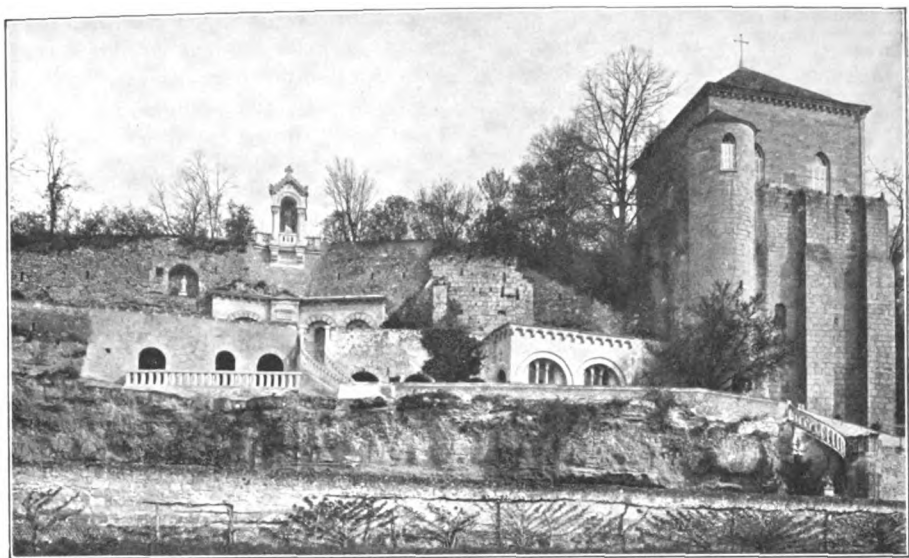
TO THE ROBIN.

By the Rev. J. Kendal, S.J.

WHY singest thou upon the thorn
In chill November's sunless gloom
As blithe, though ev'ry tree be shorn
As when the year was newly born?
The leaves have fallen in the womb
Of earth, their birth-place and their tomb.
The linnet hath long since foresworn
The hedge-rows and the banks of broom:
The clouds in sombre garments mourn,
While thou art left upon the thorn.

Dost thou delight to sing the dirge
Of buried leaves and fallen flowers
That lived so fair in kinder hours?
Then tell the charm that so can merge
Thy grief in gladness. On the verge
Of winter, while unfruitful showers
Chill the gaunt frame of summer bowers,
Some strange and wayward whim must urge
Thy joyous heart to sing their dirge.

Or is it that there lives in thee,
Though death and dark despair abound,
Some dream of immortality?
Methinks, if such a note be found
In thy so strangely seasoned glee,
E'en as the leaves beneath the tree,
That hope must follow to the ground.
Or say, when thy last song hath crowned
A life of griefless melody,
Thy hope shall still live on with me
But may not be fulfilled in thee.



BELFRY—GROTTO OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS—GROTTO OF ST. LEONARD.

MARMOUTIER.

By D. Gresham.

WE are told that to complete one's education one must travel.

Yes, and to destroy the romance and ideas of childhood travel is ruthless as a very Goth or Vandal. If there was one idea rooted in my youthful mind it was that St. Martin was an Irishman. On the 10th of November in every Irish household fowl were killed and eaten in his honor. On his feast, likewise, every mill wheel in the country was silent and around the fire was told with bated breath that once a miller, rash enough to have insisted on his men working on St. Martin's Day, found his mill, in the morning, a heap of ashes.

That St. Martin had been a miller, nay, had worked in "the burned mills," were ideas woven into my imagination with all the nursery idyls of my childhood. The soldier on sentry, cutting his cloak in twain for the shivering beggar on the winter's night were so racy of the impetuous Irishman. In fact, how could the Uncle of St. Pat-

rick be other than a son of the Emerald Isle? That history and older years changed my ideas somewhat I must admit, but on a bright spring morning of last year all my Irish delusions and romance of St. Martin came to a summary conclusion.

By the banks of the Loire I came on footprints of the saint, his city and his tomb, but especially his retreat and hermitage amid scenes so wild and picturesque that while they destroyed the fiction, they stirred up all the poetry of my childhood. Tours is but a few hours by rail from Paris, the spires of its famous Cathedral greet the traveler as he enters the city, a short drive along the Loire and he finds—Marmoutier! Once the beloved retreat of St. Martin and his disciples, later the renowned Benedictine Abbey, to-day the beautiful Convent of the Sacred Heart! Leaving the quiet suburban road, through the historic postern gate, one enters a new world of history and archæology. The convent buildings,



ENTRANCE GATE.

mediaeval and modern, the broad alleys, the quaint gardens, the vineyards and grottos all shut in from the outside world by the famous abbey wall, built by the monks in the thirteenth century. The five grim watch towers seem strangely out of place, overshadowing so peaceful a retreat. That is one of the charms of Marmoutier. The great periods of church history are here represented and blend harmoniously into an ideal picture. The relics and spirit of the Thebaid, the great monastic orders of the middle ages and the active, contemplative congregations, the outcome of the nineteenth century.

Rising above the orchards against the clear sky the cliff stands out with its grottos and chapels, the statue of the Sacred Heart perched aloft, a landmark for miles around. Far up the winding path is the Château de Rougement, built for Cardinal Richelieu, who was Abbé Commendataire of Marmoutier in its palmy days. For his convenience in visiting the monastery, it is said he had constructed up the face of the cliff a stone staircase, nothing of which now remains but the masonry which supported it. It was "up and down this zigzag path" that Henrietta Kerr tells us in her life that she was wont to run for the services at the Sacré Cœur.

Lord Henry Kerr had rented Rougement for a time and here it was that his saintly daughter first felt drawn to enter the Order, in which she was to do so much for the glory of God. As the years go by Marmoutier has become more and more celebrated, not only among pious pilgrims, who come to honor the saints who have lived here, but scientists and archaeologists all over France are to be met in the grotto, studying the beauties and

wonders of these historic shrines. Even before St. Martin, St. Gatien, the first Apostle of Touraine, was associated with Marmoutier. It was on the rocks bordering on the Loire he gathered the first Christians around him to celebrate the holy mysteries. In this sanctuary he first erected an altar in honor of the Mother of God and taught devotion to Mary. In this exact spot her statue stands to-day.

In 374 St. Martin became Bishop of Tours. Drawn from his beloved solitude as Abbot of Ligugé, near Poitiers, it was but natural that he should often seek rest and solitude at Marmoutier, rendered dear to him by the memory of St. Gatien, his saintly predecessor. Here he retired from the tumult of men and attracted others to follow, thus sowing the seeds of the famous Monastery of Marmoutier. In the grotto in which he lived the saint is honored in an especial manner. It was here that St. Peter and St. Paul came to him in a vision and a bas-relief above the altar represents the apparition of the Blessed Virgin, accompanied by St. Thecla and St. Agnes. This grotto was restored almost immediately after the occupation of Marmoutier by the nuns of the Sacred Heart. The Archbishop of Tours, Monseigneur Morlot, presided at

the opening ceremonies, and was accompanied by a distinguished stranger. It was the special desire of His Grace, that this venerable old man should be present. It was the Abbot Dom Chalbert, the last surviving Benedictine of the famous Monastery, who had been set adrift by the fury of the Revolution. More than half a century separated him from the days of his peaceful, happy life spent in this beautiful solitude. He was an object of intense interest to all, the one living relic amid so many silent mementos of the past.

cessor. For twenty-five years they continued their austere life, when on the anniversary of his death, St. Martin appeared to warn them to prepare for their approaching end by a general confession. "To-morrow, at this place at the same hour," said the saint, "you will all render your souls to God." The saintly brothers having begged the Abbot to visit them, assisted at his Mass, which he said in their oratory, and having received Holy Communion as viaticum prepared for death. Next morning they were found as St.



PART OF THE TRANSEPT OF THE ABBEY CHURCH.

Among those attracted to Marmoutier by St. Martin, were seven brothers or cousins, who, while still young, came to place themselves under his direction. The holy bishop having first ordered them to make a pilgrimage to the different sanctuaries, notably the holy places in Jerusalem, established them among the rocks at Marmoutier, where for fifteen years they lived fervently under his rule. At the end of that time St. Martin died, having warmly recommended the seven brothers to his suc-

Martin had foretold, side by side, dead ! Miracles attested their sanctity, and their bodies were buried just as they had been found. Their aspect in death was so beautiful that people said they but slept, hence their name "The Seven Sleepers." Devotion to the Seven Sleepers was very popular in the middle ages, and to this day there is a street in Orleans called by their name. It is said that fishermen from Tours brought the marvellous story to that city, and hence the origin.

Above the grotto of the Seven Sleepers is the cell sanctified by the life and death of the pious hermit St. Leobard, in the sixth century. For twenty-two years he lived in the exercise of prayer and penance, joined with manual labor mainly in excavating the rocks and transcribing the Sacred Scriptures. St. Gregory of Tours, who has written the life of his holy friend, was accustomed to visit and encourage him in his austere life. It was from his hands St. Leobard received the last sacraments. Tradition has it that the saintly recluse was buried in the grave which he himself made at the end of the grotto.

. . . Another cell of much interest is the obscure cave in which St. Brice, disciple and immediate successor of St. Martin, spent his years of penance. The special protégé of St. Martin, St. Brice as a young priest was far from being a model. He received the gentle admonitions of St. Martin with insolence and indifference. One day the holy bishop said with his wonted sweetness, "Brice, I have prayed for you and obtained from our Lord that you should succeed me as Bishop of Tours, but know that you will have much to suffer." The saint's words were fulfilled to the letter, the erstwhile careless priest became a model, and lived a life of austere penance beneath the cell formerly occupied by his saintly master. After forty-seven years in the Episcopate, St. Brice died on the 13th of November, and was buried in the basilica which he had erected over the tomb of St. Martin.

At some distance from the chapels of the solitaries, is the cavernous fountain of St. Martin, which tradition surrounds with a miraculous legend. The holy man wishing to obtain for his monks an abundant supply of pure water, invoked the assistance of heaven. Proceeding to dig he grew weary with his labors and fell asleep. On awaking, the saint found in the rocks a deep well of sparkling waters. This mirac-

ulous fountain was held in great veneration by the monks, and then as in our days, numerous pilgrims came to drink of its waters, which are incorruptible as that of Lourdes.

The holy oil of St. Martin (*La Sainte Ampoule*) was received by the saint from the hands of an angel after a fall. With it he dressed his wounds, and it was used at the coronation of Henri IV, of Chartres.

After the death of St. Martin, in 397, the history of Marmoutier is but the history of the great religious Orders of the Church. From the spirit and practices of the solitaries to monastic discipline was but a natural transition.

For four centuries Marmoutier was the home of generations of pious souls; in 853, however, the Normans sacked the monastery and put to death the greater number of the monks. Some escaped to the Abbey of Tours, and Marmoutier was deserted. It was again occupied from 860 to 982. In that year, at the request of Count Gade of Blois, twelve Benedictines came from Cluny to establish Monastic discipline, and retained possession until driven out by the Revolution in 1791. Marmoutier, under the Benedictine rule, became one of the most beautiful Abbeys in France. It was known as the Abbey of Abbeys and second only to that of Cluny. The superb Abbey Church was begun in 1210 and completed in 1312; it occupied all the space between the tower of the bells and the first wall of the garden. It was called the Gem of Touraine from the beauty of its architecture, and was a magnificent monument of the thirteenth century. The heroes and vandals of the French Revolution had little taste or knowledge of the beautiful, and of the genius and zeal of the monks but little remains. Everything was destroyed and Marmoutier became the property of the State. It passed successively into many hands, but finally came into possession of the Sacred Heart in 1847. When the nuns

arrived, the famous Abbey had become a complete ruin and little was left of its ancient splendor.

The historic wall with its five watch towers, half monastic, half military, the beautiful Roman tower of the bells and the stables were mournful witness of all that had once been. The grottos and cells of the hermits were covered with the débris of the ruins. They had ceased to exist—but only for a time. In the first week in April 1868, Reverend Mother Digby, the present Superior General of the Society of the Sacred Heart began the work of the excavations. In the chapel of the Seven Sleepers about two feet of earth covered the original floor, but soon the three first tombs were discovered. Among other mementos found were paintings on the large archways, on which though in bad condition, the name of the Seven Sleepers partly outlined could be seen. The altar of St. Martin was unearthed, and above the altar a painting for which a frame had been made in the rock, there were also traces of frescos. The excavations were carried on intermittently until 1879, when in the winter of that year, a huge block became detached from the rock, and rolling down on the chapel of the Seven Sleepers, closed the crypt and threatened its complete ruin eventually. It was then that Madame de Montalembert, Superior of Marmoutier, decided on the complete restoration of the grottos which had been so long projected. In order to reproduce their primitive style every detail was

studied, the archives looked up, legend and history read, and under such conditions success was assured. The Roman style was employed as being in keeping with the general aspect of the cliff. In every instance it was sought to reproduce former days. The fragments found of the tenth and eleventh centuries have served as types in the ornamentation. It was indeed a labor of love to Madame de Montalembert, worthy daughter of the illustrious author of "*The Monks of the West.*" No one could bring to her researches more enthusiasm and zeal for the interest of science, as of religion.

When all was complete, Monseigneur Colet, Archbishop of Tours, came for the blessing of the grottos on the 17th of March. Thus after a century of interruption, the lamp of faith was once more lit in those beloved Catacombs. By a happy incident the ceremonies took place on the feast of St. Patrick, who, tradition asserts, spent four years at Marmoutier. As a proof of this a hawthorn tree under which St. Patrick is said to have rested ere he crossed the Loire, blossoms every winter! This is a curiosity which to this day puzzles



GROTTO OF ST. LEONARD—INTERIOR.

French savants, and the bush was shown to Father Morris of the London Oratory who spent ten days at Marmoutier when writing his "Life of St. Patrick." The place is called "St. Patrice," and one of the grottos at Marmoutier is dedicated to the Apostle of Ireland, to commemorate this event.

If Marmoutier could but tell its history, what secrets it could reveal, what memories of the great, and the failure of their plans. Here came Urban II. preaching the First Crusade, Callistus II. visited the monks to confirm the privileges of the Monastery. Pascal II. was another Pope honored by Marmoutier. Within these walls Isabella of Bavaria completed her infamous treaty with John of Burgundy for the betrayal of unhappy France into the hands of Henry V. of England. Anne of Austria came to Marmoutier as a humble pilgrim, to prostrate herself before the shrine of St. Martin. It was after his visit here that the pious Louis XIII. resolved on reforming the monasteries in France. The Grand Monarque arrived in state to lay the corner-stone of one of the Abbey buildings, and Peter the Great came to see one of the famous shrines and abbeys in France.

All have passed—Popes, Emperor, Kings, and Queens, only the rocks and caves remain of all the power and pomp of earthly greatness.

One leaves Marmoutier reluctantly, the spirit of bygone days, of its saints and solitaries hang over grotto and

chapel. The spirit of peace and penance, so utterly opposed to the world beyond its gates. The world of modern France, of turmoil and unrest. Looking down from the Terrace on the afternoon of the First Friday in April, many thoughts passed through my mind. It was an evening to think of those who had gone, of those who were left to fight the battles of the Lord. Weak women had taken the place of strong men at Marmoutier. The spirit of the meek and gentle Jesus had replaced the warlike energy of the monks and the age in which they lived. The sun was sinking above the Loire with all the splendor famed in Touraine. In golden lines along the river, on arch, and buttress, the rays shone with peculiar brilliancy. The sky above the hills beyond Château, and spire, and tower, bathed in its light, and were glorified by its touch. The Convent bell awoke the echos of the valley, it was the call to Benediction, a fitting close to this day of reparation and sacrifice. In the chapel one thought of the past, of all that had been done, of all that had been destroyed, and the present, of all that was being done and that any moment might be ruined. The same tyranny that had robbed the Monks in 1791 might scatter the nuns in 1901, and one turned instinctively to Him above the Altar, so silent, so humble, so patient, and "Heart of Jesus Thou lovest, Thou art not loved, Oh! would that Thou wert loved" was all one could utter.

THE DIVINITY OF OUR LORD.

By the Rev. D. A. Merrick, S.J.

THE letter of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., at the opening of the new century, on the "Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ," has all the weight of an authoritative admonition to the Catholic world to prepare for a great effort to convince mankind, in the immediate future, of the truth of this cardinal dogma of our holy religion. Indeed it requires but little reflection to understand that this is to be the question of the immediate future. The Catholic Church *must* uphold the Divinity of Christ. Otherwise there will be an end to all belief either in Christ or His church; the Catholic Church would be dead, annihilated, there would be no such thing on earth. And, outside of the Catholic Communion, how many leaders of religious opinions are there who believe firmly in the Divinity of our Lord? The number is not increasing, but diminishing. Probably after a while that already apparent minority will decrease still more in number, because many of these conservative thinkers will drift logically into the communion of the Church. Error is ever varying in the form of its attacks on revealed truth. Sometimes it strikes at the citadel of faith on one side, sometimes on the other. The present development of its system of aggression, the most recent scientific form of destructive onslaught, is the critical tearing to pieces of the Scriptures. The original cry of the Reformers was, "the Bible, all the Bible, nothing but the Bible." Now the shout is, "away with it. Crucify it. We will have no king but reason." And the generals in this grand circumvallation of adverse criticism are the clergy of the non-Catholic sects, their priests, their doctors, and their bishops.

If then the Roman Church ceased to defend that article, which is the corner-

stone of all our religious belief, the Divinity of its founder, Christianity would be no more. Protestants believe in Christ because of the Bible. But if there is no Bible, how then can they have any belief in Christ? The Catholic Church is not built on the Bible. According to us, the Bible rests on the Church. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, because the Church says so. If Protestants choose then to hew to pieces their idol, pulverize it, scatter its dust to the winds; let them see to it. It does not concern us. We can live without any Bible. All the Bibles in the world might be burned to-morrow in one big bonfire, and it would not affect us in the least. This attack on the Scriptures all along the line seems to me to denote the approaching death of Protestantism more clearly than anything else. Protestantism and the Bible must stand together. Together they fall. No Bible, there remains only deism. How long the civilized world can live on deism time will tell. The majority of people we see around us now-a-days do not appear to bother their minds about religion at all. If God left the human race entirely to itself, verily there is reason to fear that mankind would forget God altogether. But, thanks to His mercy, He does not leave us to ourselves, because He wishes to save our souls. At all events the Catholic Church will always continue to respect the watchword: God became man. Therefore there is a God; therefore men were sinners; they must be saved; of themselves they will be lost; Christ their Saviour is God.

The history of the religious experience of the world will help us to understand what we have to expect of strife on this point in the years to

come. This child is a sign to be contradicted, said the prophet Simeon, and, from the beginning of the Christian era, the teaching of the Christian Church with regard to its founder has been contradicted. It may prove a matter of interest, and even of instruction, to recall in how many ways the doctrines of the Catholic Church in connection with our Lord and His nature have been opposed. It is a strange chapter of the versatility of the human mind in the art of going wrong, but it teaches, in a most remarkable manner, how all the aberrations of reason or imagination on a given subject only tend to elucidate more clearly the undying and immutable character of truth.

The first enemies of our Lord who rose within the bosom of the Church were naturally converted Jews, both on account of their race prejudices and from the fact that the earliest converts were principally from among the Jewish people. Simon Magus, Cerinthus, and others denied the divinity of our Lord. They were refuted by the apostle St. John in his evangelical writings, his Gospel, his letters, and the book of the Apocalypse. The heretics even disappeared with their doctrines, but what remains to the world is the admirable Gospel in which St. John taught to the doctors of the church that the best way to oppose error in religion is simply to explain and develop the true revelation we have received from God. The successors of Simon Magus and Cerinthus were a strange body of men, more philosophers than theologians, who developed a school of doctrine which they named Gnosticism. The infidels of the present time take the title of Agnostics or Know-nothings; their forefathers preferred to be called Gnostics, that is, the knowing. It seems to me that this was the better word, as these know-nothings pretend to know everything, and wish everybody to believe as they do. The Gnostics taught that out

of God came forth various emanations which they called eons. These eons were a sort of long-lived spirits or angels, and our Lord was one of them (1). As these Gnostics affected a great appearance of asceticism they gained many followers, but they finally disappeared with their eons and their demi-urges. One of their offshoots, however, under the name of Manichees, continued to teach the existence of a God of evil as well as a God of good, down almost to modern times. All these men were dreamers, and substituted their wild imaginings for facts. Another class of opponents to the Divinity of our Lord in those early days resembled our modern rationalists. Some of them, as Paul of Samosata, who had himself made bishop of Antioch, declared that Jesus was only a man like other men; others, as Sabellius, denied the Trinity, and declared that the Father and the Holy Ghost had become man, as these were only different names for one person.

Now, was the Church silent all this while? If, from the very beginning, errors of doctrine were springing up on all sides, were the bishops, the watchmen of the Church, blind, asleep or unable to stop the growth of untruth? We must understand how difficult was the task of the authorities of the Church in those early days. It is easy to detect mistakes at the present time, everything almost has been defined. But in the beginning there was a great field open for the human imagination to wander in, fault of interpretation of the doctrines of the Church. However, the shepherds of the fold were not indifferent or asleep. Take, for example, the case of this Paul of Samosata. In his own ecclesiastical city of Antioch,

(1) The word literally means a duration of time, and seems to have been employed to signify the personification of the Divine perfections; in somewhat the same way we use the word *generation* in the sense of the average period of a human lifetime.

several synods were held by which he was condemned and finally deposed ; and, singularly enough, he was driven from the city by the pagan emperor for the time being.

By the time of the deposition of Paul of Samosata, the Gospels were all written, the true books of scripture were pretty well known. But the Fathers of the Church, in coming to their decisions on points of doctrine, were not satisfied with quoting passages of the Bible, no more than we are to-day. From the very beginning, the bishops and priests of the Church appealed to tradition when there was question of deciding what was the sentiment of the Church, the meaning of her formulas, the interpretations to be given to her holy books. What has been handed down? That was the question. They had received their instruction from the Apostles. Their fathers had handed down that instruction and the explanation of that instruction. It was in their memories, it had been taught them in their early years. And it was to be found in the archives of the churches. Here in the letter of some Pope or bishop, there in the decrees of some local council, again in the writings of the earliest Fathers. Between those pages which were believed to be inspired and the ever accumulating records of the belief of every generation of Christians, the whole truth of revelation was sufficiently known to be exactly declared when it became necessary to deliver judgment on the different opinions which agitated the body of the faithful. The result was that the erroneous theories or systems were finally condemned, the Catholic doctrine was brought into greater evidence, more distinctly defined and explained on every point, until there could be no further possibility of doubt as to the belief of the united Church. This process has been going on to our own times, and, since the Protestant Reformation, everything

has been so repeatedly declared and decided that there seems to remain hardly one dogma on which Catholics can still have a doubt or a possibility of being led into error with regard to the Divinity of our Lord and the conditions of His sacred humanity ; in particular, everything was so discussed and agitated and thoroughly explained in those early centuries of Christianity that, for more than a thousand years before the Reformation, there was no longer any question on the subject between Christians ; and the reformers themselves, however much they went astray on a hundred other points, remained steadily orthodox at first, with regard to our Lord's nature and all the explanations of the Church in connection with the mystery of the Incarnation.

About the end of the second century after Christ, Tertullian already declared that the whole world would become Christian if only Cæsar could be a Christian. What Tertullian did not believe, God effected ; for, in another hundred years, Cæsar wore the cross upon his brow and the whole world began rapidly to enter the Christian Church. Constantine imagined that, persecution having proved a failure, the heathens and Christians could live peaceably side by side. But Christ proved more powerful than Lucifer, and heathenism went to the wall. What then? Did the devil give up the contest? Alas, that he never will do so long as this world exists. On the contrary, he now made a tremendous effort to throw off the yoke of Christ. Brute force is not the most powerful weapon in the army of the evil one. Cunning is mightier than the sword. Then rose, like a great wave, the heresy of Arius, a heresy destined during three centuries almost to swallow up the whole world in the waters of error and prevarication.

Envy was the motive which led Satan to tempt our first parents ; envy it was which induced the pharisees to crucify

our Lord; envy made Arius raise his standard against the teaching of the Catholic Church, as twelve hundred years later, it incited Martin Luther to rise in rebellion against the authority which had not favored him as he thought he deserved. One year after Constantine had granted liberty to Christians to worship the true God and practice their religious observances, St. Peter of Alexandria was elected to fill the patriarchal see of that city. Arius, a priest of the diocese, who thought that he himself should have been selected for the office, being unable to attack the character and virtues of the bishop, assailed his doctrine. This doctrine was the doctrine of the whole Church. To teach anything contrary to it was to teach heresy. The heresy of Arius consisted in the denial of the equality or identity of God the Son with His Heavenly Father. According to him, God was too holy to come into immediate contact with created things. So he became the Father by generating His Son, through whom all other creatures were made; the Son, therefore, who took to Himself our nature, was not God, not eternal, He was capable of sin, but above all other creatures, and the connecting link between them and the Divinity. Thus it came to pass that the Arians declared that our Lord was *like* to God, but not the *same*, whereas, the Catholics maintained that there was one God and three persons, all one and identically the same in being, nature, substance. The Catholics applied to the Son, in connection with the Father, the word *homoousios*, meaning "same," the Arians *homoiousios*, meaning "like"; so that the difference of doctrine came to be expressed by the presence or absence of one iota, the little letter i. That Arius should be condemned was a matter of course. The great Council of Nice was held for that purpose. But the wonderful thing about this heresy was its spread and the strong and long

hold it took of the civilized world, unless it be finally its sudden and utter collapse.

If ever the intervention of an evil principle was evident, endeavoring to traverse the work of God with his malignant arts, it certainly was in the rise and spread of the Arian heresy. Open idolatry was doomed; an insidious form of error was invented to undermine Christianity. The Roman emperors had defended and prolonged the life of paganism; the emperors must be induced to take under the ægis of their protection this modified form of paganism. On the eternal jealousy of the Church on the part of the State Lucifer knew that he could count. And the story of Arianism is the story of most heresies. With the help of the State they held their ground, without it they perished.

There would have been little of the so-called reformation without the wicked princes of Germany and Northern Europe. Jansenism would have been soon effaced but for the support of French courtiers and courtizans. Constantine, brought up in the midst of idolatry, could not see much difference between a God who was the same as another God and one who was only like unto him, and, when his dying sister begged of him to befriend the struggling followers of Arius, he did not hesitate to pledge himself to do so. His successors went further and became out and out Arians. The German tribes who subjugated the Roman empire were taught Christianity from this tainted source, and became more or less persecutors of the Catholic faith. So great indeed was the spell which this heresy exercised over men's minds, due in great measure to the tergiversations of Arian bishops, so like those of the Jansenists in more modern times, that the simplicity of many bewildered Catholics was imposed upon by their plausible misrepresentations. At an important convention of the bishops of

both sides, the Catholics were finally induced, partly to please the prince, and partly because satisfied by the explanations of the opposite party, to sign a formula in which the letter *i* was inserted and consequently the Arian form of definition of faith adopted. On this occasion it was that St. Jerome uttered his famous exclamation that "the whole world woke up in dismay to find itself Arian." But this was the end. From that time Arianism began to die out. The Arians of the East returned to the unity of the faith, and the Barbarians of the West were gradually withdrawn from the erroneous doctrines they had adopted. For three centuries the struggle lasted, and the whole civilized world seemed at one time to have succumbed to this disguised form of heathenism. The collapse was so utter that Arianism as a sect ceased absolutely to exist.

Not so with the succeeding errors ; for both Nestorius and Eutyches have left followers who, lost and almost drowned as they are in the midst of the great Mahometan inundation which has separated them from the rest of Christendom, still believe in the teachings of these heresiarchs. Nestorius was a very ignorant man who nevertheless had himself appointed bishop and patriarch of Constantinople. His false doctrine consisted in asserting that there were two persons in Christ as well as two natures. One of these persons was the Son of God, the other the Son of Man, of whom Mary was the mother ; so that Mary was indeed the mother of Christ, but not the mother of God. Amidst the applause of the whole universe, the Council of Ephesus, in the year 431, inspired especially by the eloquence of St. Cyril of Alexandria, condemned this falsehood, and vindicated the sublime privilege of the ever blessed Mother of the Saviour. Eutyches, an apparently well meaning monk of the same city of Constantinople, attacked the heresy of Nestorius, but,

unfortunately for himself, went into an opposite extreme ; he denied the double nature of our Lord, and maintained that in Him the Divine and human natures were melted into one after their union in the personality of God the Son. For this reason his followers were called Monophysites, i.e., believers in one nature. They and their founder were condemned by the Council of Chalcedon exactly twenty years after the condemnation of Nestorius. A kind of tail to the teaching of the Eutychians was the theory of the Monothelites, who held that there was only one will in our Lord, and who for a long while created a great deal of trouble in the Church.

There would be no use in continuing any further the narrative of the variations of erroneous speculations concerning the nature of the mystery of the Incarnation. What has been said will suffice to show how this cardinal dogma in the deposit of our faith has been misconstrued and misinterpreted in every possible manner.

This has been the cause no doubt of great loss to souls, but it has had the first happy result of bringing into clear and perfect relief, in every detail, all that revelation has told us and what we are to believe with regard to all that pertains to the Incarnate Word of God.

The consequence has been that there is nothing connected with this central article of the Christian religion which we cannot and which we do not explain intelligibly and in a manner suited to the understanding even of our little children. And it is wonderful how well they grasp the meaning of this explanation. We explain to them that there are in God three persons distinct from one another and yet there is but one God. We tell them that the Second Person took to Himself a human nature like unto our own, absolutely the same kind of a nature as our own—that is, the nature of man—composed of body and soul, with all the attributes

of each. Therefore, in Him there is one Person but two natures. What would have been the human personality resulting from the union of the soul and body does not exist, its place is supplied by the Person of the Son, the Word and Wisdom and Power of God. But the composite human nature remains perfect in its two parts. So it follows that the soul of our Lord has its will, distinct from the will of God the Son which is the will of God Himself. There is no confusion. God the Son remains the Second Person of the Trinity, distinct from the Father and the Holy Ghost, but still all God, having the nature, the will and all the properties of the Divinity, incapable of suffering or weakness, infinite. The human nature has a human soul, gifted with mind and memory and will, human feeling, human sympathies, human sensibilities, united to a body exactly similar to ours, capable, therefore, of sensible joy and pain and wants. "He was made like unto us in everything except sin," says the Apostle; and all that belongs to Him is adorable because he is God. As God He loves us with an infinite love, as man He loves us with the greatest human affection. On account of this Divine love He took our nature in the way He did, in order that by dying for us He might pay the debt of sin. Some persons make a great deal of difficulty about believing in vicarious punishment or satisfaction. I cannot see why. Very few men have made much difficulty about allowing a friend to pay their (perhaps unjust) debt of dollars and cents and suffering for it. And generally the creditor is satisfied with getting his own, without caring much who gives it to him. Nor man nor angels could pay a debt due to God, but every act of the humanity of Christ was made Divine by its union with the Divinity of infinite worth and therefore more than capable of satisfying for all possible sins.

From Him comes all virtue. There

is nothing good without Him. I mean in the supernatural order. His grace He communicates regularly through the Sacraments, which He has made, as it were, the official channels of his interior relations with the souls of men. Especially, according to the words of the Church, does the Blessed Sacrament of the altar "contain and convey" grace. But every grace and every help and every blessing which we receive outside of the Sacraments is again all through Jesus Christ. Without Him we are nothing, we are helpless and pitifully ignorant, too, no matter how wise in the natural order of things we may esteem ourselves to be. He is the alpha and omega, the key which unlocks the mystery of all things. Sometimes when walking through the populous thoroughfare of a great city, jostled and hustled by the ever-pushing crowd, we begin to reflect how generation after generation is thus continually elbowed out of the way by younger generations and we ask ourselves, What is the meaning of it all? Where is it all to end? This was a puzzling question to the ancients. Long ago, when Marcus Tullius Cicero lost his daughter, whom he loved almost to idolatry, he received a letter of condolence from a friend. This friend, recalling the fate of so many celebrated towns of which the traveler saw only the ruins, reminded the great orator that man, like all his works, must perish, and as his child was born mortal, so he must bear with the fact that she could not live forever. A pagan's consolation; that is, no consolation whatever. A letter has been preserved to us written by John Chrysostom to a Christian lady of Constantinople overwhelmed by the same affliction. He writes, only with his own distinguished charm of style, just as any Catholic priest or good layman would speak to-day, and all days, under the same circumstances. But oh, how different is the consolation which He

offers ! *Sursum corda*. Look on high ! Look up where Stephen saw Jesus Christ standing, at the right hand of the Father. Jesus was the first word uttered by this child when waking from the darkness of night, the last word when passing into sleep, the last word, if inaudibly, when giving up its soul to God. "It is best to be with Jesus."

Take away belief in the Divinity of Jesus and you destroy all joy on earth. You annihilate the two great sentiments of gratitude and hope, the hope of Heaven and a life of love. Why, according to our faith, did the Eternal Word come down and adopt our human nature ? To vindicate the injured honor of God, say some. To open Heaven to sinners, say others. They mean the same thing. For what is the injury done to God ? That He is not loved. Why is Heaven closed to sinners ? Because they do not love God. The one thing which the Creator wished from the beginning was to be loved. This is the glory of God, the expression has no other meaning. God is love. His love for Himself is His interior glory, His eternal life. This is life, to love. This is true life for creatures, to love their Creator, and it is this we mean when we speak of the external glory of God. Happiness does not consist in being loved but in loving. The happiness of the three Divine Persons comes from the enjoyment of that charity which makes them one. Happiness for a created intellectual being is, knowing God to love Him. Therefore the glory of God and our happiness is one and the same thing, that we should possess the joy of knowing and *loving* God. Therefore again the generosity of the Sacred Person of the Most Blessed Trinity was especially admirable and kind, because He so elevated our helpless nature as to render back to it the capacity for love. "The goodness and kindness of God our Saviour appeared."

Some theologians tell us that the sin of Lucifer was this, that he aspired to the hypostatic union, to be one with God in person, so as to be adored as God. He deceived our first parents by telling them that they should be like unto God, but he wished for himself to be one with God and equal to God. This was the frightful ambition which brought on him his awful condemnation. Nevertheless, what Lucifer ungratefully willed to usurp in opposition to the will of heaven, Almighty God spontaneously did for sinful and fallen man. Surely no one can imagine a more wonderful method to draw the hearts of all men to Him than by such unspeakable condescension, to elevate one individual of our race to a personal equality with Himself, in order that all should be made able to enjoy his Divinity in a manner so intimate as to be called His children by adoption. Now take away the belief in the Divinity of Christ, and all this falls to the ground. Jesus is a mere man, there is no hope for us in Him, and indeed I know not what hope remains at all of any happiness hereafter. The belief in the Divinity of Christ has produced a succession of men like St. Francis of Assisi, St. Francis Xavier and St. Francis de Sales, admired and beloved of all mankind ; the denial of the Divinity of our Lord will probably end in a generation of Leon Czolgoszs and Emma Goldmans.

We may expect therefore that the watchword, the war-cry of Christians in the growing century will be, Christ Jesus is God. It will be like the *Deus vult* of the Crusaders. "All that are not for me are against me, and all who are not against me are with me." If there is to be a conflict then, let it come. Let there come open war between those who believe in the Divinity of our Lord and those who do not. We do not fear the issue. Love must overcome hate. Christ will conquer ; Christ will reign.

ST. PAULINUS OF NOLA TO AUSONIUS.

POEMA XL.

Translation by Helen Grace Smith.

HOWEVER great a space to mortals given;
No matter time or distance; be the day
Of our reunion far as God and Heaven,
So long as is our spirit cased in clay;
No matter in what world of joy or sadness,
What clime of perfect summer or of cold,
Within my inmost soul I shall with gladness
Bear you forever; and I shall behold
Within my heart your image in its pureness,
And with my spirit tenderly embrace
Your own, till from this prison in all sureness
My flight I take to Heaven. In what place,
What region there my poverty inherit;
Where e'er the Father place me, still my soul
Shall carry you, for death that doth my spirit
And body separate, from you my whole
Immortal being hath not power to sever;
For by the virtue of its end divine,
Its origin most heavenly, forever
The soul survives our body, and doth shine
Refulgent, glorious, each sweet affection
Preserving as in life, each feeling pure;
For as it lives, so lives each recollection
That severance cannot vex nor death obscure.

A CLIENT OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE Venerable Joseph-Benedict-Marcellin Champagnat, Marist priest, founder of the Little Brothers of Mary, commonly called "The Marist Brothers," *died in the odor of Sanctity, June 6, 1840.*

To-day, sixty years after the death of its founder, the Institute of the Marist Brothers numbers 8,000 members in various parts of the world, and imparts a Christian education to over 150,000 children. Let one calculate the total number of their pupils, including those who have died after having received the benefit of such an education, and he will have an idea of the work wrought by this humble priest, who, entirely des-

titute of human means, placed all his reliance in Divine Providence.

God selected him to found this congregation on the eve of those perilous times when the apostles of error were moving heaven and earth to sow the seeds of doctrines which were to carry spiritual death and moral darkness into the hearts of the multitude.

His Holiness, Leo XIII, has already

placed the seal of his authority upon the life of Father Champagnat, by declaring him Venerable, and by introducing the cause of his beatification and canonization to the Congregation of Rites.

Without anticipating the supreme decision of the Church, we feel confident that this interesting cause will, in the near future, be brought to a glorious issue, and that the children of the Ven. Champagnat will have the happiness of beholding their holy founder raised to the honors of the altar.

During his life, this noble benefactor of the little ones of Christ showed himself a devoted apostle of the Sacred Heart. The thought of the Divine Saviour, residing in our

tabernacles, forgotten and despised by men, was sufficient to cause him poignant grief. He was accustomed to say: "Nothing afflicts the Sacred Heart of our Lord so much as our ingratitude toward Him, and our indifference in visiting Him in His prison of love." And again, returning from the feet of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, he would exclaim: "Ah! if we knew how



THE VEN. MARCELLIN CHAMPAGNAT.

profitable our visits to the Blessed Sacrament are to us, we would be always at the foot of the altar."

He considered the hours spent before the Blessed Sacrament as the most precious in his life and that of his disciples.

Was he in need of a special grace, either for himself or his brothers, it was to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament he had recourse; and, full of faith in the love, compassion and mercy of His Sacred Heart, awaited patiently the granting of his request.

Hearing one day of a Brother who suffered from spiritual desolation, he exclaimed: "Oh, this good Brother! I never go the altar without recommending him to the holy hearts of Jesus and Mary." When he came in contact with some soul stained by vicious practices, he would recommend him to recite the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and to add after each invocation, "I consecrate myself to Thee."

"Virtue becomes easy," he used to say, "it costs very little when we really love Jesus Christ." And again, "He who has a great devotion to Mary will certainly have a great love for Jesus. Mary does not keep anything for herself; when we consecrate ourselves to her she receives us only to give us to Jesus, only to fill us with Jesus."

Shortly before his death he made his "Spiritual Testament," a great expression of his piety and tender love toward Jesus and Mary and his burning zeal for his spiritual children.

In conclusion, he told them: "I leave you with confidence in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary until we are reunited together in a blissful eternity." And on his deathbed he exclaimed in accents of holy joy: "Oh, if you knew how sweet it is to die in the society of Mary!"

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, in the hamlet of Rosey, Department of the Loire, in the Diocese

of Lyons, France, there lived a pious Christian family, blessed rather with the gifts of heaven than the riches of earth. The father's name was John Baptist Champagnat, and the mother's, Mary Chirat.

The subject of our sketch was the ninth child of this good couple, and was born at Rosey on the 20th of May, 1789.

The child was baptized on the following day, the feast of the Ascension, and received the names of Joseph-Benedict-Marcellin. The mother's sole ambition was to bring up her family in the fear of God and the practice of Christian virtue. The first words he was taught were the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. The good mother seems to have had a presentiment that Marcellin was destined to do something great for the glory of God. This pious thought was confirmed by heaven, for, it is said that at times when watching over the slumbers of this predestined soul she beheld bright flames issuing from the child's cradle.

The zealous care exercised by the devout mother over her growing family was seconded by her sister, a nun, who had been driven, with the members of her community, from their abode of peace and meditation by the very men who proclaimed that they acted thus in the name of "liberty and fraternity."

This virtuous lady helped to form Marcellin to habits of virtue. She taught him the Rosary, devotion to his guardian angel and a special love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

The misery of the Revolution, the calamities afflicting the Church, deeply moved these pious women. One day, he heard them speaking of the Revolution: "Aunt," he said, "what is the Revolution, is it a man or a beast?" "Poor child," replied the nun in tears, "may God keep far away from you what the Revolution really means." However, his penetrating mind soon

formed a correct idea of what the Revolution meant, and, when several devoted priests fled to his father's mill for safety, ruthlessly pursued by their enemies, Marcellin began, even at that tender age, to suffer with its martyrs.

At eleven years he was admitted to his first communion. He brought to this sublime action a fervor worthy of a St. Aloysius or of a St. John Berchmans. We have little hesitation in saying that his deep and enduring love for the Sacred Heart in the Banquet of Love owed its foundation to this Communion.

France had just emerged from her

in his power to find students for the seminaries. One day a professor of the seminary called upon the Rev. Mr. Alliot, pastor of the parish of Marlhes, and requested his assistance in obtaining some eligible young men for the priesthood. Rev. Mr. Alliot, after having considered the matter a few minutes, answered "I do not know of any suitable young men," but, reflecting a little further he added, "Well, we have the Champagnat family, there are several boys, very religious, but I did not hear of any having the idea of entering the seminary." However, as you have to pass by the village of



OUR LADY OF THE HERMITAGE.

combat with the Revolution. The Church began to reorganize her sacerdotal hosts, and fill up the gaps caused by those who had secured the martyr's crown or had shown cowardice in the hour of conflict. At that time, Cardinal Fesch, uncle of Napoleon, was Archbishop of Lyons.

This prelate grieved to see so many parishes in his vast diocese deprived of the ministrations of religion, made enormous sacrifices to found seminaries and encourage vocations to the priesthood. He had instructed his vicar-general, Rev. Mr. Courbon, to do everything

Rosey where the pious family lives, you might as well pay them a visit."

The priest called upon Mr. Champagnat who received him with every mark of respect. After exchanging some remarks upon current topics, the priest introduced the object of his mission. "Mr. Champagnat, you do not know why I visited you? Well, I have been informed that you have several pious sons who are talented enough to study for the priesthood, so I came to find out about it." "Well," said the father not a little astonished at the ideas of his visitor, "my children have never

shown the least inclination to study for the priesthood." Then turning to his eldest son present, he asked: "Would you like to do so?" "No," answered the boy blushing. The second eldest and Marcellin arrived from the mill. "Children," said Mr. Champagnat, "here is a Rev. Father who comes to get you to study Latin." The second eldest answered decisively "No," but Marcellin, embarrassed a good deal, could only mutter a few inarticulate sounds. The priest took him aside, regarded him closely, and was so much struck by his amiable manners and candid disposition that he said to him: "My child, you must study Latin and become a priest. It is God's will." After a short conversation, Marcellin took the resolution to become a priest and he never wavered in his noble purpose.

From this time Marcellin's conduct, though always most exemplary, became more and more edifying. He frequented the sacraments oftener, prayed more fervently, and appeared more recollected. His devotion to Mary increased, he recited the Rosary daily in her honor and besought her to enlighten him in his pious resolve and to take his studies under her special protection.

After having pursued his preliminary course under the guidance of one of his uncles, a tutor of some distinction, he entered the little seminary of Verrieres (Loire), in 1805.

Being then but thirteen years old, he had little inclination to study, and consequently found many difficulties in his path; but, generous soul that he was, he pushed on, and by dint of perseverance, attained a good rank among the students.

In 1812, we find him at the Grand Seminary, a perfect model of the religious student, faithful to study and discipline, observant of every practice of piety which could advance him on the road to solid virtue.

Inflamed with the burning fire which the Sacred Heart came to cast upon the earth, we see him already overshadowed by the great calling of his apostolate. His parents, friends, classmates, and even the poor neglected little ones of Christ felt the effects of his divine spirit of zeal. During his summer vacation, he would devote a part of his time to teaching catechism to the children of his own village.

On Sunday he would collect the grown people and give them practical instructions. Heaven alone can tell the results of his pious discourses. After a period of thirty years, the good people of Marthes spoke affectionately of the work done by this saintly young levite. Children respected and loved him. Even young men, in his presence, paid a particular regard to their conduct and conversation.

During his studies at the Grand Seminary, was laid the foundation of that society with which he was to be connected so intimately. Some of the seminarians, with Mr. Collin and our saintly levite at their head, met at stated times to discuss the best means for their interior sanctification and the fulfillment of their sacerdotal duties. From these pious meetings sprung a desire to found a society of priests, whose object would be to increase the glory of God and the exaltation of his Church upon earth in preaching the Gospel of His Only Begotten Son. Their tender devotion to Mary Immaculate induced them to place their society under her patronage and, therefore, they resolved that it should be known as "The Society of Mary." They communicated their designs to Father Choleton, a professor of theology, who, later on, became vicar-general, and finally a member of the same society.

Together they traveled to Mary's hallowed shrine at Fourvières (Lyons), and there, kneeling at the feet of their august Queen, placed their infant Society under the mantle of her protec-

tion and asked her blessing upon it, if it should redound to the honor of her divine Son.

But, in the planning of this Institution, not one of the zealous founders thought of admitting lay Brothers among them, till Father Champagnat, impressed upon them the utility of doing so. "We need Brothers," he said, "we must have lay Brothers to assist the missionaries and give instruction to the children."

Every one saw the wisdom of the suggestion, but as it would not be in keeping with the original intention of

spirit of religion cast her beautiful influence on this part of Christ's vineyard.

One day, a young man came to summon him to a sick person. The priest accompanied him to the home; and, on the way, was pleased to find an upright heart and an unsullied soul in his companion; he presented him with a copy of the Manual of the Christian.

But, unfortunately this young man, named John Mary Granjon, did not know how to read. Father Champagnat took pity upon him and taught him. This contact of two souls thirsting for



THE GRAND PROMENADE AT THE HERMITAGE.

the members to admit them, they left to Father Champagnat the foundation of an Institute to carry out his designs. He accepted the work and, from that time forward, the subject engaged his most earnest attention.

After a sojourn of four years at the Grand Seminary, Mr. Champagnat was elevated to the dignity of the priesthood, and appointed to the curacy of Lavalla. This parish, located on the slope of the rugged and majestic Mount Pila, was a very difficult one to control, and the young curate brought all his zeal to serve in this mission. Soon a complete reformation took place; the

"the waters of life" gave birth to the first vocation of the Institute.

A few days later, John Baptist Audras, sent in his application. He also wished to become a Brother. The saintly priest beheld in this the designs of Heaven clearly manifested to him. He accepted his application and a few days after, January 2, 1817, the Institute of the Marist Brothers was founded.

New applicants now desired to be admitted in order to place themselves under the holy direction of the humble curate of Lavalla.

Nothing is so interesting as to read of the apostolic spirit which perme-

ated the souls of this devoted community. The spirit of love and sacrifice, of detachment from the things of earth, and a longing after the things of Heaven, were the noble characteristics which united them in one heart and one soul.

The zealous instructors left no stone unturned to make their scholars truly virtuous and pious. They excited a healthy emulation in their respective classes and the golden principles of the Master effected a marvellous change in these young hearts. To the Brothers Christ was all in all and they became, after the example of the illustrious Apostle of the Gentiles, "all to all" in order to gain all to Christ. The deportment of their scholars upon the streets was a beautiful reflection of the splendid results which accrued from their apostolic spirit of true Christian teaching.

Brother Louis, the first director, was thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of his vocation. He understood the dignity of his sublime mission as a religious teacher and Christian educator. Catechism always held the first rank in his programme and he had the pleasing faculty of clothing the explanation with a legendary lore that made the time devoted to the teaching of Christian Doctrine the most attractive of all the school hours. Even the parents of the little ones of Christ became more than usually interested in the progress of their children. Brother Louis had a very sincere personal devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He placed all his plans and difficulties under her protection. He taught his children that a filial love for this good Mother was a mark of the predestinated soul. Mary did not suffer herself to be outdone in generosity. Her signal blessings rested upon the little school, and wonderful was the progress made by these children in the science of the saints and in the pursuit of secular learning.

In a short time, Father Champagnat

could send his Brothers to found schools in the surrounding districts. His first attempts were not very ambitious, for he sent the Brothers as soon as they were fit for the task, two by two, through the hamlets of Lavalla to teach the truths of Religion. This was the apprenticeship of the young "catechists."

In 1825, Father Champagnat was able to build his first home called "*The Hermitage*."

The temporal affairs of his house gave him very little concern. To the many expostulations addressed him on account of his apparent extravagance he would only say, "I have the treasure of Providence to rely upon and it alone is secure."

One day he was called upon to pay a debt of 2000 francs. He spoke to the Brother Procurator who laid before him the utter impossibility of securing the loan of so large a sum of money. The Father gently listened to the good Brother's explanations and retired to the oratory and prayed. After a few minutes, he was called to the parlor and his visitor said to him: "Here father is all that I can present to you to-day," and he placed 3,000 francs upon the table before him. Verily, the prayer of the just man availeth much. The Venerable Father with eyes suffused with tears, exclaimed, "May God bless you, my dear sir! It is Providence that has sent you here to-day. I needed this money very badly to pay a pressing debt, you have done me a service I shall never forget."

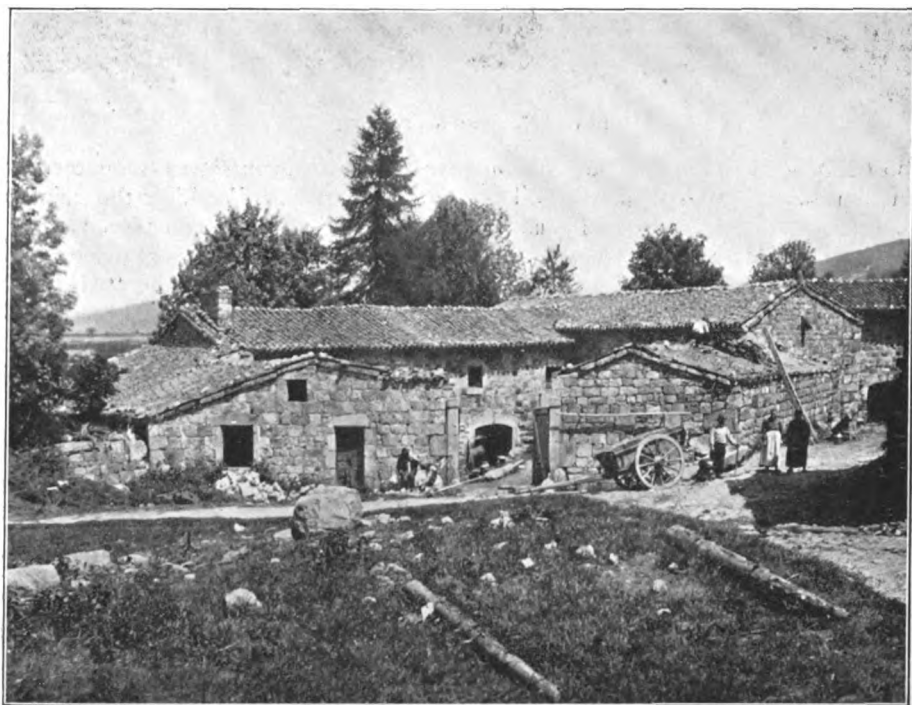
Prayer, especially prayer to the Sacred Heart, was the foundation of his eminent sanctity. He passed hours before the Blessed Sacrament, and thence drew those priceless graces, that burning spirit of love and zeal, which induced him to labor only for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

He taught his Brothers the necessity of praying unceasingly for the children confided to their care, "You will do

more good praying for them than by any other means. Pray, pray continually for them. Never appear before God without praying for them."

To the joy afforded this holy man, was added another; the approbation of the Holy See, which was given to the Marist Fathers, in 1836. At the canonical election held at that time, the Reverend Father Collin was selected unanimously to be the Superior General and the Reverend Father Champagnat,

The Venerable founder of the Marist Brothers was, in person, above the middle size, athletic and well formed. His forehead was broad and noble, his countenance had a certain air of majesty which inspired respect in those with whom he came in contact. Dignity and kindness were exquisitely blended in that fine expression of honest purpose and noble endeavor which are the true characteristics of the servants of God. God had conferred on him a superior



ROZET HAMLET, A MISSION HOUSE OF P. CHAMPAGNAT.

General-Assistant. Both of them bowed to the divine will shown so plainly in the decision of their brethren in religion. At the end of the Council the Marist Fathers fixed everything relative to their mission in Oceanica which had been confided to them by the Holy See.

The Reverend Father Pompallier was chosen as director of this mission, and later on, consecrated Bishop. Four Fathers and three Brothers were to accompany and assist him in his missionary labors.

will, a sound judgment, a heart particularly sensitive to the miseries of others. His appearance was a reflection of the grandeur of the soul which animated his body. His disposition was gay, his temperament uniform in every particular. These precious gifts and sterling qualities, perfected by grace and enhanced by the halo of a true humility, made Father Champagnat very dear to his Brothers and associates,

God, who destined him to form Christian teachers, had given him a character



SOME OF HIS MISSION CHARGES.

most suitable to such a noble vocation. In him, his disciples could behold as in a mirror, these virtues and qualities which are so essential to form successful Christian educators. It is to this character that Father Champagnat owes that great success which attended his arduous labors both as a priest and founder of an order of teaching Brothers.

The charming simplicity of his manners, his fascinating address delivered in accents of wondrous sweetness and amiability carried away all hearts, and imparted even to his stern admonitions a special feature which seemed to rob them of any asperity. "He is so good, so kind, so sincere," exclaimed the parishioners of Lavalla, "that we can refuse him nothing." His brethren in religion spoke in the same eulogistic terms. The contradictions, doubts and fears incident to the administration of a young community just founded, could not cast a cloud over the peace of his soul. He maintained, at all times, an air of cheerful serenity, a soul ever in communication with Heaven.

He was unceasingly comforting and consoling his brothers. "My friends," he would remark very often to them, "remember that we are working for God. His rewards are eternal. If we believe these truths with a lively faith

we cannot suffer ourselves to be carried away by sadness." Like the saintly Francis of Assisi, he considered a holy gayety and sprightliness of disposition as a mark of true vocation, "He who is gay and content proves that he loves his vocation and that he finds in it nothing too difficult," was one of his familiar maxims.

Thus in peace and holy joy, this devoted priest continued the duties of his exalted calling. His whole life was an exercise of zeal. "To love God and to have Him loved must be the only aim of a Brother."

In these words, he revealed the goal of his own ambition to spread broadcast over the whole world that burning fire of divine love which Jesus Christ came down from Heaven to enkindle in the hearts of men. He was often heard to say, "I cannot see a child without feeling a great desire to teach him how much Jesus loved him and that he should love Him in return."

But the ardent lover of Christ felt his strength decline. Incessant labors had robbed him of his strength. The Rev. Father Collin saw this, and in order to restore, if possible, Father Champagnat's waning health, he appointed the Rev. Brother Francis, through the unanimous suffrages of the Congrega-

tion, Superior General of the Little Brothers of Mary. The venerable servant of God acquiesced in the will of his Superior, and the few remaining months of his mortal life were totally employed in preparing himself to stand before the dread tribunal of the Divine Majesty.

His last days were days of burning love. He multiplied his acts of adoration, humility and contrition.

Heaven was always before him and the happiness of dying a Religious filled his soul with a holy joy. "Soon," he said, "I shall be in heaven and see all those good Brothers who have preceded me, and whom I believe to be saints." It was the fourth day of the month of the Sacred Heart, and the dying saint longed earnestly once more to partake of the ineffable sweetness of the Eucharistic Banquet.

He died on Saturday, the 6th of June, the eve of the feast of Pentecost. He often expressed the wish to die on a Saturday, the day consecrated to Mary.

Mary granted him not only the happiness of dying upon the day consecrated to her worship by the Church, but to die during the hour when for thirty years he meditated upon the beautiful lessons contained in the "Salve Regina."

The death of the Founder cast gloom upon the community; but his lingering illness had prepared them for this sad event, and their belief in his sanctity served to alleviate their grief in no small degree, for the transient sufferings of his life were rewarded by an exceeding weight of glory. The servant of God, at his death, was fifty-one years old. His remains were interred in the Community Cemetery at Hermitage. At the introduction of his cause into the Sacred Congregation of Rites, they were removed and placed in the Community Oratory.

The Institute numbered three hundred and ten members, and had charge of forty-eight schools at the time of the death of the venerable founder. This

was indeed a glorious result, but the praise of human glory could never disturb the deep humility of him who had chosen to perform this great work. A little before his departure he exclaimed in accents of the deepest humility, "I am useless to the world; more than that, I am convinced that the Community shall become more prosperous after my death."

The Holy See gave many proofs of its satisfaction at the rapid development of this educational institute and definitely recognized and approved it, by a decree of January 9, 1863, under the title of "The Marist Brothers of the Schools." Among the blessings and encouragements received from the Sovereign Pontiff, we may mention the paternal exhortation to the children of these schools, given by His Holiness, Pius IX, in the audience granted to the Reverend Superior General, July 9, 1863. On this occasion, just before retiring, the Reverend Brother Superior General besought the Pope to affix his signature to the foot of a portrait of His Holiness. "We will do better than that," replied the Holy Father; "we will send our Apostolic message to all your young people." And taking the portrait, he wrote at the foot of it, "A young man according to his way, even when he is old he will not depart from it." (Prov. xii. 6). "Young men, be wise now, therefore, that you may persevere till death in the wisdom of Jesus Christ."

Then handing the portrait to the Rev. Brother Superior, he added: "Behold our message. Take it to your young people, and let them profit by it."

His Holiness, Leo XIII, on August 8, 1896, declared "Venerable" the Rev. Father Champagnat, founder of the Marist Order. What a source of consolation for his spiritual children to witness this Papal sanction, so indicative of the esteem of the Church for their illustrious Father in God!

The introduction of the Marist Brothers into the United States was, under Divine Providence, a very auspicious event for the dissemination of Catholic principles among the pupils devoted to their charge in the field of education.

In New York City, His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, approved very graciously of their work, and in his letter of approbation testifies to his joy at the good results accomplished by them during their presence in the archdiocese.

Rev. Father M. J. Considine, Inspector of New York Parochial Schools, pays them the following testimony in his report for the scholastic year ending July 1, 1894.

"One of the features of the Catholic Educational Exhibit was the display made by the Marist Brothers, masters of the School of St. John the Baptist, in East 76th Street. This particular exhibit, upon which many of the visitors bestowed unstinted praise, was simple, complete and easily understood; a demonstration of the zeal and intelligence with which these educators apply themselves to the development of the child from the termination of its babyhood to the termination of its youth."

Their most important school in New York City is St. Ann's Academy, situated on Lexington avenue and 77th Street.

THE TRUE STORY OF MARGARET OF CORTONA. (1)

WHEN, as late as May 17, 1728, His Holiness, Benedict XIII, was about to declare Blessed Margaret of Cortona entitled to the highest honors of the altar, he began by repeating the praise which the Holy Pope Gregory had centuries before applied to Sister Mary Magdalen.

"Our illustrious predecessor," he said, "preaching on the conversion of Magdalen, thought that tears were better suited than speech to express the emotions which the subject aroused. And no words can do justice to the courage of Mary, the sinner, falling at the feet of the Man-God, much less can human lips describe the unspeakable mercy of Him who forgave her sin and rebuked the Pharisees who despised her for sinning. Margaret of Cortona is another Mary Magdalen. Her life's story is like the Gospel narrative we read with so much admiration: the same fall and disorders; the same prodigies of grace; the same recourse to

our Saviour; the same tears, the same love and the same pardon."

To the penitent Mary our Lord's promise—that wherever His Gospel would be preached, there also her anointing His Sacred Feet would be declared—was nothing but proof of His mercy, even though it implied a never failing rehearsal of her own life of shame. Well she knew that men would affect to disgrace her name even as the proud Pharisees pretended to loathe her presence the time of the first anointing. She knew, also, that even well minded men would deprecate her open display of love for the Master, just as some of the disciples murmured at what they called the extravagance of the second anointing. It was enough for her that Christ permitted her humble confessions; to know that He liked them, encouraged her, and His sanction made her heedless of the world and of the ages. If He would embody the story of her human love in His divine Gospels, why should she not preach His fullness of mercy by confessing the depth of the sin He had pardoned?

(1) See editorial: "A Reparation and Apology."

The Saint of Cortona never tired of begging pardon of God and men for the scandals of her youth. She little feared that her example might embolden others to sin or continue sinning with the hope of a conversion like her own. She knew that God willed her life of humility and penance to deter others from following in her wayward course, to invite many to a sincere conversion from like disorders, and to declare to all the infinite riches of His mercy. He revealed to her how He delighted to seek out the outcast of this world : "I have chosen you because I glory in lifting up the lowly, in justifying sinners and in making the worthless precious." Margaret feared to lessen that glory by hiding her own shame ; after her example we need not conceal her sinfulness ; we should be detracting from the honor which is due her humility, and from the praise due to God's mercy.

With all the likeness between the lives of the Magdala and Cortona penitents,

there is a very startling contrast between the occasions of their conversions. Very quiet, though never so bitter, was the awakening of Mary's guilty conscience from the horrid nightmare of

her impure revels, when the gentle eyes of our Saviour rebuked and still invited her to repentance. In wild remorse was Margaret aroused to a sense of her crimes after discovering the body of her missing lord pierced by an assassin's dagger and thrown aside into a thicket, where none but a faithful hound could perceive it. Was it that Mary, untutored in the pious lessons lavished on the Italian child, deserved more compassion from the Saviour of both? Or did the Judge of both find a more guilty mark for His vengeance in the base betrayer of the wayward Margaret?



ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA.

Margaret's family name was Barthélemy. She was born in the humble village of Laviano, in the year 1247. If she did not inherit great worldly possessions from her poor parents, she ac-

quired from a pious mother a germ of piety which developed very fruitfully in later life. Under more favorable nurture it might have had an earlier growth and saved her from misfortune and shame; but the good mother died when the child was only seven years old. Two years after, the father, a weakly character, brought home a severe step-mother for his young daughter. Margaret was not ready for the trial; she grew petulant and wayward, and sought in out-door freedom and pleasures some compensation for the unkindnesses shown her at home.

In the days of her penance, the Saint had a brief way of telling her life before her fall and conversion. Of her innocent girlhood she records a prayer she was accustomed to repeat frequently every day: "Saviour Jesus, I pray to You for the salvation of those for whom You desire prayer." Just as summary is her account of the sad days spent in unholy alliance: "At Montepulciano I lost honor, dignity, peace—everything except faith." That was the bare story of her sin. She would never implicate the guilty deceiver who had prevailed upon her to leave home by promising to marry her; or did she extenuate her fault by telling of the many advantages held out to her, or of the plausible semblance of lawful matrimony, which her deceiver and his kindred managed to cast about an unlawful union. From her seventeenth to her twenty-sixth year she lived to all seeming the wife of a wicked nobleman. She shared his rank and fortune; she bore him a son whom he treated as lawful heir; she was honored by his relatives and friends; she was all a worldling could desire to be, and still unhappy from the outset and uneasy day and night in the midst of her dignities and luxury.

In her first flight from home, an escape from drowning in a swollen ford prompted her to return to Laviano; but that home had no attractions, and besides she still trusted her deceiver.

The courage and clear-sighted purpose she lacked then, came to her as she knelt over the remains of her guilty partner. With the returning fear of God's fierce judgments, came a bitter disgust of the husks of the service of sin. Wealth, high connections, pleasures were now as the corpse of the unfortunate man who had lured her soul by their attractions.

Breaking away from every tie save from the offspring of her guilty attachment, she fled back to Laviano. She little knew the ways of the world, or its faithlessness to those who brand its evils fearlessly. Her friends desert her; her cruel stepmother prevails upon her weak father to close their doors against her; shame is now her portion where before she had honor. A consuming remorse, want, coldness and contempt on all sides tempt her strongly to abandon herself in despair until her good angel suggests to her to seek the Friars Minor of Cortona, and implore them for comfort and direction. Their hermitage proves a saving refuge which she approaches in sin, to leave it a saint, after frequenting its services during the first fourteen years of her penance.

How earnest and unremitting that penance was, must be judged more by what she desired to inflict upon herself than by what the prudent Franciscan Father Bevegnati permitted her. Scant food, scourging, haircloths and watchings were the least painful of her practices. Forbidden to slash and disfigure her attractive features with a razor, she punished her past wilfulness by making humble public apologies to a matron whose advice she had once ridiculed. Her scandalous attachment and marriage she repaired by denying herself the presence of her boy, and by craving pardon and prayers from all to have God pardon the "poor sinner," as she ever after named herself. Her luxurious days were now changed for days of industry, in spinning while there was light, in helping young mothers at

night instead of allowing herself necessary repose.

No better proof of the sincerity of her conversion is needed than the respect which was shown her by the women of Cortona, noble and peasant alike. Two of them employed her as governess, and it was a common thing to make her godmother. The fame of her virtues soon filled the city, as the odor from the Magdalen's ointment had sweetened the supper room. As Magdalen, too, Margaret used this restoration of honor only as a means of devoting herself to relieve the wants of the poor and suffering. From visiting and nursing the sick her zeal quickly advanced to founding hospitals and asylums, others gladly supplying the means, while she won some pious women to devote their energies in watching and nursing according to the rule she had established. High and low paid tribute to her sincerity by seeking her aid for their bodily and mental ailments. More than once she intervened to reconcile the opposing factions in Cortona. A faithless suffragan of Arezzo, more soldier than bishop, recognized her warning to withdraw from invading the city as a charge from heaven itself. The power of her prayers in behalf of peace between Rudolph of Hapsburg and Charles of Anjou won Margaret a new title from her townspeople, the Angel of Peace. The preachers of the great Crusade undertaken by Nicholas IV, the Franciscan Friars, attributed most of their own zeal and success to her untiring encouragement and powerful prayers.

In forgiving the humble penitent, men were doing what Christ had done: in honoring her they were also faintly imitating Him. The Master had begun by calling her "My poor sinner;" then He reassured her that He had clothed her with the mantle of His grace, so that He could address her as "daughter," "rose of innocence and charity," "pearl of His Heart." "Margaret," was His leave taking after

one revelation, "glorify Me, and I will glorify thee; love Me, and I will love thee; take up My interests, and I will take up thine." Again, He confirmed in her, by special favors of His grace, the mystical union He deigns to enter into with every faithful soul; He bade her finally be His "Angel of Peace, and the Apostle of His Mercies." That Margaret was strictly faithful to the charge, her director, the rulers of Cortona, and its devout citizens testified while she lived, perpetuating this testimony after her death by monuments and churches raised in her name, and by so investing Cortona with traditions of her holiness and well-doing that her honor grows instead of falling off with the ages.

The Saint's many labors for the welfare of others involved a wide intercourse and influence with the world which ill-disposed people were quick to misrepresent. They magnified the scandals of her former life, attributed evil motives to her penance and works of zeal, denounced her as a meddler, a sorceress and an abettor of Satan. The human consolation she might have sought was withdrawn by the appointment of her director to an important distant mission. Even God seemed to desert her, for shortly after the revelation of her forgiveness which she received from the speaking crucifix in the Church of St. Francis, her soul became dark, doubtful, fearful of God's judgments, uncertain about the motives which prompted her works of zeal, unable to pray, tempted as St. Jerome was by the recurrence of alluring scenes long past, and devils tormented her by every manner of delusion and even by bodily violence. Her simple devotions as a Tertiary of St. Francis now seemed dangerous and vain. Her retirement and life as a recluse in a deserted monastery outside the city made some of her friends give credence to the false reports circulated about her illusions and deceptions. But for the speedy consolations afforded by her Saviour in re-

turn for her resignation in all these trials, Margaret would have pined away in desolation. Comfort came in abundance ; the gifts of discernment, of prophecy, of miracles, were again bestowed on her, in order to restore the public confidence and confound her enemies ; and revelations were given her which proved helpful to her own advancement, to the alleviation of many of her city's trials, and to the peace of the Order which had helped her forward in the way of God.

Most interesting, in fact, the secret of all her zeal was her relations with the Franciscan Fathers of Cortona. The objections they made at the beginning of her conversion to receiving her into the Third Order only made her redouble her prayers to be admitted. Once enrolled a member she regarded the holy rule as a strong means of salvation, and devoted herself to its observance in her own life and to its adoption by many others. That rule taught her that individual effort is always strengthened and multiplied by combining it with the efforts of others. It taught her also another favorite principle of devotion in those times, that prayer is, above every other exercise of human energy, efficacious in advancing oneself or others. What others took as a simple routine, Margaret embraced as a life responsibility; she is a model of the perfection to which the very simple devotions of the Tertiaries of St. Francis faithfully performed may elevate her pious imitators even in our own times.

The fuel of all this consuming zeal Margaret found abundantly supplied in the Blessed Eucharist—"Let us approach the furnace of Divine Love," was a favorite saying of hers. Admitted to the Holy Table daily, she received there the Bread of Angels, food of pure thoughts and nourishment of virginal lives. Time and again her thanksgivings after Communion were the signal to our Divine Lord for those mysterious approaches to her soul, which threw her into ecstasy, and flooded her with the knowledge of things reserved for a world to come.

Death came to Margaret more welcome than sleep comes to the tired wayfarer. It was more than rest for her ; it was the perfect union she had sought with the Saviour who twenty-three years before had won back her heart. Her boy had become a Franciscan ; her worthy director had returned to Cortona ; she was wasting away like the great Magdalen in the solitudes near her adopted city. Her resignation was in sharp contrast to the inconsolable grief of Cortona ; her destitution of everything temporal in contrast sharper still with the honors lavished on her memory. Well might she die resigned who had learned from our Lord that He had restored her innocence, and better than all had clad her "with a mantle of charity from head to foot." The multitude of her sins had been pardoned because, like Magdalen, she had loved much.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.¹

IT is quickly going out of fashion with some good Christians, to speak of the Church Militant. The terms "Christian soldier," "armor of Christ," "spiritual combat," are heard chiefly in revivals that are considered somewhat fanatical, or in hymns that pass for the superstitions of a mediæval age. They are not used seriously, in their literal meaning and they do not seem to impress upon those who use them any sense of the grave responsibility they imply.

"Soldiers of Christ" is a phrase that should come home to Catholics at least. There is a sacrament, a sacred sign of the solemn covenant they have made with Christ, to put on His armor and fight with ardor for His cause. They do not, and should not mistake its meaning, nor be confused by any hazy recollection of churchmen in past ages donning military armor and leaving the sanctuary for the camp, whether to engage in a civil strife with ecclesiastical interest at stake, or to join in warfare professedly religious like the Crusades. The Church was militant, before her ministers or her children had to meet in mortal combat the attack of pagan or barbarian on their altar and their homes, before her pontiffs and her princes had to summon Christendom to repel the invasion of the Moor or Mohammedan; and militant she will continue to be, as if this were one of the marks by which she is distinguished as true to her Founder.

What is true of the Church, is true in this characteristic of each of her children. It is a common error of our day, to think and speak of the Catholic Church as a vast organization, whose rulers seek only to increase their power, spiritual and temporal, to keep their

subjects in a state of hopeless servility, and gradually, to exercise an oppressive domination over the nations of the earth, over the consciences, the intellects, the laws and the progress of men. Witness the novels most in vogue at present, with Rome, the Rome of Catholicity, as their chief theme, their authors vying with one another to represent some phase of this distorted view. According to them, and they reflect the belief of the millions, it is the governing body of the Church alone which is militant, the Pope, the Roman Congregations, the Bishops and some of the clergy who provoke and perpetuate hostilities by their ambition for power, and by their antagonism to the freedom of the human spirit. In the conflict between religion and irreligion, between truth and error they pretend that with the few restless exceptions they choose for heroes, the rank and file of Catholics have little or no active interest. In their minds the militant Church is the ruling element, in whose quarrels the faithful are in no way concerned.

The warfare in which the Church and all her members are engaged does not consist in a conflict of arms, nor merely in a great social or political strife. This is the error of men who persist in viewing her as a natural creation or outgrowth resulting from the needs and conditions of humanity. Social and political strife it involves, but our great combat is not always with visible, but chiefly and most frequently with invisible enemies. "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in high places." Who are these principalities, powers, rulers, spirits of wickedness? Our own experience could tell us, even if St. Paul had not just before bidden us: "Put on the armor of God, that

(1) The Church Militant: the intention recommended to our prayers for December.

you may be able to stand against the deceits of the devil." Satan and his agents, and too often our own depraved appetites, are the hidden enemies against whom we must stand. Shall we ask still why man's life on earth is a perpetual warfare? Shall we traitorously accept the open taunt of the enemy, that the fault is in Christianity, which generates in its followers a spirit of contention, or at least in Christians who cultivate such a spirit, or who at least will not conform to the world? Or shall we murmur that Christ should have left us such a legacy, instead of praising Him forever that he ranks us as His followers and fellow soldiers and endows us with a soldierly spirit brave and strong enough to resist and overcome every attack of the enemy? This is plainly to desert Christ, and to seek to escape the conflict He predicted for His followers. It is peace with His enemies on their own terms. It is cowardice and poltroonery, not surely the soldier-like Christian spirit we are praying for here.

Once war is on between two nations, it is treachery to lose time discussing the origin of the conflict or deploring its outbreak. Until peace is declared, patriotism requires action, whole-hearted and unquestioning, on the part of every citizen, and any other course is hostile to the nation's life and honor. If this be the duty of even ordinary citizens, how binding it is on the soldiers specially chosen to defend the common weal?

We are the soldiers of Christ, engaged in open, active and incessant warfare with His enemies. In vain we can hope to escape it. In vain we delude ourselves that Christ came to establish peace and make all things move in harmony. To no purpose we appeal to the prophecy that styled Him "Prince of Peace," to the angelic Christmas wish, "Peace on earth to men of good will," to His own resurrection greeting "Peace to you."

It is not His fault if the kingdom of the promised Prince of Peace must suffer violence and only the violent can take it away. It is the fault of His enemies that He has declared so plainly that He came to send not peace, but a sword. Can we ask why we should forever be engaged in this struggle? "If the world hate you, know it hath hated me before you." There is the fact. If Christ could not alter it, no true follower of His will waste time trying to make it otherwise.

How common it is to hear weak and timid souls plead that it is not Christian to be always on the defensive! How pleasant it sounds to be assured that the age of bigotry has passed away; that people about us are no longer prejudiced, but only ignorant; or, since that, too, is a hard saying, not properly informed about our belief; that we deem them distant and opposed to us because we do not appreciate their difficulties; as if ignorance, prejudice and bigotry were all on our side, not on theirs! Religious controversy is to be avoided as it may hurt the feelings of those who are too easily presumed to be in good faith. It is embarrassing for some to mention religion at all, and quite natural to make light of some principle or practice of the faith, because one is either not energetic enough to study the reason of it, or courageous enough to uphold it before non-believers. Nay some good souls deprecate the mention of Christian warfare as a mark of a fault-finding and quarrelsome spirit, forgetting that those who wish to live piously in Jesus Christ *must* suffer persecution and must, therefore, have the spirit of soldiers to endure or resist it.

We are not a quarrelsome people, but peace-loving to a fault. We know by heart the text that counsels us to present the other cheek, instead of retaliating when one is struck, and we point to Him who was meek and humble of heart as the model for all His

followers. If we but knew as well His words of defiance and execration for the Pharisees and Sadducees and all the vile crew that were hounding Him to death !

Too often our meekness is inspired more by fear or by indolence than by the strength and energy that supports all true patience. We need not be aggressive, fault-finding, brooding over

our grievances, quick to suspect bigotry or persecution where none is intended, but we do need self restraint, courage, obedience, self-sacrifice, loyalty, vigilance ready for every emergency, endurance indomitable to every assault; in a word, the spirit of true soldiers, the spirit we received in the sacrament of Confirmation, the chivalrous spirit of the knighthood of Christ.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSION SCHOOLS

AT this moment a perplexing problem confronts the prelates of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. The oldest and most highly cherished missionary enterprise in the country is threatened with destruction—we refer to the Catholic Indian Schools, which have ever been the chief factor in christianizing and civilizing the North American Indian.

In the past these schools were supported with money appropriated by the United States Government, and were known as contract schools.

In 1895 there were 3,000 Indian boys and girls in our contract schools. For these 3,000 children the Government appropriated \$359,215, in consideration of which the *boarding schools* were, in the language of the agreement with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, "to care for and educate" their pupils ; to supply them with "suitable and sufficient clothing, subsistence, lodging accommodations, medical attendance, school books, stationery, school appliances, and all other articles necessary to their personal comfort ; and also to supply the school with mechanical tools, seeds, and all other articles necessary in a properly conducted school."

The compensation accorded by the Government for this service was only a meagre one in comparison with the

large sums it saw fit to expend on its own schools.

This statement for 1895 illustrates the condition of our schools under Government patronage from the time the contract system was inaugurated.

After 1895 the Government appropriation was every year reduced by twenty per cent., and, in consequence, the number of children attending the schools gradually grew smaller, although a great many more were retained than the Government allowance provided for, as will appear from the following :

FISCAL YEAR.	Contract number.	Average attendance.
1896.....	2,531	2,995
1897.....	1,732	2,205
1898.....	1,672	2,272
1899.....	1,078	1,993
1900.....	534	2,000

This year, although no assistance will be received from the Government, the full number of pupils in attendance last year—i. e., 2,000—will be continued in the schools, and it shall be our aim in the future to maintain this number as the minimum attendance.

To do this an annual sum of \$140,000 (\$70 per capita per annum for board, clothing, tuition, etc.) will be required. During the past two years the Catholic

Indian Bureau, aided by generous friends, has been able to assist the schools in meeting the expenses entailed by educating pupils in excess of the contract number. Since June 30, 1900, all Government aid has been withdrawn, and, in consequence, the schools are thrown entirely upon the charity of the faithful.

For the present fiscal year the required sum has been secured, with the exception of \$25,000. As this amount will be absolutely necessary to continue the schools until the end of next June, it must be collected without delay. Hence it has been thought expedient to place this appeal in every Catholic family, and to solicit a donation, requesting that it be sent on as soon as possible.

AN EXPLANATION.

In the beginning, our Indian mission schools depended upon contributions from Europe. For many years, however, the Government contributed towards their support. After 1870 larger appropriations were made, and the contract system came into vogue. Encouraged by the Indian Department's friendly attitude, the Church erected a large number of schools, and in this way invested about \$1,500,000, which vast outlay will now be of no benefit, either to the Indians or the Church, unless a reasonable portion of the support which the Government has withdrawn is supplied by Catholic generosity.

It should be noted that schools were not needlessly multiplied. According to the latest report there are in this country 272,023 Indians, of which number more than 100,000 are Catholics.

At one time there were 3,500 Indian children in Catholic schools, and at no time have there been accommodations for more than 4,000.

To adequately provide for the Christian education of children in the Catholic Indian population of 100,000 souls, we should be able to offer school accom-

modations for at least 10,000 children, and hence, instead of being compelled to diminish our annual enrollment, we should, in reality, endeavor to make provision to increase it. This, of course, will be impossible until the present crisis shall have passed.

We beg a careful reading and consideration of the subjoined reasons, which show why this work commends itself to the charity of every Catholic in the land.

A MATTER OF JUSTICE.

The Indian was the first occupant and owner of American soil; he was despoiled of it by methods which, according to many of our leading representative citizens, were manifestly unjust. Hence white people, who now possess the land, derive from it the comforts of life and live upon it in security and prosperity, should cheerfully and generously contribute, at least, to the *spiritual* welfare of the original proprietor.

THE HONOR OF THE CHURCH AT STAKE.

One of the motives that led to the discovery of America was an earnest desire to propagate the Catholic religion over every part of the world and to bring all races within the embrace of the Church. From the landing of Columbus until now intrepid missionaries have not ceased to consecrate their lives to the conversion of the Indian race, regardless of the numerous privations and dangers which attend such a career. In Florida, New York and other localities the Black Gown and his dusky converts, emulating the Christians of the early Church, again and again gave testimony to their faith and zeal in martyrdom.

Shall this generation of Catholics be the first one in the annals of history to prove unfaithful to the apostolic spirit of the Church? Shall indifference make void the blood of martyrs? the heroic labors of a Las Casas, a Marquette, a

Brebeuf, a Jogues, a De Smet, the Franciscans of the Pacific Coast and the Mexican border, and of numberless saintly priests and nuns who have spent their lives in gloomy wildernesses among barbarous peoples? Shall such a course of action be justified by the curse-provoking reply of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We feel confident that when our millions of Catholics are awakened to the desperate situation which confronts them, they will realize that the honor of the Church is at stake, and respond generously to the Indians' cry for help.

A good and necessary work has been undertaken; it has been carried on for several centuries; can we afford to abandon it? Having put our hands to the plow, shall we now look back?

HELP NEEDED.

Things have come to such a pass that Bishops of the far West have been obliged to leave their dioceses and appeal for help in the North and East; and zealous priests, in a struggle for the very existence of their missions, have absented themselves from their Indian charges in order to collect funds.

It was a pitiful sight to see the aged Father Cataldo, S. J., recently collecting in the city of Washington that he might help to save the magnificent schools of the Jesuit missions from utter ruin. After toiling for nearly forty years among the tribes of the Northwest and sustaining untold dangers and sufferings, it would seem that he and others of his noble type might have been spared, by a generous Catholic public, the fatigue and humiliation of begging from door to door.

Protestants of every description seem to find but little difficulty in raising ample funds for missionary purposes.

"Within twenty years after the Civil War twenty-two millions of dollars were contributed by Northern Protestants for endowments of educational institutions in behalf of the negroes of

the South, all these institutions being strictly religious. In 1895 the Presbyterians spent \$927,000 for American Home Missions, besides vast sums for Foreign Missions. According to a statement apparently authorized, the five leading denominations in the United States contribute annually \$88,000,000 for the support of their respective churches and missions. And these contributions are not exacted as a compulsory tax, but are bestowed as voluntary offerings." (1)

At the present time the Protestants of this country are enthusiastically engaged in collecting large sums of money to be used in perverting the Catholics of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands.

Is it possible that, with the example of so much misdirected activity and unwonted prodigality before them, the great Catholic body of the United States will fail to sustain its home missions? will allow the first Americans, the Indians, who have been traditionally loyal to the Church, to be perverted from the true religion and to relapse into barbarism?

DO NOT BE OUTDONE IN GENEROSITY.

Hundreds of priests and nuns have given their lives for the spiritual welfare of the Indian. Can others not contribute a small portion of the goods with which God has so bountifully blessed them?

If every Catholic would give annually only a small contribution to the cause, not only could our schools be perpetuated, but missionary efforts among the unfortunate Indians could be multiplied.

WE GLADLY RECEIVED, GLADLY LET US GIVE.

Let the Catholics of the United States bear in mind how much they owe to the generosity of Catholics in Europe, who,

(1) See Preface to "The Ambassador of Christ," by Cardinal Gibbons.

1120 Appeal in Behalf of Catholic Indian Mission Schools.

since 1822, through various societies, have contributed to the Church in this country the vast sum of more than \$7,000,000. Shall we be less generous to our dependent Indians than Europe has been to us?

APPEALS TO EVERY ONE.

The work of converting the Indians is incumbent upon the *whole Church in America*. It should not be left to the charity of the *few*, but *every individual* should feel it a *duty* to bear *his part* in this great obligation. It would be sad, indeed, to think, for a moment, that the Catholics of America would fail to supply such material help to their struggling missionaries as would enable them to successfully contend against the giant efforts which enemies of the faith are making to sow the seeds of heresy and unbelief among the Indian Catholics.

THE SCHOOLS ARE NECESSARY.

The same reasons that render parochial schools and asylums necessary for white Catholic children apply with greater force among the savage and semi-civilized Indian tribes.

For a number of years to come, boarding-schools among the Indians will be an absolute necessity. Were these schools discontinued, all the children would be forced into the "non-sectarian" Government schools, where, in the course of a few years, they would lose every vestige of the Catholic faith. Moreover, our schools must be so equipped and conducted as to compete successfully with the schools of the Government.

NEW DEPARTURE OF THE BUREAU.

For the future the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions will devote its energies to raising funds for the schools and missions. It purposes to account for every cent received and to annually

place before its benefactors a full statement of receipts and expenditures.

GIVE GENEROUSLY !

We beg every one to contribute something, and while we expect only a small offering from the poor, we would urge those who are blessed with abundance to give as generously as possible.

THE BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS,

by

WM. H. KETCHAM,

Acting Director.

Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, who has been duly appointed Assistant Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, is, in the absence of Monsignor Stephan, in Europe, on account of ill-health, the Acting Director of that Bureau, and in full charge of its affairs.

The work of raising funds for the support of our Indian schools has been intrusted to Father Ketcham, and in the performance of that duty he is authorized to solicit and receive contributions for the benefit of said schools.

J. CARD. GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

M. A. CORRIGAN,
Archbishop of New York.

P. J. RYAN,
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

NOTICE.

Money should be sent by draft, check, or money order (payable to Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham), or by registered letter.

Small contributions may be sent in one and two-cent stamps.

All contributions should be forwarded to Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, Acting Director, Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 941 F Street, Washington, D. C.

You can assist materially by sending us the names and addresses of a number of your Catholic friends and acquaintances.

EDITORIAL.

PATRIOTISM IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The pastoral letter of the Right Reverend Father Martin G. Alcocer, Bishop of Cebù, and Administrator of the archdiocese of Manila, a poor translation of which was published in *The Independent* of November 14, shows the eagerness of the ecclesiastical authorities in the Philippines to enter into the spirit of our national sentiments and to conform in every particular with our American ways. Bishop Alcocer was chosen from the Franciscans, and is therefore one of the Friars so much abominated by those who know them only in the writings of their calumniators. If the friars are really hostile to the authority of the United States, as sectarian journals like the *Independent* continually assert, no one could expect from any of their leading representatives a special manifestation of grief or sympathy on the occasion of the death of the man whom they consider or, at least, whom they are represented as considering their chief enemy. If they were shrewd and plotting politicians as they have been described, one so influential as the Bishop of Cebù would have been quick to take advantage of our national calamity to foment discord and encourage rebellion against our authorities. The most we could expect from him would be silence and, dishonorable as his calumniators deem him, a generous disregard of the opportunity offered by this disturbance in our national life for retarding the progress of our colonial policy in the Philippines. No wonder, then, his revilers are amazed at his action on the occasion of President McKinley's death, so amazed and confounded that they are bent on misrepresenting it and distorting it in every possible way into a manifestation of disloyalty and political intrigue. If the Bishop grieves over the death of the President because it may delay the peace his subjects were looking for under Mr. McKinley's policy, he

must, according to them, mean covertly to suggest opposition and obstruction to this policy. If he speaks of us and of the Filipinos as subjects, they must make him use the term "vassals" and emphasize what they deem its odious signification. If he denounces the assassin's crime as *lese majesté*, the term which best expresses its enormity to a citizen born under a monarchical government and to scholars generally, he is thereby disclaiming for his subjects any share in the sorrow of the occasion! It matters not that he should commemorate this awful tragedy by a pastoral denouncing the crime and the anarchical spirit to which it must be attributed, by appealing to his subjects to take part in our grief, by finding consolation in the fact that the nations of the earth and the Supreme Pontiff condole with us, that all true men sympathize with our President's widow in her bereavement, all this is, in their minds, insincere, a religious wrapping for his political schemes! Because he explains why Catholics do not hold public religious services for those who do not die in their fold, he has not yet adopted the broader views of American Catholics. Where pray, in America, or in any other part of the world, did Catholics ever hold public religious services for one who did not die a member of the Catholic Church? What reasonable man could dream of the Church permitting such a meaningless ceremony? On the contrary, non-Catholics should logically resent what they must consider an intrusion on her part. Bishop Alcocer did precisely what our American bishops did on this occasion. He called on the Catholics of the Philippines "not to allow themselves to be surpassed by any one in manifestations of loyalty, respect, love and courtesy toward the legally constituted authority." . . . "to detest and anathematize to the full extent it deserves the anarchistic crime

perpetrated upon the august person of their temporal sovereign." He appointed a day of mourning, of atonement, and of prayer to Almighty God, with a religious service in the Cathedral of Manila, identical with the service held in so many of our own Catholic Cathedrals and churches throughout the country. To misrepresent his action and misconstrue his motives is surely "to lie in wait and turn good into evil, and lay a stain upon the elect;" and it deserves the "woe to you that call evil good and good evil." It is not from such sources that we can hope for truth about the Church in the Philippines or elsewhere.

VIVA LEO XIII.

Even "Innominato," who can rarely be trusted in anything he writes for the New York *Sun* or for the numerous other newspapers to which he contributes—witness his late fiction about the Judæo-Masonic-Socialistic alliance, which he actually attributed to the Pope—admits that the Pope is not so weak mentally and physically as to be unable to attend to any business, and asserts that he is not the tool of advisers who are utterly recreant to his true policy. We can trust him in this statement because we know its truth from other reliable sources. A certain element in the French political and newspaper world imagines it is rendering a service to its government by inventing and circulating lies about the health of the aged Pontiff and his utter subjection to wily reactionaries. It is one of the campaign falsehoods intended to make the French people believe that his letters of special instruction to their Bishops and of sympathy to the Religious who have been forced into exile were composed or issued by the instigation of the Religious themselves. To lend color to the falsehood, Di Cæsare, who is a practised hand at predicting who will be the next Pope, writes a new forecast, explaining that it is time to

revise the one he made thirteen years ago!

A REPARATION AND APOLOGY.

To repair the outrage done the memory of the great St. Margaret of Cortona by Mrs. Edith Wharton's poem in the November *Harper's Magazine*, a poem to which we can apply no milder epithets than false and revolting, we publish in our present issue a sketch of the Saint's life, reprinted from the *MESSENGER* of February 1892. The poem is false because it makes of Margaret a harlot before the unfortunate union into which she was misled by a nobleman who deceived her under a promise of marriage, and because it pictures her on her deathbed comparing the claims of her partner in guilt with those of Christ her Redeemer. It is revolting, because it casts a doubt on the existence of real chastity, true chastity of heart, in any woman, as if lack of temptation or opportunity were the only reason why even a saint would not forfeit it. Margaret of Cortona was only too willing to make public confession of her sins, and for this, if for no other reason, every chivalrous man and every true woman should be disposed to throw the mantle of charity over her delinquencies, rather than to slander her pious memory. The editor must be strangely remiss in his duty to accept this vile effusion without taking the pains to consult his historical or biographical dictionaries, for Margaret of Cortona was one of the celebrities of her time, in civil as well as in religious matters. One might excuse ignorance of her life, but to aver that he, like the writer of the poem, thought her only a fictitious person, a legendary creation, makes his oversight of the immorality of the poem only more indefensible; it is bad enough to falsify history, but why shock us with corrupt ideals? However, it is creditable to the management of Harper & Brothers that they propose to make amends for this offense, not to Catholics only, but to every reader who respects truth and chastity.

TRUTH ABOUT THE FRENCH ASSOCIATIONS LAW.

"Disowned" the series of articles on the law against the Religious Associations in France, which was begun in our August number, is concluded in this issue. These articles have been translated from the French by Miss Katherine A. Hennessy, of Albany, and our readers agree that the English version lacks none of the merits of the original. The writer, Père Belanger, sums up nearly all that can be said against, as well as in favor of the Religious. Published in book form under the title "*Méconnus*," over fifty thousand copies of it were disposed of within two months after its appearance. Evidently some Catholics do take an interest in these things in France. Nor have this and similar publications, quite as widely circulated, failed to produce an effect even upon the enemies of the Religious. Waldeck-Rousseau himself dare not repeat the accusation that they were hoarding wealth, nor promise the Socialists that he will confiscate the *milliard* they were charged with possessing, much as it would help to meet the deficit of next year's Budget. Neither he nor his colleagues have yet been able to mention one specific instance of interference in politics by religious who were represented as plotting day and night against the Republic, preaching monarchy in the pulpit, and counselling treachery in the classroom. All the world knows now that there is no hostility between the hierarchy of France and the Religious Orders, no enmity between the secular and the regular clergy. Not even the comparative few who owe their advancement to the influence of the government have sided publicly with it in this iniquitous measure. When writing his book, Père Belanger could not have foreseen that the government would take the absurd position of forcing most of the Religious Associations into exile and then denounce them as rebellious subjects for suffering this ex-

patriation without exciting popular clamor or disturbance. This is surely a refinement of persecution unknown before our time. Inconsistently, however, with this imputation of disloyalty and with the drastic measures against the religious at home, for inculcating, as it charges, anti-republican sentiments, this same government is most solicitous about the protection of these disloyal men and women in its colonies where it can least afford the propaganda of anti-republicanism it pretends to fear from them at home. One is amazed, moreover, at the short-sighted policy of the men who showed so much *finesse* in framing this law but failed to foresee that the intriguers, if such there were among the Religious, would be much more free to carry on their intrigues now that they are dispersed than when they were tied down by the laws of community life. Those who have read the text or the motives of this law only from men like Cornély or Guyot in France, or Conybeare and Hubbard in the British magazines, would do well to read the article on its origin and motive, by Father Gerard in the *Month* for November.

NOT A POLITICAL PARTY.

It is strange that despite the repeated protestations of the Bishops who have placed themselves in the forefront of the movement, and despite the clear and explicit statement of the object of the organization put forward at the Long Branch Convention, the Federation of Catholic Societies is still criticized by Catholic editors as an unwarranted and dangerous attempt to create a Catholic party. If words mean anything, nothing is further from the intention of the founders of the Federation, and the argument which is used against it would hold equally true in the case of any fraternal organization, whether local or national. "The objects of this Federation," to quote Article III of the Constitution, recently framed, "are the

cementing of the bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic laity and Catholic Societies of the United States; the fostering of Catholic interests and works of religion, piety, education, and charity; the study of conditions in our social life, the dissemination of truth and the encouragement of the spread of Catholic literature and the circulation of the Catholic press." Here there is not a clause that indicates that the Federation has any political aims in view, or that it is to be, as it is unpleasantly pictured, a permanent Grievance Board exhibiting the running sores of Catholics to their fellow-citizens. "Our object," says Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, "is not political. We positively repudiate the charge. It is foreign to our intention to become a political party or to affiliate ourselves to any of the existing political organizations, and no political 'jobbing' is to be allowed in our Federation." More than this, the Bishop goes on to declare "that the work of the Federation is not to be 'sectarian' in a narrow, bigoted sense, which would exclude all co-operation with non-Catholic organizations or individuals. But wherever our field is the same as theirs, and wherever we can join our efforts with theirs on a basis of a common Christian principle of morality without the danger of scandalizing the weaker brethren, we shall gladly work hand in hand for the good of our fellow-men." But it is argued that a Federation of this kind must eventually connect itself with politics. It must and will throw the weight of its influence for or against measures advocated by the present political parties, and to do this is to enter the field of the politician. The inference is not true, else every exercise of the franchise would be a political act in the odious sense of the term. As we write, the New York State Conference of Charities and Corrections is in session. It is composed of members of all creeds and of all political

parties, and has more than once placed itself on record as for or against some special act of legislation affecting the interests it has been organized to safeguard and advance. Did it thereby constitute itself a distinct political party? There is then an espousing of what is right and just, a condemning of what is wrong and unjust and dangerous, which is not political action, but the duty of every upright, honest citizen, and if of the individual, why not also of federated societies? "Wherever there is an alternative of right or wrong," says Father Tyrrell, "of false or true, of fair or foul, there the interest of the Church needs to be looked after. In the world of thought, whether we consider history or philosophy or science, there is always a false and a true, and the cause of truth is the cause of Christ and His Church. In the world of action, if we turn to art and literature, there is the fair and the foul, the ennobling and the debasing, a potent influence on the human spirit for good or evil; and it is not hard to see on which side Christ's interests lie. If we turn to the domain of practical utility, is there any corner wholly exempt from the jurisdiction of religion and morality, whether we look to politics domestic and foreign; or to the profession and pursuits of the educated; or to commerce and business; or to public enterprises affecting the temporal and spiritual welfare of millions? With all these matters the cause of the Church and Christianity is intimately bound up, and the Catholic layman has a side to take and a part to play. Nay, it is principally in these matters that Christianity extends its influence and roots itself in human society." To take this side and to play this part is what the Federation of Catholic Societies clearly proposes to itself in its Constitution, and it is unfair and unjust to brand the organization as a mere bureau for securing political rights.

AD MULTOS ANNOS!

The elevation of Monsignor Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, to the dignity of bishop is a subject of general joy and satisfaction to the Catholics of this country. He has been distinguished through all the years of his work in the ministry by the true episcopal characteristic of taking a kindly and active interest in everything that concerned the welfare of the Church and has devoted himself with unflagging energy to the spiritual and intellectual advancement of its members. Among the numerous associations indebted to his zeal is the Apostleship of Prayer, and the MESSENGER is happy to express the congratulations, and to assure him of the prayers, of all its Associates.

THE TRUE FRIEND OF THE INDIAN.

Archbishop Ryan was right, and the newspapers that objected to his passionate utterances at the solemn installation of Cardinal Martinelli were wrong, for there was a grievance against which every citizen should have protested in the Browning ruling that the wishes of Indian parents in the choice of schools for their children were not to be respected by our Indian Agents. The *Independent* pays the singular tribute to Catholics, that they alone raised their voice against this unjust treatment of our Indian wards. True the *Independent* does not regard it as unjust, because, forsooth, the Indian parents are not intelligent enough to know what suits their children as well as the government agents: but it was unjust and cruel nevertheless, and at length it has been revoked by the Secretary of the Interior, in compliance with the representations made to him by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ryan and Ireland. We trust that Catholics throughout the country will once more show their interest in the welfare of our Indian wards by responding to the appeal of Father Ketcham published in this number.

INDIAN EDUCATION A FAILURE.

U. S. Commissioner Jones has at last reached the conclusion that the \$45,000,000 spent by the Government to educate 20,000 Indians, has had no result but to put the savages in temporary touch with the most luxurious surroundings of modern education, and then fling them back into worse barbarism than before. Here is a portion of his last report to the Government:

"There are now in operation," he says, "113 boarding-schools for the Indians with an average attendance of something over 16,000 pupils, ranging from five to twenty-one years of age. These pupils were gathered from the cabin, the wickiup and the tepee. They were chosen not on account of any particular merit of their own, not by reason of mental fitness, but solely because they had Indian blood in their veins.

"The Indian youth finds himself at once, as if by magic, translated from a state of poverty to one of affluence. He is well fed and clothed and lodged. Books and all the accessories of learning are given him and teachers provided to instruct him. Matrons wait on him while he is well, and physicians and nurses attend him when he is sick. A steam laundry does his washing, and the latest modern appliances do his cooking. A library affords him relaxation for his leisure hours, athletic sports and the gymnasium furnish him exercise and recreation, while music entertains him in the evening. He has hot and cold baths and steam heat and electric light, and all the modern conveniences. All of the necessities of life are given him and many of the luxuries. All of this without money and without price or the contribution of a single effort of his own or of his people.

"Here he remains until his education is finished, when he is returned to his home—which by contrast must seem squalid indeed—and left to make his way against the ignorance and bigotry

of his tribe. Is it any wonder he fails? Is it surprising if he lapses into barbarism? Not having earned his education, it is not appreciated; having made no sacrifice to obtain it, it is not valued. It is looked upon as a right and not as a privilege; it is accepted as a favor to the Government and not to the recipient and the almost inevitable tendency is to encourage dependence, foster pride and create a spirit of arrogance and selfishness."

In contrast with this, it may be of use in the cause of enlightenment "lest we forget" to recall the frequently quoted testimony of Mr. Vest in the United States Senate: "Among the Flatheads," he says, "where there are two Jesuit missions, you find farms, you find civilization, you find the relation of husband and wife and of father and child scrupulously observed. They raise cattle, the Indian boys herd them. They have mills; the Indian boys attend them. They have blacksmith shops; the Indian boys work in them. When I was there they were building two schoolhouses and all the work was done by the scholars of the mission. They cannot raise corn, for the climate is against them, but they raise vegetables and enough oats to supply the whole school. I never in all my life saw a finer herd of cattle or horses than they had on that mission. We had school examination lasting ten days and never in the State was there a better examination of children of the same age than the one I heard there. The girls were taught needlework; they were taught to sew and teach; were taught music

and to keep house. The young men were taught to work upon the farm, to herd cattle, to be blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters."

Bishop O'Gorman describes a similar condition of things in South Dakota.

In spite of this contrast, what does Commissioner Jones propose to do? "Give the Indian an opportunity for his self-support and leave him to his own resources." We know what an Indian's resources are. He will get back to his wild life and then the resources of the United States will be called on to kill him, so that in a short time we shall have no Indian Question.

It is a curious bit of psychology, all this. Here are the Government Commissioners admitting the failure of their methods, which have been followed for a hundred years, at the cost of countless millions of treasure, and with the result of almost complete extermination of the tribes they have attempted to handle, as well as the fixing of an indelible disgrace upon our country. On the other hand, at almost no expense, the transformation of savages into peaceful and industrious men, who live in all the enjoyments of civilization and who reflect honor on the nation and contribute to its wealth, is easily effected; and yet the Commissioner shuts his eyes to it all and in weariness and disgust wants us to fling out these helpless wards of the nation as vagabonds upon the world. The explanation of this shortness of vision is easy enough to find, but the Commissioner and many others would not admit it.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

An order of the School Council of Cleveland, prescribing religious exercises in the schools—which exercises, as a matter of fact, had been already introduced by the teachers—was rescinded under popular pressure. Some of the teachers disobeyed the new order, and are now threatened with prosecution. Bishop Horstmann condemned the including of the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Twenty-third Psalm in the school studies as being worse than devotional exercises, because it would be impossible for the teachers to give the *full explanation* of these, as ordered by the Superintendent, without violating the rights of conscience of the pupils. Catholics do not rejoice over the exclusion of religion from the public schools, but they do not wish to have anti-Catholic prejudices imposed upon their children.

The Free Text-book Law of Ohio has been declared valid by Judge Strimple, of Cleveland, for the reason that, by a State law, education is compulsory. The *Chicago Chronicle* of October 18th states that the school trustees are confronted with a probable deficit of \$1,500,000, and yet will not recede from "their gratuitous, unnecessary and unjustifiable diversion of \$100,000 to present free school-books," for which no one asked.

Archbishop Corrigan's discourses in St. Patrick's, on socialistic theories, have been much noticed in the non-Catholic press. The Archbishop shows how utterly subversive of society is the theory against private ownership. "If such theories were carried out, workmen would be the first to suffer." The first to betray the shibboleth of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" are the socialists themselves, with all their

brother-revolutionists. The opposition between Christianity and Socialism is simply *essential*.

Attention has been awakened by the protest of Rev. A. S. Crapsey, rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Rochester, against the idea of establishing Protestant missions in the Philippines. The islands, he remarks have been "Christian for generations." Is Protestant religious life so pure as to condemn Catholicism? Why introduce religious rivalry and bitterness? "Those people (the Filipinos) have suffered enough without having forced on them all the evils and discords of sectarian Protestantism." "It is impossible that any new form of Christianity should take root on that soil, for the reformation is sterile in lands long under the influence of the Latin race." "Our (Protestant) missions are barren in Mexico and South America, and will be so in the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico." "Leave them to develop their religious life along the lines of their history." One of the clergymen who answered Mr. Crapsey asserted that the people of the Philippines were amongst "the most depraved and debased of mankind."

✓ "Stationary Growth" is the title of a letter of Mr. Edw. D. Irvine to the *New York Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal), in reference to the late vaunt in the Episcopal Convention that the growth of their organization in late years had been singularly rapid. Sixty thousand six hundred and ninety-six communicants were said to have been added during the past three years. This has been the smallest increase since 1886. Missions and parishes, however, have grown from 5,001 to 6,781, that is, more than 35 per cent.; and clergymen, from 3,526 to 5,022, or

42 per cent. But the rate of increase of communicants is not greater than it was fifteen years ago. The present annual increase is three persons to each congregation. Is the Episcopal Church becoming *de facto* the Church of the American People? asks Mr. Irvine.

The National Central Committee of the Twentieth Century National Gospel Campaign points out the need of an evangelical reformation of the entire Church of Christ, in order to reach the unsaved! Something more practical is being done in Chicago and through the State of Illinois, where the Catholic Labor Unions are being re-organized according to Pope Leo's ideas, in order to withstand the inroads of socialism.

The Thanksgiving Proclamation of the President urges the holding of religious services in all the churches "to thank the Giver of all good for the countless blessings of our national life." He reminds us that we prove our gratitude to God by the fulfilment of duty to our fellow men, and that no nation has greater reason for gratitude to God than we have.

Catholic growth and Catholic charity meet us at every step. It has been reported that Archbishop Christie of Oregon has purchased the buildings and grounds of Portland University from the Methodists, and that he intends to make it the Catholic Columbia University. In one Catholic Hospital in Brooklyn—St. Peter's, in charge of the Franciscan Sisters—3,405 patients were treated during one year. The Franciscan Sisters have two similar hospitals in New York, one in Jersey City, and one in Hoboken. In one nursery in Trenton—St. James' Day Nursery, of the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart—6,089 children were cared for since last January. Archbishop Corrigan has blessed the house of "Our Lady of the Wayside" (37 St. Mark's Place, N. Y.), for the protection, in-

struction and employment of young working girls; and Bishop McDonnell has opened a refuge in Brooklyn for destitute women.

The Browning Indian School Ruling, obliging Indian children to attend the Government Schools, which was so hostile and injurious to our Catholic mission schools, has been rescinded by the President.

Mgr. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, has been raised to the Episcopal dignity.

THE PHILIPPINES.

"The expected wide-spread manifestations against the Friars have not materialized," said the *New York Evening Post* of October 25. There was only one outbreak, and that was not violent. It was concerning arrears of rent, and not clerical functions.

Governor Taft said, in his speech in Isabela province, that the United States, with its millions of Catholics, would never tolerate persecution of Catholicism in the Philippines, "as some people, lacking in sense, are wont to suppose." All "who try to force credence in such beliefs are either fools or knaves." Hence the Manila Courts have decided that churches built for Catholic worship cannot be alienated, even though all who contributed to erect them may have become Protestant. General MacArthur assures us that, "properly speaking, there is no church question in the Philippines;" that, whereas "no religion can be forced upon the people," every priest and minister of religion is protected in the lawful discharge of duty; and that "no minister of religion as such may act in an official capacity," that is, as an officer of the civil government. The Friars, to whom he gives the unusual name of *Monastics*, are still, according to the General, the object of great popular hostility, but have been effectually bereft of all power of doing

harm. We trust that the gallant officer's views are not colored by the "apostate professional patriots," who, if Uncle Sam let them have their way, would be delighted to appropriate everything that the Catholic Church calls her own.

Representative John F. Shafroth, of Colorado knows something about the Philippines. The uncivilized tribes, in proportion to the population are, he says, very few. The Filipinos compound medicines from bottles labeled in Latin. They are merchants, clerks, agents, engineers, calculators and observers at the Observatory of Manila, etc. There were, he affirms, 2,100 schools before the insurrection, and 500 students at the University of Manila. The better class dwell in good, substantial, and often elegant houses. There are very many professional men. The test of Christianity is in the people's favor since, according to Sawyer, out of eight millions, 5,869,000 are Catholics—that is to say, there are more churchgoers—probably, at least—than in all the United States outside the Catholic body.

CUBA.

Monsignor Sbarretti is to be raised to the dignity of Archbishop and made Papal Delegate Extraordinary to the Philippines. As he left Havana, thousands assembled on the pier to see him off. They were of all classes—prominent men, the mass of his people, and children. In his parting letter, the new Delegate said, that, in all difficulties, the Catholics were with him. The United States Government obliged the unjust possessors of Church property to restore it, and took away the obnoxious feature of the marriage law. Monsignor Sbarretti founded religious schools and diffused religious knowledge amongst his people. A short time before his death, President McKinley gave back to the Catholic Church even what Spain had seized years before, and defended Catholic

rights against apostate men who would be very glad to profit by her weakness.

A day college opened by the Augustinian Fathers last September has already eighty students. A large number of Cuban children are coming to the United States to be educated. There are at present here, we are told, about 8,000, many of them, no doubt, in non-Catholic schools.

IRELAND.

The Royal Commission on University Education seems to give hope of relief to Catholics. We trust its members will see what is so plain to honest observers—how hostile, namely, to Catholics is the trend of higher education as at present administered. The non-Catholic, Dr. Douglas Hyde, speaking at a public meeting in Dublin, said that the Commissioners of Education received from the Catholic rate-payers the sum of seventy or eighty thousand pounds, "which they used to penalise the Colleges in which the education desired by three-fourths of the Irish people is given."

Cardinal Logue bestows the highest praise on the Christian Brothers, and denounces the Queen's Colleges—created to be a Protestant monopoly—as "the greatest imposture ever imposed upon any country." Archbishop Walsh condemns the degradation of the stage by "the evil suggestiveness of certain plays imported ready-made from England." The remedy, he says, is to be found in the Irish Theatre movement of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Martyn, to whom he recalls that "nothing worthy of the name of patriotism can endure in Ireland in which the interests of morality and religion are not fully safeguarded." On the release of Mr. McHugh from prison, the Archbishop congratulated him on his manly—and costly—condemnation of jury-packing.

Religion and morality are not declining in the Green Isle. There were

born in 1900, 101,459 infants. Of these, 97.3 per cent. were legitimate, and only 2.7 per cent. illegitimate. Of the births in Orange Ulster, 3.6 per cent. were unlawful; while Catholic Connaught—the other alternative place to which Cromwell sent the Roman Catholics—has only one-half of one per cent. born out of wedlock.

ENGLAND.

The question of changing the anti-Catholic feature of the Coronation Oath is brought persistently to the front. Petitions are pouring in on Mr. Chamberlain from every village in French Canada. But Cardinal Moran's protest from Australia seems to have had a more startling effect. He declares that free Australians will resent "the effrontery" of the Secretary for the Colonies in ignoring their complaint.

The tide of religion is still flowing Romewards. The conversion of Rev. John Charleson, Vice-President of the Glasgow Ecclesiological Society, has caused a sensation in Scotland. To a large audience in his church at Paisley he declared that he had become a Catholic "after long and deliberate study and prayer." "How hard," he said, "had been the conflict!" He wept, as did many of his people; and all remained silent in their pews until he returned to the vestry. The "Glasgow Evening News" calls him only "a revert," and admits that he goes to "seek peace as a Christian in another Christian fold." Another convert, Rev. Francis Twemlow Royds, Curate of Heysham (Lancashire), and son of the late rector, forfeits a fortune by his conversion. A book just published, *England and the Holy See*, by an Anglican clergyman, Mr. Spencer Jones, advocates re-union by submission to Rome. The preface is written by Lord Halifax. Lord Halifax himself, in his speech at the Church Congress in October, considers England as forming two prov-

inces (York and Canterbury) of the Catholic Church: hence its faith, formularies, and laws must be interpreted in accordance with Catholic Faith, and have no binding force if not in harmony with the Divine authority vested in the Church as a whole. Canon Newbolt admitted that the abandonment of churchgoing was a commonplace in England, and that it would be a curiosity to know to what extent the Bible is studied. There is "a marked and uniform decline of ordinations." The use of vestments has increased, especially in large cities, notwithstanding all opposition; and while the use of incense has ceased in forty-four churches, it has been introduced into twenty-four others.

The question of religious teaching in the schools is exciting more interest than ever. The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge protests against the impossibility of "definite religious instruction of Anglican children in Board Schools," whereas the parents, who pay the rates, desire it; while from all share in the rates the efficient Voluntary (denominational) Schools, in which the parents' wishes are satisfied, are excluded. Hence "a two-fold injustice deprives multitudes of Church Children of that full Christian education which is necessary for them in the interests of both Church and State." The Society demands "that in the interests of religious liberty, in all public elementary schools, whether Board or Voluntary, opportunity for separate denominational instruction of children when desired by a reasonable number of parents shall be secured by statute; and that so far as the cost of secular instruction is concerned, all public elementary schools which are certified efficient shall receive equal support out of public funds."

The Catholics of Birmingham have established a residential and day college for the education of the pupil teachers in their elementary schools.

SCOTLAND.

A remarkable event was the meeting of the Catholic Truth Society during the last week of October. The sale of its pamphlets this year has surpassed all foregoing records: it reaches the number of 82,000. The Society realizes that its publications should be written specially for Scotland, because of its own special problems. The success of the Society's work is attributed to the activity of the Central Council. Lord Ralph Kerr, speaking on lay co-operation, opposed the idea of "churchwardens having rights of control or administration over financial affairs or mission property." There was sure to be friction he said; and it was hard to recede from a system once adopted. There could not be two independent powers in a parish. Laymen should, however, be as useful as possible. Mr. Ogilvie-Forbes recalled that the ruling authority in the Catholic Church was a supernatural one.

"The hard-headed Scotch will not become Catholics it is said," remarked Father Humphrey, S.J., himself a very distinguished convert. That was not his own opinion. On the contrary, "Scottish common-sense, Scottish love of logic, the Scottish attraction towards those two sciences—metaphysics and theology, which alone merit the name of science in its strict and proper sense, and in the sense of Aristotle, as the knowledge of being, of causes, and of effects, as contained within and springing from their causes—have gone to form a soil the best fitted of all mental soils for the sowing of the seed of objective truth."

Monsignor Fraser, announcing the Pope's interest and blessing, said he had assured the Holy Father, a short time ago, that the Scottish Catholics were organized and bringing Catholic claims before the minds of their fellow-countrymen. Noble churches were rising all over the land, schools and noble

seminaries—nurseries of the future priesthood of Scotland. While a steady stream of converts were returning to the faith of their fathers, Catholicity was permeating Protestantism itself, and its doctrines were preached from Presbyterian pulpits. They owed to Catholic patriots the independence in which they gloried, to Popes and Bishops three at least of their universities, and their judicial system which was the pride of the Empire.

ROME.

"The Beast of the Apocalypse"—meaning His Holiness the Pope—is the title of a book produced by the Methodists in Rome, and found conveniently on the newspaper stands. The vilest abuse and the grossest slander go to make up its contents. It is sold even in far Sicily. The work is supposed to explain the Bible to the benighted Romans.

St. John Lateran's is to be re-roofed by the Franciscan Tertiaries of the world on the occasion of Pope Leo's silver jubilee. It was the vision of St. Francis sustaining the tottering edifice of St. John Lateran's that induced Pope Innocent III to confirm the rule of the Apostle of Poverty. A tiara of pure gold, emblematic of his children's loyalty to his triple power, will be presented to Pope Leo on the same occasion.

The founding and development of national and international colleges in Rome has been a marked feature of the present Pontificate. Many Religious Orders have founded houses of study. The Croats have St. Girolamo. The new College of St. Boniface for missionaries for Northern Europe is to be re-organized, and an Australian College is spoken of. On the other hand many ancient churches and religious houses, venerable landmarks, are disappearing in the modern transformation of Rome by the "third civilization."

A statue of St. John Baptist de la Salle, eighteen feet high, has been

placed in St. Peter's. It is a peculiar symbolic feature of the Basilica that the body of the Prince of the Apostles rests in the centre under the high altar, being thus, as it were, the heart of the sacred enclosure; around it are placed the bodies or relics of the Twelve; while in an outer crown are the statues of the founders of Religious Orders.

Monsignor Chapelle has been raised to the dignity of Assistant at the Papal Throne, as a reward for his fidelity and devotedness in the Philippines.

ITALY.

Since the sacrilegious seizure of Rome, thirty years ago, the venerable sanctuaries of fair Italy have been desecrated, or destroyed on a scale that appals even the unbelieving traveler. They have been turned into museums, barracks, stables, etc. At the same time anti-Catholic, and anti-Christian institutions have been, at least, not repressed. Three months ago, one of the banners borne into the Catholic Church of the Pantheon displayed the device of a she-wolf trampling on the tiara, and with it were carried flags of the Methodists and Italian Freemasons. As Mr. F. H. O'Donnell says in the *Tablet*, "the same danger now threatens every Christian country"—beginning with the Catholic.

The Government is accentuating its anti-Catholicism. A divorce bill has been introduced into Parliament. At Cava Manara, the editor of the *Osservatore Cattolico*, the Abbé Vercesi, was not allowed to speak publicly on Christian Democracy, although invited by the people to do so. The *Univers* quotes the words of the Italian Masonic Congress in Rome last April—"There is only one power, Masonry, to cope with Clericalism:" "It is masonry which has the duty and responsibility of re-organizing all the liberal forces of Italy." Action is proposed, especially a "vigorous agitation in favor of

divorce." A socialist, Barbato, is elected in Puglia against the ministerial candidate, Bovio. He is the first of his party to represent that province. Three Congresses have begun at Reggio Emilia—of labor, co-operative, and mutual benefit societies. The last are very numerous. All the Congresses are controlled by the socialists.

FRANCE.

The question of the hour concerning the Religious Orders in France, is that of "authorization" for those who have demanded it, and of "liquidation" of property, or confiscation, for those who have not demanded the liberty-loving government's leave to live. The chicanery of the anti-clericals has made much of the word "unauthorized," as applied to some of the Orders. It is a patent deceit, of course; their position being entirely legal until a measure of persecution called a *Law* was passed against them in open violation of all justice. The first experiences, remarks a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* (October 25), confirm the wisdom and dignity of not asking for authorization. The municipal council of Bourges, for instance, when requested to approve of the petition for authorization made by a local Religious Order, voted with insult against it, declaring that vows were contrary to law and good morals! The petition had been forwarded by the Carmelite nuns, whose Order has had a house in Baltimore since the beginning of our Republic. The municipality of Marseilles opposes all authorization. Auxerre follows Marseilles. So does Lorient. Besançon expels a small community. Dijon refers the matter "to the wisdom of the legislative power." The Island of Jersey, which belongs to England, or rather, it seems, to the English Methodists, refuses, at the prayer, it is stated, of Waldeck-Rousseau, all permission to the French Religious to establish themselves in the Island, if more than.

six persons be in a community. Turner, the Procurator General, asserted that all the influence of the French Religious was "maleficent." The picture is not all black, fortunately. Bourg favors the Capuchins; Bordens, the Little Sisters of the Passion; Corsica welcomes all the religious; Annecy condemns the Capuchins, but approves of the missionaries of St. Francis of Sales, and is taken vigorously to task by the *Savoie Libérale* for its bigotry against the sons of the other St. Francis. Agen is in favor of the Carmelite nuns and of the nuns of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Lourdes wishes to keep its missionaries of the Immaculate Conception. The wonder, perhaps, is that more hostility has not been shown by the municipalities, for there are some 22,000 mayors in France, creatures of the Government, to whom it gave a free banquet in Paris some time ago. The municipalities come under what an English correspondent calls "the universal anti-clerical tyranny which dominates the prefectures—a tyranny so monstrous that no place-holder can send his child to a religious school," and "the blatant atheism of men who, as likely as not, in a few months' time, will hold the portfolio of a minister of public worship." Yet the French correspondent of the New York *Herald*, Cornély, with audacious mendacity, keeps on reciting that the religious, and notably the Jesuits, are hostile to the French Republic. They are hostile to atheism, not to the Republic. With Cornély, join many American and English Protestant correspondents. All who know France know the true state of affairs, and we have every day protests from non-Catholics against the irreligious actions of the present government. Mr. C. King Irwin, an Orangeman, the grandson of the late precentor of Armagh Protestant Cathedral and nephew of the present archdeacon, writing to the *London Daily Mail* of "the coming of the monks," says: "With many

monasteries I have been intimately acquainted, and in an active political career have failed entirely to trace any influence whatever. On the other hand, these institutions dispense an enormous amount of charity among the very poorest and, indeed, enter into places in the course of true charity, apart from any religious interest (other than the Divine Master's instructions), where other religious denominations are chary of entering."

The Jesuit Provincials' joint declaration, which has been condemned by some people, was a response to the Holy Father's letter. They protest their filial devotion to the Holy See, their respect for the Bishops and their confidence in them, saying that the Bishops in their solicitude for the Religious have proved themselves "loving fathers." They recall that "States, ambassadors and consuls" testify to the zeal, loyalty and prudence of the Religious Orders. They might have added that the French Government itself is the most forceful witness, since it has compelled even Abdul Hamid Khan, Sultan of Turkey, to actually authorize the French Religious Orders, to exempt them from certain taxes and from customs dues, and to give them, apparently, *carte blanche* to build churches, schools and other religious institutions.

The "liquidation" of the Religious houses in France does not appear to have much money in it. Some of the exiled Religious had scarcely enough to pay their travelling expenses. In many cases, as, for instance, in that of the Jesuits, the "liquidators" have found out that in former expulsions the Religious did validly sell their property as they were forced to do. While the liquidation is going on, the greater part of 4,182 Catholic works of private charity amongst the poor, the sick, the aged, the insane, the orphaned, will cease to exist.

Nor will the straitened finances of the

Republic be relieved. The English *Spectator* characterizes as "a dodge," "like the finance of a young spend-thrift," the recent Government fiction of borrowing over \$50,000,000 on the strength of the promised Chinese indemnity. As no retrenchment is proposed, the same deficit, or a greater, is foretold for 1903.

The exercise of religion does not need "authorization" so far, and so it goes on with many striking manifestations. During the splendid three-days' celebration at Lourdes, the fifteen altars in honor of the mysteries of the Rosary were consecrated by fifteen Bishops, the one raised by America being consecrated by Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn. Cardinal Langenieux presided as Papal Legate. The "Red Mass" (of the Holy Ghost) at the opening of the law courts was said, as usual, in most of the principal towns of France, at the desire of lawyers and many magistrates. Cardinal Lange-nieux has received the Cross of St. Alexander from the Czar, who "retains a profound impression and delightful remembrance of his visit to the Cathedral of Rheims."

Maître Labori dissociates himself publicly from his former client, Dreyfus and his cause, and bitterly attacks Waldeck-Rousseau.

SPAIN.

The anarchists, failing in their effort to cause a general strike, organized bands of roughs, or ruffians, carrying red and black flags, to terrorize Seville. Factories, churches and religious houses were attacked, the home of the unoffending Carmelite nuns being much injured. The military were called out and the city declared to be in a state of siege. Much of the mischief is due to the anti-religious press, with its low burlesque of monks and nuns. "The Church," says Cardinal Casanas, of Barcelona, "consulting the safety of

Spain, condemns your immoral and anti-religious propaganda."

The Bishops are not idle. Nine are senators of the realm and nine other senators are chosen by the Archbishops. They are organizing an opposition in the Cortes and have presented to the Ministry a memorandum insisting upon the Concordat, which protects the Church's rights in worship and education. The continuance of Señor Pidal in Rome is taken as a sign that the Ministry intends to follow a policy of conciliation.

PORTUGAL AND ITS FORMER COLONIES.

"There is no doubt," says the London *Tablet* of October 19, "that there is a revival of Catholic life and interest in Portuguese-speaking lands." Last year the first Brazilian Congress assembled at Bahia, and the first conference of the Bishops of Northern Brazil met in the same place; while from the sixth to the eighth of September a large diocesan congress was gathered there.

The greatest sign of re-action, though, is shown in Portugal itself. The Religious Orders got six months to become secularized. The ominous season passed, and all are declared to be authorized! The revolutionists got ready their torches, but this time the Government made up its mind to stand none of their pranks.

CHINA.

Ths missions of China are being quickly re-established. The residence of Bishop Favier has been rebuilt. Two large hospitals are building at Peking and Tientsin. Soon the traces of ruin will be effaced. The Bishop entertains bright hopes for the future; for it is now more and more clear that the *people* were not opposed to Christianity. Many pagans brought presents to the returning Bishop. Twelve hundred persons have been baptized since the crisis of last year, and there are three thousand preparing to be received into the Church. The Chinese do not ob-

ject to paying the indemnity, which will cover about two-thirds of the losses of the missions and of individuals. Bishop Favier refused large sums of money offered by the viceroy to compensate for the martyred missionaries. He had complete lists of Boxer leaders, and knew the hiding-places of many of them, even of the murderers of one of his priests; but the lists he threw into the fire, and in answer to an inquiry, said: "We have not come to cause death, and will not inform even against the guilty." Whatever was taken in the way of food, etc., under stress of necessity had been carefully noted, and was deducted from the indemnity. The Bishop himself indemnified his neighbors and others, and even the owners of houses burned near his residence during the siege. All this was unexpected. With regard to the ludicrous story that Bishop Favier had "looted" the house of Lou-Sen, he found after much inquiry who Lou-Sen was. Lou's father had been slain by the Boxers. Not only had he no charge against the Bishop, but, on the contrary, he thanked him for preserving what remained of his house; in the ruins of which, he said, there had been no treasure to "loot." He even offered a small house to the Bishop on his return to Pekin. Count Waldersee, the French Minister, and the Chinese Government declared that there was no charge against Bishop Favier. He himself invited by placard all who thought they had claims against the Catholic mission. At the request of the Mandarins he bade his Christians forgive; and all—Christians and Pagans—have agreed, he says, to let the dead past bury its dead.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN INDIA.

In the annual report of the Society of Protestant Missions in Batavia the following gratifying remarks are made regarding the progress of Catholicism in India: "It cannot be denied that

Rome makes in India disquieting progress. United into a powerful phalanx the Catholics advance further and further, and add victory to victory. As the Roman Church makes no difference between church and mission, so she also knows how to adapt herself to all. She especially concentrates all her chief attention on the education of youth. Everywhere, but especially in the more important towns and centres, she has her thoroughly equipped schools—schools which in more than one regard should be called excellent, which are esteemed by all the world, and to which numerous Protestants entrust their children. The Sisters in particular understand well how to guide the girls confided to their care with such admirable tact, that it would be difficult to find even one of their former pupils who would not speak of them with the greatest sympathy. The zeal and devotion with which the Roman priests give themselves to their calling, especially also in visiting the sick in hospitals and prisons, deserves full and unstinted praise."

GERMANY.

Joseph Fischer, S. J., Professor of History and Geography at the *Stella Matulina* College, at Feldkirch (Vorarlberg) reports to the Berlin Bureau of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, that on July 17th, 1901, he found in the Library of Prince Waldburg-Wolfegg, at the Castle of Wolfegg, two large maps of Waldseemüller. Each of the maps contains twenty-four large octavo pages. The one is entitled:

Universalis Cosmographia secundum Ptolemæi traditionem et Americi Vesputii aliorumque lustrationes.

The title of the other map is:

Carta Marina navigatoria Portugal len (ses) navigationes atque tocius cogniti orbis terræ marisque formam naturamque, situs et terminos nostris temporibus recognitos et ab antiquorum traditione differentes, eciam quor (um)

vetusti non meminerunt autores hec generaliter indicat.

In the *Cosmographia Universalis*, Waldseemüller's map of the world, published in 1507, the existence of which Nordenskiöld denied even in his "Periplus," has been recovered. As it clearly shows the name *America* near the tropic of the Capricorn, a name first proposed by Waldseemüller in honor of Amerigo Vespucci, this is clearly the oldest map containing the name of *America*.

The Marine Chart (*Carta Marina*) was published by Martin Waldseemüller (Ilacomylos) in 1516. It is interesting because it shows how Waldseemüller sought to right the wrong he had done to Columbus. The name *America* is here replaced by *Brasilia sive Terra Papagalli*.

The Ex-Abbé Bourrier, editor of "Le Chrétien Français" came to Berlin recently at the invitation of the "Evangelische Bund" to lecture on the Los-von-Rom movement in France. The burden of his speech, which had been advertised for days by the Berlin papers and at the end of which a collection was taken up, was the immorality of the Catholic Church in general and in particular the evils of the Confessional and of sacerdotal Celibacy. "Here is a foreigner," says the *Germania*, "a Frenchman at that, an apostate Catholic priest, invited to the capital of the Empire to insult the most sacred feelings of twenty millions of Catholic Germans and arouse religious hatred; whereas if a German citizen, a German priest, who happens to wear the Jesuit gown, enters a German village not to enkindle hatred, but to promote morality and peace, he is forcibly stopped and threatened with expulsion from his fatherland. The repeal of the Anti-Jesuit law, as this Bourrier scandal once more shows, is the first and most important question that must engage the attention of the Centre-party in the coming session of the Reichstag."

In the July MESSENGER (p. 667 seqq.) we chronicled the touching scenes enacted on Trinity Sunday in the town of Lüdinghausen, when the Jesuit missionaries on their forcible departure from the town were escorted by the whole Catholic population to the Railroad Station. The event had a somewhat sensational sequel. Count Droste-Vischering and many other prominent Catholics were brought to trial for taking part in an illegal procession. The court acquitted them all.

* * *

In the second week of October the "Evangelische Bund" held its annual convention in Breslau. Protestant noblemen, University Professors, Protestant Ministers of high standing, were present and delivered inflammatory addresses. This Anti-Catholic association is an anomaly in modern civilization and has not its counterpart in any other country, not even in England. The American A. P. A. League, whose agitation is secret and whose members are for the most part illiterate persons of low degree, cannot be compared to it. It is but fair to state that the "Bund" is repudiated by the best elements of Protestantism in Germany on account of its insane hatred against the Catholic Church, its peace-disturbing agitation, its foul-mouthed slanders, its abandonment of the Apostles' Creed. The burden of the speeches were: Insults against the Church and the Pope, oft refuted lies, foul attacks on sacerdotal Celibacy and the Confessional, approbation and encouragement of the Los-von-Rom movement in Austria. These men in the same breath proclaim "toleration," and declare their absolute opposition to the toleration-bill of the Centre-party. The Catholic Church, they say, enjoys too much toleration already. They call upon all Protestants to get together, cast the Centre-party out from its dominant position in parliament and elect a Protestant President of the Reichstag. The Jesuits,

these sworn enemies of Germany and of Protestantism shall never again enter the country. One speaker points out the perils that threaten Protestantism, especially in the Eastern parts of Prussia, through the spread of the Catholic religion. In the Province of West Prussia, said the speaker, between 1861 and 1895 the Protestants increased nineteen per cent., the Catholics thirty-six per cent. In the Province of Posen during the same period Protestants fourteen per cent., Catholics thirty-three per cent. In the Province of Silesia in 1861, Protestants and Catholics were about equal in number, now the Protestants count forty-five per cent. of the population, the Catholics fifty-five per cent. The speaker remarked that charges of force and fraud frequently made against the Catholics, especially in capturing orphans, were not borne out by the facts, for the statistics showed that in mixed marriages Protestantism was on the whole the gainer. The same, he said, was true in the matter of conversions. In the last eighteen years—16,700 Catholics in Silesia turned Protestants, and only 2,000 Protestants went over to the Catholic Church. "These statistics," he added, "must however be accepted with some reserve, as it is well-known that too many cases of conversions to the Catholic Church do not find their way into the statistics." We ought to pigeon-hole these statements. They are an explicit admission of the contention made repeatedly in the pages of the MESSENGER. The losses of the Church are caused by mixed marriages, the gains by the higher birth-rate in Catholic families.

On this subject of Catholic statistics we borrow some interesting items from the *Germania* which are based on the official census of the Empire taken on December 1, 1900. The Prussian Provinces of Brandenburg (in which Berlin is situated) and of Pommerania are part of the Prince-Bishopric of Bres-

lau, but have a separate administration under a delegate, who is always a distinguished ecclesiastic without episcopal consecration, but has the power of conferring the sacrament of Confirmation. On December 1, 1900, there lived in the two Provinces 316,863 Catholics. Of this number 27,389 lived in Pommerania, 101,909 in Brandenburg outside of Berlin, 187,565 in Berlin. The Catholics of Berlin are today more numerous than the whole population of the Prussian capital at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In 1852 there lived in Berlin 17,447 Catholics. Hence in the second part of the nineteenth century the Catholics increased nearly *elevenfold*. During the five years from 1895-1900, they increased by more than 32,000 souls. It is clear that the Church organization cannot keep pace with this enormous growth, and that ecclesiastical superiors cannot cope with the situation; the conditions, in fact, are wholly abnormal. There are only nine parishes within the city limits, all of them possessing large and beautiful churches, the majority of which have been built within the last twelve or fifteen years. St. Hedwig counts 30,500 souls, the Sacred Heart 26,800, St. Pius 31,000, St. Sebastian 27,000. There are only twenty-eight priests officially attached to these parishes. As the bulk of the Berlin Catholics are poor, the money for building churches is collected from all over the empire, notably through the admirable St. Bonifatius-Verein; the priests, too, are partly recruited from the various dioceses of North Germany. There are, of course, many other priests unofficially engaged in the sacred ministry, clergymen studying at the university, members of the Reichstag (some twenty-five priests are members of Parliament), religious, and others. No doubt in this enormous floating population of poor Catholics, not a few lose the faith. If there were twice as many parishes, there would be need for

more. It must be borne in mind that the purchase of the ground alone costs nearly as much as the building itself, that no church can be built without government authorization, that the plans must be approved by the government architect, and that the financial means must be guaranteed beforehand. The latest German papers report that a wealthy Catholic who died recently at Wiesbaden, has left the bulk of his fortune, a million marks, to the Bonifatius-Verein, with the proviso that 500,000 marks shall be expended—exclusive of the ground—on the building of a new Catholic Church in Berlin.

The *Germania* just to hand (November 5), publishes the official figures of the census of December 1, 1900, for the Kingdom of Prussia. The population of Prussia between 1895-1900 increased 8.2 per cent. We give the figures according to religious denominations: Protestant State Church, 21,817,577 (1895: 20,351,448); Catholics, 12,113,670 (1895: 10,999,505); other Christians, 139,125 (1895: 119,245); Jews, 392,322 (1895: 379,716); religion unknown, 9,813 (1895: 5,209). The Protestant (State Church) increase during the five years is 7.7 per cent., the Catholic 10 per cent., that of the Jews only 3.6 per cent. This is very gratifying indeed, showing as it does, a greater relative growth of Catholics in Prussia than ever before. (See MESSENGER, May, 1901, pp. 474-75).

After his preconization by the Holy Father, Bishop Benzler, of Metz, was summoned to Berlin, where, with great solemnity, he took the oath of homage before the Emperor. After the Bishop had taken the oath, the Emperor addressed him in these words: "Since the establishment of German rule in Alsace-Lorraine, this is the first time that a high dignitary of the Catholic Church of that country has personally made to the German Emperor the promise of fidelity. I am particularly pleased

that you, Right Reverend Bishop, have been called to this dignity, and gratified that the important question of filling the See of Metz has found such a happy solution. Most willingly, therefore, have I invested you with the rights and privileges connected with the office. It was surely no easy thing for you to relinquish the peace of the beautiful monastery on the lake, where so often I was your guest and the witness of your silent but blessed labors, to enter upon this new office, whose burdens are heavy and whose tasks are great. But the wisdom and loyalty which have shown through your whole life, will enable you to find the right road in this new office, where, with God's blessing, you will work in a wider and more important field of labor. Your former labors and your tried loyalty are an earnest that you will faithfully discharge the duty of fostering peace and concord, and strengthening in your diocese respect for civil authority and love for Germany. With all my heart I welcome you in your new dignity with the hope that God's blessing may be with you in richest measure."

On October 26, the Bishop-elect made his entry into his episcopal city, having been met at the frontier of Lorraine by a delegation of clergy and laity. In the evening a magnificent torch-light procession was held in honor of the new Bishop, in which thousands of Catholics of the city and neighborhood of both nationalities took part. He was afterward serenaded by French and German singing societies. A French member of the City Council delivered an address of welcome and loyalty, and offered a crozier as a mark of homage on the part of the French Catholics. German addresses were also delivered. The Bishop replied in both French and German. The consecration took place the next day in the famous Gothic Cathedral. Bishop Korum, of Trier, an Alsatian and former professor of theol-

ogy in Strasburg Seminary, was the consecrator, assisted by Bishop Fritzen, of Strasburg, and Auxiliary-Bishop Schrod, of Trier.

The consecration of the new auxiliary-Bishop of Strasburg, Monsignor Francis Zorn von Bulach, took place on November 3, in the *capella* Corsini of the Lateran Basilica. Cardinal Satolli, who was Rector of the Academy for noble ecclesiastics when the new Bishop was a student in that college, was the consecrator assisted by Monsignor Merry del Val and Monsignor Stonor. Monsignor von Bulach held the office of Uditore to the nuncio at Madrid when he was called to his new dignity.

* * *

That peerless nobleman and admirable Catholic, Prince Karl von Löwenstein whose indefatigable efforts in the anti-duelling cause we had occasion to chronicle more than once, called a meeting of adherents to his anti-duelling manifesto which was held at Leipzig on October 19. About one hundred noblemen and gentlemen from all parts of Germany responded to the call. The solid result of the meeting was the formation of a committee which is to prepare legislation looking to the establishment of compulsory courts of arbitration for the adjustment of quarrels among gentlemen and severer punishment for insults, adultery and duelling. An agitation committee was also chosen, which is to create an anti-duelling league consisting of men of all conditions, religious denominations and political parties. This second committee at the head of which stands Prince Löwenstein consists of nine members, and though the assembly was made up in large majority of Catholics, they wisely elected four Catholics and five Protestants, as the work of agitation will have to be done chiefly among Protestants. A Protestant nobleman present at the meeting remarked, that what a German prince (the Prince Consort Albert) had

been able to accomplish in England, could be easily done in Germany, if the emperor would but say *one* word. But as he knew from personal experience, pronounced opponents of duelling were not received at the Prussian court.

* * *

In the partial elections held early in October for the legislature of the Grand-duchy of Baden, the Centre-party won a new seat. The Liberals have for a generation exercised the most tyrannical oppression of Catholics in that country. They have now lost the majority and their rule is at an end. The leader of the Catholic party in Baden is a parish priest, himself a member of the legislature and a very forcible writer and eloquent speaker. He is most bitterly hated by the Liberals. A Catholic paper in Baden calls attention to the fact that whereas the government of Baden will not allow the existence in the Grand-duchy of the smallest convent of men, in other parts of the empire whole dioceses are ruled by monks. The Bishop of Augsburg is a Franciscan friar, the Bishop of Limburg a Cistercian monk and the new Bishop of Metz a Benedictine.

* * *

The Catholic publishing house Kirchheim in Mainz has just sent out the prospectus of what promises to be a monumental History of the World. The work will be illustrated, is to be complete in forty volumes and finished in six or seven years. It will be a history of civilization at the various epochs of the world. Questions that agitate the modern mind will find their historical answer in these volumes. What is the origin and development of the Christian religion? What are its relations to science? What are the relations of Church and State? Whence the reformation? What are the foundations of modern civilization? What is Greek art, the renaissance, Goethe? Whither tends our social evolution, our econom-

ic life? For the sake of clearness and to distinguish from one another various currents in the life of nations at different epochs, each volume will bear the name of a leading character, hence the title: "History of the World in Character-sketches." We mention the names of some of these standard-bearers: Homer, St. Augustine, Justinian, Charlemagne, Gregory VII. Francis of Assisi, Dante, Hus, Philip II, Voltaire, Cavour, etc. Twenty-five Catholic University Professors have been won as contributors, others are expected to join. The learned and eloquent Bishop Keppeler of Rottenburg, a former University Professor, will contribute the "Life of Christ." Five volumes will be out before Christmas.

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The Very Reverend Aloysius Lauer, Minister-General of the Friars Minor, died on August 21, in the Convent of Gorheim, near Sigmaringen. He had left Rome on August 7 for Gorheim, by advice of his physicians, who entertained a slight hope that his shattered health might improve beyond the Alps. Fortified with the last sacraments and consoled by the Papal benediction which the Holy Father had twice sent him, surrounded by his brethren and in the presence of the Right Reverend Bernard Döbbing, Bishop of Sutri and Nepi, who had hastened to the bedside of his old friend and former superior, Father Lauer passed away in the peace of God. Born near Saalmünster in Hesse in the year 1835, he entered the Franciscan Order in 1850. In this

convent he held successively all the important offices of the community till the Kulturkampf tore him away from his beloved convent. He then labored in Holland, France and the United States till the year 1881. In the latter year he was called to Rome to be made Definitor-General, Procurator of the Order and Visitor-General of several Provinces. When in 1897 the Holy Father wished to unite four families of Franciscans into one body, he singled out Father Lauer as the fittest instrument to carry out his plans and named him Minister-General of the Order. By his wisdom and prudence and the holiness of his life, he rendered great service to his Order and to the Church. The *Germania* notes that Father Lauer was the first German who has held the great office of Minister-General of the Franciscan Order. The funeral was held at Fulda. R. I. P.

Father David Fleming, a native of Ireland, but a member of the English-Franciscan Province, has been chosen Vicar-General pending the assembling of a general chapter to choose a successor to Father Lauer as Minister-General of the Order.

* * *

A new *Theological Review* has been planned for some time by the Theological Faculty of the University of Münster and is to appear within the next few months. It has been decided to issue twenty numbers a year, which will enable the editors to review new works of Theology and the auxiliary branches, both German and foreign, without undue delay.

THE READER

"*Psallite*" *Catholic English Hymns*. Collected by Alexander Roesler, S. J. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Retail, 50 cents.

This hymn book aims at popularizing in this country the sacred hymns, in which Germany is so rich. The collection is very good, presenting the best of the great treasure of songs that accumulated during the past centuries especially in the period when congregational singing flourished most. The melodies, old and modern alike, breathe a spirit of piety, and musically belong to the best of their kind. It is to be regretted, that the text of the hymns is not on the same level with the music. Most of the hymns are translations from the German and so naturally lose much of their original vigor; some, indeed, are very stiff and unidiomatic. It must be added, however, that "*Psallite*" in this regard is not much inferior to other existing hymn books, while in its musical value it is superior to them. Roesler's collection, as intended for congregational singing, contains a great variety of hymns for all seasons of the year, as a glance at the contents will prove. It contains hymns for Advent (8), Christmas (12), Epiphany (1), The holy name of Jesus (3), to Jesus (5), for Lent: Penitential hymns (6), on the passion of Christ (11), for Easter (11), Ascension (2), Pentecost (4), Trinity (4); hymns to God in general (15), Corpus Christi (2), to the Blessed Sacrament (11), to the Sacred Heart of Jesus (12), to the Blessed Virgin: general hymns (27), for the seasons (12), to the holy angels (4), the Saints (10), O Salutaris (3), Tantum Ergo (3), Litanie Lauretanæ. An appendix of well-selected prayers

(35 pages) adds to the usefulness of the book. The organ accompaniment to "*Psallite*" (cloth, net \$2.00) contains harmonizations by Rev. L. Bonvin, S. J., the editor, and Mr. J. Singenberger, president of the Cecilian Society in this country, and Mr. H. Gruender, S. J. The first two are well known and their names guarantee scholarly work.

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Queen Victoria. By the Marquis of Lorne, Harper & Brothers.

It goes without saying that the Queen's son-in-law ought to give us an interesting book on such a subject. The Harpers present it to us bound in gorgeous British red, admirably printed, and luminous from cover to cover with splendid pictures, chiefly portraits of the Queen. Some of them are idealized representations of Her Majesty; while several others although reproductions of great paintings may annoy admirers by the unpleasant trick of the nether lip; the photographs show her as she was in her latter years. *Greville's Memoirs* which are quoted describe her in childhood as "a short plain-looking child not near so good looking as the Portugese princess with whom she was." This slur, the loyal son-in-law, resents, and informs us that Greville was not addicted to observing the best sides of people or things.

Catholics will be interested to learn that all the old ceremonies of the Church were observed at her coronation. It took place in Westminster Abbey. "The Queen first knelt before the altar in silent prayer, and then the Archbishop of Canterbury proclaimed her the undoubted Sovereign of the realm. After the *Recognition* she approached the

altar and kneeling upon the steps offered a golden altar-cloth, an ingot of gold of a pound weight. The Litany was then chanted and the first part of the Communion service gone through with. Then followed the promises, after which she laid her right hand on the book of the Gospels, and when she had kissed the book she knelt in prayer while the choir sang the hymn "Come Holy Ghost." Next came the anointing. The Queen took her seat in St. Edward's chair and a canopy of cloth-of-gold was held over her, while the Archbishop anointed her with oil on the head and hands. A blessing was then pronounced and the various insignia of royalty, the sceptres, the orb, spurs etc. having all their civil and *ecclesiastical* significance were handed to her with appropriate exhortations. The imperial mantle of cloth of gold was then placed upon her shoulders and the ruby ring upon her finger. Next came the most important act of all. The Archbishop having first offered prayer, took the imperial crown from the altar and placed it on her head, and then all the crowd of peers and peeresses assumed their glittering coronets and the Abbey rang with the shouts of "God save the Queen."

All these ceremonies are Catholic in their origin and significance and by a singular inconsequence are preserved three centuries after England's rupture with Catholicity. They were designed especially by the Church to invest the character of the ruler with sacredness. Unfortunately their meaning is now lost on the people, with the consequence that the nation which for a thousand years never knew of the assault of an assassin upon the persons even of the cruel soldiers who sometimes ruled England, saw three attempts on the life of this gentle girl within a few months after the coronation.

The Queen was deeply in love with her husband, and the affection lasted till the moment he expired in her arms.

The marriage proposal is almost amusing, and must be regarded, no doubt, as one of the privileges of royalty. She simply summoned Albert to her presence and said to him without prelude, "I want you to marry me," which of course he did.

Possibly it is British reserve which does not favor the public with details even in biographies, but there is an absolute lack of anything Christian in the death of the Prince Consort. No minister was present, there was no expression of resignation to the will of God, no prayer. During his sickness he was entertained chiefly by Scott's novels. The suddenness of the Queen's own demise may explain the same absence of the religious element in her last moments. It is to be regretted, if it is kept back, for the world has almost a right to know how one, who was the head of the Protestant Church, went into the Divine presence.

As the book is intended for the general public, it is perhaps intentionally superficial, and the author does not give evidence of the intellectual powers of his distinguished father. Thus in touching upon the position of the Queen as supreme in things ecclesiastical, he protests that he does not wish to consider the theological aspects of the case, but he does condescend to say that the break with Rome was not an affair merely of the sixteenth century. "Do you not see," he says, "that the Irish Church differed from Rome in the computation of Easter, and that the Culdee Church (wherever that is) asked its secular lords to protect it from Roman corruption, and that there was opposition to Augustine when he wanted to introduce Roman ceremonies?" Does the illustrious author place these quarrels about astronomy and chasubles on the same level with the revolt of Henry VIII, who simply and solely to legalize his adultery threw off absolutely all submission to Rome? It is too late in the day to present such excuses,

especially when a large part and perhaps the best part of the English Church is ashamed of Henry, repudiates his act and is begging for union with the See of Peter.

Irishmen will be interested in the description of the Queen's first visit to Ireland. Her Royal Highness found that every third woman in Cork was remarkably handsome, though in distressingly ragged attire. The same dilapidated condition of the habiliments of the people of Dublin attracted her attention, though she had not the same good word for their beauty. No doubt the kindness of her motherly heart took means to mend the tattered garments of her distressed subjects in Ireland who went wild over her, but on that the historian is mute. On the whole the book is interesting, though anything but deep, and the publishers have made it almost an album with the number of pictures they have gathered together to illumine the text.

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Ludi Ignatiani: Literary Work presented at the Commencement Exercises of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, Cal.

It is to be regretted that *Ludi* are for private circulation only. Such versification as they present throughout is rare. The first *ludus* is a French play done into English. It is bright and clever with all its lines rhyming but with nothing of the dreary monotonousness which the ever-recurring French couplet inflicts on English ears.

The second play is a veritable *tour de force*. It is the putting of Bret Harte's *Heathen Chinee* into the English of Tennyson, Pope, Byron and Lever.

Fancy this in California—

"In a back room we sat. With me
William Nye;
Between us lay a pack of cards, which
Nye
Was loosely fingering. I truthful
James

Looked listless towards the casement,
chin in hand.

Seeing the cards he smiled as infants
do

When sunk in guileless slumber, and
his eyes

Set in his head aslant, twinkled for
glee,

As doth the dog-star rising in the
frosts

Of middle winter, etc., etc."

Byron enters when Tennyson finishes the story and in the style of Childe Harold gives his version of the event, each stanza ending with the long drawn-out hexameter as for instance:

"He went for that Chinee as one intent to kill";

while Pope in his usual manner tells of
"One James, for truth through all the
region famed

The other simply William Nye was
named."

Pope treats the subject as an *épopée*.

The symposium ends with a rollicking account of the proceedings by Lever.

We should very much like to have some more of this cleverness employed in imitating what the author calls "the Hellenic vein of Swinburne, the imperial style of Kipling, the rustic manner of James Whitcomb Riley, and the esoteric verse of Francis Thompson."

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The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. Harper Bros., New York.

Charley or Beauty Steele is a Montreal lawyer with a monocle and a reputation for winning desperate cases, while appearing to be awfully bored because he has to be professionally engaged in them at all. He marries a cold and heartless beauty, and then takes to carousing with low associates. He is knocked on the head in a drunken brawl, flung into the river, rescued by a raftsmen whom he had saved from the gallows, and recovers, but with absolute loss of memory. A French doctor

trephines the skull and Charley is himself again. "Was it right," he asks, "for the physician to restore me to a world so full of dangers?" Nonsense. His subsequent life is passed in a French village where with his monocle still clinging to him he carries on the trade of a tailor and finally dies defending the great sum of money which had been collected for rebuilding the village church. This fact and a vague expression of a desire to be a Catholic makes the Curé consider him as admitted into the fold. Perhaps, but the hold is slender. The *habitants* are treated sympathetically, but if Rosalie's mad love for the hero made her willing to accept any consequences by marrying him she would have kept her passion in check, had she remembered her Catholic teaching. Charley's convulsive clutch for his monocle to see the ghost at his death bed is an extravagant insistency on an idiosyncrasy. The book on the whole makes pleasant reading.

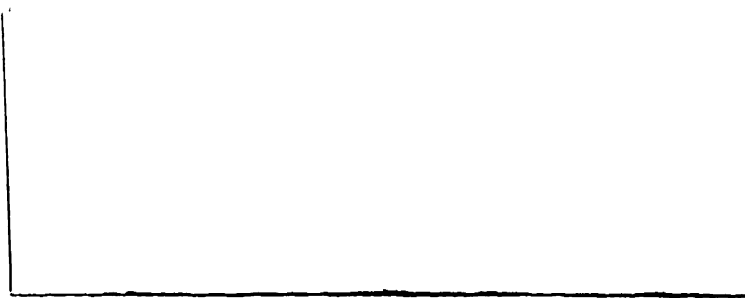
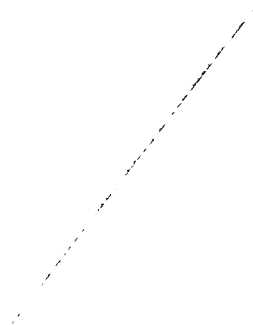
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Roads to Rome. Personal Records of some Recent Converts. Longmans, Greene & Co., New York.

In the spiritual much more than in the old geographical sense, all roads lead to Rome. Of that there is a verification in this new book. Father Angus, for example, in his usual odd way, found it in heads. He saw a visible church with no head; that was an abortion; he saw another with many heads; that was a hydra; there was a third with one head; such a church was the only one to satisfy him. Kegan Paul had a weak spot for crutches; the pile of them at the chapel of the Holy

Face in Tours, quite helped him on his way. The miracles at Lourdes also moved him onward, and even the incident of the holy Thorn spoken of in Pascal, had its effect. Of course these were not determining reasons, but helps. A poor sermon by a Catholic priest was an illumination for another soul in the dark. Curiously enough *Littledale's Reasons against the Church* rendered great service in bringing many to the Church. One lady avers that the very unladylike act of listening at the door to hear if a priest would speak to a poor person less courteously than to her, and the discovery that he was very kind to the beggar determined her to take the step. "What made you become a Catholic?" said an admiral in the queen's "navy" to a friend. "Because it is the only safe religion to die in," was the answer. "Good God!" said the gallant tar, "I thought religion was an affair of friendship, associations and streets." Attraction for the Blessed Sacrament won several, and notably Benediction. A fierce sermon against Transubstantiation was a strong impulse given in one instance. A noble lord bluffly answers: "I don't care to say what did it. I know I have the true faith. That's enough." Many of course, reasoned it out through a long stretch of years. Quite a number came under the influence of Newman, either personally or by his writings, while others again owed their conversion mainly to books of piety, and never discussed doctrines at all.

It is extremely interesting as well as luminous reading, and no doubt will do its own work in the matter of conversions.



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